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The Outlook

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The Bar Association and the Negro

Two very practical questions were before the lawyers who gathered together at the meeting of the American Bar Association at Milwaukee last week. Both of these questions have been involved in the political campaign, but they are not primarily political. One of them is the Negro question; the other is the question as to the relation between the people and their courts. The Negro question was presented in a very practical form. Some time ago three lawyers were proposed for membership in the American Bar Association. They were members of the bar in good standing, and were vouched for professionally. The executive committee of the Association to whom these three candidates were recommended accepted them as members of the Association. It then became known to the executive committee and members of the Association generally that these three lawyers were Negroes. Probably no general publicity would have been given to this matter if it had not been for the fact that one of the three has been appointed by the President of the United States as an Assistant Attorney-General. When the fact that he and the two others were Negroes became generally known, there was a protest from members of the Association. The reason for the objection was alleged to be that the Bar Association was primarily a social organization, and that the feeling for the social separation of the races was so strong, particularly in certain parts of the country, that it was unwise to admit colored men to membership. On the ground that the names of these men had been submitted without any statement that they were colored men, and that therefore their election was brought about under a misapprehension, the committee rescinded its own action and referred the whole matter to the Association itself. In doing this, it seems to us, the committee, if it was acting within its power, did wisely. Such a question as this ought not to be left for final decision by a committee, but should be acted upon by the whole body. We are glad to say that the Bar Association, in taking up this subject, confirmed the election of these three colored lawyers. By this action the Bar Association has rendered a service, not primarily to these particular lawyers, but to its own standing. If the Bar Association were merely a social club, there is no reason whatever why its members should not prefer to keep its membership confined exclusively to the white race. By recognizing the membership of Negroes, however, the Association has declared that it is not a club, but is a body of men organized in the interests of a great profession, and of the high ends to which that profession is dedicated. Incorporated in the resolutions recognizing these three men as members was a statement to the effect that, "as it has never been contemplated that members of the colored race should become members of this Association," recommendations of colored men for membership should hereafter be always accompanied with a statement of the candidate's race. We can see nothing objectionable in this statement concerning the practice hitherto of the Association, and none but good reasons for making it clear hereafter that such a misunderstanding as has raised this question this time should not occur again. One of the three colored lawyers, upon having his membership confirmed, immediately resigned from the Association. He did not withdraw until the fundamental question regarding race lines had been passed upon; but, that being settled, he, with great self-respect, relinquished his membership, since it had been the product of a misunderstanding. A difficult question which might easily have resulted in a bitter and lasting controversy has thus, by the application of good sense, been settled with general credit. The other question, that relating to the relation

between the courts and the people, was the subject of prolonged discussion and of resolutions passed by the Association. We await the receipt of an official report of these resolutions before making comment upon them.

Another Disturbance in Secretary Wilson's Department

Trouble, like a cloud, seems to hang over the Department of Agriculture. The Pinchot-Ballinger controversy involved it in turmoil. The Wiley case, affecting the enforcement of the Pure Food Law, revealed to the public the state of disorganization and conflict within the Department that deprived it of a measure of public confidence. Now a Committee of Congress—the House Committee on Expenditures in the Department of Agriculture—has made report regarding an investigation it has been conducting on the work of the Department in relation to the drainage of the Florida Everglades. This Committee has been holding hearings for some time and has collected a large amount of testimony. Its report, however, is very brief. It consists of two parts, one expressing views of the majority, signed by Mr. Moss, the Chairman, and two others; the other, representing the views of the minority, signed by Mr. Sloan, with the reported concurrence of the other two minority members. There are two great classes of reclaimable waste lands in the United States. One of these classes consists of the lands which cannot be cultivated for lack of water. Immense tracts of such lands have been held by the Government and are now reclaimed or in the process of reclamation by means of vast irrigating projects. The other lands are those which are useless because they are largely submerged by water. These lands can be reclaimed by a process just opposite to that of irrigation—namely, drainage. Unfortunately, these swamp lands were allowed years ago to pass out of the hands of the Federal Government into the hands of the several States. It is of course obvious that the Government of a single State is much weaker than the Government of the Nation. It is less able to deal with such enormous undertakings as are involved in the drainage of such stretches of submerged lands; and it is much less competent to cope with the great powers of special private interests that see in such lands opportunities for speculative enterprise. The Florida Everglades provide a striking example of this fact. Companies organized for the purpose of exploiting these lands in Florida seized upon certain statements issued under the approval of the Drainage Division of the Department of Agriculture and circulated them in order to stimulate the sale of these lands before they had been drained. It transpired that these statements were made by the official in charge of the field investigations that had been carried on by the Department, but had not been critically examined by the authorities of the Department. The report from which these statements were culled was therefore held up. As a consequence there was an immediate protest from the people who were interested in these lands. The investigation of the Committee has now apparently shown that Mr. Wright, the official who made these statements on the part of the Government, was financially interested in these lands. This was several years ago. Mr. Wright has for some time now ceased to be connected with the Government. The Committee is divided in opinion concerning the relation which Assistant Secretary Hays holds to this affair. The majority cite facts which indicate that he knew about Mr. Wright's transactions, and that he himself, though not financially profiting by any transactions in the lands, took part in negotiations concerning those lands. The minority report defends Assistant Secretary Hays, and cites testimony to show that he did not know of Mr. Wright's connection, and that he is in no wise culpable. One other subject is considered in this report—namely, the methods used to meet a deficit in one of the subdivisions of the Department. The majority of the Committee believe that, though the methods used to meet that deficit were not justified, the two men who have been subjected to discipline because of these methods were unjustly treated. The minority do not deny this, but they do deny the authority of the Committee to express its opinion on this subject. There are two conclusions which the ordinary reader will draw from the report. One is that, coming after other revelations, this one confirms the impression that the Department of Agriculture is not, and has for some time not been, efficiently controlled or administered as a whole. The other conclusion is that this report emphasizes the folly of the Government in handing those swamp lands over to the State, and provides for the wise legislator and for the intelligent citizen a

new warning against the proposals so insistently made that the Government repeat its former blunder by handing over other great natural resources to the States. When first made, such an error could be credited to ignorance. If it is repeated with regard to water power, for example, it can be credited only to stupidity.

Nicaragua

While Mr. Bacon, of Georgia, was introducing in the United States Senate the other day a resolution forbidding the use of American military forces in Nicaragua, orders were being issued by the Navy Department for the prompt reinforcement of those forces. There is need for such reinforcement if we are to protect the lives and property of American citizens. The attacking forces have been firing upon churches and hospitals, and even upon the American Legation at Managua, the Nicaraguan capital, and have otherwise disregarded the accepted rules of war. In the five days' bombardment of Managua many victims were mangled with *machetes* beyond identification, among them being a large number of women and over a hundred noncombatants. Our naval surgeons and the marines and bluejackets already at Managua volunteered their services to the Government in caring for the wounded there, and were able to check a threatened epidemic of fever. Mr. Weitzel, our Minister at Managua, claims that our interests can be protected only by a force at a number of points competent to act in defense against such assaults. Accordingly, the Navy Department is sending a force of upwards of two thousand bluejackets and marines into Nicaragua to protect foreign lives and property at the several points where there is danger and to keep the railway communication open from Managua to the Pacific coast. This line, American owned, runs from Managua to Corinto. Since the revolution broke out it has been in constant danger of interruption by the revolutionists under General Mena, formerly the Nicaraguan Minister of War. Of course, if the revolutionists took possession of the railway, all Americans in the capital would be cut off from the principal seaport on the Pacific Ocean. The sending of an American police force into Nicaragua seems abundantly justified by the events there, and by the statement of Señor Moncada, recently Nicaraguan Minister of the Interior, that "the lives and property of many Americans in Nicaragua are now imperiled," thus confirming the statement of our Minister at Managua. At Corinto the many foreigners, including all their women and children, have sought refuge on our naval vessels, and the town is policed by all the available men from those ships. The expected arrival of the cruisers California, Colorado, Cleveland, and Denver, with their marines, may convince doubters that our Government is in earnest in protecting our citizens and its property abroad, especially when threatened by such barbarity as now reigns in Nicaragua. According to late information, one reason why General Mena attempted to overthrow the Nicaraguan Government was because he fancied that ours did not "mean business" regarding its insistence upon the preservation of peace, the protection of our citizens and property, and respect for the pledges of our convention with Nicaragua, requiring an open election of the successor of President Diaz. It is now proposed that this election shall be properly guarded by our armed forces. Whether this be necessary or not, the Monroe Doctrine implies our moral responsibility for the conduct of the Latin-American republics, and, of them all, none has been more incorrigibly turbulent than Nicaragua.

The Alsop Claim

With the payment last week of a large amount to the Alsop claimants, attention is again drawn to international arbitration. Several years ago the Alsop claims threatened the friendly relations of the United States and Chile. The firm of Alsop & Co. was an American concern. It dealt in guano, hides, and minerals. It did business in Peru, Bolivia, and Chile. Thirty years ago these three nations were involved in war, in which some of the company's property was destroyed. In consequence, the company made claims against the three Governments. Bolivia and Peru settled with the company; but Chile did not, on the ground that the claims had to do with certain lands which meanwhile had been ceded outright by Bolivia to Chile. Thereupon the firm of Alsop & Co., by virtue of the American citizenship of its members, demanded our Government's support. Its defense seemed within our Government's right; certainly this had been accentuated by the firing by some Chilean enthusiasts on members of the crew of the United States gunboat Yorktown at Santiago, the princi-

Chilean port. Our Government proposed arbitration by the International Court of Arbitration at The Hague, but this was not welcomed by the Chilean Government. It finally consented to refer the claims to the good offices of Edward VII, King of England, as arbitrator, or, as the French have it, "amiable compositeur." On the King's death the dispute was submitted to his successor, George V. Last month, acting on the report of Lord Desart, Lord Robson, and Mr. Hurst, whom he had designated to study the case, King George pronounced his award, assigning a sum about one-third as much as the original amount of the claim to the Alsops in full settlement. The news was received here with much satisfaction, not only because of the decision itself, but also because the British Government had enabled ours to dispose of the only disputed question outstanding with Chile. The case is generally interesting as being one of the few nowadays for which the good offices of the International Court of Arbitration at The Hague were not successfully invoked. Chile, though evidently willing to have the matter settled by arbitration, would not accede to our Government's request to submit the case to the Hague Court. Doubtless the Chileans thought that they might come off with better grace by submitting to more old-fashioned and more elastic arbitral methods. At all events, Latin-American pride seemed ruffled at a suggestion of The Hague's supposedly sterner justice. The old order naturally persists, especially among emotional peoples.

The Hague Court's Record

If the Alsop case calls attention to the Hague Court, it also calls attention to what that Court has accomplished since its establishment in 1902 following favorable action by the Hague Peace Conference of 1899 in authorizing its creation. Powers in controversy may establish special tribunals or mixed commissions, or, as in the Alsop case, may refer the case to a single arbiter. But if they choose the Hague Court, they must choose the judges from its general panel or list. To that list each signatory Power may contribute, if it likes, as many as four persons, to be appointed for a period of six years. From among these members of the permanent Court each party in dispute appoints an arbitrator. The two arbitrators choose an umpire. If they do not agree, each of them proposes two candidates taken from the list of the members of the permanent court, exclusive, of course, of the members appointed by either of the parties, and not being "nationals" of either of them. The manner of determining the choice of an umpire from these candidates is by lot. The umpire presides over the tribunal, which gives its decisions by a majority vote. The first case was that of our Government versus the Mexican in the "Pious Funds of the Californias" controversy. We won. The second case was that of Germany, Great Britain, and Italy versus our Government, the French, Dutch, and others in the Venezuela blockade case, in which the right of preference was claimed by the first-named Powers, which had blockaded Venezuelan ports. They won. The next case was that of Germany, France, and Great Britain versus Japan on the question of Japanese house taxes. The three Powers won. The fourth case was between Great Britain and France with regard to their respective treaty rights in Muscat in Arabia. Great Britain won on the main point. The fifth case was between Germany and France with regard to deserters from the army of occupation at Casablanca, Morocco. The decision left honors easy with each side. The sixth case was between Norway and Sweden with regard to their maritime frontier. Sweden won. The seventh case was between ourselves and Great Britain with regard to the Newfoundland fisheries and the interpretation of the treaty of 1818. We won on most of the points. The eighth case was between ourselves and Venezuela in the case of the Orinoco Steamship Company. We won. The next case was between Great Britain and France concerning the arrest of Savarkar, a Hindu. Great Britain won. The next case was between Russia and Turkey concerning arrears of interest on Russian indemnity. The award has not yet been rendered. The eleventh case was between Italy and Peru concerning the so-called Canevaro claims. Peru won. The latest case before the Court is between France and Italy, and concerns the seizure by the latter during the Turco-Italian war of three French ships. The court to inquire into this seizure has only recently been formed. We learn from an interesting statement just put forth by the "World Peace Foundation" of Boston that a thirteenth trial will shortly come before the Hague Tribunal. The contestants are Russia and Japan. Last year, it appears,

when the Russian Government determined to extend the boundary of its territorial waters in the Sea of Okhotsk—east of Siberia and north of Japan—the Japanese Government immediately lodged a protest. The question, it appears, has now become so acute that three Japanese cruisers have been sent to the north. Without the Hague Court this controversy might have serious consequences. In view of past international dissensions the record of the Hague Court is impressive.

The Political Campaign

In the political campaign last week Governor Wilson invaded Pennsylvania and Mr. Roosevelt Vermont, while Governor Marshall and a number of other Democratic campaigners were busy in Maine. While Mr. Roosevelt was making a hundred-and-fifty-mile automobile journey through the Green Mountain State, speaking to attentive and enthusiastic crowds, Governor Wilson went into the Keystone State to make a speech at the picnic of the members of the State Grange. On his way to and from Williams Grove, where the picnic was held, he was compelled by large and expectant crowds to make a number of subsidiary talks. In his speech to the Grangers Mr. Wilson declared that, whether he was elected or not, he was going to have just as much fun one way as the other. He continued:

> I would like to have the fighting advantage that that great office would give me, but, having been born of a fighting breed, I do not have to have the office to do the fighting. I have enlisted for life, and I do not have to be an officer. I can shoot just as straight as a private. Moreover, I was born of a talkative race, and the only thing necessary in our day is to bring the facts out in the open and talk about them frankly.

He reminded his hearers that when he was running for Governor in New Jersey he told the people that, while he did not know what he would be able to do when he got in, there was one thing he could promise them: "Only let me inside and I will tell you everything that is going on in there." Governor Wilson declared that instead of conducting the National business along the lines laid down by Jefferson, as Americans had supposed they were doing, as a matter of fact they have been conducting it along the lines laid down by Hamilton. The leaders of the Republican party, he said, "have called into consultation in every vital matter only those who had the biggest material stake in the economic development of the country. These men financed party campaigns and were always on the inside when party policy was to be determined. . . . Everything went as they suggested, while the rank and file of us fared as we might and were happy if we had any small share in the prosperity which they organized for themselves. They were the trustees, we were their wards and took part in the common life as they planned and directed. What went on in the trustees' meeting we were very seldom allowed to learn—learn, indeed, only by impertinent inquiry, only by Congressional investigations or trials in court, which the trustees complained sadly interfered with the regular course of business." Governor Wilson declared that the whole method and spirit of conducting our Government should be changed, that the people should insist on being actual partners again and upon knowing how their business is being conducted and in whose interest. In referring to the tariff, which he has made perfectly evident that he considers the most vital issue in the campaign, Mr. Wilson gave an adroit turn to a phrase which Mr. Roosevelt has used in many speeches. Mr. Roosevelt has repeatedly said that what he was after was "a better distribution of the prize money." Governor Wilson in his speech said that Mr. Roosevelt has proclaimed himself a convert to the protective policy, has also said that, while no doubt some duties were too high, on the whole the policy pursued by Republican Administrations had been the right one, and "thought the prize money which had been received under that system by the manufacturers of the country was legitimate booty." Mr. Wilson continued:

> Prize money is generally acquired by capture and not by any process of earning, but Mr. Roosevelt is always frank and says that his only objection to the system is that too much of the "prize money" remains in the hands of the officers and too little of it is distributed to the crew. His own object he avows to be to see to it that more of the prize money gets into the pay envelopes of those whom the freebooters employ. The interesting point I wish to raise now is, Who supplies the plunder? From whom is the prize money taken? I suspect that a vast proportion of it comes out of the pockets of the farmer, unwillingly enough no doubt, but inevitably, for I see in him that great helpless class, the unbenefited "consumer."

Governor Wilson has put his finger on what is unquestionably the chief danger in a protective tariff. The difficulty is that as long

as the tariff is a matter of international "tariff wars," no country can disregard the need of seeing that it gets its share of the benefits of the protective policy, and it should not ignore its duty in seeing that those benefits are justly distributed.

Congress

The second session of the Sixty-second Congress began on December 4, 1911; it ended on August 26, 1912. It lasted 267 days. Only seven times before in our history has a session exceeded it in length. The Sixty-second Congress is Republican in the Senate and Democratic in the House. Much of the legislation passed at this session is good; some is bad. The more important measures which are to be classed as good include:

The Children's Bureau Act.

The Direct Election of Senators Amendment.

The Phosphorus Match Act.

The Parcels Post Act.

The Russian Treaty resolution.

The Eight-Hour Government Work Act.

The Federal Regulation of Wireless Companies Act.

The Wireless Operators Act.

The Alaskan Civil Government Act.

The Industrial Bureau Act.

The Fur Seals Act.

Amendment to Food and Drugs Act.

The Panama Act.

The Act against prize-fight moving pictures.

The Act to prevent filibustering on the Mexican border.

Several good laws for the army and navy.

To offset these, there are few pieces of legislation against which to write the word "bad" save emphatically the Sherwood Pension Act. The events on the "bad" side are mostly sins of omission, not of commission. Congress's sins of omission are its failures—

To pass needed tariff legislation.

To pass needed trust legislation.

To pass needed monetary legislation.

To pass needed naval legislation.

To abolish the involuntary servitude of seamen.

To pass a workmen's compensation bill.

To extend agricultural education.

To act on the President's civil service recommendations.

The record of the session on the tariff may be summed up in the following results:

A Wool Bill and a Steel Bill passed Congress, were vetoed, and were repassed by the House but not by the Senate.

The Chemical Bill was killed in the Senate.

The Cotton Bill died in conference.

The Sugar Bill passed by the House was rejected by the Senate; and the Sugar Bill passed by the Senate was blocked in conference by the House.

The Excise Tax Bill, to replace the revenue to be lost if the House Sugar Bill had passed, died in conference.

More than a hundred thousand dollars has been actually expended, and as much more appropriated, by the House in a programme of investigation.

Economy—of a Kind, and Riders—of all Kinds

The Democratic majority in the House, according to the statements of its leaders, set out to make a record for economy. But we doubt very much if the means which it adopted to this end will commend themselves to the country at large. They included depriving the navy of a battle-ship, attempting to cut down the army, trying to eliminate some necessary bureaus in the Department of State, parsimony in making appropriations for the Government service, and abolishing the bi-partisan Tariff Board. On the other hand, the Democrats did not hesitate to pass a dollar-a-day service pension law involving additional expenditure of about $75,000,000, afterwards reduced by the Senate to $25,000,000 annually. The record of this session was further marked by an unprecedented use of "riders." The "rider" involves an endeavor to get through legislation, by attaching it to another piece of legislation, which could not be passed if the attempt were made to pass it by itself. Riders were attached to the appropriation bills for the army, pensions, the post-office, the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial, and the Sundry Civil Bills. It was also the case with the Panama Bill. Some of the "riders" proposed were good, as, for instance, the parcels post provision in the Post-Office Bill and the free ships provision in the Panama Bill; and some, like the latter provision, were more cognate to the general subject of the bills to which they were attached than were others. But the principle of legislation by "rider," especially when attached to an appropriation bill, is thoroughly bad. By the courageous use by the President of the veto power, there were prevented such spiteful pieces of mischief as Congress intended to perpetrate

in the legislation aimed to oust General Wood as Chief of Staff; and in the seven-year civil service tenure "rider," which would have re-established the sway of the spoils system.

Congress and Foreign Relations

In the realm of foreign relations, any analysis of the work of the session must give prominence to three acts. The first was the joint resolution passed which forced the President to take immediate steps to abrogate the Russian treaty because of the Russian Government's persistent refusal to honor the passports of American citizens of Jewish faith. The second was the passage by the Senate of the Lodge resolution, growing out of the Magdalena Bay incident, and amplifying the Monroe Doctrine by asserting our Government's policy toward other Governments obtaining control of strategic harbors or bases of mine operation. The third is of course the act providing for the opening and operation of the Panama Canal, a measure that closely affects our foreign relations. As to the Senate's failures to pass proposed treaties, the most notable was when it refused to pass the general arbitration treaties with Great Britain and France recommended by the Administration, and approved them only in a shape not acceptable to the Administration, so that ratifications have never been exchanged. What is of more practical importance, especially in view of the present revolution in Nicaragua, is the Senate's failure to accept the treaties with Honduras and Nicaragua designed to prevent revolutionary activity in those countries. But perhaps the most important thing accomplished at this session was not legislation at all—the ousting of Senator Lorimer. When the inside history of this Congress is written, it will be seen, we believe, that the Lorimer contest was interwoven with the whole programme of legislation, and that it was the real cause of the failure of Congress to adjourn before the two National Conventions, rather than the natural desire of Congressmen to see how those Conventions "came out" and then "play politics."

The Character that Achieves Success

The New York "World" publishes an interesting and valuable interview with Theodore N. Vail, who is the head of the Bell Telephone and Western Union Telegraph systems. With Mr. Vail's taking the headship of the Western Union Telegraph system the spirit of that system has been radically changed, and the feeling of hostility to the Western Union Telegraph Company is rapidly disappearing. He has evidently set himself to work to make the telegraph minister to the needs of the American people. He has made connections with the telephone and the telegraph such as facilitate the sending of telegrams from any telephone station—and telephone stations are far more frequent than telegraph stations. He has arranged so that men who have acknowledged credit can send telegraph messages "collect." And he has created the system of Day Letter and Night Letter, which has immensely enlarged the practical value of the telegraph, making it a real means for the conduct of quick correspondence. In this interview he tells three things which a great many Americans wish to know. The first is what are the qualities which enable a man to earn a salary of from $10,000 to $25,000 a year. He "must, first of all, know his business from the ground up. He must be absolutely efficient; that is, he must have ability, judgment, courage, enthusiasm, self-confidence, energy, initiative, foresight, experience, a great knowledge of human nature, and personality enough to be a real leader of men. He must take infinite pains in small things as well as in large. He must demand of himself as well as of others nothing but the best." It is true that society does not pay the highest price for the best service. It pays more to many a hotel chef than it pays to most college presidents, although giving luxurious food is not a greater service than giving a fine education. But in each particular department of life society pays for the service rendered in fair proportion to the value of the service, as society estimates it. Men with the qualities described by Mr. Vail find plenty to do, and fair, if not great, remuneration for the doing, in whatever department of life they may choose their work.

Cost of Living and Big Business

Mr. Vail also points out one cause of high living: "The cost of living is high, but it has not increased more than the standard of living has. . . . People to-day insist upon elevators, tiled bath-rooms, dumb-waiters, telephones, electric light, gas, hot water, etc., all of which add very greatly to

the cost of construction and to the rent. People are far too apt to forget that it is not the tiled bath-room that keeps you clean; it is soap and water." We have come into an era of high living, and we must pay high prices for it. We must cut off useless and enervating luxuries, of course, but not the comforts which add both to the joy and the efficiency of life; and the comforts which add both to the joy and efficiency of living cost somebody service, and therefore cost money to remunerate for that service. What is far more important than finding out how to reduce the cost of living is finding out how so to equalize wealth that the very rich shall lose the luxuries which enervate and degrade them, and the common people shall have the means to pay for the comforts which add joy and efficiency to life. Mr. Vail's third statement goes to the root of the question, Shall government disorganize big business, regulate big business, or carry on big business? The individualist says government should disorganize big business; the Progressive says government should regulate big business; the Socialist says government should carry on big business. Mr. Vail's position, which is the position of an increasing number of the great captains of industry, the great leaders of labor, and the great teachers of political economy, is summed up in the following paragraph:

> No government can run business, and no business can run the government. Our form of government was never intended to run business; it was not cut out for that; its organization is different. It is the duty of the government to conserve our rights and privileges, and to see that we all enjoy them. That applies to the rich as well as to the poor, and to the strong as well as to the weak. This duty of conservation gives the government the right to regulate business, and I want to say that it is far easier to regulate business than to run it. Take the men who are looked upon as great captains of industry. There are very few of them, because there are very few men who can run a big business or a big corporation. But there are any quantity of men who could review their acts, and who—if they had the proper information and gave the question proper examination and study—could say whether or not the men who were doing things were doing them right.

In this paragraph Mr. Vail answers with remarkable brevity and terseness the principal objection to the proposition that government should regulate big business, and we recommend the paragraph to the studious consideration of our Senators and Representatives and all campaign orators in the pending Presidential election.

The Alleged Russo-Japanese Alliance

A little more than a year ago — in April, 1911 — certain American newspapers gave wide circulation to the positive statement that Japan and Mexico had entered into a secret treaty hostile to the interests of the United States, and that a photographic copy of such treaty was in the possession of our Government. A little more than a week ago—in August, 1912—the same newspapers published an equally positive statement that Japan and Russia had entered into a secret agreement to oppose the aims and undermine the interests of the other Powers in eastern Asia, and, eventually, to intervene jointly in China for the purpose of strengthening their positions in Manchuria and Mongolia and securing, as far as possible, Russo-Japanese control in Far Eastern affairs. The secret Japanese-Mexican treaty of 1911 proved to be non-existent. No such treaty had ever been made, and the story of the photographic copy of it was a fake. There is good reason to believe that the alleged secret Russo-Japanese agreement of 1912 is also non-existent, and that the story of the negotiation of it by Prince Katsura and Premier Kokovtsef is either a fake or a flimsy tissue of unsupported assertions and plausible guesses woven about the solitary fact that the ex-Premier of Japan stopped in St. Petersburg in July, on his way to Germany and western Europe. An alliance of Russia and Japan for the attainment of the objects set forth in the story of their secret agreement seems improbable. In the first place, their alleged conspiracy to get control of Manchuria and Mongolia, crowd out the other Powers, and dominate China is in flagrant violation of at least half a dozen treaties, agreements, understandings, and declarations, beginning with the Treaty of Portsmouth in 1905, and ending with the statements of policy by the Russian and Japanese Ministers of Foreign Affairs in 1911 and 1912. Both Governments have bound themselves not to intervene in China without previous consultation with the other interested Powers (Japanese declaration of November 30, 1908, and Russian reply to Secretary Knox in January, 1910), and both have repeatedly committed themselves to the policy of equal opportunities and the

open door. Of course either Power may break its promises, violate its agreements, and disregard its treaty obligations; but is Russia likely to do so? Certainly we do not expect Japan to dishonor herself in that way. The alleged statements of Prince Katsura and Baron Goto, which the story puts in quotation marks, are manifestly faked, because they are inconsistent with the opinions of Prince Katsura as set forth in the authorized Imbrie interview, and are in violation of the principles laid down in the Root-Takahira Declaration of November 30, 1908.

The Russo-Japanese Treaty

The latest existent agreement between Japan and Russia with regard to their interests in China is embodied in the Russo-Japanese treaty of July 4, 1910. That treaty assumes that, inasmuch as Japan and Russia have covenants with China to which the other Powers are not parties, they (Japan and Russia) have certain treaty rights in Manchuria to which the other Powers are not entitled—rights that are peculiarly their own. Such rights are not exclusive of the rights of other Powers, but are outside of them. They are rights which Russia and Japan have acquired by treaty, at the cost of treasure and blood. In defense of these rights, which they regard as distinctively their own, Japan and Russia agree to act together, so far as they can do so without violating the promises that they have made to the other Powers concerning equal opportunities and the open door. Japan has made nine treaties with China since the Russo-Japanese War, eight of them relating to Manchuria; and Russia has made seven treaties with the same Power since 1896, six of them relating to Manchuria. These treaties, for the most part, deal with railway administration and business enterprise in the strip of leased territory through which the railways run. As the interests of the two Powers in this strip are practically identical, they naturally stand together in defense of them. They have certain rights there which we have not, just as we have certain rights in Cuba which the other Powers have not; and when an attempt is made to infringe such rights, they stand together in opposition to it, as they did in the case of the proposal to neutralize the Manchurian railways, which was made by Secretary Knox in 1909. This probably is the only basis of fact that the story of a secret Russo-Japanese agreement has. The treaty of July 4, 1910, was not aimed at the other Powers, so far as we know, nor was any objection made to it either by the other Powers or by China herself. In reply to a note from the representatives of Russia and Japan transmitting a copy of the convention, the Chinese Foreign Office said:

> This Ministry is perfectly satisfied that, inasmuch as Russia and Japan bind themselves by this agreement to respect the various treaties that now exist between China and Russia, China and Japan, and Russia and Japan, said agreement is a new and solemn confirmation of the promise made by Russia and Japan, in the treaty of 1905, to recognize the sovereignty of China in Manchuria; to acknowledge the equal right of the foreign Powers to co-operate with China in the development of Manchurian trade and industry; and to maintain the principle of the open door.

Reports that Russia and Japan are seeking to oust the other Powers and secure for themselves the hegemony of the Far East will probably continue to circulate so long as there is money to be made by the promotion of international discord and the creation of war scares; but the authors of such reports should try to improve their literary methods. The story of the secret Russo-Japanese agreement of 1912 is no more plausible or convincing than the story of the secret Japanese-Mexican treaty which was said to have been photographed by Ambassador Wilson in 1911.

The Roman Catholic Opportunity in Peru

The region in Peru between the Putumayo and Japura Rivers, affluents of the Amazon, consists of thousands of square miles of thick forest. It is inhabited by scattered tribes of Indians. Apart from these the only population consists of the employees of a concern engaged in overseeing and forcing the Indians to collect and deliver at fixed intervals definite quantities of rubber derived from the wild rubber trees scattered through the forest. The Indians are practically slaves. The region is controlled principally by the Aranas, a Peruvian family, who, five years ago, turned their rubber purchasing concern into a British company, now called the Peruvian Amazon Company, Limited. Attention was drawn to the operations of this company some years ago by a series of articles in the London "Truth." As the result of pressure from the British Foreign Office, the company entered upon its own

investigation, while the British Government itself despatched Sir Roger Casement to make an official investigation. The Outlook has already reported the result of Sir Roger's mission—a story of horrible cruelty, oppression, and outrage. In the greedy rush for rubber the wretched Indians have not only been oppressed while they lived, but their lives have ultimately been taken, so that of some fifty thousand Indians said to be dwelling in the region early in the century, only one-fifth of that number are now admitted to exist. It is true that many have fled; but it is also claimed that thousands have been slaughtered. Despite denials to the contrary, there are indications that practically nothing is being done to improve the lot of the Indians in the Putumayo country. During the first half of the present year rubber has been collected in greater quantities than ever before; under present conditions every pound of rubber means torture of helpless people. Their condition should, and must, be immediately changed. Peru, it is true, claims to be instituting a new régime of reform and civilization. But against this claim it is urged that she has neither the administrative capacity, the power, nor the money. However much the Church in Peru may wish to engage in reform, it is also too poor to do so. But, in order to be most effective in a Latin-American land, humanitarian effort should have, if possible, a religious character; and as Peru recognizes the Roman Catholic Church only, any mission to be really efficient should operate under its auspices. While the natives are as yet in no state for distinctly religious propaganda, Sir Roger Casement declares that any mission should have the authority of the national and historical Church of Peru behind it. Sir Roger adds:

> Neither the individual Peruvian nor his Government will recognize Protestant intervention as a legitimate religious act. It would be represented by those on the spot as a meddlesome act of foreign interference in their private concerns, which they would not tolerate. . . . A Protestant organization on the Putumayo would be the cause of much resentment, bad feeling, and a quite definitely organized opposition that would inevitably defeat the object it had in view, namely, the protection and the betterment of the Indians. . . . I feel that this is a case where it is imperative on humane men and women to do something to help the Indians, and I see no means of bringing help to them that can at all compare with those offered by a Roman Catholic mission. . . . The work, as it is, will be one of extreme difficulty for the one Church that can operate with least question or opposition. . . . That the Church of Rome . . . is in the best position to accomplish this work I am profoundly convinced, and, were I ten times a Protestant, I should never hesitate to help its missionaries to the extent of my ability to set up a rule of charity, compassion, and kindliness—a task they are eminently qualified to fulfill—among the unhappy tribes of this region. To help these poor people is a matter of urgency. It is not a matter that can be put off or discussed to-morrow. . . . It is a thing that must be done, or at any rate attempted, to-day.

The Lawn Tennis Championship

For at least three reasons, the result of the American All Comers' Lawn Tennis Championship Tournament this year is especially interesting to followers of that exhilarating sport. In the first place, the championship passes from the hands of a veteran to that of a youthful player. Mr. W. A. Larned won the championship last year for the seventh time. For about a score of years he has been in the front rank of lawn tennis players in this country. This year the title has been won for the first time by Maurice E. McLoughlin, who was born only twenty-two years ago. In other words, last year's champion was a skillful lawn tennis player when this year's champion was born. In the second place, the method of determining the championship has been changed. Heretofore the practice has been each year for the winner of the previous year's championship match to have the privilege of standing one side until the winner of the All Comers' Tournament was determined, and then to be called on to defend his title. From now on the champion of each year, if he wishes to retain his title, must enter the tournament like any other aspirant for the honor. This year Mr. Larned, on account of illness, was unable to play through the tournament. In the third place, this year's championship was notable from the fact that it goes for the first time to the Pacific Coast. With it goes the championship also of the ladies' singles and of the men's doubles. California has made a clean sweep of the National lawn tennis field.

Immigrants and Bibles

In the chief inspection room at Ellis Island, the immigrant station for the port of New York, the old high iron network that separated each row of immigrants has been removed. Seats are provided for the immigrants while waiting their turn to appear before the inspectors. After the immigrants

have passed their inspection two missionaries of the New York Bible Society supply those admitted with Bibles, and carry copies to those who may be detained. During the past year there was the largest distribution of the Scriptures among the immigrants by these missionaries. The Society distributes the Scriptures in forty languages and in raised type to the blind. In addition, the Society employs missionaries to visit the steamships, schooners, barks, barges, and canal-boats in port, and to distribute the Bible among all classes of men employed. During the past three months a thousand vessels were thus visited, and the Scriptures given to many times that number of men. In addition, the Society supplies the Bible to attendants at the many outdoor meetings held in New York City every summer, not only for those who speak English, but for the Italians, Slovaks, Hungarians, Greeks, Poles, and Chinese. Again, many Bibles are distributed by missionaries who visit the prisons in New York City; it may be remembered that in the Borough of Manhattan there are annually over eighty thousand persons in prison cells, and over ten thousand persons constantly in the institutions on Blackwell's Island. The New York Bible Society is the only society having for its sole work Bible distribution in the city and harbor of New York.

A Students' Congress of the Two Americas

A significant event is the International Students' Congress, which has just finished its sessions at the oldest American university. That institution is not Harvard University, but San Marcos University at Lima, the capital of Peru. The university was founded in 1551 by grant of the King of Spain and the Pope of Rome. This antedates the founding of Harvard University in 1636 by nearly a century, and takes scholastic traditions in the New World back almost to the beginning of modern times. The Royal and Pontifical University of San Marcos, from which the present progressive San Marcos has been developed, embraced at its beginning little, if anything, more than the curriculum of the Middle Ages, when Aristotle, St. Thomas Aquinas, and the theologians preceding the days of the Inquisition were thought to embody all the learning and science necessary for the higher orders of the community, whose education alone was provided for. San Marcos, therefore, in its beginning was decidedly aristocratic as to its students and ecclesiastical in its training, though now one of the foremost and most progressive of South American universities. It has faculties of theology, jurisprudence, medicine, political science, and literature. The Students' Congress just held within its historic halls was the third in the international series of such Congresses. From them good should come in an interchange of thought and ideas between the two Americas, and so in preparing the way for the new era in intercourse which will begin when the Panama Canal is thrown open to the commerce of the world. Among the American universities that participated in the Congress were the Howard University of Washington, D. C., the Leland Stanford University in California, the University of California, and the Universities of Wisconsin and Michigan. It is a hopeful and auspicious sign when our universities are the first to recognize what the opening of the Panama Canal will mean in the domain of education to the two Americas. At the recent session of representative British universities in London, Lord Rosebery, Chancellor of the London University, forecasting troubled times and new relations throughout the world, remarked that it was to the universities of the Empire that the country looked for guidance and leading. The fact that in the United States at present three men, the graduates respectively of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, are the leaders of political thought and political parties, also points in the same direction. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the Congress at the University of San Marcos will be efficient in promoting a better understanding and knowledge, not only between South American and North American universities, but also between the people of the two Americas, whose relations, for better or worse, must be more intimately related in the near future than heretofore.

The Public and the Public Schools

The fact that the system of common schools in the United States—the greatest single educational institution that civilization has ever seen—is popularly called the public school system is not at all a guarantee that the public takes the active interest in these schools which it should. Large numbers of citizens, even large numbers of parents whose children are pupils of the

public schools, have very little intimate knowledge as to their administration. It is a common and just complaint of public school teachers and principals that the parents of their pupils show so little interest in the operations of the public school. There has existed in the city of New York for a number of years a voluntary association called the Public Education Association, the purpose of which is "to study the problems of public education, investigate the condition of the common and corporate schools, stimulate public interest in the schools, and to propose from time to time such changes in their organization, management, or educational method as may seem necessary or desirable." This excellent Association has recently been reorganized for the purpose of making its work more effective. On a money basis alone such an organization is highly desirable, for the city of New York spends on its public schools the enormous sum of $35,000,000 a year. The Association in its reorganized form hopes to become a sort of clearing-house for current educational ideas. Its general object will be:

To obtain the ideas and suggestions of the teachers and school administrators themselves, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, of citizens and organizations outside of, but interested in, the schools.

To make available the results of the experience of other cities.

To provide for the numerous citizen organizations interested in education a means of co-operation by which their efforts will be economized and made more effective.

To provide a simple and direct channel by which the Department of Education may utilize the suggestions and data furnished by the other agencies.

In carrying out this programme the Association will do systematic work with the aid of a competent staff of experts. It will classify the facts which it obtains, and will supply the information in its possession to all those who are interested in the problems of the public school. It is estimated that the annual expenditure of the Association will be about $45,000. We call attention to its purposes and programme for two reasons: first, to bespeak for it the financial and moral support of those who recognize the fact that the public school is the corner-stone of American education; and, second, to advise those who are dealing with similar problems in other parts of the country to co-operate with it. Inquiries for further information may be addressed to the Executive Secretary of the Association, Mr. Arthur W. Dunn, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

The Use of Intoxicants by Railway Employees

The management of the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western system has issued a general order which deserves chronicling. It will be appreciated, we think, by all railway travelers. Its most discussed clause refers to the use of liquor by employees. One of the American Railway Association's rules, adopted by most of the railways of the country, reads as follows:

The use of intoxicants by employees while on duty is prohibited. Their habitual use, or the frequenting of places where they are sold, is sufficient cause for dismissal.

It is a good rule that prohibits the use of intoxicants altogether while employees are on duty. And it is also a good rule that prohibits their habitual use, or the frequenting of places where they are sold, at any time. But we are glad that the Lackawanna Company at least is now going a step further and will prohibit the use of intoxicating liquors to employees directly connected with the movements of trains at *all* times. The principle of action on American railways generally is still that, so long as men avoid the habitual use of liquors when off duty, and abstain entirely when on duty, they are reasonably safe. There is, however, but one absolutely safe course to be followed by these classes of men; and that is the extreme course which the Lackawanna Company has now wisely ordered. The Company may be criticised for interfering with personal liberty, but, in view of the great risks involved in railway transportation, public sentiment will, we believe, support its position. Its new general order reads as follows:

In furtherance of the objects of the several Federal and State "hours of service" laws, employees in engine, train, yard, and station service are prohibited from using their time while off duty in a manner that may unfit them for the safe, prompt, and efficient performance of their respective duties for the Company. They are strictly enjoined and required to use their time while off duty primarily for obtaining ample rest. The use of intoxicants while on or off duty, or the visiting of saloons or places where liquor is sold, incapacitates men for railroad service, and is absolutely prohibited. Any violation of this rule by employees in engine, train, yard, or station service will be sufficient cause for dismissal.

Though it has not attracted nearly as much public attention, the first part of the new rule is, we are convinced, quite as important

as the second. There are many other forms of dissipation besides drinking which tend to unfit men for their duties. Where the safety of hundreds of passengers is absolutely dependent upon an engineer's alertness, it is certainly essential that he should come to his work refreshed by abundant sleep and in full possession of all his physical and mental faculties. While Federal and State laws require railway companies to give their men sufficient time for rest at stated intervals, something further is requisite if the opportunity those laws afford is to be rightly used. The public welfare, as well as the welfare of the men, requires that the time allowed by law for rest should be reasonably well spent, and to this end moral pressure exerted by the companies and, better yet, by the men themselves, is in the public interest.

THE INVISIBLE GOVERNMENT AT WORK

Mr. Archbold, of the Standard Oil Company, and Mr. Penrose, Republican Senator from Pennsylvania, with the aid of Democratic Senators, including Messrs. Stone and Bailey, have rendered a service of signal value to the American people. They have been giving to the people a glimpse of the "Invisible Government" at work.

This is the Invisible Government—it was described in Mr. Beveridge's speech at the Progressive Convention:

> The special interests which suck the people's substance are bipartisan. They use both parties. They are the invisible government behind our visible government. Democratic and Republican bosses alike are brother officers of this hidden power. No matter how fiercely they pretend to fight one another before election, they work together after election. And, acting so, this political conspiracy is able to delay, mutilate, or defeat sound and needed laws for the people's welfare and the prosperity of honest business, and even to enact bad laws, hurtful to the people's welfare and oppressive to honest business.

Such is the Invisible Government as described in general terms; but what evidence is there that it exists? It is a "hidden power." How can it be revealed? This is where Messrs. Archbold, Penrose, Stone, and their allies enter and give their testimony. They are benefactors of the Nation; for at the very moment when the people are most ready to listen they have given an answer.

Mr. Archbold represents a special interest whose methods have been described by the United States Supreme Court in terms severer than any we should care to use. Mr. Penrose is the head of a political machine whose power has been unsurpassed in the history of any boss-ruled State. These two men have acknowledged that they were participants—one as giver, the other as receiver, of money—in a transaction the object of which was to protect this special interest from molestation by the Government; and they both acknowledge that Mr. Archbold's special interest was at the time of this transaction under investigation by a commission of which Mr. Penrose was a member!

Why have they made such a confession? Because they did not realize it was a confession until they had made it. They thought it was an attack upon a common enemy. And running to their assistance in this attack have come Messrs. Stone and Bailey and other Democratic Senators. It is a strange and instructive spectacle to see these members of the tripartite Invisible Government grouping themselves naturally against the Progressives.

They seem to have forgotten for the moment that the strength of the Invisible Government depends upon its remaining invisible.

This "hidden power" will cease to be a power when it ceases to be hidden.

Messrs. Archbold, Penrose, Bailey, and Company, with their supporters among the subsidized press, have been public benefactors in bringing the operations of the Invisible Government, if only for a moment, into the public view.

THE USES OF REPARTEE

Mr. Brander Matthews's happy definition and illustration of "The Art of Repartee" in the August number of the "Century Magazine" admit of almost indefinite expansion. It is not beside the mark to say that Mr. Matthews himself has often furnished admirable examples of the retort courteous which is also the retort entertaining. The repartee is not always the kind of answer that turneth away wrath, but it is generally the kind of answer that makes conversation interesting. Talleyrand, from whom Mr. Matthews draws some "fetching" examples of this art of verbal fencing, was one of its greatest practitioners, but he was not a solitary master of the verbal rapier; he was surrounded by

experts. For the repartee is an art fostered by a highly organized or highly artificial social life. The French, who have developed with exceptional success what Matthew Arnold called the power of social life, have made conversation one of the great resources of that life. They have not been content simply to talk; they have learned to converse, which is talk raised to the rank of a fine art.

Any person of average quickness of mind can talk, and many are able to talk without any intellectual qualification; but conversation involves restraint, fair play in the matter of time, the courtesy of attention, and skill in the use of words. Many talkers use the bludgeon; the conversationists use the rapier. The talker may be, and often is, a barbarian surviving from the age of brute force; a conversationist is the product of a high degree of civilization, a person whose mind has been ripened by contact with other minds, and who has responded to the touch of that happy genius of respect for one another which is the source of good manners. The repartee often has the edge of a Damascus blade; it never has the mass or shape of an Indian club. When Dumas, who was a master of wit as well as of the art of writing the romance of adventure, was asked by a lady how he grew old so gracefully, he made the inimitable answer: "Madame, I give all my time to it!" This has a very different quality from the remark of a Member of Congress whom Speaker Reed had finally forced into his seat: "I thank Heaven I don't look like a gigantic rubber baby blown up by a cyclone!" The provocation was great and the retort had an elementary effectiveness, but it was war, not art. Mr. Reed was a czar in speech as well as in parliamentary methods, and had a natural gift for putting things. When a recalcitrant Member was forced, after a fierce struggle, to yield the floor, he tried to take the edge off defeat by repeating *sotto voce* the well-worn phrase, "I would rather be right than be President." The Speaker promptly retorted, "The gentleman need not trouble himself; he will never be either," and went on with the business before the House.

The campaign orator is sometimes sorely discomfited by a really insignificant foe who happens to put an embarrassing question to which a quick and convincing reply is not at hand. Such questions are, however, the happy opportunities of men of rapid mental action whose replies have the quality of the repartee. The platform repartee is sometimes preceded by a condensed argument. During the campaign in which the resumption of specie payments was an issue Mr. Blaine was urging on an audience in a Maine city the wisdom and practicability of Greeley's maxim, "The way to resume is to resume." He declared that the time had come and the Government was ready; it had a hundred millions in gold in the treasury. "But," said a man in the audience, "there are five hundred million greenbacks out, are there not?"

"Yes," was the prompt reply.

"Those greenbacks are all payable in gold on presentation, are they not?"

"Certainly."

"Suppose they should all be presented at once?"

"Will the gentleman allow me to ask him two or three questions? How many people are there in this city?"

"About forty thousand."

"They must all die."

"Certainly."

"Are there forty thousand coffins ready at the undertakers' this evening?"

In this case the repartee required a little clearing of the way, but when it came it ended the discussion. The wife of a well-known public man was once presented to Mr. Blaine at a reception. She had only a few words with him and passed on, and did not meet him again for several years. She is a woman of charming personality and of unusual height. At the second interview Mr. Blaine held out his hand with great cordiality and promptly called her by name. "Is it possible that you remember me, Mr. Blaine?"

"There are people whom one never forgets," was the reply.

"Yes," responded the lady; "my unusual height makes me conspicuous."

"There are other altitudes than physical height," retorted the gallant statesman.

There have been not only witty statesmen but witty kings; Charles the Second was one of them. When some one praised Lord Godolphin, a very successful courtier and politician, he promptly replied, "Godolphin is never in the way and never out of it;" a description of the time-serving politician as complete as it is brief. And when, in a time of great popular excitement, he was riding home from a review with his brother the Duke of York, afterwards James the Second,

beside him, and James warned him not to expose himself more than was necessary, the King replied, "James, they will never kill me to make you King."

Napoleon the Third wore a mask of impassivity, and either was or seemed to be a man of sluggish mental activity, but at times he showed traces of French wit. His cousin, Prince Napoleon, commonly known as "Plon-Plon," was a spendthrift who was always in need of money, and sometimes made his Imperial cousin's life a burden by his importunities. On one occasion, after trying vainly to extort five hundred thousand francs from the Emperor, he cried out, "You have nothing of our uncle about you!" "Oh, yes, I have," was the quick retort; "I have his family."

The art of repartee is largely a matter of cultivation, though there are many to whom it would be impossible of acquirement under the most favorable conditions; for there are men who could live in a world of humor and never understand the verbal flash and stir about them. But given a group of quick-witted people who are in the habit of meeting one another on easy terms, or a society which has both leisure and brains and uses one to give finish and edge to the other, and the quick return of the ball becomes a kind of second nature. Many forms of expression which seem to be the exclusive possession of a few are largely matters of general habit. The older improvisers, who could turn an incident into a ballad at sight, seem to men of a later generation born poets, while, as a matter of fact, they were facile users of current forms of expression. The habit, not of writing poetry, but of rhyming, is easily acquired if it happens to be the habit of the time. Even in a dull company "capping verses" loosens tongues which have always run to prose.

The art of repartee demands more than the ability to rhyme or to make a passable oration; it demands at least a modicum of brains and the ability to use them quickly. There are few Talleyrands or Sheridans, but one need not be a past-master of fencing to put up a good guard, and the repartee, while more a weapon of attack, is a very convenient weapon of defense. When Mr. Lowell was complimented on his manners by a lady of fashion in London, who expressed surprise that an American should be so well bred, he promptly replied, with mock deference: "You forget, madam, how favorably I have been exposed; I have been long in London." She probably did not understand, but the thrust must have given the primitive man in Lowell the satisfaction of having given a neat rapier stroke. And the American girl who met the remark of a lady in the same city that she could see "no reason why you Americans seem to think so much of your own country," with the retort, "I suppose it must be because we have seen some of the other countries," deserves the place Mr. Matthews makes for her well-put answer. He might well have added the repartee of another American who, in answer to the remark, "It must be very disagreeable to live in a country whose rulers you are not willing to invite to dine with you," promptly replied: "It is; but it's less disagreeable than living in a country whose rulers are not willing to ask you to dine with them." The international uses of the repartee are many, and happy examples of the art are found everywhere. One of the neatest was the retort of the Englishman to the Viennese who commented on the awkwardness with which many English people speak foreign languages: "You see, we have not had half the armies of Europe here to teach us."

CAPITALISM, PROGRESSIVISM, SOCIALISM

Any one who is inclined to imagine that Socialism and Progressivism are akin is recommended to read two new books, one by a Socialist, "Socialism As It Is," [1] by W. E. Walling, the other, "The New Democracy," [2] by Walter E. Weyl.

There is one opinion, and only one, which Progressivism and Socialism hold in common. They believe that social conditions to-day are not right; that there are too many excessively rich men and far too many poor men in the community; that we have not solved, and hardly have begun to study, the problem how to distribute wealth; that the rising discontent is not due to demagogues, nor is it a discontent with conditions which must in the nature of the case exist; that it is real and well grounded, and is due to conditions which ought to be corrected; that

[1] Socialism As It Is: A Survey of the World-Wide Revolutionary Movement. By William English Walling. The Macmillan Company, New York.

[2] The New Democracy: An Essay on Certain Political and Economic Tendencies in the United States. By Walter E. Weyl, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York.

there are real evils, and that they can be remedied.

But the remedy proposed by Progressives and the remedy proposed by Socialists are not the same; they are not merely inconsistent, they are directly and emphatically antagonistic. The greatest foe to Socialism is not Conservatism, it is Progressivism.

Mr. Walling points out with great clearness, in his chapter on "Socialism and the Class Struggle," the essential spirit of Socialism: "The Socialist view of the evolution of society is that the central fact of history is this struggle of classes for political and economic power." This class struggle becomes more bitter the longer it lasts. It is "not a mere theory, but a widely recognized reality." "No indorsement of any so-called Socialist theory of reform is of practical moment unless it includes that theory which has survived out of the struggles of the movement and has been tested by hard experience—a theory in which ways and means are not the last but the first consideration—namely, the class struggle." Because Theodore Roosevelt and Lyman Abbott do not believe that this class struggle is to go on and that peace is to come only by the victory of one class over the other, they are taken by Mr. Walling as types of the men whose teaching Socialism most emphatically resists. "Without this militant attitude Socialists believe that even the most radical reforms, not excepting those that sincerely propose equal opportunity or the abolition of social classes as their ultimate aim, must fail to carry society forward a single step in that direction. Take as an example Dr. Lyman Abbott. . . . Notwithstanding his advocacy of industrial democracy, his attack on the autocracy of capitalism and the wages system, and his insistence that the distinction between non-possessing and possessing classes must be abolished, Dr. Abbott opposes a class struggle." So again: "Said Mr. Roosevelt in his Sorbonne lecture: '. . . Ruin looks us in the face if we judge a man by his position instead of judging him by his conduct in that position.'" To this Mr. Walling replies: "Ruin looks us in the face if, in politics, we judge the men who occupy a certain position (the members of a certain class) by their conduct as individuals, instead of judging them by the fact that they occupy a certain position and are members of a certain class."

In brief, Socialists hold that there is a certain amount of wealth in the world. It is now largely in the control of one class. They desire to league together the other of the two classes to get possession of that wealth for themselves. The two classes are like two gamblers at the gaming-tabe, each trying to get the stakes away from the other.

Mr. Weyl approaches the same problem from the point of view of the Progressive. He repudiates emphatically the notion that peace can come only through a class war carried on to its consummation. It will come through the recognition of the fact that modern industry creates a social surplus; that the prosperous community creates more than it consumes; and that, to remain prosperous and peaceful, it must learn how this surplus wealth can be justly, equably, honestly administered. It is because in America this social surplus has increased so rapidly, and because in America the distribution of this social surplus has, in spite of the creation of multimillionaires, been carried further than in the Old World, that Socialism makes little headway here, and would make none at all if it were not increased by immigration. "In America the old doctrine of a class war between two classes must of absolute necessity be given up by the Socialist party, and must fail of adoption by other parties." "Democratic civilization will progress even more through adjustment and education than through the war which aids one class and injures another. Political power in the State will not change from one class to its opponent, like a reversible top or an overweighted balance, for the State is not and will not be absolutely the representative of a single class." In the early centuries of Christianity slavery was abolished, not as the result of war, but as the result of education. The slaves grew into too large a manhood to be kept in slavery. The slave-owners grew into too large a manhood to be willing to keep them in slavery. Both capitalist and laborer are going, in America, through a similar process of education. "Capitalism develops elasticity. Instead of dying of its own excesses, it shows wonderful recuperative and self-reforming power. Class hatred softens as the working classes strengthen, and the impending clash between the classes is always delayed. The absolute Socialist cries, 'War, War!' when there is no war." Mr. Weyl believes, and his book gives abundant justification for his belief, that the remedy for the present unrest is neither, on the

one hand, leaving things as they are, nor, on the other hand, a class war to destroy the old conditions, in order to create new conditions. "The old *laissez-faire* liberal philosophy is done for, and the old absolute Socialism is dying in the embrace of its dead adversary. To-day even Conservatives unhesitatingly accept reforms which, a generation ago, would have been decried as Socialistic, while Socialists in good party standing propose alliances, concessions, and palliatives which would formerly have been called (and by the crassly logical are still called) subversive of Socialistic doctrine and inimical to the emancipation of the proletariat."

The essence of the old Socialism is class war, and the capitalist who is making war on organized labor is really the ally of the Socialist who is making war upon organized capital. For both are making war upon society. The real remedy for the social war, and the evil conditions out of which that war has grown, is the recognition that tool-owners and tool-users are partners, and a readjustment of their relationship in terms of a partnership, which will include participation in profits and participation in the control of their united industry.

Capitalism, Progressivism, Socialism—which shall it be?

TWO DAUGHTERS OF MERCY

We hear much nowadays about the limitations on woman's activity. It is therefore worth while to point out what two women did who have just passed away: Octavia Hill in London, and Ellen Collins in New York.

Octavia Hill was one of the first, if not the first, to start the housing reform movement in London. Born in the thirties, she gave herself, with all her heart, when still young, to what was to become her life-work—helping the poor. At that time Frederick Denison Maurice was at the head of those who were actively so engaged, and Octavia Hill became one of the workers who acted under that brilliant man's leadership.

The girl's experience taught her two things. The first was that which must come to every settlement worker—not to follow one's generous heart unchecked, but so to sharpen the intelligence as to control any natural excess of emotion aroused by the sight of distress; for only as head operates equally with heart may the poor be helped and not pauperized. The second thing the girl learned was that the poor could not be helped at all except as their dwellings and other surroundings were bettered.

With these two convictions firmly in mind, Octavia Hill set out to work "on her own hook" and on her own special line of action, namely, to rid the poor of some of the rapacious landlords. But her endeavor was to be no charitable endeavor, as the word charity was then understood. She sternly ruled out any gifts of money to the poor, and, what was more, in the rent-collecting upon which she entered, there was to be an immediate notice to quit if a tenant failed to pay. Miss Hill did not try at first to collect rents for others. Fortunately, she was able to borrow £3,000 ($15,000) from a friend—no less a personage than John Ruskin—who, to his lasting credit, had entered heartily into her scheme. She took over the unexpired term of the lease of three houses, fairly well built dwellings, but deplorably dirty and neglected. First of all, she repaired and cleaned these dwellings. And then she charged a rent to bring a return not exceeding five per cent on the capital invested. As soon as her tenants began to enjoy the blessings of cleanliness and of abundant air, light, and water, it became easier for them to learn to be punctual in meeting the moderate rents asked, and rarely did they fail when pay day came round.

The success of this scheme now assured, Miss Hill branched forth into another, and, in our opinion, a necessary corollary of proper housing—a playground. To this end she bought six squalid houses, crowded with inmates and facing a bit of desolate ground occupied by dilapidated cow-sheds and manure-heaps. Here again John Ruskin's name was associated with Octavia Hill's. While the houses were being cleaned and repaired they had the ground cleared and trees planted, and they arranged with welfare workers to teach the children games and sports. Thus were provided also "outdoor sitting-rooms for the weary housewife," as Miss Hill once described them. The second scheme was, of course, even more successful than the first. It led to large results, for Octavia Hill promptly organized the Commons Preservation Society to preserve and provide open spaces and playgrounds for the city people; indeed, to her activity in raising a fund of $1,500,000 London owes the preservation of a great part of

Hampstead Heath from private encroachment.

As time went on, and as other blocks of houses came under Miss Hill's management, a third feature was added. She had already provided for better houses and for more space; but when Ruskin planted creepers by the walls of some of her dwellings, he immediately suggested the idea of "bringing beauty home to the poor." Accordingly she formed the Kyrle Society, to bring beauty by whatever means—by the decoration of houses, by flowers, by the cultivation of a taste for music, or painting, or literature. To this end she built at the back of her own house a large room where she could meet her tenants for the purpose of talk or entertainment.

Her tenants themselves did not fail to appreciate, as such people always will appreciate, Octavia Hill's combination of the qualities that also distinguished the late General Booth—an equal amount of shrewdness and sympathy. As such, her counsel was vital to the success of the London Charity Organization Society, the establishment of which was due to her more than to any other single agency, and to the famous Women's University Settlement in Blackfriars Road, whose members have co-operated with Miss Hill in "working" a dozen streets of houses in Southwark. Seven years ago Miss Hill was deservedly appointed a member of the Royal Commission on the Poor Laws, for she and her associates then had charge of nearly six thousand dwellings. Her books, "Homes of the London Poor" and "Our Common Land," show how eminently practical her work was. As such it should be enduring.

Almost at the same time there passed away in this country Ellen Collins, New York City's Octavia Hill. These two women were alike in the fact that, before any one else saw how bad housing underlies more of the mischief that is abroad in a great city than do most of its other causes, they saw and understood. What is more, they attacked the evil where few in their day had the courage, and fewer the will, to meet it. The American woman's efforts, however, began somewhat later than did the English woman's.

About a generation ago, three of the worst tenements in New York City were bought by Ellen Collins, who set about redeeming them and their tenants. Later she added three adjoining tenements. All had been filled with brothels and were the haunts of thieves. The whole neighborhood was the lowest in the city. It was characteristic of Miss Collins that she should have chosen to settle just there. In her small body lived a spirit of unconquerable faith in her fellow-men as children of God. She believed that, if given the chance to work out of their slough, they would quickly seize it. Fair play between landlord and tenant was her simple creed—the square deal—and it worked, as it always does when the profession is real.

The old tenements were dark and filthy. She let light into the hallways, and the piles of dirt by the sinks disappeared. She put sanitary plumbing in, and a janitor to see that her rules were obeyed. She broke the saloon-keeper's lease, and ever after, to her financial loss, refused to let him come back. The lewd women and the thieves took themselves off. A few of the worst tenants went with them. The rest stayed and came up to her every expectation. She made the rents as low as consistent with a business investment that was expected to return a fair interest. Before long her tenants planted flowers in the yard, and the flowers remained unmolested. The whole block became as orderly as any in the city. The houses ran themselves. With forty-five families in the building, it was never necessary to put up a "to let" sign.

The late W. Bayard Cutting, with his brother Fulton, built improved tenements a year or so after Miss Collins made her start. These were the beginnings of tenement-house reform in New York City.

Miss Collins sought out the worst of her kind, pinned her faith to them, and won. When she was getting old and tired, and planned to give up her personal management of the property she had redeemed, her tenants went to her in a body and begged her not to desert them, and she did not. In recent years she gave the mortgage she held to a young relative, who has taken over the fight with the powers of darkness, including the saloon-keeper, and is winning out too.

Miss Collins lived to be eighty-four years old. The last time she appeared in public print was when Tammany, in the Gaynor mayoralty campaign, lampooned her along with R. Fulton Cutting, Mr. Schiff, and others, for supporting the budget inquiry. They did not know—how should they?—that they were trying to heap ridicule on a woman who deserves to be set beside Josephine Shaw Lowell and Richard Watson Gilder as among

New York City's most justly honored citizens.

It is often said that "the good die young." But here were two good women who lived to a great age. And the two greatest cities in the world are immeasurably better because in them those women lived and labored.

REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT

A correspondent who has had an unusual opportunity to familiarize himself with governmental questions in various parts of the world takes issue with the following paragraph from a recent editorial article which appeared in The Outlook:

> The American Government should be a Government by the people, not by representatives of the people; representatives are selected, not to rule the people, but to carry out the will of the people.

"I am at a loss," says our correspondent, "to know how the people can run the Government and still have representatives. I can understand that representatives may misrepresent the people at times, but the remedy for this lies with the voters. You surely cannot expect 11,000,000 voters to give sufficient time from their busy, workaday lives to identify themselves individually with matters of legislation, and to enforce their will upon their representatives as each new issue comes up for discussion. You might as well ask the people to edit and manage The Outlook or 'The Encyclopædia Britannica,' or to manage the Steel Corporation. Government by representatives is the only practical expedient or means by which the people can rule themselves. If this method shall fail, then democracy fails with it. But it has not yet failed. I should be glad if The Outlook would tell us definitely how the people can deal successfully with the thousand and one questions of political reform and social justice, unless they delegate the power to legislate on these questions to their chosen representatives."

This letter represents admirably a very common confusion of thought regarding representative government. The Outlook certainly does not expect "the people to run the Government;" it does not expect that the people themselves will be able to manage successfully "the thousand and one questions of political reform and social justice." It does expect that they will delegate to their representatives the power to deal with details.

But here we part company with our correspondent. He apparently believes that ours is a Government by representatives; we consider it to be a Government by the people through representatives. Government should spring from the people as its source, and should be administered by the representatives to whom the people delegate the power to manage details.

The people determine whether there shall be a Panama Canal, whether it shall be as free as the ocean, or whether fees shall be charged to ships that pass through it. The representatives settle the engineering questions connected with its construction and the financial questions connected with the collection of those fees.

The people determine whether there shall be a Protective Tariff; the representatives manage the details of imposing and collecting that tariff.

The people determine whether there shall be an Income Tax; the representatives decide all the details connected with the administration of the Income Tax Law.

The people determine whether Senators shall be elected by the Legislature or by popular vote; the representatives of the people arrange the rules which shall govern the Senate when it is elected.

The people determine whether Presidents shall be nominated by a small committee or by direct primaries; the representatives devote themselves to seeing that the will of the people is carried out in this particular.

The great body of American voters to-day are what is called Progressive. Their will is that their Government shall be a Progressive Government.

The great political issue in this country to-day is whether the representatives of the people shall devote themselves to managing the details of great questions which are determined by the people, or whether the representatives shall decide the fundamental questions for the people. When representatives misrepresent the people, our correspondent is entirely right in saying that "the remedy for this lies with the voters." We are to-day actually seeing the process by which the voters remedy misrepresentation.

"Boss" government differs from popular government in one characteristic essential. The bosses believe that they, instead of the people, should determine the fundamental questions of government. It is for that reason that they are called by the people

"bosses." When they cease to be "bosses," and sincerely and effectively endeavor to ascertain and to carry out the will of the people, it is then, and then only, that they become truly the representatives of the people.

PROGRESSIVE DEMOCRACY[1]

COUNTRY LIFE AND CONSERVATION

EDITORIAL BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THERE is no body of our people whose interests are more inextricably interwoven with the interests of all the people than is the case with the farmers. The Country Life Commission should be revived with greatly increased powers; its abandonment was a severe blow to the interests of our people. The welfare of the farmer is a basic need of this Nation. It is the men from the farm who in the past have taken the lead in every great movement within this Nation, whether in time of war or in time of peace. It is well to have our cities prosper, but it is not well if they prosper at the expense of the country. I am glad to say that in many sections of our country there has been an extraordinary revival of recent years in intelligent interest in and work for those who live in the open country. In this movement the lead must be taken by the farmers themselves; but our people as a whole, through their governmental agencies, should back the farmers. Everything possible should be done to better the economic condition of the farmer, and also to increase the social value of the life of the farmer, the farmer's wife, and their children. The burdens of labor and loneliness bear heavily on the women in the country; their welfare should be the especial concern of all of us. Everything possible should be done to make life in the country profitable so as to be attractive from the economic standpoint and also to give an outlet among farming people for those forms of activity which now tend to make life in the cities especially desirable for ambitious men and women. There should be just the same chance to live as full, as well-rounded, and as highly useful lives in the country as in the city.

The Government must co-operate with the farmer to make the farm more productive. There must be no skinning of the soil. The farm should be left to the farmer's son in better, and not worse, condition because of its cultivation. Moreover, every invention and improvement, every discovery and economy, should be at the service of the farmer in the work of production; and, in addition, he should be helped to co-operate in business fashion with his fellows, so that the money paid by the consumer for the product of the soil shall to as large a degree as possible go into the pockets of the man who raised that product from the soil. So long as the farmer leaves co-operative activities with their profit-sharing to the city man of business, so long will the foundations of wealth be undermined and the comforts of enlightenment be impossible in the country communities. In every respect this Nation has to learn the lessons of efficiency in production and distribution, and of avoidance of waste and destruction; we must develop and improve instead of exhausting our resources. It is entirely possible by improvements in production, in the avoidance of waste, and in business methods on the part of the farmer to give him an increased income from his farm while at the same time reducing to the consumer the price of the articles raised on the farm. Important although education is everywhere, it has a special importance in the country. The country school must fit the country life; in the country, as elsewhere, education must be hitched up with life. The country church and the country Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations have great parts to play. The farmers must own and work their own land; steps must be taken at once to put a stop to the tendency towards absentee landlordism and tenant farming; this is one of the most imperative duties confronting the Nation. The question of rural banking and rural credits is also of immediate importance.

There can be no greater issue than that of Conservation in this country. Just as we must conserve our men, women, and children,

[1] In a series of editorials, of which this is one, Mr. Roosevelt is repeating in essence the statement of his political faith made before the Progressive Convention at Chicago.

so we must conserve the resources of the land on which they live. We must conserve the soil so that our children shall have a land that is more and not less fertile than that our fathers dwelt in. We must conserve the forests, not by disuse but by use, making them more valuable at the same time that we use them. We must conserve the mines. Moreover, we must insure so far as possible the use of certain types of great natural resources for the benefit of the people as a whole. The public should not alienate its fee in the water power which will be of incalculable consequence as a source of power in the immediate future. The Nation and the States within their several spheres should by immediate legislation keep the fee of the water power, leasing its use only for a reasonable length of time on terms that will secure the interests of the public. Just as the Nation has gone into the work of irrigation in the West, so it should go into the work of helping reclaim the swamp lands of the South. We should undertake the complete development and control of the Mississippi as a National work, just as we have undertaken the work of building the Panama Canal. We can use the plant, and we can use the human experience, left free by the completion of the Panama Canal in so developing the Mississippi as to make it a mighty highroad of commerce, and a source of fructification and not of death to the rich and fertile lands lying along its lower length.

In the West, the forests, the grazing lands, the reserves of every kind, should be so handled as to be in the interests of the actual settler, the actual home-maker. He should be encouraged to use them at once, but in such a way as to preserve and not exhaust them. We do not intend that our natural resources shall be exploited by the few against the interests of the many, nor do we intend to turn them over to any man who will wastefully use them by destruction, and leave to those who come after us a heritage damaged by just so much. The man in whose interests we are working is the small farmer and settler, the man who works with his own hands, who is working not only for himself but for his children, and who wishes to leave to them the fruits of his labor. His permanent welfare is the prime factor for consideration in developing the policy of Conservation: for our aim is to preserve our natural resources for the public as a whole, for the average man and the average woman who make up the body of the American people.

FOLLOWING THE CAMPAIGN

A WEEKLY DIGEST OF POLITICAL OPINION
AS EXPRESSED BY PEOPLE AND NEWSPAPERS

HOW HAS CONGRESS AFFECTED THE CAMPAIGN?

"THE Political Debating Society and Anti-Business Association at Washington adjourned yesterday," announces the New York "Sun" (Ind.). Thus is Congress described.

As to organization, in the House a Democratic majority controlled; in the Senate a Republican majority. But, as the Washington correspondent of the New York "Tribune" (Rep.) says, "the upper house was in a disorganized condition;" there was consequently "a lack of responsibility and an indefiniteness of aim that made it almost impossible to consider legislation with the single purpose of promoting the public welfare." Added to this "was the determination of the Democratic majority in the House to prevent, as far as possible, the approval of any measure which might reflect credit on the Taft Administration." But "in predicting that the Democratic House of Representatives had made Democratic victory possible by the great things it has accomplished," the Leavenworth, Kansas, "Times" (Rep.) declares that "Speaker Clark has fallen into error."

If the House has accomplished any "great things," the country has not taken note of it. If Democratic victory is possible, it is not because of the things the Democrats have done in this Congress, but because of Republican dissension.

The session has been, the Scranton "Tribune Republican" (Rep.), says, "prolonged, turbulent, and inefficacious. But it has been genuinely representative."

The muddled state of public opinion throughout the Nation . . . has been perfectly reflected in both branches of the National Legislature.

. . . As a matter of fact, we are now engaged in a great National debate on our future policies, and, because no decision has yet been reached, the actions of Congress have been indecisive, full of turmoil and aggravation.

During the just ended session of Congress over 26,000 bills were introduced in the House; in the Senate nearly 7,500. On the House side over 1,200 of these proposed pieces of legislation were favorably reported; on the Senate side something over 1,000. From all this about 300 public laws have been enacted. How were these passed? How do they affect the various political parties in the present campaign?

As regards campaign material, the legislation passed by the recent session of Congress will be found wanting. Any claims to it by Republicans, Democrats, or Progressives are sure to be disputed. The Democrats claim much, because, a majority of the House, their efforts at tariff reform were frustrated by the Republicans in the Senate. For campaign material the Democrats have relied chiefly upon their attempted tariff legislation. It has doubtless given them much material. But the effort has been crude enough to elicit this reproof from one of their own party exponents, the New York "Times:"

The tariff schedules should be revised. They must be revised. But it was chiefly with an eye to campaign effect that the Democrats of the House prepared bills which they knew the President would veto. Duties are not lowered in that way. Nothing is done in that way save to provide material for campaign speeches. The public business is not advanced a peg, the public welfare is not promoted, by these tactics.

Republican opinion of the Democratic tariff agitation is succinctly summed up by the South Bend, Indiana, "Tribune" (Rep.). It says:

With the tariff . . . the one supreme desire has been to put President Taft in the hole.

Progressive opinion is expressed by the Chicago "Evening Post" (Prog.):

With Democrats in control of the House, with Progressives and Reactionaries dividing opinion in the Senate, and with the Democrats there helping first one and then the other, only to make confusion worse, what chance has there been, save in a case or two, to do anything worthy with the schedules? . . . The session has not been a success from a Progressive point of view.

Among the proposals concerning the appropriation bills none called forth sharper adverse criticism than did those inserted in the Army Bill which elicited the President's prompt veto, namely, the limitations placed upon the President's choice of his Chief of Staff, which would have rendered ineligible Generals Wood and Funston, Colonel Goethals, and many other able officers; the provision which tied the Secretary of War's hands in dealing with army posts, the proposition to cut down the army by five regiments of cavalry, the big cut in the number of major and brigadier generals of the line, the perpetuation of the Adjutant-General's staff corps on the General Staff, and the provision with regard to detached service, which would have seriously hampered the work both of the Panama Canal engineers and of the Philippine constabulary.

The Army Bill as now passed is so good as to elicit commendation from the Secretary of War, because, first, of the consolidation effected of the quartermasters' subsistence and pay corps, "a reform which has pressed for many years, and which will, I believe, result in much economy of effort, and in greater simplicity and efficiency in those three lines of army administration."

But a more important item of legislation is the taking of the first step towards creating a regular army reserve. This is a most satisfactory outcome of the long contest over the length of the term of enlistment. At present, while the regiments of the regular army are kept at half strength in time of peace, there is no provision made by law for filling their ranks in case of war.

For the failure of some measures the Republicans may be held responsible, as, of course, for the tariff bills; and for the failure of other measures the Republicans "cannot be held altogether blameless," as the Philadelphia "Telegraph" points out in speaking of any lack of attempt made to reform the currency. As is natural in a Republican paper, however, the "Telegraph" does not fail to pay its compliments to the Democrats with regard to their lack of action on two of the most important measures before Congress, the Immigration Bill and the Employers' Liability Bill. The first was "shelved" in the House Committee because "the majority was afraid of offending the naturalized voters of New York and other cities of the Atlantic seaboard." The House Committee failed to report the second, "and will again fail to report it at the short session which begins the first Monday in December." For, with Southern Democrats dominating the majority of the Committee, "nothing else could be

expected." Continuing, the "Telegraph" says:

These men are from States that are half a century behind the North in the character of legislation looking to better conditions for labor. In some of them children under ten years old are permitted to work all night in cotton mills.

If we may believe the "American Federationist," the Sixty-second Congress has so far been one of the best ever known as regards labor legislation. The paper quotes sixteen measures, either fully enacted or advanced further than ever before. The New York "Times," however, takes exception to some of these. For instance:

The proposals to limit the issue of injunctions in labor cases and to provide a jury trial in cases of contempt of court are strictly class legislation, wanted by labor alone, and prejudicial to every interest except unionized labor.

As to the eight-hour bill itself, the "Times" complains that "it can be claimed as of general interest only in so far as it advances an eight-hour day outside of Government employ, those in Government employ being previously a favored class at the expense of the taxpayers." The provision that Post-Office employees may be unionized is characterized by the Federation of Labor as restoring them to the full rights of citizenship in the manner "written and urged" by that body.

Good enactments, for which party honors seem to be easy, are the Parcels Post Law (which the Syracuse "Post Standard" (Rep.) calls "the most important constructive measure that the recent Congress can claim credit for"), the amendment to the Pure Food and Drugs Act, and the Panama Bill. The first was suggested by President Taft in a special Message, but its strenuous protagonist was Representative Sherley, in whose efforts the Democrats may feel just pride.

The Panama Bill is attacked and defended by all parties. The Democratic New York "Times" calls it "beyond dispute the most disgraceful and flagitious measure passed by Congress during this session." This for two reasons: first, because its provisions, avers the "Times," are in open conflict with our treaty obligations; and, second, because, as the Washington "Herald" (Ind.) also avers, "it turns out to be a subsidy enactment for the benefit of the coastwise trade."

As to the first point, we make four quotations from English, French, German, and Russian papers. The London "Times" declares it to be what the British Government affirms it involves, namely, "a flagrant disregard of British treaty rights."

These rights are too plain for us to refrain from asserting them as strongly as the forms of diplomatic intercourse with a friendly nation would allow. There can be no mistake upon that head, or upon the degree of support which the Government will receive from the whole nation and the whole Empire in making protest. Should diplomacy fail to solve the controversy, a contingency we can hardly think probable, confident in the goodness of our cause, we shall unhesitatingly propose to submit the dispute to arbitration at The Hague. It is already suggested that the Government, which has hitherto prided itself upon being the foremost champion of arbitration, may refuse to go to arbitration in its own case. That is an eventuality which we refuse to contemplate unless and until it becomes imminent.

If the "Times" is a weighty exponent of British opinion, so is the Paris "Temps" of French opinion. The "Temps" declares that Great Britain, in demanding arbitration at The Hague, "will have the moral support of all the Powers which stand to gain by the treaty held to be violated." The "Temps" adds: "The only effect of President Taft's measure in which he attempts to justify the Panama Canal Bill is to prove that the bill is questionable." It further says:

Before the Act again comes up for discussion in Congress the American elections will have been held, and British diplomacy will perhaps have persuaded American statesmen of the truth of the salutary principle that honesty is the best policy.

As a rule, the old custom of American politicians at election time of twisting the British lion's tail leaves England indifferent. But this will not be the case with the Panama Canal Bill, which not only twists the lion's tail but violates a solemn treaty.

In Germany the Berlin "Vossische Zeitung"—"Tante Voss," as it is affectionately called—is a newspaper intended for family reading rather than for the reading of the "man-in-the-street." Even the placid "Tante," however, is moved to something strenuous as it comments editorially on the "disruption" of Anglo-American friendship, and asks ironically, "What has now become of Joseph Chamberlain's once cherished dream of an Anglo-Saxon alliance?" Other more violent expressions from German papers give color to the opinion of the Berlin correspondent of the New York "Times," who declares that

If the Kaiser's Government were not itself sitting on the lid, the Government of the United States would be treated to some expression of

German opinion which would make British comment a whisper by comparison.

Finally, one of the most important of the Russian papers, the St. Petersburg "Novoe Vremya," has this to say concerning the Panama Bill in its relation to the alleged violation of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty:

Such is the value of the word passed by the great Republic of America. Russia is not directly interested, and, moreover, we are not signatories to the Treaty of 1901. But we have a right, and we regard it as an obligation, to point out how the Americans deal with international treaties.

The New York "American" (Dem.) takes another position. Quoting the first rule of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, it says:

It seems clear that the treaty-makers intended that the United States, party of the first part, building and owning the Canal, should adopt the rules for the control of the Canal, and that all other nations, parties of the second part, observing these rules, should be allowed to use the Canal on terms of equality. . . .

This is also the sense of the President's Message to Congress:

The right to the use of the Canal and to equality of treatment in the use depends upon observance of the conditions of the use by the nations to whom we extended that privilege. The privileges of all nations, to whom we extended the use upon the observance of these conditions, were to be equal to that extended to any one of them which observed the conditions. In other words, it was a conditional favored-nation treatment, the measure of which, in the absence of express stipulations to that effect, is not what the country gives to its own nationals, but the treatment it extends to other nations.

To this the "American" adds:

There is no more reason why our country, owning the Canal, should concede to all nations all the rights that we enjoy than that our ships should also leave the Canal within twenty-four hours in case of war, just as the rule requires foreign ships to do. . . .

In arbitration involving a right so vital as this, no self-respecting nation like ours could stand upon any decision of The Hague which denied to our country the rights in our Canal which England has in the Suez Canal, and the rights which only England, of all nations, now protests in us.

If it should be decided by any arbitration court that the United States had, by any treaty, deprived itself of the right to pass its own commerce free, or to remit tolls to its own vessels, then the demand of this people would be to alter the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, or to terminate it, as treaties can always be altered or terminated when necessary.

Our one defender abroad on the subject of the Panama Bill seems to be the London "Nation." It admits that, on the surface, the British case against the exemption of American ships from Canal dues is exceedingly strong.

The treaty surrendered to one of the parties all its political interests for what was believed to be a guaranty of commercial rights.

The provisions of the treaty for equality of treatment "could not apply to vessels engaged in coastwise traffic and using the Canal, because only American vessels, in fact, were so engaged." The "Nation" adds:

No one ever suggested that the treaty suspends the operation of the navigation laws when the coasting trade goes through the Canal. The greater discrimination includes the less; and as the navigation laws exclude all but American ships from the coasting trade, the grievance of discrimination in tolls upon coastwise traffic would seem to be somewhat unreal. The coasting trade is already an American monopoly, and the imposition or relaxation of dues upon it would seem to be a purely domestic affair.

Aside from these laws, the claims of the Democratic majority for the paternity of others is thus dealt with in a statement by Representative Mann, of Illinois, the Republican minority leader in the House:

Practically all of the laws of any importance passed at this session were either bills prepared in a previous Congress and left over for lack of time for their consideration, or else they were bills prepared by officials in President Taft's Administration. The laws relating to steamships are of some importance, but they were prepared by the Department of Commerce and Labor, and were Administration measures. So also was the one to establish the Children's Bureau, which was a copy of one previously reported in a prior Congress, and which passed this session largely through the friendly efforts of President Taft. The white phosphorous match law was simply a copy of the Esch Republican bill in the last Congress. The three-year homestead law was put through by the efforts of Republicans in the House and the Senate and President Taft. The law providing for the quarantining of nursery stock was prepared by the Department of Agriculture.

In the same sense Mr. Mann points out that the parcels post provision in the Post-Office Bill was made possible only because of a parliamentary situation brought about by the Republican side of the House, and that the Republicans forced through an amendment to the Campaign Publicity Act, making it apply to primaries as well as to general elections. Also the bill creating a commission on industrial relations, "which will undertake an investigation designed to bring about peace in the industrial world, is

another measure sponsored by President Taft in a special Message."

Yet, even with this record, the session has been "almost barren of constructive legislation," complains the Buffalo "Express" (Ind. Rep.). Not so, rejoins another Buffalo paper, the "Enquirer" (Dem.). "Much *constructive* legislation, but much less *constructed* legislation, is the record of the second session of the Sixty-second Congress." The "Enquirer" explains:

> The record of the first session . . . now seems far in the past, but it should be cited to make complete the showing of excellence. Reforming and liberalizing the rules of the House, reciprocity, the farmers' free list, and other features of the first session rank among proofs that the lower branch of Congress was in harmony with the progressive spirit of the times. . . .
>
> The work of the second session was in general accord with that of the first. Genuine effort was made to relieve the people from the oppression of special privilege. The Democrats of the House, and the Senate Democrats with their Progressive allies, accomplished much . . . and attempted more which has the whole-souled approval of the country.

In the same spirit another Democratic organ, the Baltimore "Evening Sun," thus eulogizes the Democrats. They have reason, it declares, "to look back with pride and satisfaction to the record of this session. They have . . . fought a good fight and kept the faith. They faced the work of the session in a new spirit and with a new sense of responsibility."

> There were some stumblings and an occasional relapse into old ways, but for the most part they were free from the timidity, the vacillation, the political cowardice and opportunism that have so often exposed them as a minority to the ridicule of their opponents and to the censure of the country. They marched straight forward without twistings or turnings, and they tried honestly to redeem every promise they made to the country.
>
> The record they have made is one of the most valuable Democratic assets in this campaign.

At the beginning of the Sixty-second Congress the Democrats decided that they would "show up the extravagances of Republican rule for the last sixteen years." Nine committees on expenditures in the several Government departments were set to work. In addition to these nine committees, various special committees were set on the trail of the trusts. Have the nine investigations—the steel and other investigations—started by the Democrats produced the expected campaign material? This seems a sore point with the average Democrat, the Republican papers are quick to note; it is perhaps significant that in all the stump speeches inserted in the "Record" by Democratic orators little mention is made of this feature of the work of the House. The investigations have cost already $100,000 in the aggregate—with an equal amount appropriated for a continuation of various inquiries. The Washington correspondent of the New York "Tribune" declares that "not one of these investigations has produced anything which will be of aid to the Democrats in seeking control of the next House." On the other hand, another Republican paper, the Scranton "Tribune-Republican," declares that "so far as the last session has been effective it has been in the way of scandals and exposures." And the Scranton paper adds:

> Men get mad, begin to talk, and in the course of crimination and recrimination much washing of dirty linen takes place, and whole periods of secret conspiracy and corrupt bargainings are opened to the public view. The Lorimer investigation, the steel investigation, the campaign contribution exposure, have given the people a look-in at their Government which is only vouchsafed at long intervals.

As to appropriations, the Democratic announcement that unheard-of economies would now occur is seen in the fact that a saving of seven million dollars has actually been made from the total appropriations of the last regular session of a Republican Congress. But, to quote again the Washington correspondent of the New York "Tribune," this saving has been made "by failure to appropriate for authorized expenditures, which will result in a deficiency that must be provided for at the next session of Congress."

One way in which the saving was attempted was by granting one battle-ship instead of two. Concerning this the sentiment of most observers is expressed by the Minneapolis "Journal" (Ind. Rep.) when it points out that, at a time when we extend the Monroe Doctrine, the Democrats in the House refuse to grant money for battle-ships, "as if Japan or any other great Power were to be kept out of Magdalena Bay or any other post by the loud discharge of paper resolutions." To which the Brooklyn, New York, "Eagle" (Ind. Dem.) adds: "The Monroe Doctrine, with elaborations or without, is no stronger than the navy of the United States."

Other proposed economies are thus described by the "Tribune's" correspondent:

> If President Taft and a Republican Senate had not stood in their way, the Democrats might

have effected a much greater saving by abolishing two of the most important bureaus in the Department of State—the Bureau of Trade Relations, and the Division of Latin-American Affairs! The plan would have badly crippled the State Department had it carried.

Furthermore,

If the Democratic House majority had been sincere in their efforts to bring about greater economy, they would have acted on President Taft's recommendation to extend the civil service to include the local officers under several of the departments, and would thereby have saved about ten million dollars. This is one of several recommendations made to Congress by President Taft, based on the findings of the Economy and Efficiency Commission by which economy in Government expenditures could be effected and the efficiency of the public service increased.

But Congress thought so little of this Commission that it ruthlessly trimmed the salaries of its members, and limited its powers to "matters of transacting the public business of the Government only in the several executive departments." As is well known, the Commission has been in favor of instituting the English budget system in presenting the Government's estimates of what the expenses of the various departments would be likely to be. But in the Legislative Bill a paragraph was "sneaked in" at the last moment which, it is claimed, shows the temper of the Democratic House leaders:

The regular annual estimates of appropriations and expenses of the Government shall be prepared and submitted to Congress by those charged with the duty of such preparation and submission, only in the forms as at the time are required by law, and in no other form and at no other time.

The session has been prolific of vetoes by President Taft. These affected the wool and steel tariff, the army and legislative appropriation bills, the purchase of permanent army maneuver grounds, the Dixie and Coosa River water power bills, the sales of burned timber on Indian lands, and the reimbursement of those who furnished labor and materials for work on the Corbett tunnel.

That Progressive opinion does not approve the wool veto may be indicated by the Tacoma "Tribune" (Prog.):

President Taft, in explaining his veto of the wool tariff revision bill, declares that the bill "was passed without ample study and investigation."

The wool schedule has been under study and investigation since September, 1909, when Mr. Taft made his famous Winona speech, in which he declared the wool schedule was "indefensible." . . .

. . . President Taft has done more than all other men in public life combined to prevent downward revision of the tariff in compliance with the pledges of the Republican platform of 1908.

In general, however, the President's vetoes, says the Buffalo "Express" (Ind. Rep.), "have successfully blocked most of the attempted mischief."

The Democrats have not themselves to thank that they are not facing the country with the record of a tenure-of-office bill to break down civil service reform, a reduction in the army and an interference with promotion for political ends, a refusal to keep up the navy, and the precipitation of a period of business depression through reckless tariff-smashing.

The President emerges from the session in good condition, if we can believe the New York "Sun" (Ind.). It is true that, "laboring under the disadvantage imposed by hostile control of the House of Representatives and a hopelessly split majority in the Senate," he has had an unusually difficult course to steer; and that, under these circumstances, "the position of the Executive has been vexatious, trying, and exposed to unusual dangers." The "Sun" further expresses its opinion:

It is to Mr. Taft's credit that he has sustained it without more concessions to the expediencies of the hour or the necessities of the political campaign in which he is engaged. He has been the President of the United States first, and an intelligent partisan second. He has not been a trimmer, nor has he sacrificed his convictions because of clamor or misrepresentation.

President Taft has made mistakes, as every President must; but his essential sincerity, modesty, good sense, and strength of character are convincingly apparent.

Another New York paper, however, the "Evening Post," does not agree with this. I does not indicate that the President has emerged from the session with enhanced prestige:

The difficulty is not simply that he had endlessly recurring differences with Congress. Some of them were perhaps unavoidable, but in them all he bore himself with a certain awkwardness. Where he was in the wrong he had not the adroitness to make his cause appear the better, and even where he was right he had no facility in evoking popular support.

"We should gain in self-respect and in the appearance of public decorum—at least, we should be less disgusted with ourselves," remarks the New York "Times" (Ind. Dem.), "if it were so ordered that, in Presidential years, Congress should finish its business and disperse on the 4th of March."

MR. BRYAN'S VIEWS OF GOVERNOR WILSON AND THE DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM

AT the request of The Outlook for a brief statement of his views concerning the Democratic platform, Governor Wilson's candidacy and the prospects of his election, Mr. Bryan has sent us the following letter for publication:

THE COMMONER

Lincoln, Nebraska, August 19, 1912.

The Outlook, New York City:

Dear Sirs—The platform adopted at Baltimore is the most progressive ever presented to the country. It speaks out plainly and strongly on every important question. It puts the party on record in favor of a tariff for revenue only, to be approached gradually; the popular election of Senators; an income tax; Presidential primaries; the election of National committeemen by popular vote, service to begin immediately; a single term for the Presidency; and labor legislation. It opposes the principle of private monopoly, the Aldrich Bill and any central bank, and imperialism. These are only a few of the subjects treated. In Governor Wilson we have a Presidential candidate who inspires confidence among progressives of both parties, and whose fighting qualities have already been tested. His election seems assured. Governor Marshall, his running mate, is a strong personality, and has also shown his courage in political battles—his greatest being his successful effort to secure the selection of a United States Senator by popular vote. The Baltimore Convention made a record for progressiveness and has set the pace for the campaign.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) W. J. BRYAN.

We should have agreed with Mr. Bryan that the platform adopted at Baltimore is the most progressive ever presented to the country if he had added the words—"by the Democratic party."

We heartily agree with Mr. Bryan in his personal estimate of Governor Wilson, for whose integrity, human sympathy, lucidity of mind, determination of purpose, and executive capacity we have sincere admiration.

We do not suppose that any intelligent and thoughtful man can hope to agree with every detail or even with every plank of any political platform. We doubt if Mr. Bryan himself accepts every detail of the Democratic platform—certainly we do not accept every detail of the Progressive platform.

But, dismissing details, there are four fundamental grounds in respect to which the Democratic platform and Governor Wilson's candidacy appear to us to be reactionary and not progressive.

First, the tariff. Mr. Wilson and the Democratic platform stand for a tariff for revenue only, and announce that the protective principle is unconstitutional. There is no such thing as a tariff for revenue only. Any tariff of any kind necessarily involves some degree of protection to those interested in the manufactures or products upon which the so-called revenue tariff is laid. The Democratic party endeavored to frame a revenue tariff in the Wilson Bill, and made one of the most deplorable fiascos in the history of the tariff. We see nothing in the recent history of the Democratic party or in the conflicting elements which formed the Baltimore Convention to justify the hope that Governor Wilson, with all his power of character and ability, will be able to exercise more power than Mr. Cleveland did in persuading his party to refrain from the inconsistency of protecting special industries under the guise of raising revenue. If Mr. Wilson is elected, we believe that he will find his party as hopelessly divided on this question in 1916, and his country as hopelessly at sea as regards its business policy, as Mr. Cleveland found his party and country when he retired from the Presidency in 1897. In our judgment, the only logical positions are those of the free-trader and the protectionist. Free

trade, however, is reciprocal. We cannot have free trade with Germany unless Germany will have free trade with us. In the present state of civilization protection in industry appears to be as inevitable as military force in society. We hope, in the evolution of society, that free trade will come as universal peace will come; but in the present stage the aim of statesmen should be to see that protection in industry is for the general welfare and not for special interests.

Second, the bosses. It is true that Governor Wilson's nomination was made in spite of and not at the behest of the bosses. But it could not have been made without their acquiescence. And the corrupt Democratic machines in those States which admittedly have such corrupt machines will be strengthened and not weakened by Governor Wilson's National success. Mr. Bryan will be a victor in the event of Mr. Wilson's election, but will not Mr. Ryan be equally a victor? It does not seem to us that the effective way to destroy what Mr. Beveridge has so well called the invisible government—that is to say, the partnership between corrupt politicians and corrupt special interests—is to make it merely half visible. Governor Wilson cannot openly and persistently fight and antagonize Mr. Charles Murphy, of Tammany Hall, however much he may despise him. The Progressive party despises Mr. William Barnes, of Stanwix Hall, and does openly and persistently fight and antagonize him.

Third, the taxing power. Governor Wilson has said specifically in his speech of acceptance that the taxing power of the Government should be used only to raise revenue for public purposes, and that to employ taxation for any other purpose is unsafe and illegitimate. From this view of the taxing power we radically dissent. We believe it is not only Constitutional but highly desirable in many instances to use taxation as one of the instruments of the police power of the State and the Nation. If Governor Wilson and the Democratic party are correct, we cannot tax wildcat State bank notes out of existence; or impose licenses on liquor saloons for the purpose not only of raising revenue but of regulating those saloons; or lay a tax on corporations for the purpose of obtaining from them public and accurate statements regarding their capital, profits, and other financial matters; we cannot tax "phossy-jaw" matches out of existence; or lay so high a tax on opium as to keep out of the country all but the very limited quantities needed for medicinal purposes. The taxing power of the Government provides one of the essential instruments for effective welfare legislation. Governor Wilson condemns it; the Progressive party commends it and proposes to use it. We favor its use.

Fourth, States' Rights. What shall be the powers of the National Government? What shall be the powers of the separate States? What shall be the relation of the separate States to the Nation? These questions form one of the most important and far-reaching issues of the campaign. The inevitable, and in our judgment the desirable, tendency of the time in economics, politics, commerce, and social relations is towards Nationalism. The abolition of general social injustices, the regulation of all trusts and the throttling of corrupt trusts, the development of sound and useful business prosperity, can be obtained, not by spasmodic and often conflicting State acts, but by a consistent and well-framed policy of National acts for the public good. The States must more and more deal with matters of merely local self-government, the Nation more and more with questions affecting all the people of the country. The Democratic party and Governor Wilson lay special emphasis on so-called "States' Rights" at a time when the country ought to be concerning itself about National rights. The doctrine of States' Rights is obsolete and cannot be revived by even so able a historian and publicist as Governor Wilson. And we doubt whether the party which lays emphasis on this obsolete doctrine is the party to intrust with the work of effecting great National reforms. The Democratic party by its own platform and by the utterances of its chosen leader announces itself as the party of "little Federalists." The Progressive party, by its pronouncements, by the record, philosophy, and achievement of its chosen leader, and by its very name, announces itself as a party of Nationalists. Those who believe that the best way to avoid the evils of political corruption is to divide responsibility and make Government weak will logically believe in "little Federalism." Those who believe, as we do, that the way to destroy corrupt politics and promote social justice is to make governmental authority as strong as possible in executing laws for general social welfare will logically, in our opinion, support the Progressive party.—THE EDITORS.

EDUCATING THE CONSUMER

BY MARTHA BENSLEY BRUÈRE

FROM one of the universities which offer special courses in Domestic Art and Household Science I got a pamphlet on "The Principles of Jelly-Making." It is an admirable pamphlet. It covers the subject thoroughly, and lays out a straight road to the production from a given amount of fruit of the most jelly of the best quality at the lowest cost. Besides definite directions for the making of particular jellies, it gives a résumé of the principles that underlie all jelly-making, so that one who reads is richer in general culture as well as in specific information. It is a valuable pamphlet in its place; but its most serviceable place is not in the training of the housekeeper. To be of most benefit to her it should be primarily a pamphlet on the Principles of Jelly-Eating. For the modern housekeeper is in the throes of metamorphosis from producer to consumer, and the most important function of real education is to fit her, not for the state she is leaving, but for the state she is entering into. To make jelly is ceasing to be an important part of housekeeping; to eat jelly is, let us hope, the unending privilege of us all.

Now, it has been taken for granted through the generations that, since we all do consume things from the moment we are born until we die, consumption must be instinctive, no more needing to be taught than breathing. We see dimly that modern housekeeping has let go of production and concentrated on consumption; but we are, most of us, a little loth to admit that an education in housekeeping must be almost entirely an education in consumption. This was not true in the past, it may not be true in the coming ages, but in the present and the immediate future it is not to be questioned; for, as Mrs. Ellen H. Richards said, home economics must stand for the ideal home life of to-day, "unhampered by the traditions of the past."

Time was when the woman who kept house was expected to be the high priestess of that dire goddess How-to-Save-Money, but her metamorphosis from producer to consumer has shifted her worship to the new deity How-to-Spend. From an all-round producer the American woman has become the greatest consumer in the world. Of the ten billion dollars spent annually in the United States for home maintenance, food, shelter, and clothing, fully ninety per cent is spent by women. Isn't the science of consumption, then, worthy of special emphasis in the training for home efficiency?

Not many schools of home economics have grasped the fact that they should be *per se* trainers of consumers. They still tend to overemphasize home production; but the best of them are very generally swinging toward the first and most important work of training the consumer—they are beginning to establish standards.

"I am conscious of a standard," writes a pupil of a correspondence school from southern Illinois. "I see it in the way I manage my household, in my expenditure, my work. I think a change in my standards is now going on under the influence of my household studies. The change will, I suspect, consist largely in a shifting of emphasis in delivering me from certain traditional ideas."

The standards of this lady were the inherited housekeeping standards, the standards which our ancestors established through the long ages when they were building up the home as a factory.

Take the matter of food. It is undoubtedly for the advantage of the community that every individual stomach should have enough, and not too much, inside of it. The old standard was to distend its walls by mere bulk; the new school-set standard is to furnish it some two thousand to three thousand food units daily. The schools have worked out this standard of consumption through the study of protein and starches and fats, of calories and muscle-builders and heat-producers, till they have found the amount and kind of fuel the human machine needs for the various kinds of work it must do. To build these standards is a question of laboratories and applied mathematics not within the command of any middle-class home. If all of us are to have the benefit of them, they must be brought to us by the universities and the public school.

I met a Pratt Institute graduate on the Chicago train and led her gently to tell me how much of her domestic science she found useful in her housekeeping.

"Well," she confessed, "when the baby is teething, and the cook has left, and there is company to dinner, I don't think much about

calories or a balanced ration, but somehow I've got the theory so well digested that I put the right things together without thinking about it."

Her food standard has become a part of her unconscious mental furniture, like the gauge by which we measure the length of our steps and the focus of our eyes.

I looked over some papers on Housing written by pupils of the American School of Home Economics. Says one of the students who lives in the country: "In the matter of house sanitation the important point is to know exactly what you have to deal with. There is no use in taking country plumbing for granted. You have got to get away not only from the traditional ideas of the man who built the house, but from your own old ideas as well."

These old ideas from which she is being freed by new school-set standards taught that a country house did not need an indoor bathroom, that the parlor was a jewel-casket to be opened only on rare occasions, that the children should be "bunched" in one room, that running water on the second floor was a luxury, that sanitary garbage disposal was optional with the individual. Under the influence of her new standards she has found out where every one of the pipes in her house is located, what they are for, and how they attend to their job. She has worked out for herself a system of out-of-the-house drainage, a new water system, and a method of scientific ventilation. As a consumer of housing she has put her training in practice.

Now, the basis of all these standards must be the ability to recognize quality when we see it. This is so important and so difficult that the Government tries to make it unnecessary. To establish standards—minimum standards, to be sure—has come to be the work of sanitary inspectors, tenement-house inspectors, clean milk commissioners, pure food and drug experts, departments of street-cleaning, and a hundred more. Theoretically, it would be well for the Government to establish standards for all things used by the consumers, and so save the schools from the onerous duty of inculcating them, and the pupils from the travail of assimilation. But how shall a Government that can reasonably say, "Potatoes below a certain grade shall not be used for human food," regulate the number of up-to-date potatoes a man shall eat? How shall a Government that can, and does, keep printed matter below a certain grade out of the mails say to the voracious consumer of storiettes, "Thus far and no farther?"

Besides, an efficient Government without efficient citizens is not a democracy. We don't want to revert to a benevolent despotism, or even to an apron-string bureaucracy. The setting and maintenance of standards is a two-handed business—the establishment of standards by the Government, and the testing and use of these standards by an enlightened citizenship. And in matters where the Government has not yet established standards of quality the initiative must come from the consumer.

Consider the consumption of textiles—a job we have been at ever since we progressed beyond the wearing of raw skins. But the quality of textiles is still one of the unguarded frontiers of knowledge. In fact, the general knowledge of quality in textiles is decreasing; for though the specialists have grown wiser, the consumers, who used to know a good deal about cloth they themselves spun and wove, have grown more ignorant. Have we not, all of us, seen our mothers place a wet finger under the tablecloths they were buying, to see if they were pure linen? That is a perfectly good test with hand-spun linen; but it is a dull manufacturer who can't circumvent a wet finger. We need both the training of the schools and the Government guarantee to buy cloth wisely.

The University of Wisconsin is giving a course for consumers of textiles at the same time that members of its faculty are working to get through a law on the standardization of cloth. The students study wool from sheep to broadcloth, silk from worm to ribbon, and are required to do one piece of weaving on the hand-loom, not for manual skill, but to make them understand the tests of quality. They are not expected to become weavers, but consumers of clothes. With this same end in view, they are taught the processes of dyeing and the durability of colors, and they study especially the adulteration of fabrics. I was shown card after card of cloth sold for "all wool" which, when tested by the students, proved to be practically all cotton.

But it is no longer enough that cloth should be all wool and a yard wide—that means little. These Wisconsin consumers must learn that even pure wool, when it is short and stiff, or soft and weak, is a poor purchase; that there are qualities of cloth in which the warp and weft are so uneven in

weight that the heavy threads pull the light ones, and the cloth wears itself out; that there are weaves in which certain threads are so exposed that they break and leave a rough surface. All tests of "pure wool" cloth!

But even this is only a small part of the study of woolen fabrics, only a preliminary to establishing the standards of quality and price for the benefit of the consumer. Into these standards enter conditions of cloth production in the factory, wages paid operatives, taxes paid the Government, "Schedule K," freight rates, and the costs of selling the finished product. Nor is this training in textiles limited to general principles. It applies itself to such definite things as blue serge and black broadcloth, and other standard products. These students of the science of consumption have determined that, under existing conditions of wool production, price of labor and tariff, the lowest cost for blue serge fifty-four inches wide and of efficient quality is a dollar and a half a yard, and that the lowest cost of a similar quality of black broadcloth is nearly three dollars. Will not the trained consumer who has thoroughly assimilated these facts realize that when either blue serge or black broadcloth is offered for a less price it is not all wool, or is wool of poor quality, or damaged, or "mill ends," or remnants? Of course we recognize that both good and inferior cloths have their legitimate uses if the consumer is neither deceived as to their quality nor overcharged. There is no reason why the law should prohibit their manufacture as it may well prohibit the manufacture of adulterated foods and drugs. All that the consumer needs is to be protected by an honest label. How could the world get along without "shoddy," for instance, a cloth made from odds and ends of wool fiber, usually fiber that has been used before, when the present production of new wool is not nearly equal to the demand?

But the student has got to be taught that even these standards of quality are not absolute things. The perfect buttonhole may be produced at such a cost of time and labor that it is for the general advantage to use the commonplace hook and eye. It is not a question whether we can individually afford to pay in money for hand-made lingerie, but whether the community can afford the expenditure of so much eyesight and time and thought to make what is perhaps a superior product, but for which there is an approximate substitute; for are not things expensive to the community even when we make them ourselves?

Besides knowing what is for the advantage of the community and being able to recognize quality when one sees it, it is the work of the consumer to see that what the community needs is produced. Can one eat eggs, however wholesome, in a land where no hens are? I listened to one domestic science teacher who seemed to set me right between the covers of "Our Mutual Friend," where Dickens tells how "Mrs. John Rokesmith, who had never been wont to do too much as Miss Bella Wilfer, was under the constant necessity of referring for advice and support to a sage volume entitled 'The Complete British Family Housewife.' But there was a coolness on the part of the British Housewife that Mrs. J. R. found highly exasperating. She would say 'take a salamander,' or casually issue the order 'throw in a handful of'—something entirely unattainable. In these, the Housewife's glaring moments of unreason, Bella would shut her up and knock her on the table, apostrophizing her with the compliment, 'Oh, you *are* a stupid old donkey! Where am I to get it, do you think?'"

A good many instructors—far be it from me to call them what Bella did—entirely ignore the difficulties of getting the "salamander." That is one place where Teachers College in New York City is strong—it teaches the prospective consumer how to get the "salamander."

Now we know that it is to the advantage of society that we should all have clean clothes and house linen, and we are fairly able to recognize cleanliness when we see it. But to produce this cleanliness under modern conditions is quite another matter. We have, thank Heaven, passed, mentally at least, beyond the stage of mother-at-the-washtub. We are passing rapidly beyond the stage of anybody at the washtub anywhere, and at Teachers College the consumers of clean clothes, prospective and actual, are being taught how under actual conditions clean clothes can be produced.

"How people can accept clothes blued with the old liquid indigo I don't see!" exclaimed an instructor at the College.

"Why not?" I inquired, all bluing being more or less alike to me.

"Why not? Don't you know that it makes rust spots?"

And then and there she took me into a

class that was making a special study of bluings, and I learned how much waste there was in block and ball bluings, and that the proper thing to use was a specially prepared aniline dye of the proper shade. I was shown how my intelligent demand for clean clothes could be satisfied, how the thing I wanted could be produced. As part of this education, the girls at Teachers College also test out washing-machines and mangles, irons, and soaps, bought in the open market, with reference to their effect on the things washed, their cost to buy and operate, and the skill, time, and strength their use involves. The College does not, however, lay down any fiat on bluing, nor on washing-machines, nor on any other laundry appliance; for may not far better things be invented in the future? It teaches the points in the production of clean clothes as it might teach the points in judging fox-terriers—not whether any specific flat-iron or small dog is good or bad.

Inextricably mixed up with learning how to get produced the things one wants is learning how to secure them after they are produced. The consumer must be trained to remove the obstacles between himself and the thing he needs. These obstacles are usually matters of cost—cost and its contributing causes, transportation, the exploitation of public utilities, the smothering of useful patents, and the arbitrary limiting of useful manufacture. From all over the country come letters full of the same things that are in the contributors' columns of the papers and magazines. "Eggs cost sixty cents a dozen, so we use rice instead." "Electric current for heating is so expensive that we still burn coal." "I would like to send Harold to college, but it costs so much that I cannot afford to." "Do not use butter in making pastry, for, though the flavor is better, the cost is very much more."

The consumer and those who advise him take prices as final things, as representing the true cost plus a fair profit, whereas in reality—

Now the trained consumer knows that there is no fuel like electricity, so clean, so reliable, so easily controlled; but the better trained she is, the more certainly she knows that she is as much cut off from using it as though it were ambergris. Why? Because it varies in price from ten to nineteen cents a kilowatt-hour. I have just called up the contract department of the Commonwealth Edison Company, of Chicago, and found that the net rate for family use is ten cents, exactly the same as in New York City. But the people of the region have taxed themselves to build a drainage canal, a property now belonging to the people, which has developed 125,000 horse-power, about 100,000 horse-power of which is available. This, in the form of electric current, at the very lowest estimate, is worth about $2,000,000 a year. Some experts reckon it to be worth ten times that. A small thing, but their own, and what could it not do if turned into the kitchens of Chicago at cost? Does that ten cent a kilowatt-hour rate have to stand? Is it wise to teach the consumers that it is a Heaven-fixed obstacle to good housekeeping? They broke down the $1 per 1,000 feet gas limit in New York City, the car-fare rate in Cleveland, and the freight-rate limits in Wisconsin!

I was talking with a woman from Sun Prairie, a small Wisconsin town in the midst of a dairy district.

"Oh, yes, I cook with electricity," she said. "It does cost a good deal now, because, you see, the plant is just new and we haven't paid for it yet."

"Paid for it?"

She looked at me for a moment in uncomprehending surprise, then smiled her amusement.

"Oh, it belongs to the town, you know. We pay a good price for the current now—almost as much as they do in the city; but as soon as we have paid for our plant we shall get it at cost, and then it'll be the cheapest thing we could use."

This, of course, is on the basis of a municipally owned plant—a small one, that is supposed to be more costly to run than a larger one.

The University of Illinois, in a pamphlet written by Mrs. E. Davenport, has worked out the cost of equipping a single country house—one that can be sufficiently lit by thirty tungsten burners—with an electric plant of its own. The cost of buying and installing this plant is approximately $600, the cost of maintenance from eight to ten dollars a year, and the cost of the electricity so produced is five cents a kilowatt-hour. This is on a scale so small that it is theoretically very expensive to run! Now of course Mrs. Davenport's plan involves electricity at a low voltage to be used for lighting only; but the country consumer who has refused to

consider the kerosene lamp as final may well refuse to let the coal range obstruct her efficiency. Aren't the problems of electric light and electric heat Siamese twins?

Certainly it is part of the consumer's job to perform an economic steeple-chase over the fences and the ditches and hedges that are between her and the things that it is for the advantage of the community that she should have, and it should be part of her education to practice her in economic hurdle-jumping.

I have been talking with Miss Snow, head of Household Arts work in the Chicago public schools.

"If this instruction in housekeeping," said she, "were nothing but teaching the children to cook and clean and wash and do all the other things that are done *in* the home, I shouldn't be very much interested in it. As I see it, Domestic Science is a training in the valuation of life relations. It concerns itself with government and politics and business and health and capital and labor and the social setting of them all. It is really training the consumer to *live*."

And to live is to consume!

In the public schools, where the courses are comparatively elementary, the relations between life and the specific studies are not difficult to establish; but when the general principles cover themselves with a mass of detail, as they do in the more elaborate courses of the universities, it takes a conscious binding together of the threads to bring them into relation in the students' minds. This is not very often done, for the reason that few members of the faculties themselves understand these "relations."

"What is the object of all this home economics work?" I asked the head of a department in a great State university. "You're supported by the State funds; what are you giving back to the people in return?"

She looked a little vague, and then said, brightening:

"We've five thousand students."

"I suppose you're taking such courses as this one in sewing on through the commercial production of clothes, through factory legislation, and wages, and hours?"

"Oh, we couldn't go into that!" she cried.

The detailed study in that university was good, but a course in textiles naturally gets itself a long way from the piece of cloth boiling in caustic potash to see if it is all wool or not, and a cooking course a long way from how to make muffins, and a sewing course from how to make buttonholes, and all the other courses in a Home Economic department sprangle away from the ostensible starting-points. It takes not only a big underlying idea but a forceful personality to do the new work of correlating these things and feeding them predigested to the consumer in training. Both the idea and the personalities they have at the University of Wisconsin. As Mr. Hatch, head of the extension work of the Wisconsin Agricultural College, told me: "You Eastern people who are used to endowed institutions may not understand it, but the object of this university that the people have made is to be serviceable to the people."

And Professor Abby L. Marlatt, head of the Wisconsin Department of Home Economics, has had the force to draw all these diverse activities into a course in what she has called "Humanics," planned to link the theories of the class-room to the realities of life. I heard one lecture in this course. Its subject was "The Child in Industry: Its Effect upon State Laws and Necessary Legislation."

It was a talk backed by Government documents and State investigations, by the reports of charitable societies, tariff schedules, and the rate regulation of railways, and not a conclusion did it draw! Quite unemotionally it showed that there is child labor in quantity, and how much and where, according to the Census; showed the cost of this in health and intelligence, quoting from Government investigations in the South and New England; in the death rate, quoting from the report of the Association for the Prevention of Infant Mortality; showed that it is absolute necessity that forces children to go to work, quoting from the Massachusetts report on why children go to work; showed the wages of fathers and mothers in the woolen mills of Lawrence before the last strike, and correlated these with the claims that the high tariff on wool is to protect the standard of wages of the American workingman, and with the number of children actually working in these same mills because their parents cannot support them; and all these things with the price of woolen cloth and the profit on it—Miss Marlatt *didn't have to draw conclusions*. The brain of a twenty-year-old college student, after it has been tabulating chemical and physical experiments in three columns—first, the process, as laid down in the book; second, the result, as observed by the eye; third, the

inference as made by the brain—draws conclusions quite automatically from such a lecture as this of Miss Marlatt.

Miss Marlatt's students will be among the very few of us who have been trained in the principles of consumption beyond the narrow individual principle established by our individual digestions or complexions, our social aspirations or our mental appetites. Housekeeping, even the larger housekeeping which is not production, is but a small part of this science of consumption which can operate quite as directly upon a memorial statue at Washington as upon a can of beans.

Consumption is our one universal function, and through it we have power and happiness and progress, or retrogression and spiritual and bodily death. Some of us already know what we want to consume and how to get it, but it takes an educated social vision to see the needs of the race and how to satisfy them. Is there any bigger work for the universities, the colleges, and the public schools than to train consumers to this end?

TRAITS OF CELTIC POETRY

BY SHANE LESLIE

IN the course of what may be called the golden age of Irish literature, between the eighth and twelfth centuries, the Irish Celts reduced their system of meters and alliteratives to a minute and scientific condition. So far from spontaneity receiving any encouragement, no aspiring poet was permitted to hold poetic rank until he had completed twenty years of continuous and successful study. But once he had acquired the robe and status of a true poet, he simultaneously acquired an honor and emolument that the less qualified writers of to-day might envy. The Irish laureate was placed immediately beyond the bounds of criticism or competition. He ranked next to the blood royal. At feast or assembly he sat in the place of honor. His person was as sacred as that of a bishop, and the most truculent warrior was obliged to give him precedence. When he traveled, he was followed by the equipage of a prince; and by the law of the land no king could refuse him whatever gift he cared to exact in return for an elegy of mourning or praise. It was only natural that such a privileged class should develop symptoms of heads swollen beyond the reasonable inflatus of the Muse; and again and again the arrogance and covetousness of bards is noted in Irish *prose*. At one time their actual banishment *en masse* from the country was averted only by the personal intervention of Saint Columcille. To this day it is worthy of note that Lough Derg (the Lake of the Red Eye) owes its name to the preposterous demands of a bard who, having exhausted every conceivable form of remuneration, asked the local king to reward the poem which he had composed by the gift of his single eye, which painful payment the king, to his everlasting credit, performed rather than incur the disgrace of being a half-hearted patron of literature.

As regards the literary tradition which the Irish race made such extraordinary efforts to dignify and maintain, it is not too much to say that it eventually had more effect in the molding of the vernacular poetry of Europe than any of the tongues of the ancient world. It was fated that the Celts should show themselves not only geographical pioneers from the day that they set out on the westward journeying that brought them to final settlement in the isle of their destiny, but explorers in the domains of literature as well. Unbiased by any classical tradition borrowed from Greek or Latin, they set out and traversed by themselves entirely new paths. They extended the power of song over a wider conquest than the Romans had ever carried the power of the sword. They entered into realms of literature untouched by the legions of Latin writers. Into "regions Cæsar never knew" they bore the eagles of their song. They evolved forms and devices of poetry which never occurred to the poets on Parnassus or at Tibur. They built up harmonies of word-music which we are seldom able to translate into English meter, even when we have learned sufficiently to admire them. If they never walked upon the sunlit heights which were touched by the Greek philosophers,

or upon the smooth and pleasant plains trod by the Augustan writers, they passed under seas to the strange and mystic cavern from which came the light that the modern world knows as romance.

To narrate the sum of their achievements is to indicate almost every device and variation known to modern poetry. They re-echoed and perfected the echo of refrain, and the broken stave they were the first to break. With the power of alliteration which exists only in Virgil as a sober though harmonious occurrence, they devised a great alternating music of words in which vowels made voice like live things and consonants sounded all the movements of wind and storm and sea. For the expression of intense feeling they employed a strange and original method of diction called the *rosg*, from which the conception of modern blank verse is largely taken. Above all, they made a discovery which was as typical of their racial imagination as the discovery of the uses of steam by Englishmen or the finding of the Polar North by an American. They discovered solely and beyond question of doubt the joy and the grace with which the Creator of all harmonies has invested the power of rhyme.

So that it was with no crude outfit that the poets of Ireland set out to elaborate the three great cycles of mingled verse and prose in which their race found the revelation and reflection that Homeric poems afforded to the Greeks and the Old Testament affords yet to the Jews. The earliest is the mythological cycle, in which the strife between the elder races of Ireland and their conquerors is waged, not in the sober recital of fact, but in the distorted silhouette of saga that the wand of the weird casts across the record of untold centuries until the original conflict of mortals is lost in a shadowy war of gods. Secondly, there is the saga which remains forever associated with the Court of King Conor mac Nessa, the great historical contemporary of Christ, which is almost entirely occupied with the life and exploits of Cuchulain, the Hound of the North, the peerless champion of Ulster. It was this epic of Ulster that remained the most representative tale of Irish valor as long as the northern O'Neills sat on the High King's throne at Tara. Later the triumph of Brian Boru and the ascendency of the Munster monarchy was followed by the predominance of the third great saga, the tales dealing with Fian mac Cool and the legendary Fianna, unhappily popularized in modern days under the much bruited and degraded name of Ossian. It is this saga which has continued to hold the greatest position in the oral tradition of the Scotch and Irish Celts, and out of which James Macpherson built up the ingenious but lying fabric upon which the poetical fame of the hapless Ossian has been made to rest. The Cuchulain saga has come to us in manuscript rather than in oral custody. It has had to be pieced together out of many separate stories compressed in all the wealth of cues and runes into which the mediæval bards loved to stereotype their traditional legends. On the other hand, the Ossianic poets have been resinging and resetting the Fenian tales until recent times in the way that skillful musicians build up new harmonies out of ancient and familiar themes.

But rather than sketch the trackless latitudes of Celtic poetry, it would be preferable to give an idea of some characteristics which it shares with few, if any, other world literatures, and which have enabled it to sound so distinct and so vibrating a chord in the "concert of Europe."

First, we may notice a peculiar and wonderful sense of nature, almost amounting to a pantheism at times, a spirit which fills Irish poetry with so many quaint and personifying expressions, which speaks of the robin's cry as "the music of the red-breasted men" and the bees and chafers as "the little musicians of the world," which trembles with the horror and dreariness and silences of winter scenes, and yet rises to a wild frenzy of joy over the coming of summer when "the talk of the rushes" is heard and all nature finds so many voices that even "the stuttering quagmire prattles." Here is a winter song dating from the ninth century:

"These are my tidings for you—that the forest stags bell,
And that summer has gone and left snow upon flood and on fell,
That the winds leap up cold and the sun sinketh low in the sky,
And shorter of course are the tides of the sea running high.

"Blood-red is the bracken, the flower of its beauty is gone,
And the wild geese are raising their cry, oh, so weary and wan,
For the fingers of winter have clutched the bright wings of the bird,
And the season of ice is at hand—such tidings I heard."

Secondly, we may distinguish a richer sense of color than is usual with any but the

Oriental mind. Ethnologists often ask whether the Celts did not bring their love of brilliant hues as well as many other racial characteristics out of the radiant East. Colors, which in Latin poetry are merely named for conventional and epithetical purposes, are dwelt upon in Irish verse for the sheer love of color and the intoxication of reader and bard. Every color is lavishly poured into the lines until it becomes as visible to the eye as to the imagination. The Celts possessed this sense in common with Pindar, alone among classical writers, who knew well how to weave the delicate woof of his Nemean and Olympian odes with a gold and a scarlet that ran through them like molten ore or running blood. As one instance of the fascination that color had over the Celtic mind we subjoin a translation of a dirge written for King Niall of the Nine Hostages, who died in the early fifth century. It is interesting as being composed in the dialogue, which, as far as we know, was the nearest approach the Irish ever made to the dramatic form:

Tuirn, son of Torna

When we hied to the hosting with Niall of the Nine,
His hair like a primrose would glimmer and shine.

Torna

Well spoken! a slave would I give to be thine,
For that hair like a primrose agleam in thy line—
And his lashes so darkly and delicate lay,
With eyes like the woad or the hyacinth spray.

Tuirn, son of Torna

All blood-red and changeless his color would stay,
Like the foxglove, or crown of the forest in May.

Torna

White teeth and red lips that no anger could feel,
As high over all burst the flame of his steel.
Like the moon, like the sun, like a beacon, burnt Niall,
Like a dragon-ship, flawless from bulwark to keel.

Tuirn, son of Torna

All the Kingdom of Kerry makes musical woe,
But my grief for his death must all grieving outgrow.
The East will be ravaged with blow upon blow,—
Since Niall is dead let all bitterness flow.

Torna

The Saxons are baying, the Lombards are sped,
And falls the bright Gael with his King who lies dead.

Tuirn, son of Torna

Once Tara was bright with the hair of his head,
Like iris for yellow, like gold for its red.

Nothing could be more typical than the color which illumines this dirge of death. Even when terror is uppermost, and the enemies of Ireland threaten to harry her coasts, the poet broods not on past victories or coming disaster, but on the sheen of the dead King's hair.

Thirdly, there is a constantly recurring sense of the weird, the magical, and the mystic, which reveals itself in a thousand similes and hyperboles, loaded with a cloying taste for the marvelous or the grotesque, without a keen appreciation of which the classical student is likely to find Irish poetry more productive of rhyme than of reason. It was this power of exaggeration in expression which Tennyson summed up in a phrase as the "blind hysterics of the Celt," though he made a fair effort to indulge in some such hysteria himself when he wrote the "Voyage of Maeldune" and described how

"We wallowed in beds of lilies, and chanted the triumph of Finn,
Till each, like a golden image, was pollened from head to feet."

Like the poetry of Robert Browning, that of the Celt relied on a finely educated as well as a strainingly attentive audience. Though the knowledge of Browning's allusions was so recondite as to be often shared by the poet with the poet's Creator alone, the allusions or symbols employed by the Celtic poet were based on a set coinage of phrases carrying a literary weight and value that no bard or reciter, however weird or far-reaching his flight, might dare to change or falsify. The hazel tree, for instance, is always allusive of the tree of knowledge, without further explanation. The hushing of women in travail and warriors in pain invariably connotes the presence of the most exquisite music.

The love of allusion and the practice of artistic hints which occupied the mind of the Irish poet is akin to the genius of Japanese painting, wherein the artist works not to surfeit the vulgar so much as to win the gentle wonder of the initiated. The obvious and the commonplace in diction or description was as detestable to the Celtic pen as the gaudy realism of European painting to-day is

to the subtle brush of the Oriental. Even impressionism as an artistic term does not convey the love of the Irish for what was half said or glimpsed in his words, for impressionism leaves doubts and queries in its tracks, whereas both Celtic poetry and Japanese painting gave to the few qualified to judge such clear-cut emotions and certain delights as only the refinements of centuries could produce.

It is true that the Celt has never shown himself capable of a sustained effort in any sphere of art, preferring to exhibit his powers in the gleam of a short and brilliant effort, or in the achievement of some unexpected *tour de force.* It was characteristic of his writings that he never attempted to unravel plots or develop strong, silent characters through chapters of tedious description. He preferred to reveal a few flashlight incidents and accidents to sum up his characters, while the situations in which they strove remained to be guessed from some slight but unerring clue. His power of contrast and condensation could be tremendous, and we have snatches of poetry in which opposing emotions run unmixed, but molten, in adjacent lines. An entire novel of the expansive style could be composed out of the following situation from the history of Congal's rebellion, in which the foster-father reproaches the rebel for his unnatural feeling in turning against himself and country after he had been offered as conciliation "a steed from every shed and a cow from every herd, an apple from every rath, and a garden in every townland in Ireland." It must be remembered that the tie of fosterage with the Celt was stronger and more sacred than that of man and wife, and a foster-father trembled to slay his foster-son more than his own child.

"Let him have his desire, let him drink of his well.
No demon hath thought of forgiveness in hell!
Yet my fight is the fight of a doe with her fawn,
Of a mother who gores the sweet son she hath borne,
Or the strife of two brothers whose love has grown dim,
For Congal, sweet Congal, I taught and I fostered him,
And 'tis Congal the child that mine eyesight yet sees,
Whom I took from King Scannlan the brave, from his knees;
But now will I give thee a spear for a spear,
And like withering flame will I circle anear,
And thee the fierce javelin shall thrust through and quell—
No demon hath thought of forgiveness in hell!
Alas! there was none of thy race like to thee,
To go planning my ruin from land and from sea."

From this condensation of feeling and incident it has resulted that, though there are ten thousand stories in Irish, there is no single sustained epic. There is no Odyssey, though there are endless "navigations," as perilous journeys were called by the Irish story-tellers. There is no outlined system of philosophy, though there is a marvelous growth of proverbs and epigrams, which do not lose their savor with the years or even with translation. The bitterness of death, its contrast with life, and its unreasonableness remained a problem insoluble to the philosophy of the Celt, and he could meet it only with a few whimsical or passionate sayings dropped by the wayside. "Death is the best story-teller" is perhaps the most pregnant of these. He fell back upon such a passionate tenderness as is revealed in the dirge of Drilrosg for Armhor. This dirge, which is sober in comparison with the overwhelming grief that fills the laments of Cuchulain or Deirdre, gathers to a quiet pathos that the Greek anthology would scarcely surpass:

"Under the flag thou art lying,
O Love of all love of my heart,
Yet still through the mists of my crying,
Where mine eyelids have vision, thou art.

My grief and my woe! mine own brother!
Our bulwark and circle of fire,
Thou never shalt share with another
The spoil of the children of Ire.

And thou, where my brother is lying,
O love-laden mansion of grass!
Yet list to my heart that is crying
The deeds that my Love brought to pass."

In all his literature the Celt was haunted by the riddling terror of the after-life. He watched, or rather felt, his life moving swiftly under its burden of love and beauty into the gulf of the unknown.

Death he recognized as supreme. This supremacy seemed only the stronger for the momentary presence of light and love. All the thousands of transient colors that delighted his eye went only to enrich and darken the ultimate shadow towards which his creation moved.

It is only the pessimist, perhaps, who can really enjoy the passing glory of the world. Certainly of the ancient races none showed a more persistent pleasure in the pageant of nature and life than the Celtic people, whom Melancholy is thought to have most avowedly made her own.

THE DESERTER

BY MARY KATHARINE REELY

I CONFESS that the O'Rell case puzzled me. Mike O'Rell was a good sort, as men go on Second Street—brought his pay envelope home on a Saturday night, was good to the children, and didn't drink much. And Minnie, for a woman of her years (she was twenty-two or so, I dare say, but looked ten years older after six years of married life), did remarkably well—gave Mike his meals on time and kept the children and the house up as well as her limited means and intelligence allowed. They got along together, too, very well. Romance dies young in such families, so that if people just get along together it is all one expects; one hardly looks for affection. And now, all of a sudden, without word or warning, here was Mike O'Rell deserting. He was out of work, of course; so many men are just now. And so many men out of work desert their families; but, some way, I had not expected it of Mike O'Rell.

I had been home over Sunday—had had an awfully good time, and had forgotten all about the Settlement—and I came back Monday morning joyous.

"Message for you, Miss Maris." I had not had time to get my hat off. "Mike O'Rell left home Saturday night—hasn't been seen since. You are to go right up."

It's funny how three minutes after you get back from a vacation you can forget you ever had one. I was a district visitor again on the instant. I dropped my suit-case inside my door, changed my coat, put on my other hat, and started for Second Street.

"Mike O'Rell," I kept saying to myself. "Of all men, Mike O'Rell!"

I found Miss Simons already there, and as she, as an Associated Charities agent, takes precedence over me, there was nothing for me to do. I took Freddy on my lap, and, with a word to Minnie, sat down while Miss Simons went on with her interview. She has been in the work five years—two years longer than I—and I look at myself in the glass sometimes to see if my mouth is settling into those grim lines, and if that look, cynical and suspicious, is coming into my eyes. When I see it begin, I am going to resign and go into some other profession—get married, maybe—anything to grow human again. Miss Simons is an expert. Her case records are the envy of every charity worker in the city. I don't know that anybody ever envied me anything, but I could tell her one thing, and that is, that if she wants to get information out of a woman she had better not sit down in front of her with a note-book.

"I don't know, ma'am," said Minnie, stolidly, with the expression of a blank wall.

"Had he been drinking?"

"I don't know; some, maybe."

"More than usual?"

"Um-m, I don't know."

"How much is usual?"

"Um-m, I don't know. What any workingman takes of a morning, maybe."

"Have you ever seen the man in a state of intoxication?" Miss Simons wheeled to me. And I swear that if I ever had I should have denied it. That's the effect Miss Simons had on me.

"Had there been any trouble between yourself and your husband?"

"Um-m, well—I don't know as there had."

"Mrs. O'Rell, have you any idea where your husband is, or why he left home?"

"Um-m, no, I can't say as I have."

Miss Simons snapped her note-book shut. "You see," she said, turning to me as she rose to go, "the woman would not help us if she could. And my suspicion is that she knows more than she tells. I shall notify the police at once, of course. The man is probably out of the State by now, but, thank Heaven, we have the inter-State law and can bring him back. If we can arrest this one case—"

"Arrest him?" Minnie was roused. "Arrest Mike? And what for, now?"

"She knows more than she will tell," said Miss Simons in a low voice as I followed her to the door. "Get it out of her. It may help us to trace him."

"And what if we do get him back?" I asked, a little curiously.

"Then," said Miss Simons, "we are relieved of the support of his family."

"But he had no work."

"He must find work. In a case of what appears to be pure shiftlessness—"

"Have you found it so easy to find work for men?" I said. "We haven't."

"Well," said Miss Simons, "we can't help a man till we are sure that he has tried.

We must not break down self-respect. Nothing is more demoralizing than giving help to the able-bodied head of a family. Now all the thanks I got from this man for the suggestions I made was an outburst of profanity."

Miss Simons went her charitable way. So then, I thought, Mike had appealed to her for help. I hadn't known that it had gone so far. He had had a little money in the bank when he was laid off. But they had had the doctor for the baby, and, of course, living is so high.

I went in to Minnie, and—well, I am not an expert, and never will be. Minnie wept on my shoulder, and I patted her and petted her, and said consoling nothings to her. "Now," I said at last, "Minnie, what do you know about this? Why did Mike leave?" For my suspicions had been those of Miss Simons.

Minnie dried her eyes on her wet ball of a handkerchief. "Honest-to-Gawd, Miss Maris, I don't know. He was mad at me," she went on. "But that's nawthing. Only I suppose it was once too often, and he went, and didn't come back."

I got the story out of her—all there was to it, and there wasn't much. When Mike came home that afternoon—the same day he had appealed to the Charities, I gathered—Minnie had suggested that she should come down to ask us for work, leaving Mike to stay with the children, and Mike had said, "Damned-if-I-do!" and had left the house. That was the last seen of him.

It was not a very satisfactory explanation. But maybe Minnie was right. Maybe it was just a fit of temper. I would not have thought it of Mike, but, as Mrs. Hagarty, the next-door neighbor, said as I was leaving, "You can niver tell. Men are queer creatures. You'd think now," she said, "that a man would be willing to stay home and mind the childer for a day or so. Wouldn't you, now? He might do that much. Well, Miss Maris, I sometimes think you're as well off not being married. Honest, I sometimes think you are."

By night the case was pretty well arranged. I had seen the City Poor Department about the fuel, and had actually got it out of them! (It's the boast of the administration that they are cutting down expenses in that department.) The Charities agreed to put in temporary relief, and the visiting nurse promised the certified milk for the baby. Our employment secretary was to give Minnie work in the morning, and the children were to be taken into the Settlement nursery. We are dreadfully crowded, but we doubled up to take them in, as we always do. I was fairly well satisfied with the day's work, only I was a little disappointed. I have an india-rubber faith in humanity. It would spring up again in a day or so, I knew, but for that night it was pretty limp. I had always liked Mike O'Rell.

I ran up in the evening to tell Minnie about the work, and I stayed to help her with the dishes. She had been crying, and needed cheering up, poor girl! I let her talk away while she worked. It did her good. And she told me, irrelevantly, about the dress she wore when she was married to Mike and how much the lace cost a yard.

It was rather late when I left the house, but not more than nine or so. And, while I am not the least bit afraid around the neighborhood, because everybody knows me, I was startled when a man's figure darted out of the shadow of the house and made for the alley. I was not in the least afraid for myself, but I was startled. What was a man doing slinking about Minnie O'Rell's house, and her alone and unprotected? Not thinking, I started to follow. The man had paused and turned, and, seeing me, he came slowly back. It was one of those murky nights that come after a day of January thaw, and I suppose his figure loomed up bigger through the half-lighted mist. Then I was frightened—alone at the head of a dark alley with an unknown man bearing down on me.

"Well," he said, in a low, gruff voice, "I s'pose you seen me now."

The light of the street lamp struck his face.

"Mike!" I gasped.

"Well," he said, "what of it? And what you going to do about it?"

I heard again the snap of the elastic binder on Miss Simons's note-book as she had risen to go. "Report any word you may hear of this man. He must be arrested, for an example, if for nothing else."

"Step back into the shadow, Mike," I said. "This is Casey's beat. He's been instructed to watch for you."

"He's a friend of mine," said Mike. Nevertheless he did as I suggested. I followed.

"Casey's a good friend of mine. And, say," he said, "you're another. Ain't you now?"

I can't resist the Irish, ever, and the appeal in Mike's voice would have melted

me. I tried to be professional. "I am," I said, "but I'm a friend of Minnie's, too."

"Sure, and I knew you was. I knew you was."

"But what are you doing here now?" I demanded.

"Looking in me own windy. I guess a man can, can't he? Say, they're all right in there now? They had a square meal? Yes? And there's the milk for the little shaver? And the medicine? And the bit of coal to warm them up? And Min? What's she going to do?"

"I have work for her to-morrow."

"What doing?"

"Fine ironing," I said. "Minnie's good at that."

"That's not so bad," he said. "And the kids?"

"They're coming to our nursery."

"That's it," he said. "That's it."

If the man's action had puzzled me before, his attitude was no more intelligible now. "Mike O'Rell," I said, "what, in the name of all that's sensible, did you leave home for, scare Minnie to death, and give us all this trouble?"

Mike nodded toward the house where Minnie's light still gleamed. He started to speak, but Casey, the patrolman on the beat, strolled into the light and we clung closer to the fence.

"What did you do it for?" I repeated.

"Lost me job," said Mike, succinctly. "It's one of the army of the unemployed I am. You know it!" He turned on me fiercely. "You know it! Don't talk to me! Me, that's walked the streets for two weeks, and earned twinty cints shoveling snow! Great country, this! Great system, that loses an honest man his job just because there's going to be a Prisident illicted a year from last November! Better get an Imperor William, say I, or a Czar of Russhy, or even a King George, say I, that will last a lifetime. Lord love you, Miss, if I ain't had work, you know how it is! And I told 'em so!"

I remembered Miss Simons's reference to the outburst of profanity. "What did they say to you down there?" I asked.

"Thank Gawd, you're not one of them!" said Mike. "Yes, I went down to their nice easy office, and I asked to see the head of the joint. Him being a man, I thought I could talk easier. And, damn it, with a wife and children hungry, what can a man do? They might 'a' knowed it wasn't for meself. Well, he wasn't in; was out giving a lecture on Pawverty, the pert young man with the specs says. 'But here's Miss Simons,' he says, 'as will interview you,' he says. And interview me she did! Got me name, and me father's name, and what me grandmither died av. Interview me! Yes, she did. And when she was t'ru, if she'd 'a' give me a glass of cold water, which she didn't, I'd 'a' t'rowed it in the face of her. 'We'll give you another week,' she says, 'to look for work,' she says. 'And if you don't find it, send your wife down, and we'll give her work.' A week! A week! Can't a kid die of starvation in a week? Or of the fever in a day? Send me wife out to work? Me?"

"Minnie *is* going to work," I protested.

"Well, she ain't supporting me, is she? Let her keep her little dollar and a half for herself and the kids. She ain't going to feed me on it. Let her take their charity. It's all right for women and childer, but not for me. I'll beg my way honest from door to door first."

I held out my hand in the darkness. "Come into the house and see Minnie before you go. She's breaking her heart. Thinks you're mad at her."

"Ah, poor girl!" he said. "Ah, now—" He made a step toward the house. "No," he said. "No, I ain't going to let her in on this. Let that sharp-eyed charity woman come around trying to find out me whereabouts, and it's a hard time the poor girl'd have lying for me. No! And maybe I can pick up a bit of money down in the country to send her with a letter. Maybe there's a jay or two down there don't know there's going to be a Prisident illicted next November."

He moved forward and stood looking at the window. "Sure, and they're all right in there," he said, a little wistfully perhaps. "They're all right, meself being out of the way. 'We can't give help to a family so long as there's an able-bodied breadwinner sitting around the house.'"

A form moved across the curtain of the lighted window. Mike O'Rell grasped my hand in a mighty grip. "You're a good sport," he said. "You ain't going to tell nothing—and you'll look after 'em."

"But, Mike," I called softly after him. It hurt me so to see him go. "Where are you going? What's to become of you?"

"Me?" he said, turning. "Don't you do no worrying about me. I'm going out to-night. Side-door Pullman on the C., B. & Q., going south."

AN ADVENTURE IN PUBLIC OPINION

BY A PRESS SECRETARY

THE attitude of public opinion toward certain Nation-wide movements in cities which make a pretense of being metropolitan is very often humorous if it is not paradoxical and inconsistent. There are communities which are set dead against the entrance within them of railways, electric lights, cement sidewalks, paved roads, and sanitary sewers. We have seen such towns many times, or, if we have not seen them, we have placed them, in our minds, in some out-of-the-way section of the country or in the backwoods.

But one is hardly prepared to find practically an entire community of some thirty thousand people in a Middle Western State either decidedly apathetic or openly antagonistic toward the establishment of a Young Men's Christian Association and the possibility of a campaign for building funds. There are few such communities in the United States. Many places would like such an Association, but cannot afford the cost of building or the expense of maintenance. But it is unusual to find a fairly hustling manufacturing city whose people are unwilling to make certain definite sacrifices, financial and otherwise, in order to bring about such an end.

This particular city numbers several thousand employees in its industries. It supports at least twenty churches, half a dozen of which are magnificent edifices with large congregations. It is only a short ride by interurban from a metropolitan city of five times its size, and it boasts of a six-story office building in addition to one saloon for every thousand in population.

It shows unmistakable need of some social center for its hundreds of young men and boys, who, having no other interests to occupy them, must idle their leisure hours on the streets, in saloons or pool-rooms, or walk about the city at all hours of the night singing the latest ragtime "hit" and shouting ribald jests.

This adventure in public opinion covers a period of three weeks, which constituted the preliminary publicity campaign for a State Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association. It also marked the first systematic effort by a State committee to conduct a State-wide publicity campaign through the newspapers with the aid of an official "press agent."

The first revelation came when the press secretary discovered that the morning paper of the Convention city refused to use any Association news which was printed in the afternoon paper, and *vice versa*. Personal bickerings and petty jealousies were behind this editorial pronunciamento. It appeared as if there would be a muddle from the very start.

In answer to the press secretary's explanation of Association "news," the managing editor of the afternoon paper said:

"We'll be glad to print anything we think is news. But if the Young Men's Christian Association or any other concern wants any free advertising, they'll have to pay for it."

Anything which strayed from the path of strictly Convention news came within his definition of "advertising." It was equally impossible to convince him that the "free" press notices of the cheap and vulgar third and fourth rate melodramas and burlesques and some of the motion-picture shows were less interesting and entertaining than instructive articles on the general State work of the Association. Almost every other day, however, this paper used from two to eight columns of matter clipped from metropolitan papers—principally editorials.

The Convention was regarded at first as merely a proposition to "relieve the community," as it was expressed, of about five hundred dollars in cash. What it might accomplish was wholly lost sight of.

"If you fellows stick to your Convention and don't start a building campaign, you may come out all right; but, if you don't, you'll fail flat as a pancake," said one newspaper man. This was only begging the question, for the statement had been made repeatedly and emphatically that no building campaign would follow the Convention unless it was the desire of the townspeople themselves. If such were desired, the State Executive Committee would be only too glad to exert every energy toward putting through a vigorous campaign for building funds.

That very evening the same paper printed a half-column story declaring that the Young

Men's Christian Association was already negotiating for the purchase of a site, and named half a dozen available locations. The denial which the managing editor, with some chagrin, agreed to print next day never quite offset the first error.

A prominent resident who might have contributed handsomely was afterward introduced to an Association secretary.

"Oh, yes," said he, "I see by the paper you're goin' to put up an Association here."

In answer to the denial he only said:

"Well, we had one of them Associations here ten year ago, an' I think it didn't pan out very well." It was a very difficult matter to explain to this man the wonderful—not to say marvelous—change through which the Association has gone during the past ten years.

The campaign included half a dozen neighboring towns, whose newspapers gave the Convention more publicity than those of the Convention city itself. One manufacturing city of ten thousand had the enterprise to send a delegation of a dozen representative business men to ask for the Convention the next year. These cities knew more about the Association and accorded its secretaries a heartier reception than the Convention city.

In the matter of funds to defray the general Convention expense, the local "corresponding" member found a large opposition. But this opposition was found to be less than that of the housewives who did not want to be "bothered with strange men in the house overnight," and who had been looked to to furnish accommodations for a large share of the delegates.

Business and professional men offered a most peculiar objection, one which was not a little amusing. Years before there had been a land-selling scheme for locating a number of factories. Residents, for once in their lives, waxed enthusiastic over the prospect of making their city one of the largest manufacturing centers in the State. A fund of some $400,000 was subscribed for several hundred acres for factory sites, and the promoters set to work to secure the industries. Seven factories were secured. Two of these were in a bankrupt condition when they came, and failed, despite a deal of local bolstering. Within a year two more failed, so that the plan fell through, and investors are still trying to get their money out of the land they bought.

This incident would seem wholly disconnected with an Association movement, yet the reader has no idea how many times it was brought out of the closet, as if the Young Men's Christian Association were a similar sort of doubtful enterprise. It was used as quite a satisfactory excuse.

The land-selling scheme had been followed by a "wet" and "dry" campaign, in which the saloons first lost and then won. This fight had separated the newspapers. It also seemed to be within the human order of things that members of one faction should not assist members of the other faction, despite anything for the public weal which might be contained in the move.

It was found useless to object to the treatment accorded Association news, but it was always interesting, if patience lingered, to get at the causes.

"There are men mixed up in this thing who are absolutely objectionable to a majority of the people," was one newspaper editor's reason for refusing to print Association news. One man, he said, was a rank Prohibitionist, another was a crook, another a political demagogue, a fourth ought to be in the penitentiary, and a fifth was "hooked up" with that land deal.

"If any of these fellows started out to raise money for a Young Men's Christian Association, do you know what we'd do?" he asked. "We'd simply sit back and hoot at 'em."

"But this is not a private enterprise," it was objected. "No one is making any money out of it but the city itself—the young men and boys who need it."

"Do you suppose I'd give a red penny to any enterprise or organization that those five fellows were connected with? Not on your life!" he exclaimed with some heat and an air of finality that closed the incident. It reminded the secretary of a young schoolmate who once made the heroic declaration before his fellows that, "if they thought he was going to study for old Teacher So-and-So, they were mighty much mistaken!" These crooks and demagogues on the committees were guilty of being good business men, good lodge members, and regular church attendants, all vitally interested in the welfare of their sons and daughters.

Then there were those who pointed to eight or ten men rich enough to build and equip an institution and present it to the city. Their attitude is hit off exactly by a popular phrase—"Let George do it." When

told that, in a city of 40,000 not a hundred miles distant, 3,600 separate subscriptions ranging from 50 cents to $100 had gone into a building fund of $78,000, they had nothing to say, except perhaps that times were hard and it cost more to live nowadays.

What seemed to cap the climax was the blunt, brutal question of a local editor fired at a secretary:

"How much are you getting out of this?"

The secretary was on the point of fainting. He felt almost like giving up on the spot. Yet it did seem to be inconceivable to many residents that men should come into their city and work as the corps of Association men and local committeemen had worked without reaping some vast financial harvest.

Then came the last week of the preliminary work. A hundred newspapers throughout the State had been printing two or three stories a week. The metropolitan papers also had used some of the "feature" stories concerning State work, and had prodded their local correspondents for advance Convention news.

The whole scheme of things had been reduced to a perfect system of order, and things took shape in surprisingly prompt fashion. Then, and then only, the two newspapers and many of the opposition awoke to the fact that there was a strong current of determined human energy behind the movement. Banners appeared across the streets, announcements were made in the churches of impending meetings, posters adorned business display windows, and one newspaper actually asked the press secretary for a complete story of the final arrangements for the three-day Convention period. It was the first request for news, and the secretary called daily after that with his news. The converting influence in that instance seemed to have been the metropolitan papers, which set a standard which the lesser journals were ambitious to attain.

When over two hundred delegates came from all parts of the State, and those townspeople who were in sympathy with the movement attended the public meetings, there was a noticeable change in the public attitude. One hundred and fifty business men of the city attended a dinner planned for their benefit. Many went out of sheer curiosity, while others wanted to hear a famous after-dinner speaker. But their curiosity turned to active interest as the meeting progressed from dinner to speakers and then to a stereopticon lecture—always a convincing argument. A blind man could have seen the change in attitude as it crept over many of those business men. It certainly made the secretaries' hearts glad to see it. The account of this dinner and of a meeting at one of the churches the same evening was spread out over two pages of the twelve-page paper the next day.

The last day of the Convention (Sunday) was filled with meetings. A college president addressed a meeting of 2,500 men and boys in the opera-house, an attendance far beyond estimates of a week before. The managing editor of the afternoon paper—the most rabid opponent encountered—was there, and listened to a wonderful appeal to men with tears in his steel-gray eyes. As he left the meeting he said to the press secretary:

"I'd like to have two or three columns of this speech and meeting and a half-column editorial to-morrow morning, if you can get it to me by ten o'clock." The news and editorial copy was there in ample time, and was used in full.

The morning paper printed nearly five columns of news matter with half a dozen cuts, and commended the movement editorially. An incident which warmed the heart of the secretary occurred during the stress of getting out that Monday morning story in the newspaper office. It made him feel, in fact, that all he had gone through was perhaps worth while, after all.

"I want to apologize to you for my attitude in this thing," said the managing editor, stopping in the midst of his work. "I've been wrong most of the time, and I don't want you to go away from here thinking that I'm what I seem to be.

"I had no idea that the Young Men's Christian Association was the systematic business organization I have found it to be. That glimpse yesterday, and again to-day, gave me a new outlook. Why, you have every department running just like clockwork and every man in his place. I never saw anything so smooth as this Convention has been. So far as I could see, there hasn't been a ripple. I'm proud to know you fellows. I I hope you'll have occasion to come back here again some time in the near future. In the meantime, you can rely on this sheet doing some real boosting."

There has not yet been any concerted effort to establish an Association in a building in this city. Perhaps the time is not ripe for

such a move. But the employed secretaries, the men "on the firing line," who fought their way through that hostile public sentiment, are confident that one day the seed they planted among the rocks and thorns will sprout into an Association plant, fully organized and completely equipped by "members of the opposition."

IMMORTALITY A PRESENT POSSESSION

BY CLARA E. MILLERD

A RECENT writer in The Outlook has said that the only really convincing proof of immortality is the consciousness that the thoughts and feelings and experiences of our lives are concerned with things which are eternal. This is profoundly true, and is surely one of the most significant things that has ever been said upon the subject. Perhaps the thought of this writer may be carried a step further. Is not immortality, after all, primarily a matter of the quality of a life rather than of its duration? The existence of a moth prolonged forever would not be an immortal life. A life that in its aspirations, its sympathies, its longings, touches the fundamental currents of life, touches God, is already eternal. The mere desire for continued existence has little significance. We all know that the material atoms that make up our bodies will live again in myriad forms of variety and beauty. There is no comfort in that fact to the heart that longs for eternal life. Merely to add year upon year of new experiences to a life finite in its scope, finite in its imaginative reach, finite in the range of its ideas, would have value, but not the kind of value that constitutes genuine immortality. An immortal life is a different kind of a life from a mortal one. Every moment of it is lived, to use that grand old phrase of Spinoza's, "under the form of eternity," "*sub specie æternitatis*." Eternal life is as different from finite life as light from darkness, as harmony from discord, as the Sistine Madonna from the daubs upon a painter's palette. To-day, in an immortal life, is radiant with significance, radiant with prophecy. To-day, in an immortal life, is illuminated by "the light that never was on sea or land." The mediæval painters loved to paint the Christ, or God, as sending forth light upon all around. The symbolism is true as well as beautiful. The element of the divine within us, the consciousness of this divine element, is what constitutes immortality.

As immortality has to do primarily with the kind of life, and not the length of life, it has many degrees. It seems strange, but it is none the less true, that to-day may be more or less immortal, more or less eternal. Real immortality is an achievement, and it cannot be altogether attained at once. Just as the fragile acorn sends its tendrils this way and that, penetrating deeper and deeper and wider and wider, until finally it is rooted firmly in its native soil and grows into majestic and enduring strength, so the soul may root itself little by little in God, its native dwelling-place, until it grows to the majesty of an immortal life.

The immortal life does not consist in rapt contemplation or adoration of God. It is dynamic. It is a life, not a state. It is a vital, creative energy, not a mere way of thinking and feeling. As gravitation binds the smallest clod to the most distant stars, so the immortal life connects the soul with all that lives. Love is its essence. In dynamic, creative love the soul realizes its immortality.

Love, like gravitation, has many homely tasks to perform. But the homeliest task it can illumine with an eternal radiance. In washing another's feet, or in giving a cup of cold water, life finds present immortality.

THE SPECTATOR

THE entrance to the Gully Road, now that August is drawing to its feverish close, must seem a golden gate to those who whirl by it in their motor cars, for it is half choked with blooming goldenrod where a few weeks ago it was blue with cornflowers. The highway, with its oily black center, is a great contrast to the delta of clean sand which every storm washes out upon it from the track between the beautiful weeds. This Gully Road, now so neglected, was in old times a part of one of the great highways of Long Island, the post-road connecting all the little ports and shore villages from Gowanus Bay to the Peconics. Just here it came along the crest of Chicken Hill and over the rise of Brewster's Hill —there is a big seventeenth-century house now down at the harbor where they say Elder Brewster himself lived for a time—and then, descending to the head of the bay, it turned eastward over the rise of Briar Hill to the next bayhead. As time went on, however, the small tidal inlet here was dammed and bridged near its mouth, the marsh silted up or was filled in, the shore-front changed from a farmers' clam flat to a ship-building yard, and a new highway was built beside it. Thus this piece of the ancient post-road was left inland, and its former dignity was so far forgotten that lately it required a search of records to prove that it ever had been, and still was, county property.

Although its status had been lost sight of even in this conservative settlement, the road itself could not be forgotten. Nothing is more permanent than man's marks upon the earth. Even a century of plowing has not made untraceable those elevations in the Mississippi Valley which once bore the stockades and cabins of the mound-builders. The trenches and earthworks thrown up in the Civil War, or even in Revolutionary campaigns, may yet be found, low but distinct, in many a field and wood-lot. The trails and wallows of the lost herds of buffaloes still indent the surface of our Western plains and will be discernible for generations to come wherever undisturbed. These are very modern instances, but in Turkestan explorers of former oases, abandoned because of that progressive drought of climate which compelled the departure of their population ten thousand years ago, may still map out the irrigation channels, dikes, and low terraces incident to the agriculture of that far-gone era.

But trails and roads, worn and hardened by the tramping of thousands of men and animals, are now more enduring. The emigrant trail through South Pass to California is a broad, grassy depression as easily followed now as when it was studded with the carts, prairie-schooners, and bull trains of the gold-seekers of 1849 and 1850. There are places where even the meager Escalante trail may be traced. These also are comparatively recent examples, but much older ones are not hard to find.

Some years ago the Spectator spent a little time in Surrey, England. There, not far from Coulsden Common, a double row of gnarled and storm-bent yews attracted his eye, and closer attention noted others continuing at irregular intervals a line which here and there had a curiously terraced appearance on the hillsides. He believed that these were indications of an abandoned roadway of great age, and further study convinced him that it marked the course of the great Pilgrim Road from the west to Canterbury. Later, in Sussex, one of the longest-civilized parts of England, he wandered along narrow, sloping roads sunken sometimes twelve or fifteen feet deep between mossy walls of chalky or stiff clay little disposed to wash down or cave in, while trees and bushes, rooted on the summits (the country level) on each side, overhung like the roof of a verdant tunnel. It was plain that these deeply trenched roads had not been purposely dug, but were the result of centuries of travel by pack-horses and carts, which had worn them down wherever a slope allowed the dust to be washed and blown away.

And this brings us back to the Gully Road and shows why it has come to be so called—*has come*, for it is only latterly that it has acquired the character of a ravine. It crosses a low wooded ridge, the summit of which is tough gravel, but the slopes of which are of looser soil —that fertile till which lay on the safe northern side of the great glacial moraine which is Long Island, and never was washed and reassorted by the ocean as the south side has been. It is doubtful whether the forefathers found it needful, considering the then high level of the connecting road westward, to make any cutting at all on the hill, except possibly at a sort of shoulder where terraces on each side as high as one's head show what seems to be the original level. The rear of a disused barn, now held together only by the crisp pea-green and gray lichens and moss on its ashy, worm-eaten old boards, where the wasps come to get paper material for their nests and the flickers hammer in pure enjoyment of the hollow racket they can make—those boards come down to foundations on this terrace. This sounds very archæological, but it is only circumstantial history. When

the post-road was diverted to the new harbor and shore road, and steadily graded down to suit the advancing "improvements," this old piece over Briar Hill was left as a useless relic, of service only to a few as a wood-road or a cut-off, and was no longer cared for. At once—for Nature is ever on the watch to reclaim ground lost for a time to man's domination—sun and frost and rain began their replevin. The light soil, disturbed along the single wheel-track, was swept down by wind and water until a narrow gully has been aggraded, hardly half as wide as the original road, and ten feet deep in places.

It is so narrow because a rank vegetation of trees and shrubs and herbage long ago took possession of the high neglected borders and protected them against washing, except in the central track at the bottom. This tangled borderage, rising steeply on each side and shaded by outreaching tree-tops, makes the Gully Road a beautiful place in summer. Nowhere in early spring does the local naturalist find pleasanter promises of reawakening life. Here, sheltered from the winds, gather juncos, whitethroats, and fox-sparrows—finest of their race, and seeming proudly conscious of their beauty; while song-sparrows and Canada sparrows carol in rivalry overhead or join their larger fellows and the goldfinches and towhees in their feast upon the berries and seeds still so abundant in the thickets below. Later the gully becomes a gallery of color and music, and a rich field for the insect-hunter.

The banks are indeed perfect little Northern jungles. A score of different trees may be catalogued. The ancient high borders are defined by rows of gale-torn cedars and cherry trees annually producing bushels of fruit for the benefit of innumerable squirrels, robins, cedar-birds, blue jays, and what-not; while in May masses of dogwood bloom light up the densely mingled foliage that struggles eagerly out toward light and air. Underneath, of course, is an impenetrable tangle of vines and low scrub, silvery green ropes of catbrier, knotted threads of grape and ampelopsis, content to creep where they cannot climb, and fuzzy chains of poison ivy crowding in everywhere among the good plants like—well, find your own moral simile! Blackberries and raspberries strive to outdo even the smilax in prickly vigor. And over all, in this late summertime, spreads a veiling network of wild buckwheat, making the most of a brief life. As for the weeds, well, what are there not in this collection, from the miserable ragweed which kills off the grass to the tall, swaying sow-thistle that invites the slash of a stick to cut down its weak and ugly impudence? Here thrive the feathery yarrow, the exquisite cassia which meekly folds its rows of leaflets if you speak to it harshly, velvety mulleins, primroses, bouquets of goldenrod as big as barrels, and a carpet of pretty little flowering plants, most of which bloom by English roadsides just as they do in this land to which their seeds were brought long ago.

The "human interest" in this so charming bit of secluded old road centers in a shanty half up the slope, where is manifested neglect and degradation of its own kind; but that is "another story."

LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

A PIONEER WOMAN'S COLLEGE

In Dr. Abbott's most interesting article "Democracy in Education," published in The Outlook of August 10, it is stated that girls were not admitted to any of the colleges before 1850. But Oberlin in 1833 admitted women on the same terms as men. And as far back as 1830, under the patronage of President Bishop, of Miami University, and two of his professors, McGuffey and Scott, the latter the father-in-law of President Harrison, a school was founded for the higher education of women in Oxford, Ohio, with Miss Bethania Crocker, the daughter of a Massachusetts clergyman, in charge. In three or four years she married the son of President Bishop, and the Misses Smith and Clark, one of them being the sister-in-law of Henry Ward Beecher, became principals. In 1839 this school was formally chartered by special act of the Ohio Legislature. A regular cottage system for boarding pupils from a distance had been established for several years. Mr. Harry Lewis, the uncle, I think, of Mrs. Philip Moore, had in his own home several of those boarding pupils. In 1849 the Oxford Female Institute was chartered by special act of the Ohio Legislature and the property of the Academy was turned over to this institution. In 1855–6 a handsome building in the east part of the village was dedicated for the Oxford Female College, another institution started under the auspices of the old school Presbyterian Church. In 1867 these colleges for girls were formally united by purchase. From their incipiency, the schools had the avowed purpose of offering to

girls the same opportunities for higher education that the boys were enjoying in Miami University, which latter institution did not become co-educational until 1895. The college girls pursued the same branches as the Miami boys, and, although their curriculum could not compare favorably with that of our best high schools, it represented the college standards of those early days.

Professor Upham, in his "History of Miami University," reports that he has found references to a school for girls in Oxford as early as 1827–8. The intellectual activity of Oxford is traceable to the influence of the New England scholars who settled in southern Ohio in the early days, and especially to the Beechers, who, in their westward progress, unlike the wandering Jew, left a trail of educational institutions behind them. JANE SHERZER.

The Oxford College for Women,
Oxford, Ohio.

THE HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER

As a teacher in one of our city high schools, I should like to take exception to several statements made by Professor Chase in The Outlook of July 27.

The best of our high schools now require their teachers to have college training and previous experience in teaching. As ability (not sex) is the chief requisite, and as women as well as men have "experience of life," it is plain to be seen that the former can fill the requirements of being a high school teacher quite as well as the latter. The degree of "sympathy with young people" felt by teachers depends upon the individual; nevertheless, it might be assumed that, upon the whole, women teachers possess at least as much of this desirable quality as men teachers.

Professor Chase says: "Boards of education not uncommonly are pleased to fill such positions with seven-hundred-dollar inexperienced girls. . . . The only person who should be thus employed is the man or, in rarer cases, the woman who makes teaching a life profession." Boards do, indeed, make a mistake in offering only seven hundred dollars for such work, but why such positions should be rarely offered to women I fail to see. On account of the narrow, old-fashioned policy which still prevails in most of our Eastern cities of making women ineligible for the higher positions, the schools are losing some of their best teachers. The fact that women are taking advantage of the larger opportunities in other professions and in business life shows the policy to be a shortsighted one which fails to offer the same opportunities for advancement to both men and women teachers.

It seems as though Professor Chase does not sufficiently appreciate the faithful work done by women teachers when he says: "The admitted prime motive for such a person being in the profession is to acquire temporary self-support and the means of attracting a suitable life companion." Even acquiring "temporary self-support" is not an unworthy ambition. When it is found, upon investigation, as was lately the case in one of our largest cities, that one-third of the women teachers, besides supporting themselves, had others dependent upon them, it looks as though many women did not have much of a chance at being only "temporarily self-supporting."

Another condition which makes a great number of women teachers permanently self-supporting is that they enter the profession believing that they have the qualities of a good teacher and thinking of marriage only as a possibility in case they should be fortunate enough to meet a suitable companion. They expect, as high-minded women to-day do, the same moral standard in men they would marry that they require of themselves, which makes their chances of "attracting a suitable companion" less likely. It seems as though men, who use teaching merely as a stepping-stone to other professions, were the temporary teachers and women the permanent ones.

Gradually, as women's work comes to be better understood and more highly appreciated, boards of education will offer equal pay for equal work, and equal opportunities for all teachers; and our great universities will be glad to secure the services of many valuable teachers who are now overlooked. A. C. B.

PERSONAL CHRISTIAN WORK

Pardon me for protesting against the spirit of the article in The Outlook for August 10, 1912, entitled "Letters to Unknown Friends."

It is of course true that Christ never forced any one to talk with him regarding spiritual matters. You are, however, at variance with the record when you say in your article that "the woman at the well opened the conversation with him." By referring to John iv. 1, etc., it is quite clear that the conversation, much to the astonishment of the woman, *was opened by Christ* asking her for a drink of water, and then adroitly leading the conversation to spiritual things. This is Christ's method, and should be the method of every true follower. *Force no man*, but attempt to *lead all*. Here is the standard; attempt to carry it out as far as possible, and if one addressed on this great subject, after a tactful approach, takes exception and objects to the conversation, we agree then that there is absolutely nothing in the whole Bible to warrant any individual, church, or government forcing upon him the consideration of the subject, but rather the contrary is true, "Let him alone." L. C. V.

Germantown, Tennessee.

BY THE WAY

Mrs. Janet Ross is one of the few living persons who ever had the temerity to rebuke Thomas Carlyle. When Mrs. Ross was a child of six, she was present at a somewhat animated conversation between her mother and Mr. Carlyle. She became indignant at the blustering tone of the philosopher, and burst out with the exclamation, "My papa says men should be civil to women!" Carlyle paused and then remarked graciously to the little girl's mother, "Lucykin, that child of yours has an eye for an inference!"

Americans who went abroad this summer to escape the heat found that they had gone too far, for complaints are general that Europe has had cold and disagreeable weather this season. Tourists in England especially have suffered from cold, and it is even reported that there was a heavy fall of snow in central England on the August Bank Holiday.

It is pleasant to learn that some of the garment workers of New York City are bettering their industrial conditions. Last week the cap-makers of that city secured a Saturday half-holiday the year around, and the furnishing of sewing-machines in the shops by the employers instead of having to provide them for themselves. A strike was thus happily averted.

Ex-President Diaz, of Mexico, is now living in Switzerland. He is reported to be in good health, clear of mind, and "as erect as a West Point cadet, despite his eighty-four years." He maintains that he could have held his position in Mexico by force, but that he desired only Mexico's good, and felt that it was wiser to withdraw. That sounds patriotic, but hardly explains why Diaz lost his grip on things.

A new hemp-breaking machine promises to bring renewed prosperity to certain districts of the South. In slavery days hemp-raising was a great industry; Kentucky, for instance, devoted 30,000 or 40,000 acres to the crop, while latterly scarcely a tenth of this acreage has been employed in this way, for breaking hemp by manual labor is extremely hard work, and the laborers grew scarce. Now the machine is said to have produced excellent results, and a large extension of hemp-raising is looked for.

A statistician has calculated that during the year 1911 there were twenty-two billion telephone calls throughout the world. Fourteen and a half billion of these were in the United States.

The National Secretary of the Associated Clubs of Domestic Science, Mrs. Christine Frederick, is applying efficiency methods to her own housework. She tells in the "Ladies' Home Journal" how she used to wash eighty dishes after dinner, taking three-quarters of an hour to do the work poorly by the old methods. Now she washes the same number of articles in half an hour, and better, by the scientific method. The elimination of "lost motions" is the chief factor in bringing about this most desirable result.

Three or four decades ago the banana was almost unknown in the United States, while to-day we are importing nearly 30,000,000 bunches of the fruit annually. Of these New Orleans gets nearly one-half, making it the greatest banana port of the world; Boston, Mobile, and New York come next, in the order named. England also has lately become a great consumer of bananas.

Three survivors of the Civil War are more than one hundred years old. One of these, at the age of 103, recently walked from his home in Jersey City to the pension agency in Brooklyn to see why his quarterly pension check had not arrived:—"Congressional Record" please copy!

Outside the walls of a temple in Puri, India, says the "Christian Herald," lie remnants of this year's car of Juggernaut. A new car is built every year. "The British Government," says the "Herald," "now prevents the sacrifice of life under the car." We note that Sir W. W. Hunter, the authority on India, in speaking of the reports of death under the wheels of this car, says that "nothing could be more opposed to the spirit of Vishnu-worship than self-immolation." Suicide in this way, it appears, is about on a par with self-destruction under the wheels of railway cars in America.

The youngest Mayor in the United States, says the "American Magazine," is Joseph F. Sullivan, of Imboden, Arkansas. He was elected just before his twenty-first birthday, and assumed office just after that anniversary. He is a "self-made man" in more than the usual sense, for he won his education and supported his widowed mother notwithstanding the fact that he is a cripple and goes about Imboden in a wagon drawn by two goats.

That the old order changes even in a church that is supposed by some to be immutable is seen in the announcement that the Sisters of St. Joseph, a Roman Catholic order, are to erect on their property in Brooklyn, New York, an up-to-date building in which Catholic girls will be trained for a business life.

A fellow-craftsman of Benjamin Franklin, Isaiah Thomas, whose career in many respects closely paralleled that of his more famous compatriot, has been honored by a biography issued by the Club of Odd Volumes of Boston. Thomas began to set type at the age of seven; when eight he set the types for an edition of the "New England Primer;" when thirteen he engraved the cuts and printed the sheets for "The New Book of Knowledge;" later he founded the newspaper "The Massachusetts Spy," and still later the American Antiquarian Society.

Guadalajara, Mexico, which occupies the second place among the cities of that republic, has been devastated by earthquakes during the past few months. A newspaper report makes the curious statement, in referring to these disturbances, that parrots are the best prophets of seismic troubles, and that they have frequently given warning to Guadalajara's residents, by their peculiar cries, when an earthquake was impending.

Mrs. Malaprop, who, it will be remembered, once said that a pantry was a place for keeping pants and a vestry was a place where vests were made, now shows herself to be up with the times, according to an exchange, by supplying a questioner with the information that "an apiary is where they keep apes and an aviary is where they keep air-ships."

The Outlook

SEPTEMBER 14, 1912

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The Political Campaign

The first week in September abounded in political events of importance. Chief among these were the election in Vermont, Ohio's vote on constitutional amendments, the State Progressive Conventions in New York, Iowa, Ohio, and Nebraska, the primaries in California, the statements of Senator Bourne of Oregon and Senator Cummins of Iowa giving their reasons for adhering to Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy, and the addresses made by Mr. Roosevelt in the West and Governor Wilson in the East—and to these one is tempted to add an equally significant non-event, namely, the inertness of the campaign of the Taft Republicans. As to Vermont, an enormous amount of printer's ink has been wasted in trying to figure out by arithmetical ratio what would be the result the country over in November on the assumption that in all the States the party cleavage in the National election would be on the same lines as it was in Vermont on State issues and State candidates. How preposterous such an application of the "barometer" idea is may be seen by comparing Vermont's choice of delegates to the Republican National Convention at Chicago with what happened later in many big and strong Republican States. The real deduction from the Vermont election is that in an ultra-conservative, slow-moving New England State the new party on its first appearance at the polls was so strong that it presented a solid fighting phalanx and forced the choice of Governor into the Legislature. Even violent anti-Progressive newspapers took this view at first, echoing the utterance of the Republican candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Howe, who said: "This means that Roosevelt has more than a fighting chance in Vermont in November." It is known that large numbers of voters who will support the Progressive candidates in the National election feared that to vote for the Progressive State ticket would have a bad effect on local questions, and this fact justifies Senator Poindexter's comment: "The Vermont election shows results in the direction of popular rule which are unprecedented in the entire political history of this country. That so large a proportion of the old party should organize, cast off old alliances and come out for the party that stands for the rights of the people, all within two weeks' time, is simply marvelous." The vote, in round numbers, was: Fletcher (Republican), 26,000; Howe (Democrat), 20,000; Metzger (Progressive), 16,000. Apparently the Legislature has a small Republican majority and will elect Allen Fletcher as Governor. The Vermont Democrats are naturally elated at the moderate increase in their vote. It may be said with perfect truth that one indication of the Vermont election is that the real fight there, as elsewhere, is to be between Democrats and Progressives.

Ohio Indorses Progressive Ideas

If Vermont is conservative among Eastern States, Ohio also is conservative among those of the Middle West. All the more significant, therefore, is Ohio's emphatic indorsement of Progressive methods and principles. With the exception of woman suffrage, which was decisively defeated, and possibly one other exception, the forty-two proposed amendments to the State Constitution were ratified. The greatest interest was shown and the highest vote was cast in the case of the initiative and referendum; the liquor license amendment was carried by a moderate majority in a relatively small vote; the interest in judicial reform was second only to that felt in the initiative and referendum. In the judgment of The Outlook, the result of the woman suffrage fight indicates that men in Ohio do not believe in imposing the responsibility for government on women until the women have had an opportunity to say officially whether they wish

to assume that responsibility; and it also appears to indicate, from the way in which the vote was divided, that the working classes in the cities are opposed to woman suffrage. The issues in Ohio's revision of her Constitution, and the large principles which apply to State Constitutional revision generally, were discussed in an editorial to be found in The Outlook of August 24. Taking the many changes adopted as a whole, it may be declared emphatically that they make for social justice, for greater flexibility in the political machinery, for larger democracy, and for direct control by the people of the State. In brief, with few exceptions, Ohio has written into its fundamental law many of those things for which the Progressive party is fighting the country over. This was fully recognized at the Ohio State Progressive Convention, which was largely a meeting of rejoicing and congratulation. A full Progressive State ticket was put in the field, headed by Arthur L. Garfield as candidate for the Governorship. The other State Progressive Conventions named above were businesslike, thorough, and hopeful in tone, and through them and those to follow the Progressive party will go into the field admirably organized, with leaders of ability, and with clear-cut programmes and pledges of action. In California the primaries showed a sweeping Progressive victory, not less welcome because it was anticipated; it was indeed so great that the Taft leaders will have to put their Presidential electors in the field by petitions, each of which must be signed by eleven thousand voters who did not participate in the primaries. In Iowa John L. Stevens has been selected as the Progressive candidate for Governor; in North Carolina, Dr. Cyrus Thompson. Turning to personal political utterances, we quote from Senator Cummins's statement referred to above:

> The renomination of President Taft was opposed by an overwhelming majority of the Republicans throughout the country simply because in his Administration he had not done nor said the things which the great body of the people believed he should have done and said. . . . The reason the Republicans were so largely against the renomination of Mr. Taft was their profound conviction that he is not a Progressive, and does not believe in a proper sense that the people should rule the country. . . . Theodore Roosevelt was the manifest choice of the great number of Republicans who expressed a choice for President. He is appealing to the moral and progressive forces of the people, and I expect to vote for him; but it must be understood that I will do so protesting against the organization of a new party, and dissenting with some of the doctrines of his platform. My vote for him will indicate that I believe he desires to promote the common welfare, but will not indicate that I look upon the new party as a wise or enduring movement in public affairs.

Senator Bourne is equally explicit. He says:

> The Republicans of Oregon, as well as of every other Presidential primary State except Wisconsin, selected Mr. Roosevelt as their choice for President this year. These Presidential primary returns clearly indicate that Mr. Roosevelt is the choice of the great majority of the Republican party, and he certainly was of Oregon; hence I, being the originator of the Presidential preference law, shall support Mr. Roosevelt for the Presidency at the November election.

Nothing has so effectively brought out the fact that the nominations of the Chicago Republican Convention were based on the suppression of the wishes of the vast majority of Republicans as these reasons given by Senator Cummins and Senator Bourne for their decision to support the Progressive National candidates.

New York's Progressive Convention: Unbossed and Unafraid

Oscar S. Straus, who has been closely associated with two Presidents, Cleveland and Roosevelt, who as Ambassador to Turkey has had an exceptional record in diplomatic service, who was the first Secretary of Commerce and Labor, who has served as arbitrator in labor disputes, and is a member of the highest tribunal in the world, the International Court at the Hague, was chosen at the State Convention held at Syracuse last week to be the Progressive candidate for Governor of New York. This nomination alone makes this State Convention of National interest. There were other features, however, which also mark it as extraordinary. In the first place, the circumstances surrounding the nomination were highly dramatic and moving. Like the National Convention of the Progressives at Chicago, this Convention at Syracuse had great capacity for enthusiasm. The great body of delegates, among whom there was a considerable number of women, sang hymns and songs after the manner of the delegates who assembled in August at Chicago. The Convention hall was reddened with the color of the bandannas that were waved whenever, as often happened, the assemblage rose to cheer. At the same time the Convention had an extraordinary capacity for silent attention. The chief contest was over the nomination for the

Governorship. As the sessions continued this became tense. Two nominees were offered: one was the State Chairman, Mr. Hotchkiss; the other was Mr. Prendergast, the Comptroller of New York City. The Convention was very evenly divided. Just as it was about to proceed to ballot, a man sprang to the platform and unexpectedly named Mr. Straus. In spite of the fact that Mr. Straus had said plainly that if the assembly named him he would decline and it would have to reconvene, the delegates saw in this the solution, and by a great demonstration made their determination at once evident. When, in the midst of the shoutings, the announcement was made in writing, "He accepts," the delegates broke into singing "Onward, Christian Soldier." This singing of a Christian hymn in celebration of the selection of a Jew as a leader in a moral uprising marked as nothing else could have done the breaking down of old barriers. Frederick A. Davenport, known in the State through his effective support of Governor Hughes, was named for Lieutenant-Governor. The fact that this Convention had to continue and nominate seven other candidates serves to illustrate the need of the "short ballot" which is advocated by the party. Even a free convention, as this one was, is not a suitable means for the selection of a long list of executive officials. Under the State law none of the candidates will be legally entitled to appear on the ballot until he is nominated by petition. One other striking feature of this Convention was the method it used for planning to put its platform into practice. The platform, like the National platform of the Progressive party, consists of proposals for securing measures extending popular rule and measures on behalf of social and industrial justice. By resolution the Convention provided for a permanent committee whose business it will be to draft these proposed measures and present them to the Legislature, and even for the reconvening of the Convention, if necessary, in order to reaffirm its demands. This is the first time, so far as we know, that a political convention has taken practical action for carrying out "a covenant with the people." In its tone and in its action the Convention was independent, aggressive, and self-reliant. At last New York may make a non-partisan fight on clear-drawn issues against the rampant bossism of both the Republican and Democratic machines.

The Political Use of School Buildings

During the past two years the Wisconsin State Law has required the school boards to make free provision for the use of school-houses as neighborhood headquarters for political discussion. Wherever, in scores of Wisconsin communities, the citizens have availed themselves of this right, there has been, it is asserted, no case of abuse or disorder; on the other hand, there has been a revival of the good custom of an earlier day when every American schoolhouse, in the country at least, was a familiar place of public assembly. The custom might obtain in every city as well. We are not surprised, then, that Dr. Josiah Strong, President of the Social Center Association of America, has written to the Chairmen of the National political party committees, recommending the use of school-houses for political meetings. In some cities school-houses are already used as polling-places. This has resulted in a saving of the public's money—for instance, the use of the Los Angeles school-houses is said to have saved to the taxpayers of that city at least seventy-five hundred dollars at each election. A similar use would save seventy-five thousand dollars in New York City. Another value would result from the wider use of the school-houses. As Dr. Strong points out, aside from office and printing expenses, there are two channels of legitimate party expenditure: the rental of meeting-places for the presentation of party claims, and the transportation of speakers. Now, in every city, says this writer, where the schoolhouses have begun so to be used, the feasibility of eliminating the private or party rental of meeting-places has been shown. Hence, by removing one of the two causes "for the expenditure of private money in the influencing of public choice," not only is there a resultant economy, but half the shield behind which corrupt practices operate is cut away. But the third value, and the greatest, would be the educational value. It is interesting to note the opinions of two of the Presidential candidates on this subject. Governor Woodrow Wilson remarks: "I do not wonder that men are exhibiting an increased confidence in the judgments of the people; because, wherever you give the people a chance such as this . . . in the school-house, they instantly, eagerly, avail themselves of it. I see in a movement like this a recovery of the constructive and creative genius of the American people." In his speaking tour last week

Mr. Roosevelt also referred to this matter, proposing that the school-houses be turned into a "senate of the people," where they could discuss the issues of the hour. He declared his hearty approval of the maxim, "Public buildings for public uses."

New Orleans Reformed

The political events of the past fortnight have not been exclusively in the National campaign. A municipal event is also well worth chronicling—the sweeping victory in New Orleans, by a vote of more than ten to one, for the commission form of government. Like many another community, New Orleans has suffered under the failure of the aldermanic system, accompanied by the activities of unscrupulous bosses, to give proper government to its citizens. At last the old political ring has been partly broken; but not entirely. It still will try to elect an "organization Mayor and Commissioners." But its more comprehensive power has certainly been broken. In Galveston, where the plan was first tried, Houston, Dallas, Fort Worth, and Austin in Texas, Mobile and Montgomery in Alabama, as well as in Shreveport, Louisiana, the New Orleans people have had a chance, close at hand, to see just how the commission form of government works. At first there was a feeling that the plan might work ill because a yet stronger control over the city would be given to the Mayor and four Commissioners than to the Mayor and sixteen Aldermen. But conditions in New Orleans, one of the "widest open" towns in America so far as liquor, gambling dens, brothels, dives, and all sorts of "joints" are concerned, and with streets, health conditions, and internal improvements neglected, led the people to feel that, even if the newer form of government might mask a possible danger, it would be more than offset in the chance quickly to fasten responsibility for wrong-doing. Hence the vote of nearly twenty-four thousand in the affirmative, and of only about twenty-one hundred against the innovation. New Orleans will now be governed by five Commissioners, including the Mayor. As previous to this action only a few cities of over a hundred thousand population had adopted the commission form of government, the New Orleans plan, if it works well in a city of nearly three hundred and fifty thousand people, will impressively refute the theory of the opponents of commission government that the plan is good only for small cities.

Progress on the Panama Canal

Two items of news from the Canal Zone, the revision of the estimates of excavation necessary to complete the Canal, and the sinking of a section of the wharf at the Pacific terminus of the Canal, are events of importance chiefly because they may give rise to misapprehension if the facts are not clearly understood. An addition of 16,903,000 cubic yards of excavation to the estimates made heretofore is noteworthy even in Panama, where figures in the millions are common. The only important part of this, however, is the addition of 4,000,000 cubic yards made on account of the slides in Culebra Cut. Colonel Goethals is authority for the statement that this addition will not affect the prediction previously made by him that a ship could be passed through the Canal in September, 1913, a year from now. He does not mean by this that the Canal will be completed, but merely that it will have reached such a stage that it can be used. In Culebra Cut there yet remain to be dug out, including the latest addition of four million yards, about 10,500,000 cubic yards of rock and earth. Forty-two steam shovels are working on this mass eight hours a day, and are removing it at the rate of one million yards a month. This rate, if continued, would result in the excavation being completed before September next, but it is not expected that it can be kept up, because the space in which steam-shovels can work is already being narrowed, and within six months it is probable that not over half the number of shovels now at work will be digging in the Cut. If the shovels are unable to complete the excavation, it is proposed by Colonel Goethals to blast with dynamite such material as remains, as is now done continually, and then flood the trench. The excavation will have advanced to the point where vessels drawing thirty feet of water can pass safely through the Cut. The remaining fifteen feet (there is to be a forty-five-foot depth) can then be taken out by elevator dredge, and towed either into Gatun Lake or out to sea at the Pacific entrance—probably the former, since to do so would not involve the use of locks.

The Slides Along the Canal

No feature of the Canal work has caused so much speculation in the United States, nor so little on the Isthmus, as the slides in Culebra Cut. To the engineers on the Canal they represent a perfectly

natural succession of phenomena, namely, the sloughing off of banks of earth until they have reached a slope at which they will stand without retaining walls or other artificial supports. In all, about twenty million cubic yards of earth and rock boulders have moved towards the deep trench. For the past eighteen months these slides have been excavated both from the top, to lighten them, and from the bottom, to rid the Canal prism of the earth they are constantly sending down. They have apparently at last reached the angle of repose, having assumed a slope from which very little material now moves into the prism. This does not mean that they will give no further trouble, but merely that they have been conquered sufficiently to permit the completion of the excavation. When once dredges can be set at work, the excavation of the slides, if they continue to move, can be carried on for about one-third the cost of steam-shovel work. The remaining twelve million or more yards of excavation are to provide for additional dredging in the Pacific and Atlantic entrances, and for the dry dock and other terminal works at the Pacific entrance. Practically all of this is for the Pacific entrance, and will in no way delay the opening of the Canal; indeed, any ship in the Panama trade could now use the Pacific entrance. If any delay in the opening of the Canal next September may be anticipated, it will be due to the installation of steel work in the locks at Miraflores. The hanging of the gates and installation of machinery have just been begun there, and much work remains before these locks will be ready to pass ships. Colonel Goethals feels confident that all will be in readiness. On the morning of August 18 the foundation of a section of the wharf at the Pacific terminus of the Canal slid toward the channel and the floor of the wharf collapsed. A freight car, several hundred tons of merchandise, and two electric cranes fell with the floor. The cranes fell athwart the bow of the Pacific mail steamship Newport and listed it heavily to the port side, causing the freight in the hold to shift until the portholes were under water. The ship filled rapidly and sank. No lives were lost. The Newport will be raised, but about three-fourths of its fifteen hundred tons of freight are believed to be a total loss. The only significance of this accident would be to raise a question as to the foundations of the permanent structures that the Government is erecting at the Pacific entrance, such as quay walls and the dry dock. There need be no apprehension on this account. The section of the pier that slid towards the Canal was not based on bed-rock, and was not considered as part of the permanent wharfage. It adjoins the long pier of the Panama Railway, erected fourteen years ago, which is founded on steel caissons sunk to rock, and which has shown no signs of weakening. The new quay wall but recently completed at the Pacific terminus is built upon bed-rock, the concrete piers going down as much as seventy-five feet below the surface of the ground. The excavation for the dry dock, now in progress, contemplates just as substantial foundations. There is no reason to doubt that the permanent works of the Panama Canal will not lack for stability.

A Crisis in the George Junior Republic

The controversy which has arisen in the George Junior Republic is temporarily unfortunate; but in its outcome it is alike creditable to William R. George, the founder of the Republic, and Thomas M. Osborne, the Chairman of the Board of Trustees. It is unfortunate only as it may give rise to a natural misunderstanding among careless readers of the newspapers; and most of us read the newspapers carelessly. When, in 1898, Mr. George gathered at Freeville a group of boys, subsequently adding girls, from the streets of New York City, and organized them into a self-governing Republic and threw upon the boys and girls themselves the entire responsibility of making and enforcing all the local laws of the community—that is, all regulations beyond the laws of the State itself—his audacity of faith in human nature had no parallel, and in it he had little if any public sympathy. How much the extraordinary success of his experiment has been due to his personal influence as a friend and comrade of the citizens of his Republic has yet to be determined. Successful it was, so successful that, after two or three years, at Mr. George's request, it was incorporated, a Board of Trustees was organized to help guide its destinies, and Mr. Thomas M. Osborne was made its President. Ten years later, so strong had become the desire to initiate similar Republics in other parts of the country, and so urgent were the calls on Mr. George to aid in their formation, that a National Association of Junior Repub-

lics was formed, and Mr. George was made its General Director, and therefore severed his official connection with the local Republic. He remained, however, at Freeville, where was his home, and made it the official headquarters of the National Association. This was quite natural, but proved to be an error in judgment. However heartily his successor might agree with Mr. George in spirit and purpose, it was impossible that he should agree with him in all methods. He would not have been the man for the place had he not had an initiative of his own. A mere copyist is never fitted to be at the head of a novel enterprise. It was equally impossible that Mr. George could see changes in method introduced and not have some apprehension as to the results; nor could he live in the Republic, in sympathetic relations with the boys and girls who had always called him "Daddy," and avoid, however discreet he might be, their suspicion that every change in administration was a change for the worse, and that loyalty to him demanded that they should resent such changes. There are no such worshipers of tradition as uneducated children in their early teens. It is needless for us to narrate the difficulties which naturally arose under such conditions. Suffice it to say that they grew so acute that in July last Mr. Osborne resigned as President of the Board of Trustees. His resignation led to Mr. George's self-sacrificing resolve to sell his home and move away from Freeville altogether; and, as a result, Mr. Osborne will remain as President of the Board. The letters from Mr. Osborne and Mr. George, which have only just been made public, are too long for publication here. It must suffice to say that the wholly admirable spirit which both have maintained affords a happy augury for the future not only of the Freeville Republic, but also for other Republics which we hope may be established and successfully carried on in the same essential spirit. Those who have known Mr. George and the Republic which he has founded will heartily indorse the following paragraph from Mr. Osborne's second letter:

> You are not only the founder of the Republic, but your personality has been the dominant force therein up to the present time. Many will find it hard to imagine the Republic in existence without "Daddy George" being on hand to radiate enthusiasm and faith in the little "great experiment." But that very feeling—the difficulty of separating the thought of "Daddy George" from the Junior Republic—is the very reason why the step you are taking seems to me wise. Sooner or later the hand of every one of us must be withdrawn from his earthly task; and whether it is wise to withdraw it sooner, rather than wait for the inevitable summons of death, depends upon the circumstances of each individual case.

This event is, on the whole, not to be regretted. For the result will do much to determine whether the extraordinary success of the Republic is wholly due to a great personality, or whether it is due to a great principle which can be applied under other conditions and by men possessed of the spirit of Mr. George but not possessing his peculiar genius.

Abraham Lincoln's Achievements

The "Century Magazine" for September contains an interesting article, "Characteristic Anecdotes of Lincoln, from unpublished notes of his Private Secretary, John G. Nicolay, by Helen Nicolay." There is not much that is absolutely new in this article. Though some of the anecdotes are new to us, they all confirm the popular impression of Abraham Lincoln's character, and tend to intensify the admiration and affection for the great President. One incident which we do not recall to have seen before illustrates a profoundly religious trait in Mr. Lincoln's character—the trait of genuine, simple humanity. As he was leaving his Illinois home for Washington he said to the pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Springfield: "Mr. Hale, I have read my Bible some, though not half as much as I ought, and I have always regarded Peter as sincere when he said he would never deny his Master. Yet he did deny him. Now, I think I shall keep my word and maintain the stand I have taken; but, then, I must remember that I am liable to infirmity, and may fall." We do not think we have ever seen a summary of Lincoln's achievements so concisely eloquent as that which Mr. Nicolay's daughter quotes from her father's note-book—a summary in his own handwriting, made when writing had become well-nigh impossible for him:

Turned his defeat for the Senate into a success for the Presidency.

Took into the Cabinet his rivals, and made them his ministers and servants.

Conquered the Rebellion.

Liberated the slaves.

Outwitted all the intrigues against him in Cabinet and camp.

Gave his implacable rival the Chief-Justiceship.

Disarmed all criticism by shouldering all faults.

Consolidated his party and increased his majorities.

Held the people to their great task.

Made the strongest argument for peace and the best defense of war.

Gave in his Springfield Prayer, his Gettysburg Address, and his Second Inaugural the most pathetic and eloquent utterances of his time.

Forcible in speech and faultless in logic, he enriched the language with new thoughts, new definitions, new maxims, new parables, and new proverbs.

Was a true type and exemplar of his country, his race, and his government.

Wore honor without pride, and wielded power without oppression.

Lived like a peasant by necessity of birth and fortune, reigned like a monarch by right of representative instincts, native intellect, the wisdom of humility, and love of his fellowmen.

Died a martyr, and was wept by the civilized world.

The Krupp Centenary

The centenary of the famous Krupp steel factory at Essen, Germany, coincides with the hundredth birthday of the greatest man in the Krupp dynasty. Alfred Krupp, "the king of cannons," was born in 1812. From its small beginnings the cannon manufactory grew until now over seventy-one thousand persons are employed in it. Thus over a quarter of a million persons are dependent on one industry for work and bread. If the Krupp works are best known because of their making of cannon, their other products are not to be forgotten—rails, plates, machinery. The full reports, which have now come to hand in the foreign papers, indicate that the centenary celebration was indeed one of note. For, to mark it, the Krupp family donated no less than fourteen million marks (about $3,500,000) for various beneficial purposes: first of all, three million marks among the employees, each receiving a sum proportionate to the length of his service; then five million marks, the interest of which was to go towards sick and old-age pensions for the workmen; one million towards the expenses of the wives and children of workmen during their necessary sojourns in hospitals or infirmaries; one million for a provident fund for employees, two millions for army and navy institutions, and two millions for the city of Essen, provided that half be employed for its artistic and æsthetic betterment and that from the rest enough be taken to create a great space for sports and games. The centenary festivities were distinguished by the presence of the Emperor, his brother Prince Henry of Prussia, and other princely personages, the Imperial Chancellor, the Ministers of State, and admirals and generals by the dozen. The Kaiser's commemorative address was significant of the new Germany. He did not fail to point out that the birth of the steel factory coincided with the beginning of the German national movement which the following year at Leipsic was to shake the nation free from the oppressor. Since then "Krupp cannon have thundered over the battlefields where German unity was fought for, and Krupp cannon are the enginery of the German army and navy to-day. The ships constructed in the Krupp yards carry the German flag into every sea. Krupp steel protects our vessels and our forts." The monarch then added no less significantly:

> But the Krupp enterprise has been not only the first great German exploitation in this sense. It has been the first in Germany to recognize the new social problems and to seek to solve them. Its institutions for the care of the sick, the decrepit, and the aged, and its model dwelling-houses, have been models for other industrial enterprises to follow, and have suggested the kind of legislation to secure social justice.

A Tutor to Young China

For fifteen years George Ernest Morrison has been the London "Times" correspondent at Peking. He has been offered and has accepted the position of Political Adviser to the President of the Chinese Republic. The event is trebly worthy of note, first because Dr. Morrison is interesting, second because the London "Times" corps of correspondents has been properly distinguished, and third because the new Republic in China has appropriately laid "an anchor to windward." Dr. Morrison is still a moderately young man; he was born in Victoria, Australia, in 1862. He studied at Melbourne and Edinburgh Universities. When only twenty years old he undertook a pioneer expedition to New Guinea. The next few years saw him, now roving, now practicing medicine, in this country, the West Indies, Spain,

Morocco, and ultimately in the Far East. His celebrated walk of more than two thousand miles across Australia was rivaled by a three-thousand-mile walk across China, and then by a walk across Manchuria to Vladivostok on the Pacific. Dr. Morrison traveled alone, dressed as a native. These and Dr. Morrison's other journeys were undertaken, not to satisfy a restless spirit, but to acquire knowledge at first hand. The result, so far as China was concerned, was that he knew the country better than did any Chinese statesman, for no one of these had studied it from as many angles. One has but to read Dr. Morrison's "An Australian in China" to realize this. Little by little he came to be consulted as one who could speak with comprehensive knowledge, and he was frequently consulted, especially during the three critical years before the Boxer atrocities startled the world in 1900, and also during the anxious time just before the beginning of the Russo-Japanese War in 1904. The following year, at the Russo-Japanese Peace Conference at Portsmouth, no one among the one hundred and twenty newspaper correspondents awakened more sympathetic respect than did Dr. Morrison. The appointment of such a man is a significant sign of President Yuan Shi-kai's recognition of the fact that a young Republic like China would do better with a tutor than without one.

Is Unsightliness a "Nuisance"?

The immense growth of billboard advertising in New York City has emphasized the imperative need of regulation. But when any thoroughgoing legislation is discussed or proposed, the backwardness of New York's courts in recognizing the true extent of the police power of a city stands in the way. It is, of course, possible to regulate the billboards so far as they are dangerous in construction, or are allowed to become a menace to health, or are likely to spread a conflagration. But the real indictment against the billboard is that it is ugly, that it offends the æsthetic sense, and that it injures the city because it is unsightly and offensive. The Commissioner of Accounts in New York, Mr. Fosdick, has been impelled by the increasing moral nuisance, if not the physical nuisance, of the billboard, to make a thorough investigation into the subject; and his report, just published, is a model of what a city investigation should be. It is most especially notable because of the numerous pictures which bring the offense and ugliness of the billboard directly before the reader's eye. Mr. Fosdick points out that there are over three thousand locations for billboard advertising in New York, exclusive of sky signs; and altogether there are about four thousand facings for advertisements, while eight of the leading concerns in the business have together a capital of about two million dollars. There is a city ordinance regulating both billboards and sky signs, but some of the provisions regarding the latter have been declared unconstitutional by the New York Court of Appeals on the ground that "æsthetic considerations are a matter of luxury and indulgence rather than of necessity: and it is necessity alone which justifies the exercise of the police power to take private property without compensation." Other States and other cities have shown a more enlightened view, although the right of a city to make itself decent to the eye is perhaps nowhere so well established as it will be in the future. The New York Court of Appeals, however, in this matter as in others, has taken pains to place itself explicitly in the rear of such advance as has been made. Apart from the question of the æsthetic principles involved, Mr. Fosdick shows plainly that the law is being violated constantly and offensively, and that there are nuisances about which there is no question, which the city can and should instantly abate. As to the rest, we can only hope that the time will soon come when the law will recognize the common-sense theory that an offense to the eye is just as much a nuisance as an offense to the nose, and that the State or city must have power to promote beauty and attractiveness as well as safety and cleanliness.

Putting the Guilt in the Right Place

A Federal judicial decision which is in line with the basic ideas of social justice has just been rendered by Judge Noyes, of the New York Circuit Court. A German woman who had been made ill by eating canned meat which contained the germs of trichinosis brought suit against the great packing company in Chicago which had put up the meat. Thereupon these meat-packers, Armour & Company, set up the legal defense that they did not deal directly with the consumer of the meat, but only with the storekeeper or middleman who sold the meat to the consumer, and that the middleman must be held

responsible for damages, even although the carelessness or recklessness which brought about the injury lay with the packing company and not with the middleman. In short, it was asserted that the packer owed the consumer no duty whatever except that which we all owe to all citizens—to refrain from knowingly and willingly inflicting injury. The argument adduced to support this contention was ingenious, and had a show of precedent and analogy behind it. But Judge Noyes quickly and finally rejected the plea, and he did so in the interest of humanity and because such a contention would remove a safeguard to life and health which ought to exist. If the individual citizen is to have no remedy for poisoning caused by selling him rotten or diseased meat, merely because it has passed through the hands of a local dealer, a danger which should be slight and almost non-existent would become portentous. Judge Noyes recognized this and said: "In my opinion every consideration of law and public policy requires that the consumer have a remedy. If there are no authorities that grant one, it is high time for an authority."

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts is making an important and valuable addition to its noble buildings. The contract for construction was let last April, and the work is already well advanced. This Evans Memorial Building will contain the galleries for paintings, all of which will be removed from their present position in the main building to the new addition on the main floor. Large top-lighted galleries on one side, with smaller galleries with top or side lights on the other side, will form a continuous circuit for the exhibition of paintings, while a corridor through the middle of the building will afford space for water-colors, drawings, and miniatures. On the lower floor will be the print department. This improvement will not only give additional room, but will give that room in galleries especially fitted for the exhibition of pictures. We note in this connection that the Fine Arts Museum has procured a series of forty-five water-colors by John S. Sargent. In some of these pictures Mr. Sargent appears to us to have attempted themes which can be dealt with adequately only in oils, but most of them are exceedingly beautiful illustrations of what can be achieved in water-colors.

THE PROGRESSIVE MOVEMENT

I. SOCIAL JUSTICE

The Outlook proposes, in a series of editorial articles, to interpret to its readers the Progressive Movement—a movement which has created one of our political parties and modified the platforms and principles of the other two, a movement which is more than political and more than National, a movement which is transforming the religious, the educational, and the industrial as well as the political creeds and institutions of the world. These articles will be primarily interpretation, not advocacy, but will frankly, though incidentally, indicate the reasons why The Outlook gives its support to the Progressive party in the present political campaign.

How to prevent the concentration of wealth and the widespread extent of poverty has been the theme of political students for centuries. The social injustice which this wealth concentration causes has for centuries created in the oppressed classes a discontent varying in degree from a dull despair to a furious outburst of wrath, and has aroused in humane souls a fiery indignation, expressed sometimes in fierce invective, sometimes in open war.

It is eloquent in the pages of the Hebrew prophets—Isaiah, Micah, Amos, Hosea. It is expressed in the writings of the Christian Fathers in language radical even for the radical democracy of our time. It inspired the ministry of Francis of Assisi. It sharpened the sword of Oliver Cromwell. It kindled and fed the devastating fires of the French Revolution. It gave our fathers the audacity to declare their independence of Great Britain. It was the creator of the emancipation movement in America, the West Indies, Russia.

It has in these latter days inspired efforts to discover some quick and easy panacea—in Anarchism, because government has fostered injustice; in Socialism, because capitalists have been often callous and sometimes unjust; in the Single Tax, because land tenure has promoted monopoly. The Progressive Movement of our time is one phase of this world-wide demand for an order of society which will give to all God's children a fair opportunity to live a life worth living.

This discontent is not due to "sensational journalism and unjust and unprincipled muck-

raking." Were Isaiah and Micah and Amos and Hosea muck-rakers or unprincipled journalists?

It cannot be cured by the successive failures of some rich men and the successive deaths of all rich men and a consequent distribution of their property. Rich men have been failing and dying ever since the days of Solomon and Crœsus, and still there are the two classes in society—some with incomes so great that they cannot spend them, and others with incomes so small that they cannot live on them.

Charity has done much to relieve the more distressing conditions of the intolerably poor; but it has done nothing to abolish the two-fold social evil of hungry poverty and irresponsible wealth.

The tariff has not caused the evil, and the abolition of the tariff cannot cure it. For the poverty is more abject, the discontent deeper, the social injustice greater, in free-trade England than in tariff-protected America.

The Christian churches cannot cure the evil. They can inspire the will to cure it, and wherever there's a will there's a way. But the will, once inspired, must find the way. Christianity inspires the spirit of human brotherhood. But how to realize human brotherhood in a reorganized society humanity must learn by study and experiment.

To realize this human brotherhood—a brotherhood in which every child will have a fair opportunity to grow to a noble manhood, and every man will have a fair opportunity to live a rich, free, useful, happy life, is the object of the Progressive Movement, in whatever country and under whatever form it appears. It is more, far more, than a cry for bread or work or rent or houses or employment; it is a cry of growing humanity for fullness of life. Take off these swaddling-clothes and give me liberty, is the demand of the twentieth century.

The Outlook supports the Progressive party, primarily because it is the one party which clearly sees and frankly recognizes the social injustice in democratic America, and courageously sets itself the task of studying and removing the causes which produce it. This the new party does with the intelligence of men and women of wide culture and with the enthusiasm of men and women unselfishly devoted to the welfare of their fellows. That its understanding of causes and its prescription of remedies may in some respects be mistaken is immaterial. Sincerity of purpose and courage of conviction, coupled with intelligence and an open mind, will correct such errors if they exist.

The remedies which the Progressive party proposes are, for the most part, those which The Outlook has been urging on the American public for over thirty years. Of course we welcome the party which is created for the purpose of making those remedies efficient. With most of the purposes of the Progressive party as they are outlined in its platform, and with its entire spirit as manifested in its National Convention, we are in hearty accord.

We wish to see an educational system which will educate our boys and girls for life, not merely for college, which will give as much honor and as much attention to industrial as to academic education, which will give a fair opportunity for development to every boy and girl in America, and which will do this by educating them for their life, not away from it.

We wish to see an industrial system which will give to those who carry on our organized industries some share in the profits and some share in the control of the industry; incomes so far equalized that every willing worker can earn a livelihood adequate for the comfortable support of himself and his family, and no healthy man living on an unearned income for which he renders no equivalent to society; hours of labor so adjusted that every workingman, whether he works with his hands or his head, can have a reasonable time for rest, recreation, and his home life; eight hours made the normal working day and six days the normal working week in all organized industries; laws enacted which shall make the consequences of ordinary accidents fall automatically on the industry, not, as now, on the workingmen, and which shall protect the children in their right to childhood and the mothers in their right to motherhood; and the government of the Nation and of the State equipped to protect and promote the health of the people.

We wish to see the problem of promoting our agricultural interests studied with the same care with which the Nation has studied the promotion of our mining and manufacturing interests, and more of the profits left to the farmer and less paid to the transportation systems and the middlemen.

We wish to see the railways fully recognized as highways of the Nation, and so carried on as to be of equal benefit to the

smallest and the biggest shipper; our great industrial organizations, whether of capitalists or workingmen, not disorganized or discouraged, nor made illegal, but recognized by law, encouraged by public opinion, and brought under such legal regulation and control as will make them beneficial, not prejudicial, to the public.

We wish to see a thorough reorganization of our tax methods, State, municipal, and National, so that what is now a chaos shall become a system, and so that the taxes shall be proportioned to the extent and value of the property protected by the Government.

We wish to see the past and present alliance between special interests and corrupt politicians destroyed, and government in all its phases administered for the equal benefit of the many, not for the special benefit of the few.

We wish to see the courts of justice so officered and organized that the poor man shall have an equal chance with the rich man, Ahab no advantage over Naboth, the rich criminal no immunity from punishment and no delay in receiving it.

We wish to see an end put to grants of the people's property to private owners; the mineral and forest lands and the great water powers now belonging to the people kept in their control; and measures studied for the purpose of regaining for the people the control of the public property of which they have been deprived, partly by their own carelessness.

We wish to see the people unmanacled; free to nominate as well as to elect their representatives; free to re-elect them as long as they are satisfied with the service rendered; free, either by long terms with recall or short terms without recall, to dismiss them when the service is not satisfactory; and free, when the Legislature and the Courts disagree respecting the authority of the Legislature, to decide between the two.

This is not Anarchism. The Anarchists wish for a weak government or none at all. The Progressives wish for a strong government.

This is not Socialism. The Socialists wish to abolish private capital. The Progressives wish to retain private capital, but to bring it under Government regulation and control.

Some, perhaps many, of our readers, may not sympathize with this movement. But it is at least well that they should understand it. The movement is not due to the political ambition or the political skill of a single man. It is not due to any recent stirring up of discontent, either by individuals or by events. It is a stage in the development of democracy: its inspiration, an enthusiasm for humanity; its aim, social justice for the less fortunate of mankind; its guiding principle, faith in the capacity of the people to direct safely the destiny of the Nation if the hindrances to their free control are taken away.

LETTERS TO UNKNOWN FRIENDS

Early evening. A young mother sitting before an open fire in the parlor, day-dreaming of love. Upstairs the little girl whom she has just tucked in bed. A little stirring in the room overhead, the mother's ear alert to listen. Then a patter of little feet upon the stairs and along the hall, and the mother, through the portière which separates the parlor from the dining-room, sees this childish Eve climb on a chair, take a big, rosy apple from the fruit dish in the center of the table, and patter back through the hall and slowly climb the stairs again.

It would have been so easy to stop the theft before it was completed, or detect the culprit with her booty in her hand. But this is a wise mother. She does not care to stop the uncompleted theft or to detect the culprit and compel her to a shamefaced but reluctant confession. She wishes, not to stop the child from committing a sin, but to prevent her from becoming a sinner. She wishes, not to control her daughter, but to create in her daughter a power of self-control. She wishes any confession to be not compelled but voluntary, not reluctant but spontaneous. She waits and thinks. She is accustomed to think first and act afterward. Wise mother!

And as she waits, still all alert, she hears a stirring again in the room overhead, and again the patter of little feet upon the stair and along the hall. What? Is the child going to take another apple? No! she climbs into the chair, puts the purloined apple back into the fruit dish, and through the curtained doorway the gladdened mother hears the childish voice say softly, with what was half a sigh and half a chuckle, "That's one on you, Satan." And then the feet patter along the hall and climb the stairway, and all is still. And the mother is thankful in her

heart that she did not follow her first impulse and interfere.

This true story, as it has been told to me, suggests the answer to certain questions which some of my Unknown Friends have lately put to me. For it contains four of the elements of life's continuous drama—temptation, sin, repentance, victory. The fifth element is not there—redemption. For the mother did not save the child; the child saved herself.

Temptation is not sin. The childish desire for the apple was a perfectly innocent desire. Temptation involves no sin. Gluttony is sin, but appetite is not. Stealing is sin, but the desire to acquire property is not. The child desired the apple—that was quite right. She also desired to be an honest little girl and to be worthy of her mother's approbation. That was of course quite right. She sinned when the desire for the apple mastered the desire to be an honest little girl and to be worthy of her mother's approbation.

Taking the apple was not the sin; it was a consequence of the sin. The sin began when she began to indulge in the wish to get the apple which was not hers, and which she knew her mother would disapprove her taking. It was consummated when she resolved to disobey her conscience and disregard her mother's wish and take the apple. In this resolve, this act of the will, the sin was committed. If when she got downstairs she had found that the maid had locked the apples up in the closet and there was no apple there, still she would have sinned. If she had resolved to wait until her mother went out to make an evening call and then go down without fear of detection, and instead had fallen asleep and had wakened in the morning disappointed that she had not been able to complete her purpose, still she would have sinned. A sin is completed when the resolve to complete it is made. "Sin is lawlessness." It is the conscious disregard of a higher law for the gratification of a desire which in itself may be entirely innocent. It is entirely innocent for the little child to wish the apple. It is not innocent for her to desire the apple more than she wished to obey the voice of her conscience telling her not to take it.

Being sorry for having done wrong is not repentance, though repentance involves being sorry for the wrong done. If the little girl had taken the apple and carried it upstairs, and then had begun to be afraid that the apple would be missed and she herself detected, or, without that fear, had begun to feel ashamed of herself and had even wished that she had not taken the apple, that would not have been repentance. She repented when she resolved to take the apple back and put it in its place in the fruit basket. Repentance is not feeling, though it involves feeling; it is not action, though it generally involves action. Repentance is the resolve not to repeat the wrong done, and to do all that one can do to repair its effects. No repentance is genuine which does not involve an earnest desire, and, when repair is possible, a serious endeavor, to undo the wrong committed. Peter's repentance was not completed when he went out and wept bitterly. It never would have been completed had he not accepted from his Master his recommission and gone out to acknowledge his Lord and confess his faith in him, always at the peril and eventually at the cost of his life. Judas Iscariot was sorry that he had betrayed his Master—so sorry that he committed suicide. But Judas Iscariot did not repent.

When undoing the wrong which we have done involves confession, repentance involves confession. When undoing the wrong we have done does not involve confession, repentance does not involve confession. The little girl completed her repentance when she put the apple back. She might never tell her mother of her temptation, her sin, her repentance, her victory; she might even think that to do so would seem more like boasting than confessing.

The child was a better child for her experience, and better equipped for life because she had passed through it. The mother might well feel a new pride in her little girl because her little girl had won such a victory; and the child herself might well experience a feeling of exultation in that she had won so hard a battle.

This incident may not, probably will not, suffice to answer the questions of several of my Unknown Friends respecting the nature of temptation, sin, and repentance. But it may suggest to them trains of thought which will lead them to some light on their questions.

And some light also on another question which in different forms several of them ask: Why does God allow this terrible drama of sin to go on unchecked when he might so easily stop it? Perhaps for the same reason

that the mother allowed her child to steal when she might easily have stopped the theft. The mother was a wise mother; therefore she did not interfere. Perhaps it is because God is a wise God that he does not interfere. Perhaps he is more anxious to make virtuous men than to prevent sinful acts. Perhaps he sees that the only way to make men virtuous is to let them fight against temptation, and not interfere.

Virtue is the choice of the right when we can choose the wrong. Virtue is not possible in a world in which sin is not also possible; because virtue is choosing to do the right when one is free to choose to do wrong. There is in every State in the Union a community of considerable size, the members of which work, but are not industrious; never drink, but are not temperate; do not steal, but are not honest; and attend divine service, but are not religious. It is the State's Prison. To be industrious one must be free to be idle; to be temperate one must choose not to be a drunkard; to be honest one must have a chance to cheat; and to be devout one must be at liberty not to worship.

The mother was a wise mother, a very wise mother, not to interfere, but to wait and see whether the child could win the victory over herself by herself. What she could have done and what she should have done if the child had failed raises another question. What we can do and what we should do to help one another in the battle of life, and what the Father can do and what the Father does do, are questions which I will leave to be considered in some future letter.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

THE SIGN OF THE INN

It would never have occurred to Dr. Johnson to set up the "throne of human felicity" in a hotel. In the old English taverns, and especially in "The Three Crowns," which still keeps open doors at Lichfield, it is easy to imagine the great Lexicographer laying down the law from his chair at the head of the table. Imagine the Doctor, who prescribed remedies for others which he never took himself, sitting in the corridors of a modern hotel surrounded by massive columns of artificial marble, with a gorgeously elaborate ceiling over his head, a crowd of people streaming in and out of ascending and descending elevators, boys rushing about with telegrams, and the stir of men bent on business and of women eagerly seeking matinée tickets! In such surroundings the great talker would have burst into profanity or sunk into despairing silence. In a great modern hotel personality is dissolved in a vast pool of promiscuous humanity, as in certain Oriental religions it is lost in a tideless sea of life.

The inn has individuality, and not only makes room for personality, but sets a little stage and provides an audience for it. Poets and novelists have not been slow to see its uses for literary purposes, and before the Canterbury Pilgrims set out from the Tabard Inn the ease of companionship offered by the inn had been often celebrated. Romance and crime have found lodgings at the inn, and many bold stratagems and stirring fights have made inns memorable and dear to those who love the atmosphere of adventure.

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith had ample precedent for laying the scene of his latest book in one of the most fascinating inns in the world. There are famous inns in Normandy, but none so captivating at first sight as the inn at Dives which bears the name of William the Conqueror. From this little town that vigorous Norman set sail for England, and made himself responsible for an immense number of pedigrees, real and fictitious.

If the Barons and Knights who acquired England without the vexatious and dilatory processes of law had had lodgings in the inn which now bears the name of their daring and predatory leader, they never would have left France. Mr. Smith emphasizes the delights of the noble dining-room and the great hearth at the "William the Conqueror" in the title of his book, "The Arm-Chair at the Inn;"[1] but he does not fail to celebrate the court around which the old inn wanders and in which one can never drink his coffee without feeling that the curtain has lifted on the most captivating stage he has ever seen and that the opera is about to begin. "Spread out before you," writes this painter-romancer, "lies a flower-choked yard flanked about on three sides by a chain of moss-incrusted, red-tiled, seesaw roofs, all out of plumb. Below, snug under the eaves, runs a long go-as-you-please corridor, dodging into a dozen or more bedrooms. Below this again, as if tired out with the weight, staggers a basement from which peer out windows of stained glass protected by Span-

[1] The Arm-Chair at the Inn. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

ish grilles of polished iron, their leaded panes blinking in the sunshine, while in and out, up the door-jambs, over the lintels, along the rain-spouts, even to the top of the ridge-poles of the wavy, red-tiled roofs, thousands of blossoms and tangled vines are running riot: and this is not all. Close beside you stands a fuchsia-covered, shingle-hooded Norman well, and a little way off a quaint kiosk roofed with flowering plants, and near by a great lichen-covered bust of Louis VI., to say nothing of dozens of white chairs and settees grouped against a background of flaring reds and brilliant greens. And then, with a gasp of joy, you follow the daring flight of a giant feather-blown clematis in a clear leap from the ground, its topmost tendrils throttling the dormers"—a description worth transcribing for the breath of fragrance and the charm of setting which it brings into close rooms in town.

Not far down the Normandy coast there is another inn, less picturesque in itself but more strikingly framed than that which Mr. Smith has chosen for the background of his latest book. When one goes out of the arched gateway of the "William the Conqueror," he finds himself in the heart of a little old town which is of interest chiefly because a great leader once passed that way. There is one old church of the age in which the artistic genius of the French broke into an almost riotous springtime of bloom, so richly efflorescent did stone become in the hands of builders who must have sung or prayed, or perhaps both, as they worked. And there is an ancient market, whose blackened beams and wooden columns have hummed with the gossip of peasants and townsfolk these many decades.

But the charm ends when one goes out of the inn. At Mont St. Michel, on the other hand, the spell is wholly in the setting. The inn is a matter of a plain, bare building not far inside the gate, and two or three other buildings in which the guests are lodged, up the long stone stairways of the town. In the old days the big kitchen was fragrant with those delicious odors which make the aroma of artistic cooking. The big spits were always revolving, the chickens roasting and stews cooking, which were a joy when they came to the long table in that interesting *salle-à-manger* on whose walls half a hundred French artists had left little sketches and on-the-spur-of-the-moment studies by way of saying, "Sorry to leave and coming again." There have been savory and delicately cooked chickens elsewhere, but never such stews as came from the kitchen in the days of Madame Poulard, mistress of "the glass roller and the magic hand." And then those magical omelets of which coarse-minded persons used to say that they were not omelets at all, but *soufflés* of a magical lightness. But, whatever they were, they were of a consistency which was of the soul of the egg rather than of its substance. And Madame Poulard, erect, black-eyed, handsome and smiling, was an artist in hospitality as well as in the art of the kitchen. She was a "European personage," and what a manager she was! It was as good as being at a play to sit in the little out-of-door café across the narrow street from the Poulard inn and watch her graciously welcome the pilgrims, headed by the porters who were guiding them to the rival inn, but who instantly succumbed to her charming imperiousness and became her guests, and have thanked St. Michel ever since for their good luck.

It may be suspected that although Monsieur was a stalwart and swarthy Frenchman, Madame was not only the genius but the manager of the inn, and there was a suspicion that she "ran the town" as well. If she did, it was by virtue of natural selection, for she had the extraordinary sagacity of the French woman of her type. The machinery of her government made no noise; you even kept your own account and recited the list of the nights and meals and incidentals when you left, and were very moderately charged accordingly. If you asked Madame if the inn did not lose sometimes by this system, she smiled and said that St. Michel watched over it. Many verses are written to and about her, of which one is likely to be long remembered for its pith and point:

"Joan of Arc, at point of lance,
Drove the English out of France.
Madame Poulard did better yet:
She brought them back with her omelet."

And what a view one had as he came out of his room in the *Dépendance Verte* or *Blanche* on a fine morning, and had his rolls and coffee in an arbor on the terrace! The high-built little town, half fortress and half church, was piled up around him, walled at the base and crowned by the cathedral; the sea came up softly or clamorously on three sides, and on the fourth the tide spread swiftly over the sands, or the sands shimmered in the light like a living thing; and

beyond, the fields of Normandy lay smiling in the sun, dotted with towns whose names are mellow with old association.

At Mont St. Michel one sits out of doors and "gives his soul a loose," to quote the happy phrase of a scholar away from his library; it is an inn for sunny days, not for nights before the fire. The arm-chair in which Irving sat before the fire in the Red Horse in Stratford-on-Avon almost a hundred years ago, and the poker with which he stirred the fire, are authentic relics of a visit which sent a tide of visitors from the New World to the shrine of the greatest literary tradition in England; and they are also symbols of the uses which the inn serves. The little group before the fire on a sharp autumnal night, or when the wind whirls down the chimney and goes shouting across the country, typify a kind of comfort which flies from the hotel—a coziness and sense of friendliness which one no more expects when the hall-boy takes him to No. 3,001 on the twelfth floor than he looks for good talk when he finds himself, in a moment of great haste, at a counter where the deadly "quick lunch" is provided. The most beautiful things grow slowly and require time and care, and the bloom of human intercourse is not to be found save in quiet places and out of the turmoil of crowds.

Before the fire which roars up the chimney in the Norman inn in Mr. Smith's book the men tell strange stories of adventure and draw into the circle of talk many apt illustrations from the far ends of the earth. It is, perhaps, the sense of cozy security, of the genial air of friendliness, that makes the open fire in the inn a kind of magnet to draw strange tales to itself. In the corridor of a palatial hotel a man "talks business," or, if an old friend finds him, goes out to dinner at a club where there is quiet, or the two take refuge in a theater; but in an inn they draw their chairs together and drop a score or two of years and are back again on long-familiar playgrounds. And when a group sit within the glow of the fire, every man thinks of the loveliest day he ever spent in some far-off country, or of some adventure which befell him long ago by land or sea.

The great hotel is a miracle of convenience, but there are other things in life. The Englishman who said that there was every convenience in America, but no comfort, was a superficial observer, but there is a grain of truth in his comment. The inn is deficient in convenience; the hot water comes up in a can, and one must walk up and down stairs as all his fathers have done before him; but how much comfort a real inn offers the lonely traveler, and what chances of good talk he happens upon before the open fire! Mr. Smith's delightful book ought to open the eyes of some men and many women to one of the great needs of the country and to one of the great opportunities which it offers to those who are willing to do small things quietly, and to give the wayfarer a sense of being cared for as a person and not simply as a number in the register.

PROGRESSIVE DEMOCRACY[1]

THE TARIFF

EDITORIAL BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

I BELIEVE in a protective tariff, but I believe in it as a principle, approached from the standpoint of the interests of the whole people, and not as a bundle of preferences to be given to favored individuals.

In my opinion, the American people favor the principle of a protective tariff, but they desire such a tariff to be established primarily in the interests of the wage-worker and the consumer. The chief opposition to our tariff at the present moment comes from the general conviction that certain interests have been improperly favored by over-protection. I agree with this view. The commercial and industrial experience of this country has demonstrated the wisdom of the protective policy, but it has also demonstrated that in the application of that policy certain clearly recognized abuses have developed.

It is not merely the tariff that should be revised, but the method of tariff-making and of tariff administration. Wherever nowadays an industry is to be protected it should be on the theory that such protection will serve to keep up the wages and the stand-

[1] In a series of editorials, of which this is one, Mr. Roosevelt is repeating in essence the statement of his political faith made before the Progressive Convention at Chicago.

ard of living of the wage-worker in that industry with full regard for the interest of the consumer. To accomplish this the tariff to be levied should, as nearly as is scientifically possible, approximate the differential between the cost of production at home and abroad. This differential is chiefly, if not wholly, in labor cost. No duty should be permitted to stand as regards any industry unless the workers receive their full share of the benefits of that duty. In other words, there is no warrant for protection unless a legitimate share of the benefits gets into the pay envelope of the wage-worker.

The practice of undertaking a general revision of all the schedules at one time, and of securing information as to conditions in the different industries and as to rates of duty desired chiefly from those engaged in the industries, who themselves benefit directly from the rates they propose, has been demonstrated to be not only iniquitous but futile. It has afforded opportunity for practically all of the abuses which have crept into our tariff-making and our tariff administration. The day of the log-rolling tariff must end. The progressive thought of the country has recognized this fact for several years, and the time has come when all genuine Progressives should insist upon a thorough and radical change in the method of tariff-making.

The first step should be the creation of a permanent commission of non-partisan experts whose business it shall be to study scientifically all phases of tariff-making and of tariff effects. This commission should be large enough to cover all the different and widely varying branches of American industry. It should have ample powers to enable it to secure exact and reliable information. It should have authority to examine closely all correlated subjects, such as the effect of any given duty on the consumers of the article on which the duty is levied: that is, it should directly consider the question as to what any duty costs the people in the price of living. It should examine into the wages and conditions of labor and life of the workmen in any industry, so as to insure our refusing protection to any industry unless the showing as regards the share labor receives therefrom is satisfactory. This commission would be wholly different from the unsatisfactory Tariff Board which was created under a provision of law which failed to give it the powers indispensable if it was to do the work it should do.

It will be well for us to study the experience of Germany in considering this question. The German Tariff Commission has proved conclusively the efficiency and wisdom of this method of handling tariff questions. The reports of a permanent, expert, and non-partisan tariff commission would at once strike a most powerful blow against the chief iniquity of the old log-rolling method of tariff-making. One of the principal difficulties with the old method has been that it was impossible for the public generally, and especially for those Members of Congress not directly connected with the committees handling a tariff bill, to secure anything like adequate and impartial information on the particular subjects under consideration. The reports of such a tariff commission would at once correct this evil and furnish to the general public full, complete, and disinterested information on every subject treated in a tariff bill. With such reports it would no longer be possible to construct a tariff bill in secret or to jam it through either house of Congress without the fullest and most illuminating discussion. The path of the tariff "joker" would be rendered infinitely difficult.

As a further means of disrupting the old, crooked, log-rolling method of tariff-making, all future revisions of the tariff should be made schedule by schedule as changing conditions may require. Thus a great obstacle will be thrown in the way of the trading of votes which has marked so scandalously the enactment of every tariff bill of recent years. The tariff commission should render reports at the call of Congress or of either branch of Congress, and to the President. Under the Constitution, Congress is the tariff-making power. It should not be the purpose in creating a tariff commission to take anything away from this power of Congress, but rather to afford a wise means of giving to Congress the widest and most scientific assistance possible, and of furnishing it and the public with the fullest disinterested information. Only by this means can the tariff be taken out of politics. The creation of such a permanent tariff commission, and the adoption of the policy of schedule by schedule revision, will do more to accomplish this highly desired object than any other means yet devised.

The Democratic platform declares for a tariff for revenue only, asserting that a protective tariff is unconstitutional. To say that

a protective tariff is unconstitutional, as the Democratic platform insists, is excusable only on a theory of the Constitution which would make it unconstitutional to legislate in any shape or way for the betterment of social and industrial conditions.

The abolition of the protective tariff or the substitution for it of a tariff for revenue only, as proposed by the Democratic platform, would plunge this country into the most widespread industrial depression we have yet seen, and this depression would continue for an indefinite period.

There is no hope from the standpoint of our people from action such as the Democrats propose. The one and only chance to secure stable and favorable business conditions in this country, while at the same time guaranteeing fair play to farmer, consumer, business man, and wage-worker, lies in the creation of such a commission as I herein advocate. Only by such a commission and only by such activities of the commission will it be possible for us to get a reasonably quick revision of the tariff schedule by schedule—a revision which shall be downwards and not upwards, and at the same time secure a square deal not merely to the manufacturer but to the wage-worker and to the general consumer.

FOLLOWING THE CAMPAIGN

A WEEKLY DIGEST OF POLITICAL OPINION
AS EXPRESSED BY PEOPLE AND NEWSPAPERS

MR. ROOSEVELT ON CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTIONS

THE Senate Committee, which has been investigating the subject of campaign contributions, interrupted its labors promptly upon the adjournment of Congress. In relation to the alleged contribution by the Standard Oil Company to the Republican campaign fund in 1904, the Committee found time to hear only Senator Penrose and Mr. Archbold. As soon as these gentlemen had testified and had made certain assertions as to Mr. Roosevelt's knowledge of this alleged contribution, Mr. Roosevelt requested the Committee to give him an immediate opportunity to appear before it. The members of the Committee, however, with the exception of Senator Clapp, its Chairman—Congress adjourning at that moment—seemed to have sudden calls which took them with the greatest expedition away from Washington. Mr. Roosevelt thereupon wrote a long letter to Senator Clapp embodying substantially the testimony which he would have given if the Committee had found it convenient to have him appear before it.

Mr. Roosevelt's letter gives the plain story of the relations of the Standard Oil Company, the Roosevelt Administration, and the Republican National Committee in 1904. It deals in the same plain way with the time-worn story of the Harriman campaign contribution in the same campaign.

In 1904 Mr. George B. Cortelyou was Chairman of the Republican National Committee and Mr. Cornelius N. Bliss its treasurer. On October 26, 1904, Mr. Roosevelt wrote a letter to Mr. Cortelyou in which he said that he had just been informed that "the Standard Oil people had contributed one hundred thousand dollars to our campaign fund," and continued: "This may be really untrue. But if true, I must ask you to direct that the money be returned to them forthwith." The next day Mr. Roosevelt sent a supplementary letter to Mr. Cortelyou requesting again that the contribution be returned without further delay. In it he said that his judgment as to the propriety of receiving or returning the contribution was confirmed by certain publications in the newspapers by the Standard Oil Company, which he had just seen, and which showed that much importance seemed to be attached to the political attitude of the company, and as well by the open and pronounced opposition of the Standard to the establishment of the Bureau of Corporations. Two days later, on October 29, Mr. Roosevelt telegraphed to Mr. Cortelyou. "Has my request been complied with? I desire that there be no delay." Subsequent to the sending of this telegram, Mr. Loeb, then the secretary to the President, called Mr. Cortelyou on the telephone, and later Mr. Roosevelt called him himself. In answer to these inquiries Mr. Cortelyou

informed both Mr. Loeb and Mr. Roosevelt that no contribution had been received from the Standard Oil Company and that no contribution would be received.

Within the past two or three days, Mr. Roosevelt's letter continues, Mr. Cortelyou has informed Mr. Roosevelt that his memory of the incident is the same as Mr. Roosevelt's, and that the information that no contribution had been received or would be received was given to Mr. Cortelyou by Mr. Bliss. This is the whole story of the alleged Standard Oil contribution and Mr. Roosevelt's connection with it.

Mr. Roosevelt then refers to the charges made by Judge Parker as to campaign contributions in 1904. In the closing days of that campaign Judge Parker, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, asserted that Mr. Cortelyou had been made Chairman of the National Committee because, as Secretary of Commerce and Labor in Mr. Roosevelt's Administration, he had obtained secret information as to the inside affairs of great corporations which he could use to induce them to contribute to the campaign fund, and in effect that he had used such information to blackmail corporations into contributing. On the eve of the election Mr. Roosevelt issued a statement stamping these charges as absolutely false. The result of the election was the election of Mr. Roosevelt by a popular vote of unprecedented size.

Mr. Roosevelt's letter next takes up the matter of the Harriman contribution to the campaign fund. The story of this occurrence has been told again and again, and to go over it once more would be as useless as it is unnecessary. The plain fact, as shown by an accumulation of direct evidence, is that during the campaign of 1904 Mr. Harriman, who was concerned for the success of the New York State campaign under the management of his friend Governor Odell, went to Mr. Roosevelt to ask him to intercede with the National Committee to secure for the New York campaign additional funds. Mr. Roosevelt transmitted the request to Mr. Bliss with his indorsement, but when it appeared that the National Committee was unable to supply more than a small part of the money necessary, Mr. Harriman went back to New York, raised a fund among his friends, and gave it to be used in the New York campaign.

In his letter Mr. Roosevelt further describes how officials of the Standard Oil Company, a year or so after the election of 1904, came to see him in regard to the prosecutions being brought against the Standard Oil Company for the taking of rebates, as well as a couple of years later when the preliminary steps for bringing suit to dissolve the Standard Oil Company were being taken. In each of these cases Mr. Roosevelt referred his visitors to the Bureau of Corporations and to the Department of Justice. For instance, in a letter to Senator Bourne, who had arranged for a meeting between Mr. Archbold and President Roosevelt, the President wrote: "Do remember that, while any proposals they make will be considered in an entirely frank and honorable spirit, yet these proposals must be conditioned upon absolute obedience to the law and must be laid in detail before the Attorney-General and Frank B. Kellogg before it would be possible for me to express any opinion upon them." The letter continues: "I want you to be sure that the Standard Oil people do not misunderstand it and do not get the impression that it is by my desire or on my initiative that negotiations have been entered into with them by you or by any one."

Mr. Roosevelt further points out that the accusations which have been made by Senator Penrose and Mr. Archbold reflect not upon him but upon Mr. Bliss. Mr. Roosevelt expresses the highest confidence in Mr. Bliss as a business man of "stainless probity and integrity." He was a man who gave not merely of his own money freely, but who contributed "his energy, power of work and administrative ability in a way that was quite beyond price." Mr. Roosevelt declares that he does not "feel able to express an opinion as to whether or not he [Mr. Bliss] did, against my explicit direction and in spite of the assurance given me, receive any money from the Standard Oil people." "But I do feel warranted," he continues, "in saying, from my own knowledge of Mr. Bliss and of his character, that he never made any proposition of the nature of blackmail, as Mr. Penrose and Mr. Archbold say he did; and I am absolutely confident that he would never have gone into any scheme looking to the receipt of campaign contributions in return for protection or favor to the parties contributing."

Mr. Roosevelt points out that Mr. Penrose and Mr. Archbold apparently have no

idea of the infamous nature of the charge they are making against Mr. Bliss, and says: "Apparently neither of them has any idea that it is wrong for the highest Government official to blackmail corporations into subscribing to party campaign funds under the penalty of being prosecuted if they fail to do so. . . . I do not know whether to be more astounded at a United States Senator taking such a position, or at the moral callousness of testifying to it in evident and complete ignorance that any culpability attaches to it."

At the conclusion of his letter, turning to the general question of campaign contributions, Mr. Roosevelt points out that it is no longer legal to accept contributions from corporations, but declares that, aside from this fact, his attitude toward campaign contributions is precisely what his attitude was in 1904, and will not be changed. He does not believe in drawing the line against the size of the contribution. He declares that the only proper conditions are, first, that the contribution should be received "without any kind of promise or obligation, expressed or implied, being accepted only on the announced principle that the man making it has no end to serve except to assist the cause he is championing; and, second, that the money should be spent in an honest fashion and only for legitimate expenses." He refers to the proposal to limit contributions to five thousand or ten thousand dollars, and says: "If the virtue of a party is so frail that it will weaken if the contribution is over ten thousand, it will also weaken if it is under ten thousand. . . . It is morally as bad to solicit or accept ten dollars for improper reasons as ten thousand dollars." "As long," he continues, "as the expense of running primaries and elections is left to be borne by private individuals instead of by the Government, and as long as there is no limit to the total fund which can be raised, then each contributor should be left free to contribute according to his ability, if his motive is proper and is properly understood."

Mr. Roosevelt describes a number of contributions which have been sent to him personally during the past four weeks. He says:

> Among them were $10 sent to me by a woman who is a bookkeeper; $5 from a workingman, an Italian by birth, who told me that it represented two days' wages; $25 from a deep-sea fisherman, who wrote me it represented his profit on one trip, and that later he would send me the profit on another trip; $1 from an old veteran in a soldiers' home, and $2.50 from a Scotch carpenter, who wrote me that he had not been long enough in the country to vote, but that he wished to help all he could in the Progressive movement; $10 from a brakeman; about $45 from a commercial traveler, who told me it represented five per cent on his collections for a certain period; $500 from the mother of a family, which in this case, as I happened to know, meant using last fall's dresses again this fall; $1,000 from a business man in Chicago whom I did not personally know; $10 from a writer who had sold a poem on our movement for that amount; and, most touching of all, $10 from a mother whose ten-year-old boy had just died, because the boy had always admired me and read about me. These are only examples among hundreds of others of the same kind.

Mr. Roosevelt declares that he profoundly appreciates such contributions as these, and that "instead of feeling like refusing the big amounts given him by the few friends who can afford to give these big amounts, I have felt much more like returning these little amounts, which I know mean so much of self-denial to the struggling men and women who send them."

In closing, Mr. Roosevelt declares: "I shall make precisely the same return to all who contribute, and that return is to serve the whole people by striving for social and industrial justice."

He sets forth two men as representing two types among the supporters of the Progressive party, Mr. Perkins and Judge Lindsey. Of the first he says:

> During the primaries he contributed largely of his means, and still more largely of his time and executive and organizing ability; he will continue to give in the same fashion, both money and work, until election day; and not a dollar of his money and not a minute of his time will be used save in straightforward and honest fashion.

Of the second he says:

> Judge Ben Lindsey has no money to give; he has the power to set vividly before audiences the cause for which we are fighting, and to carry conviction of his and our sincerity because of the life of service he has lived. Each man is now rendering to the cause with all his soul the service which he is best fitted to render.

He concludes:

> I am profoundly grateful to both; I am profoundly sensible of the service which each renders; and each expects from me nothing whatever save that I will honorably and in good faith do my part in carrying out our covenant with the people of the United States.

We commend the reading of Mr. Roosevelt's letter in full to those of Progressive

sympathies who may have been troubled by the reckless asseverations of Messrs. Penrose, Archbold, and Company. We commend it no less to those, whether Progressive or not, who wish to know the truth and who have a constitutional objection, even in matters of political activity, to condemning any one unheard.

NEWSPAPER COMMENT ON CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTIONS

The Archbold-Penrose allegations seem to "Life" "fine for persons who enjoy that sort of reading . . . but to our mind not very important."

But they are important to other minds. How shall a political party be supplied with the "sinews of war"? Of course it must have those sinews. The people must support the political parties.

How has this been done in the past? Let two Knoxville (Tenn.) papers state. A Republican journal, the Knoxville "Journal and Tribune," declares that "the Republican party has been buying its way into power and control with money contributed by the special interests, which it has fostered with favors and protected with legislation." Not to be outdone in honest confession, a Democratic paper, the Knoxville "Sentinel," admits that Democratic campaign funds have been "gathered from about the same sources as the Republican." The paper continues:

> The Jay Goulds and Vanderbilts gave to the Republican party because they expected favors, and to the Democrats because they wished to throw an anchor to windward and assure themselves against the utter withdrawal of favors already secured. The difference was one mainly of amount. . . . The Bryces and Whitneys got less than the Quays, but they did not go away empty-handed from the doors of the then big business.

"Scandal is lively reading, even political scandal, and doubtless the papers are justified"—to quote "Life" again—"in devoting much space to revelations, furnished primarily by one of Mr. Hearst's magazines, of details of Republican financing in the Presidential campaign of 1904." "Life" thus explains the situation:

> Mr. Hearst printed letters to the effect that the Standard Oil Company contributed liberally to the Republican campaign fund in that year. A committee of the Senate investigated, and Mr. Penrose for the Republicans and Mr. Archbold for the Standard Oil admitted that it was true. And there has been assertion that the candidate, Mr. Roosevelt, knew of these contributions and was agreeable, and wanted $150,000 more and did not get it, and for that reason persecuted the Standard Oil Company after his election.
>
> Of course this last accusation is not true. A matter of $150,000 worth of political assistance, more or less, would never have affected President Roosevelt's behavior toward a corporation. He denies that he had anything to do with this Standard Oil money of 1904, or consented to its being received, and has furnished letters he wrote about it to Mr. Cortelyou forbidding him to accept any Standard Oil money.

"But it is impiously suggested," slyly adds "Life," "that these letters were written to be filed, but not otherwise respected, and so on and so on, and, as we write, the headlines are all awhirl with accusation, denial, recrimination, alibis, and general exposure." The Sioux Falls, South Dakota, "Press" (Ind.) "commends these [the Archbold-Penrose letters] to the attention of thoughtful persons who are watching the 'invisible government' as it emerges into the light of day." The New York "Tribune" (Rep.) thus describes them:

> Mr. Archbold testifies that the Standard Oil Company did contribute $125,000 to the Roosevelt campaign in 1904, $100,000 through Cornelius N. Bliss, treasurer of the National Committee, and subsequently $25,000 through Senator Penrose. . . . Mr. Archbold has not been able to lay hand on Mr. Bliss's receipt. . . . The other Standard Oil men who can confirm the fact of the contribution and relate the circumstances should be examined. Pending such confirmation, however, there will be little disposition to doubt the truth of Mr. Archbold's statement that the $100,000 of Standard Oil money went, as is stated, into the Roosevelt campaign fund through Mr. Bliss. Mr. Roosevelt, however, denies that he knew of any such contribution, and so far there is no proof that he did. It is perfectly possible that his campaign managers, being in need of money, got it where they could without telling him anything about it. . . .
>
> It may well be that Mr. Roosevelt's attention was never seriously directed to campaign funds and their possible abuse until almost the end of his campaign, and that he then took such action as seemed sufficient to him to preserve his entire independence. In the absence of any proof that he knew of the Archbold contribution, it is not to be assumed in the face of his denials that he did know of it and that in 1904 he was and ever since has been playing a part of elaborate and sustained hypocrisy.

Just here the Tacoma "Tribune" (Prog.) remarks that "John D. Archbold says he

does not make a business of telling lies," and adds:

The record appears to show that Archbold makes a business of sending certified checks to corrupt statesmen of the Penrose type.

But a man making a campaign contribution as large as $25,000, comments the Kansas City "Times" (Prog.), "would be likely to mention the purpose of the contribution in the note accompanying the money." The paper further notes:

When Mr. Archbold made his notorious contribution to Senator Penrose, he merely wrote: "In fulfillment of our understanding it gives me pleasure to hand you herewith certificate of deposit to your favor for $25,000, and, with good wishes, I am yours truly."

If that amount really was a campaign contribution, is it not rather odd that the note didn't say so? Or if it was a contribution to the Republican party in Pennsylvania, wasn't Penrose probably all there was to the Republican party in that State?

Mr. Archbold admits, according to the New York "Globe" (Rep.), "that he paid over what he thought was a fair bribe. Penrose confesses that he was broker. Their self-painted portraits make an exhibit of crooked business-politics that answers every requirement." After this event, says the Columbia, South Carolina, "State" (Dem.)

Mr. Archbold sailed for Europe, which impresses an unprejudiced observer as an eminently sensible thing for Mr. Archbold to do.

So much for Messrs. Penrose and Archbold. Now as to Judge Parker. The New York "Tribune" says that Mr. Roosevelt's letters of October 26 and 27, 1904, which "tend to show his desire to be free from Standard Oil entanglements, . . . were written just after the Democrats had begun the attack on the Roosevelt campaign collections, and just as Judge Parker was taking the stump with the sensational charges of corruption and blackmail which he was unable to make good." In that campaign, as the Rochester, New York, "Herald" (Ind.) says, "Mr. Roosevelt was directly charged by Judge Parker, his opponent, with having been aided by corporations and individuals hoping to profit by his administrative acts if he should be elected." But to the charge of Senator Reed, of Missouri, the other day, as quoted by the Chicago "Evening Post" (Prog.), that "Roosevelt did not order Cortelyou to return the Oil Trust's money until the day after Judge Alton B. Parker had made the charge at a mass-meeting in Madison Square Garden, New York, that the trusts were attempting to purchase the Presidency for Roosevelt," the Chicago paper reminds its readers that, as a matter of fact, "the Madison Square speech . . . was not delivered until . . . five days after Colonel Roosevelt's letter ordering the refusal of Standard Oil contributions." The "Post" adds:

Nor was the question of trust contributions made an issue on October 24, as Senator Reed charges. It had been made an issue long before that date by Thomas W. Lawson in his articles on "Frenzied Finance."

From all this the New York "Globe" (Rep.) concludes thus:

When Judge Parker made the charge eight years ago that corporations were making large contributions to the Roosevelt campaign fund with the avowed purpose of buying immunity from interference, he may have had knowledge of what Archbold was trying to do. He could not have known that Colonel Roosevelt ever consented to the acceptance of a bribe. To read the motives of an Archbold or a Penrose required no keen perception. To conclude that they had been successful was an unwarranted assumption.

But this does not end the matter. "Sundry gentlemen are hinting at the contents of their sleeves," notes the Buffalo "Enquirer" (Dem.). "They aver they have much besides elbows up them." The paper continues its picturesque phrases:

Senator Penrose threatens to tell more on Colonel Roosevelt.

Colonel Roosevelt threatens to let loose more facts and fury on Senator Penrose.

William Randolph Hearst threatens to tell on them all.

As Mr. Hearst is in London, he is, according to the Milwaukee "Sentinel" (Rep.), "far enough away to survey this Standard Oil money controversy in the perspective which conduces to breadth and impartiality of view." But the Milwaukee paper adds:

The result of Mr. Hearst's present philosophical detachment will hardly please Judge Parker and other Democrats who are crying out at the Standard Oil contributions in 1904 as something peculiarly Republican. . . .

Very good. In for a penny, in for a pound, say we. Take the lid off this whole business. . . . But what a shock it will be for Judge Parker should the removal of the lid disclose the Democratic dealings with Standard Oil pointed out by Mr. Hearst.

In the result, therefore, as it affects the two old parties, honors seem to be easy, if we may believe the Milwaukee "Sentinel." A few other judges, however, indicate that danger confronts Mr. Roosevelt. On the other hand, a much larger number of papers

indicate that a triumph awaits him, due to these "exposures." An exponent of the first notion is the New York "Herald" (Ind.). It warns:

Make no mistake. The danger the third-termer is in is now more serious than any he has confronted since the night of November 5, 1904, when, having called Judge Parker "an unqualified and atrocious" liar, he took the gambler's chance that the Judge would not produce the evidence of the $125,000 contribution of the Standard Oil Company to the Republican campaign fund.

The other view is reflected by such a representative Western organ as is the Missoula, Montana, "Missoulian" (Prog.):

What a farce it all is! . . . The case reacts upon the man who started it. Penrose finds he has stirred up a hornet's nest. He discovers that he has not muddied the water sufficiently to conceal his own infamy or his vile purpose. The whole issue of falsehood is built upon the name of a dead man. Were Cornelius Bliss alive, he would not be called as a witness. In that case there would be some other dead man named as the lacking witness.

As to the dead witness, many papers have expressed themselves as does the New York "Commercial" (Ind.):

If Archbold has told the truth, and if Roosevelt and Cortelyou tell the truth, it is certain that a person, than whose reputation in the minds of his fellow-citizens none ever stood higher as a man of spotless personal integrity, was the most shameless of thieves. To protect the reputation of the honored dead, if for no other reason, . . . Theodore Roosevelt's sworn testimony under the searchlight of further probing should be had as soon as possible.

The Chicago "Tribune" (Prog.) agrees to this, as it says:

Boies Penrose, standing at the switchboard, has turned on more light than he intended. The light should be kept on. The switch should be thrown wide open. . . . The committee should be instructed to uncover the whole machinery of Standard Oil politics.

Occasionally one finds some journal—as, for instance, the Springfield, Massachusetts, "Republican"—deploring these exposures because of "the certainty that the contest could not be kept above personalities of this ugly and bitter character." To such complaints the Chicago "Evening Post" (Prog.) thus replies:

Mr. Hearst publishes a lot of letters to Mr. Archbold and to Senator Penrose showing some very questionable dealings between Mr. Penrose and Mr. Archbold. Mr. Penrose replies by a bitter attack on Colonel Roosevelt. And Colonel Roosevelt defends himself. Therefore he is to blame for the whole affair!

The "Republican" was not afraid of "bitter personalities" in the days when Samuel Bowles made it a power against human slavery almost equal to that of Greeley and the New York "Tribune" or Raymond and the New York "Times." It is getting old.

In any event, as the New York "Evening Post" (Ind.) has it:

Among the many oddities of a peculiar Presidential campaign, surely none is more odd than the fact that, at the height of the campaign, a Congressional committee will reconvene to investigate the question whether an important Presidential candidate is a truthful man or not. We state this, not as a controversial argument or as indicating our own belief on the disputed question, but merely as a fact in American history to which future students of that history will look back with astonishment.

They may, but the astonishment will doubtless be aroused by the spectacle of a Congressional committee being used for purposes of partisan "muck-raking."

These particular "exposures" will doubtless end in purifying politics; but it should not be forgotten, as the Louisville "Evening Post" (Ind. Dem.) points out, that there has been "in the past ten years a growing sentiment among thoughtful men against soliciting or accepting large contributions from great business enterprises and great business men who have an interest in legislation and who desire to have friends at court." The paper continues:

One good effect of the changed attitude of the people towards political contributions will be a radical reduction in the expense of the campaign. The legitimate expenses, so called, have been enormous; and they ought to be cut one-half. The illegitimate expenses ought to be eliminated altogether.

The Knoxville "Journal and Tribune" (Rep.) adds:

These exposures are going to have a wonderfully purifying effect upon future campaigns. The people are going to demand the publicity of every dollar expended for campaign purposes, its source, and its uses.

Finally, the Washington "Herald" (Ind.), after recounting the complaint of Mr. Archbold that, though it had contributed to the Roosevelt campaign, the Standard Oil Company was attacked during the Roosevelt Administration, declares:

The example is salutary. It ought to be a lesson to those who give vast sums of money to political committees in the expectation that indulgences will be granted them covering illegitimate acts of wickedness.

Developments like those laid bare during the present campaign must hasten an actual rule by the people themselves.

PROBLEMS OF THE HOME

DISCUSSED BY OUTLOOK READERS

Articles recently published in The Outlook on various aspects of housekeeping and home efficiency have enlisted many interesting comments from Outlook readers. We print herewith extracts from some of the letters which have been received.—The Editors.

THE HIRED GIRL PROBLEM

An article, "The Experiences of a Hired Girl," published in The Outlook for April 6, 1912, was written by a "hired girl." It was a rejoinder to the many articles which have appeared in the magazines and daily papers from the side of "the lady of the house." The "hired girl's" plea was for a more business-like system in housework.

A PURELY BUSINESS ARRANGEMENT

THE subject is too vital and time is too precious to waste upon serious consideration of the mistress who failed to furnish clean roller-towels for her kitchen, which means not only discomfort for her maids, but danger to the health of her household: nor on the one who dismisses her maid after supper "without an hour's notice, and it may be raining pitchforks, and no reason is given." . . . Neither should much gray matter be exhausted upon the housekeeper who ordered fried apples and baked bananas at the same repast at any hour, on wash-day or any day, short of the Day of Judgment. . . .

On the other hand, there are many genuine trials and discomforts which in her long service she has had to endure, such as slackness in the arrangement of the work of the house, carelessness and indifference about ordering meals and supplies, worn-out and inadequate tools and utensils, and needlessly uncomfortable rooms. . . . We need on each side an interest and sympathy which does not extend to familiarity and intrusiveness—we need a great many things—but just an occasional application of the Golden Rule of the pulpit, with less frequent recourse to the foot-rule of the school-room, would by no means prove a bad starting-point.

Flora Hale Foster.

Marbledale, Massachusetts.

HOME LIFE, NOT BUSINESS

A woman, if she knows anything of housekeeping, will realize that even in the best-regulated families changes of work have to be made, sometimes frequently—time of meals changed in order to make home comfortable for the various members of the family. It is largely due to this fact that a few "rare girls," who do not go out except at the convenience of their mistresses, keep their places. Let us be thankful that there are still a few who consider the mistress, making their time for going out conform to her convenience. These few reap their reward in having, in the long run, more time for leisure than the regulation time of one afternoon every other week. . . .

It seems to me it is just this cry of "business" that is helping to ruin the maids of to-day. They care nothing for the home; they do not look longer upon their mistress's house as their home; they simply look for the "place" in which they can do the least work for the greatest sum of money; using that money for the most fashionable clothes they can get, often spending far more than the mistress whose money they are taking.

Does the maid of to-day ever replace dishes broken, cooking utensils ruined, often after but a few times using, because of carelessness? Does she often tell the mistress that the milk has run short simply because of her neglect to put it in a proper place to keep from souring, or that the biscuits are gone because she burned them? Does it ever occur to the average maid that this waste and breakage—if housework is simply to be treated on a business basis—should be deducted each month from her wages? We all know that there are the mistresses who do deduct breakage, who give the maid an improper place to sleep in, any old chair, bed, or bed-covering; but we also know that the maid is rare indeed to find who takes care of her mistress's goods, furniture, and food as though they were her own. . . .

If any way or means could be devised to teach these house-workers that clothes that are good enough for our houses are good enough to appear outside in; that the house in which they work is to be their home, which

they are to care for as their own; that the mistress for whom they work is in most cases ready to do as much, and usually far more, for the maid than the maid does for her mistress; that we all demand respectability, and that our standards of respectability must be accepted and followed rather than theirs; and if a sufficient number of people should band together to work for themselves until maids could be made to realize these things, and to realize that every one who keeps help is not a millionaire simply because owning a house and keeping a helper—then the help question would be at least bettered.

Do away with treating housework as a business; let us think of the home side, and strive to make more home life—even at the expense of doing our own work rather than rushing into apartments or boarding-houses, sending the washing to the laundry, buying bread and cake from the baker, and all the rest of it that goes with housekeeping, when the maid takes it into her head to leave. . . .

Weston, Massachusetts. (Mrs.) S. W. MEAD.

MISTRESS AND MAID

The mistress of a home needs to elevate the entire machinery of her household by scientific methods and common sense, recognizing the same economic value all the way along the line that a thorough business man sees in the operation of his factory or the management of his office; supplying herself with all the means possible for successful results in her home affairs, just as the man of her family provides himself with all that is necessary to his business situation. . . .

However, there is another side to the question that is due to the very same causes.

In the experience of many householders we find that the girls who might make efficient domestic servants are discarding the wholesome atmosphere of good homes and a line of work conducive to their higher development to take up other employment in which they are greatly exposed to many unpleasant situations, and in which they serve merely as human machines with a very limited exercise of intelligence and practically no expression of originality or individuality. . . .

Girls who serve the public need to know that in many instances when they leave a good home for supposed higher wages in factory or store they are not only mistaken in their venture as to the economic proposition, but as to many other points of the situation.

For example, a girl of whom I have information, and who represents a large class, was well established in a fine home on a very good wage, with comfortable room, and table in quality the same as provided for the family. She had the use of the sewing-machine, and was given certain afternoons and evenings to herself. But she developed a feverish desire to go into a factory, where she could get a wage double the amount she was receiving, and she could not be convinced that she would make the change against her own best interests. The result was a total failure of her life; nothing left to speak of after paying for board and room, and broken health and final incapacity for service of any kind. . . .

Lancaster, Ohio. ELLA C. GIESY.

SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT IN THE HOME

In The Outlook for April 13 there appeared an article by Mr. John B. Guernsey entitled "Scientific Management in the Home," one of a series of papers on "Home-Making the Woman's Profession." It showed how the much-discussed "scientific management" could be applied to housekeeping: first, the providing of food—the purchase of materials, the preparation for cooking, the cooking itself, the service; second, the providing of clothing and shelter, the laundering and repairing of clothes, the making of beds, the cleaning, heating, and lighting of houses, etc. The article has enlisted a number of sharp rejoinders. First of all we print

WHAT A RANCH WOMAN SAYS

I am just an ordinary ranch woman, living in an irrigated section of Washington, but the article on "Scientific Management in the Home" in a recent number put me quite out of sorts, and I must speak for the average farm woman.

The article was read the evening preceding wash-day. . . .

If I had been able to make a time schedule of that day it would have shown my reason, but I had no time to watch the clock nor to write down figures. So without the figures let me tell you some of the items entering into the day's work.

Prepared breakfast—I got my wash-water on, skimmed my milk, let my little chickens out of their night coops, and looked at my incubators.

Washed dishes—stopping to pound clothes in the boiler and wait upon an invalid mother.

Began washing, which should have been finished in so many hours, but these were some of my interruptions:

Helped my sister hitch up and start for school.
Helped father look after the sitting hens and take off the chicks.
Fed chicks breakfast, filling tanks with water and boxes with bran.
Turned eggs in incubators.
Cut green feed for old hens.
Mixed bread and later baked it.
Attended to irrigating water on garden and lawn at least a half dozen times.
Three trips to basement to regulate incubators.
As many times to care for chicks.
Filling an order for eggs.
Running in to see a "brand new" baby next door and bringing away the "next littlest" one.
Calls innumerable from baby and the invalid mother, who did her best to entertain him.

That is enough without following me further. I got through the day. We all do, and many women have more cares than I.

I realize that these outside duties would not be included in the work of a maid, who could be more of a machine. Her work would be finished early and she would have considerable leisure, while I get very little. But we ranch women need the money which comes from chickens, and must do our share of the work if we want garden or lawn.

Do not these duties constitute the real essence of home-making? Could they possibly be arranged for? We never have two days alike, and always something unexpected.

While mixing my bread I made this comparison. A housewife's work is like bread; the regular duties are the moisture and very necessary, but made to be of real value when mixed stiff with interruptions, the two together making a whole which serves the family and fills its place in the community.

Grandview, Washington. A RANCHER.

NOT HER HUSBAND'S PARTNER

Having worked for seven years, combining, in a necessarily higgledy-piggledy fashion—as most housekeepers are obliged to—the incompatible functions of mother and general servant-girl, I am always on the alert for helpful suggestions looking toward a readjustment of household labor.

Mr. Guernsey's article I concluded with a sigh of despair; it seemed to me that the author utterly fails to grasp the essential features of the housekeeper's difficulties.

Let me compare his attitude of vague optimism—born, I feel sure, of total inexperience—with that of Mrs. Josephine Daskam Bacon, who published not long ago a suggestive article about home-making. Mrs. Bacon had employed a housekeeper who objected to her job with the plea that she was "always being interrupted." "But," replied Mrs. Bacon (and here comes the most astute comment I've ever read about this traditional woman's business), "that's just what housekeeping is—isn't it?—a series of interruptions."

If it seemed so to Mrs. Bacon, employing four servants and having an ample income at her command, what must it seem to the mother of three or four little children trying to do all the household drudgery and properly care for her babies at the same time?

One of the chief reasons why housekeeping cannot be put on a scientific business basis is because a house has to be run to suit individuals, and not, like other businesses, to suit the community. A home is not successful unless it does suit the individuals who live in it; but, as these individuals are bound to be different in each family and to have different tastes and habits, it would seem impossible ever to get a class of workers who would be either able or willing, chameleon-like, to change themselves radically to suit the requirements of each new employer.

Housework consists of a series of attempts to do something in an orderly, systematic way subject to constant interruptions and carried on in the midst of unavoidable annoyances and perplexities, accompanied usually by anxiety regarding money. The woman who, combining the work of general servant and mother, manages to conduct a home in any degree successfully is one of the most indispensable social units of a State; but she is—I insist upon this, and so does many another woman with whom I have discussed the subject—virtually an industrial slave.

She is not, in the proper sense of the word, her husband's partner, for rarely does he give her a fair or regular amount for her work. . . . MRS. G.

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

This letter might be an eye-opener for some husbands. Every husband ought to provide his wife with an income for the household expenses. How a woman who has to keep house without an income can manage—and there is many a woman of that sort—is a marvel. Let this wife, however, remember that housekeeping is not the only business subject to interruption and to the whims of individuals. Part of her problem is to provide regularly for the irregu-

larities of her profession. In that respect it is like every other business.—THE EDITORS.

WHY ELIMINATE THE MOTHER?

Surely no experienced and sane housekeeper would undertake to run a home along any such lines as the author of "Scientific Management in the Home" describes. . . . He eliminates from his "system" the most difficult department of all—that of the mother. Imagine John home from school demanding cookies and bread and butter beyond the allotment, Mary flatly refusing her allotment of beans and demanding extra potatoes, Jennie turning her back on the soup service for the day, and the master himself refusing to accept a warmed-over dish! And how about the unexpected guest (or guests) brought home to the unprepared mistress by that same master? Suppose Biddy declines the "discipline" and burns out the allotment of coal in a red-hot range at 4 P.M. while the mistress is busy with a visitor in the parlor, and there's a cold stove for the 7 P.M. dinner? And so on *ad infinitum* from week's end to week's end. Then the system of extra wages for every extra service; and weighing the laundry! Alack and alas! save us from the folly of the uninformed! ELLA F. PELL.

Fishkill-on-Hudson, New York.

WHY DRAW A BABY CARRIAGE BY A STEAM LOCOMOTIVE?

For the ordinary family to adopt the plan of standardization would be about as practical as coupling a steam locomotive to a baby carriage! . . .

What cook would substitute soda for baking-powder or leave out the shortening? Or what person with the most meager baking experience would possibly consume seventeen minutes in mixing up a batch of biscuits when five minutes would be ample time without any effort at standardization?

The analogy of the home to the factory is absurd. In no business are the activities of one person so varied, so interrupted, and so dependent upon circumstances as those of a housewife.

Shall we turn our homes into factories or hotels for the sake of a few doubtful dollars and cents, and thereby lose that indefinable charm of home which springs from its endeavor to minister to the varying needs of its members? The idea of having standard-sized containers for serving soup, etc., may look well in print, but it would prove wasteful and unsatisfactory. Fancy serving the same quantity to the nervous, dyspeptic father as to his sturdy son of eighteen fresh from a football game! . . .

MRS. HARRY J. DUNHAM.

Chicago, Illinois.

GAZING OUT OF THE WINDOW

I started to read what Mr. Guernsey has to say with joy that some one was advocating system in household management. . . . Its tendency is aptly illustrated in the author's sample "time study" for making baking-powder biscuits. After detailing the steps of a typical method of procedure, he points out that "time could be saved in items two, three," etc. Item two we find to be, "Stands gazing out of the window" opposite the horrible total, "one hundred and two seconds." One hundred and two seconds lost in getting those biscuits into the oven!

And for one hundred and two seconds lost, the pleasure of the eye and spirit in, perhaps, the flash of a bluebird in a blossoming plum tree; the glow of the sunset sky; a quickening breath of spring from the garden.

Is this sort of scientific management worth while? Do we wish the work in our homes to degenerate into mere cold, mechanical accomplishment of given tasks? Surely, if it were to do so, home-making would lose its most precious essence—the freedom and the satisfying possibilities of normal human work under normal conditions. System, rampant, invites us to curb that freedom and to annihilate the satisfaction of creating by reducing creation to line and rule. No more such pleasure as we have been wont to take in stooping to sniff the warm fragrance of the sweet brown loaves just out of the oven, for we should thereby lose a valuable second! . . .

Yet in The Outlook of April 6 Dr. Max G. Schlapp warns us against a very real enemy, the "tension of modern life." "Everywhere the cry is for greater efficiency. . . . All the thought, all the suggestion of the multifarious lines of human activity, teach the doctrine of maximum effort. . . . Neurasthenia comes to us by the extraordinary, ceaseless activity which these generations of men through the grind of their remorseless industrialism have made the law of life." Is not this the result which we can reasonably expect from a like "remorseless industrialism" in our homes? Mr. Schlapp's whole article is a protest against women's following this terrible pace; yet we are urged

to bring "efficiency" as the one slogan into the woman's stronghold.

Womanly instinct cries out against such a reduction of home-making to scientific cut-and-dried, system-ridden housekeeping. Let us have system, indeed, but let us remember that system was made for us, not we for system. . . .

DOROTHY WATKINS.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

THEORY VERSUS PRACTICE

I am a graduate of the Normal Domestic Science course as given at Pratt Institute, and have had several years of housekeeping, during which time I have tried, and with some measure of success, to carry my scientific methods into my home. Still Mr. Guernsey's theory of "Scientific Management in the Home" seems to me far too theoretical to be of practical home use. He writes at some length of the benefits to be derived from standardization, and suggests a series of twelve correctly planned dinners, to be indexed and served by number. This might be practical if the persons for whom the dinners were prepared did not crave variety; and, judging from my own experience, I feel certain they would soon clamor for the soup of No. 6, the entrée of No. 5, the roast of No. 11, etc. Mr. Guernsey does not content himself with a standardized dinner alone; he standardizes our breakfasts and luncheons as well. It is here I ask for enlightenment. What is to be done with the fragments of these standardized meals? Theoretically there are no fragments. Still, a home is not a hotel, which Mr. Guernsey takes for his model, and we cannot standardize the friends who may unexpectedly join us in partaking of dinner No. 10, or the members of our own family who, owing to unusual circumstances, may crave more or less than the standard portions. There is more of thought and science required to combine the unused fragments of yesterday's meal into an appetizing dish for to-morrow than in the stereotyped preparation of two standard dinners. The human body is a machine, it is true, and as such requires proper fuel, but it is a machine possessed of a personality that demands a variety of fuel. Theoretically we could live on certain proportions of proteid, fat, carbohydrate, mineral matter, and water administered like so much medicine. Practically we could not, as the tempting of the appetite is a factor that must be taken into consideration.

At the outset of his article Mr. Guernsey differentiates between the duties of a mother and a housekeeper. The duties of the latter he defines as "providing food and headquarters and a shelter for the family." The very word "family" signifies a group of individuals of differing ages and occupations. Now it is a well-known dietetic fact that different ages and occupations require different foods. How, then, would standardized meals be adapted to a family?

In another paragraph Mr. Guernsey says, "Have all accounts charged, and pay by check." He had just spoken of the advantages of wholesale trading, and in such cases it is immaterial whether cash or check is used. But the average family cannot buy meat wholesale, and here I disagree emphatically with Mr. Guernsey as to the advantage of credit. I have never known it to fail that a charge account with a butcher for a certain period is larger than a cash account for the same length of time. One does not buy with the same care or figure the cost so closely when not doing so day by day. Personally, I find a grocery bill mounts up much more rapidly when paid monthly than when paid daily.

MRS. GEORGE C. ANDREWS.

Fulton, New York.

PSEUDO-SCIENTISTS

Cooking. Among other things, Mr. Guernsey intimates that a series of tests should be made to determine under what conditions the most heat can be obtained from the least coal. If this suggestion were at all intended to be taken seriously, he should have gone further and given detailed instructions as to the method of making the tests. It is generally recognized that the determination of calorific values calls for the greater skill of an engineer. To be consistent, he should also have recommended that, inasmuch as the quantity of heat is dependent both upon the quality of the fuel and the effectiveness of the stove, all the available kinds of coal and makes of stoves should be tested. . . .

Service. While the importance of written instructions in industrial organizations is generally recognized, obvious duties are always left to common sense and judgment. . . . The suggestion that, after determining upon a standard portion to be served to each member, the housekeeper should "provide a measure of just that capacity and mark it plainly with a serial number and direct how it should be used," is carrying the theory to an absurdity. . . .

Standardization. In introducing the subject "standards of time" Mr. Guernsey intimates that, as in the control of industrial operations, so the home is confronted with the necessity for "time studies, a planning department, functional foremanship, improvements in shop methods, and an improved wage system." It should hardly be necessary to point out that this classification was never intended by Mr. Taylor to apply except in industrials where the number of workers is such that ordinary supervision cannot insure satisfactory results. Efficiency engineers recognize that in a shop employing few men scientific management, as such, is an unnecessary burden and expense. Even the Tabor Manufacturing Company of Philadelphia, with whom these principles have been worked out most thoroughly, finds that the system does not pay when the number of workmen is low, in this case approximately one hundred.

Time Studies. Theoretically, time studies can be made of the simplest tasks, but where nothing practical is to be gained they are worse than useless. Mr. Guernsey gives a typical time study covering the task of "mixing and baking ordinary soda biscuit." If an experienced housekeeper does not know with reasonable accuracy how long it should take to perform such a common operation, she is at the mercy of the cook, and no analysis of the work into seventeen distinct steps will change the situation. . . .

Selection of Workers. As to the selection of workers, since when has a trained housekeeper failed to recognize an efficient servant almost at first sight—certainly within a short time after employment? The real problem seems to be to find servants who have average qualifications and to retain them after they have been secured.

There is no question that the average household is extravagantly managed. The evil, however, cannot be remedied by pseudo-scientists.

Ellouise B. and Lauritz A. Larsen.
New York City.

MR. GUERNSEY IN THE HOUSEWIFE'S PLACE

Mr. Guernsey has undertaken to point out in a classified way the duties of the housekeeper or servant. He outlines the main features of housekeeping, such as the cooking, chamber work, cleaning house, but the thousand and one miscellaneous things that a thorough housekeeper must do he neglects to take into consideration. Even that in itself shows the article was written from a man's standpoint decidedly. How many men I have heard tell their wives that *they* could do the work in half the time; put to the test, when wife gets sick, they give it up as a bad job after the first day's trial. It is easy—on paper and for a man—to separate the duties of mother and housekeeper. Since in the majority of cases the mother is housekeeper, it becomes another matter in actual practice. Mother likes to experiment and try new ways, but if in the midst of a "time test" such as is suggested Johnny cuts a finger, or baby falls downstairs, or Susie gets into the garbage-can, or the telephone rings, or father wants a button sewed on, or the tea-kettle boils over, or a thousand other possible interruptions occur, mother's time test will wait a more convenient season. . . .

Instead of showing that time is lost making biscuit in a very inconvenient kitchen—which fact is obvious—Mr. Guernsey would materially aid housewives if he would draw up a plan for a standard kitchen, and teach carpenters how to build one. In his typical time study of making biscuit he has the poor worker "go and get" eight times out of the seventeen items, when all could have been done while sitting on a stool, without even getting on to her feet. For some reason she must stop and wash her hands in the midst of the operation, and go to the pantry for a towel—a most unlikely place. She butters the pan, which is not necessary, and leaves out the shortening entirely!

Had the mistress of that house arranged it in the building process, things might have been different. A kitchen must be arranged and planned out before being built. In this day of swinging flour-bins and built-in cupboards the housekeeper who would keep her flour in a sack in the storeroom is hopeless, so far as Mr. Guernsey's plan is concerned.

It may be interesting to hear the outcome of tests of the plan by housewives. But it would be fascinating to watch Mr. Guernsey take some mother and housewife's place for a month and work out his own plan!

El Centro, California. Emma L. Packard.

A MAN'S VIEW OF THE STANDARDIZED HOME

My own six years' experience at the boards of hotels, restaurants, and the like leads me to believe that the extreme sameness of meals

offered at such places is the strongest force in our society, aside from the natural human instincts, for heading serious young men toward matrimony.

Does the writer assume that a man of hearty appetite will be satisfied with the same number of ounces of steak for dinner after he has spent a day or a large portion of it in the open air as will satisfy him after he has been in the office for eight hours? Picture a lawyer who has worked over the points of law of a case all day Monday and Tuesday. Whatever his standard may be, he will not particularly relish a heavy steak for dinner on Tuesday evening. But suppose that on Wednesday he drives in the country all day in a cold, raw wind. When he has finished his standard dinner for that evening, he learns that not another morsel has been prepared for him. Can you conceive that man attiring himself in *negligée* costume to spend a quiet and restful evening with his family, or is the gnawing of honest and unsatisfied hunger going to send him discontentedly to the buffet for an unstinted steak and a drink to help him forget about his domestic problem?

Or let us take the case of a man who is a cog in a machine and works each day under the same kind of conditions. Is he going to have the same degree of appetite on a dark, rainy day that he has in bright, clear weather? Perhaps he will acquire a habit if fed by standard that will become stronger than changing freakish desires that arise from day to day. I am not a mechanic, but I have had some experience in running the motor of a gasoline pleasure boat. I have found that, running at full speed, I have never been able to make a certain fifteen-mile trip in exactly the same number of minutes or with the same amount of gasoline. Greatest speed and efficiency are obtained with one set of regulations under high atmospheric pressure, and another set of regulations is best for a day of low pressure. So too does the machine have to be "tuned up" one way in the cool of early morning and evening, and in another way at midday. For financial reasons only can a living human being afford to make himself less sentimental and more mechanical than a gasoline engine? . . .

Robert De Heitsch.

East Jordan, Michigan.

THE HOME AND THE CHILD

In December, 1911, The Outlook began the publication of a series of articles on the management of the home. The series was entitled "Home-Making the Woman's Profession." As opposed to the common view that the housewife's work is drudgery, the series was printed to show that there is a better way, and that, in its course, there is no more drudgery for the housewife and for the mother of children than there is in any other work. As to the children, in The Outlook for May 11 there appeared an article by Martha Bensley Bruère entitled "Launching the Child." This contribution, like its predecessors by the same author on "Home Efficiency," "What is the Home For?" "The New Home-Making," "The Cost of Children," etc., found much sympathetic and some unsympathetic reading.

GUIDING THE CHILD

Mrs. Bruère's article in The Outlook of May 11 appeals in a very intimate way to educators. Her remedy for conditions as they exist, if strictly applied, would, of course, be impossibly drastic. The risk involved in a predetermination of the future vocational environment of any child by a mentor acting for society is one which society without doubt would be unwilling to assume.

But the trend of secondary education, in the West at least, is apparently forcing the initiation of such work as is being done by the Vocation Bureau of Boston and by similar bureaus. Special vocational schools are springing up, and most high school courses are being shaped to meet near or remote vocational needs. It is thus desirable for most students, and necessary for many, to make a tentative choice of vocation near the beginning of adolescence. At present the student has no basis on which to make such a selection except the vague misconceptions of parents and teachers, his own limited personal experience, and his immature unwisdom.

A necessary corollary of the organization of high school courses along vocational lines is therefore the organization in each school system of a department of vocational guidance, which shall undertake many of the things which the vocation bureau is at present doing. . . .

Under this plan society would not say to the student through its mentor, "Here is the greatest need. You must prepare yourself to meet it." But it says, through an

intimate adviser in whom the student has confidence: "You are, or may be if you know, interested in this vocation or group of vocations. Well, the pursuit of them offers such and such rewards. It demands such and such qualities. It fulfills such and such needs of society. It will be advisable for you to prepare yourself for one of the allied vocations in this group. If you and your parents agree with me, or if I can persuade you to agree with me, such and such courses and subjects and mode of life should enter into your preparation." Or perhaps, "You want to enter that profession. Do you know that you will probably work for a pittance? That there is already an enormous over-supply of the members of that profession? That success in it requires a rugged physique and good eyesight, neither of which you possess? Or that your deep-seated habit of generously and unreservedly bestowing your confidence upon strangers would prove ruinous to you there?" If the boy, having become convinced of the force of these and other obstacles, still persists in an effort to overcome them for the sake of entering a vocation to which he is attracted, he deserves to win, and the chances are that he will, and will furnish one of the exceptionally efficient individuals of whom every vocation stands so much in need. But if he is an average boy (of whom the Lord has made so many), he will probably be diverted to a field of endeavor in which he is apparently better qualified to succeed. . . .

Gardena, California. ROBERT J. TEALL.

A PLAINT FROM FLORIDA

I am a quiet, usually undemonstrative woman, wife of one of those "eliminated men" whom "no amount of brain and muscle can lift to the point of social efficiency" . . . a workman, proud to number among his co-laborers thousands of men of splendid brain power, and as his wife I should like some one to rise and explain why, from the amount of brain and muscle necessary to follow his trade, he should not receive in return sufficient remuneration to enable him to support his family in comfort.

Why, in the name of humanity, in the name of all that is just and right, should he have long hours, insufficient pay, with no holidays? . . .

I fail utterly to see how a "spirit of hope" and "ambition to succeed" may be nourished by "grasping the Christ idea of better things beyond." Say rather, it is only the Christ-like spirit that could enable one to endure the unnecessary stress of living at the present time.

I am glad there is one woman "efficient" enough and courageous enough to present the case as Martha Bensley Bruère has done.

Orlando, Florida. LILLIAN M. HARDY.

HUMAN VS. MECHANICAL ORGANISM

To one who believes, as I do, that the family, not the individual, is the unit on whose welfare and character depend (humanly speaking) that of both Church and State, whatever affects the family life is of vital consequence. So I turned with eager interest to the first of Mrs. Bruère's articles on "Home Efficiency." Feeling that she ought not to be judged by the first article only, I read carefully—sometimes indignantly—the others. I do not wonder that, as she says, the one phrase (making efficiency depend upon income) "has been a regular Benjamin Franklin's kite to draw thunderbolts."

In her first article the nearest she comes to defining an efficient home is, "The home is a machine by which we are to return to the community what it has a right to expect from us, and efficient or not, according to its social output." She illustrates by two families of entirely different ideas of life and in very different circumstances. She commends them (rather grudgingly) that they have both "made their homes turn out the sort of product they intended," but asks, "Was either of these homes really efficient?" . . .

The Wellses have furnished the State three citizens to take the place of two; other things being equal, a gain of fifty per cent. But they have done more; they have given their children a college education, with all the opportunity for culture and wider outlook that that training may give; a gain not easily expressed in terms of percentage. The training in habits of economy and thrift is for the welfare of the State; are we not told that it is such training that has given France her recuperative power?

The other family, the Parnells, furnish the State four citizens to take the place of two, a gain of one hundred per cent; their children also have college training. In their nineteen years of home life they "have gradually changed their open prairie into fields and farms." Ought not that to count as

part of their efficiency? That they go "splashing through life, having a good time while they are at it," may be a valuable asset in and to the community. They could hardly have a good time without associating with others. The good actually wrought by their free and easy, sunshiny living, just as truly as that wrought by the thrift and economy of the Wellses, depends on the soul and spirit of the life. . . .

The home is not a mere machine; it is a living organism. I agree that it is "not a self-sufficient dissociated fact," but I do think it is efficient often "through its own internal harmony." "The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven." If the home has in it "loyal affection, clear perception of real values, plenty of humor, and that wholesomeness of tone and spirit which breeds health, courage, and character," is it not efficient in the highest sense? . . .

M. M.

Riverside, California.

ARE THE JAPANESE MORAL?

BY GEORGE KENNAN

IN two previous articles[1] I have tried to clear up two widely prevalent misconceptions in regard to the Japanese—the first in regard to their inscrutability, the second in regard to their honesty. The last misconception that I shall deal with relates to their moral code and their spiritual ideals. I have left wholly unnoticed serious misconceptions with regard to their apparently impenetrable reticence and reserve, their alleged conceit, their imitativeness and lack of invention, the mask of smiles with which they hide their grief, their aggressive ambition, the alleged looseness of their ideas with regard to relations of sex, and many more that I cannot even enumerate. But when uninformed or race-prejudiced men have piled up a mountain of misconceptions, it is impossible in two or three articles to remove them all.

There is a widely prevalent opinion that the moral code and spiritual ideals of the Japanese are wholly incompatible with ours, and that in their attitude toward foreigners, toward the morality of the individual, the rights of others, and the sanctity of the family they differ so radically from us that we can neither understand them nor enter into sympathetic relations with them. The author of "The Valor of Ignorance" assures us that "in the racially different characters of the Americans and the Japanese no harmonious similarity exists—only divergent and incompatible ideals." If, however, General Lea did not himself have the valor of ignorance, he would hardly make a statement that is so wide of the truth. The eminent Japanese Fukuzawa, the founder of a university in Tokyo, and one of the most influential educators in modern Japan, drew up, some years ago, a moral code for the Japanese which represents, probably, the best teaching of the Empire in that field. At any rate, after the author's death the code was translated into English and sent as an exhibit to the Anglo-Japanese Exposition held in London last year. I wish I had space for a complete reproduction of it; but I will give a few brief extracts covering some of the points upon which the moral teaching of the Japanese and the Americans is said to be most divergent and incompatible.

The code says: "The number of nations in the world is by no means small, and they differ from us in religion, language, color, and customs; yet they are our brothers. In our intercourse with them there should be no partiality, and no attempt at swaggering or boastfulness. Treat others with trustfulness. If you trust others, they will trust you in return.

"It is an act of humanity, and one of the highest of human virtues, to extend to others that love which we feel for ourselves; to lighten the burdens and promote the happiness of our fellow-men.

"Society having as its units both individuals and families, it should be borne in mind that the foundation of a healthy society is the independence and self-respect of the family as well as of the individual. To treat women as if they were inferior to men is a barbarous custom. Men and women belonging to a civilized society should love and respect one another as equals, each sex realizing its own

[1] "Can We Understand the Japanese?" in The Outlook of August 10, and "Are the Japanese Honest?" in The Outlook of August 31.

independence and self-respect. Inasmuch as marriage is one of the most serious events in human life, great caution should be observed in the choice of a partner. All human relations have their origin in marriage—in the loving and respectful cohabitation, till death comes to separate them, of husband and wife, neither of whom should interfere with the independence and self-respect of the other.

"It is the duty of men living to-day never to allow intellectual development or moral culture to slacken, and to improve the civilization and happiness they have received from their forefathers so that they may hand them on unimpaired to their posterity."

Such, in part, is the moral teaching of Japan to-day. In what respect is it incompatible with the highest American ideals? It may be objected, however, that such moral instruction as this is for show; that it is intended to make an impression on foreigners; and that the Japanese themselves do not take it seriously. This objection would never be made by one who really knows the Japanese, but it may easily be answered. No nation ever teaches to its children in the public schools rules of conduct which it does not itself approve, and which it regards as inapplicable to the serious business of life. The Japanese drill their children in the essential principles of the Fukuzawa moral code through eight years of public school instruction; and in the text-book which finally sums up this long course of ethical training the character of an ideal Japanese is set forth as follows:

"A good Japanese is one who fulfills all his duties to his parents, brothers, sisters, and relations; who never forgets the veneration due his ancestors; who as master is kind and considerate to his servants; who as servant is faithful to his master. He will never forget benefits conferred upon him. He will act straightforwardly in all things, scrupulously observing his agreements, and acting in a generous, large-minded way to others. He will be kind and charitable, a respecter of what is right, and full of compassion for the unfortunate. He will hold in high esteem public order, devising schemes for furthering the progress of society, and careful not to be guilty of any impropriety, even in his dealings with foreigners.

"A good Japanese develops his physical powers; stores his mind with useful knowledge; and cultivates courage, endurance, self-control, moderation, modesty, and self-examination. He forms useful habits, practices virtue, applies his mind to the practical application of learning, and devises measures of self-development and continual progress. A good Japanese thinks highly of country, and, by cultivating a spirit of loyalty and patriotism, strives to fulfill all the obligations of a good citizen. In this manner should we develop our own personality, raise families, and do all that is required of us to benefit the world and our fellow-men."

Such is the instruction given to Japanese scholars in the public schools; and yet, according to General Lea, the people who train their children in this way, and who hold up to their young men this model of a perfect character, are so different from Americans that between them "no harmonious similarity exists—only divergent and incompatible ideals."

To a dispassionate foreigner who is not blinded by race prejudice or race antipathy three of the most striking and unlooked-for traits in the character of the Japanese are sentiment, generosity, and emotional magnanimity. Before I made their acquaintance I myself thought of them as hard, practical, materialistic, unemotional, and extremely reticent in the expression of what feeling they had. But I came to know them better. Let me give, in conclusion, a few illustrations of these characteristics.

In the year 1905 the Japanese cruiser Katori visited England and had a series of gun trials off the village of Charlton Kings, near Cheltenham. The Japanese officers were entertained on shore in the house of an English gentleman named E. Boyce Podmore, and there they learned to know and love Mr. Podmore's twelve-year-old son Robert—or, as they called him, "Bob." In 1907—two years and a half later—the boy died. The Katori at that time was on the other side of the world; but her officers heard of Bob's death, and in August, 1908, they caused to be erected in the parish church of Charlton Kings a memorial window with the following inscription:

The southeast window in the chancel of this church was erected by Engineer-Captain Fujii and brother officers of the Imperial Japanese Navy, in loving remembrance of their dear friend "Bob," their companion on the gun trials of the Katori.

ROBERT BUCKLEY PODMORE
Born June 6, 1893
Died August 14, 1907
"Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day."

The memorial ceremony was attended by Captain Tochinai and Lieutenant Tanaka, from the Japanese Embassy in London, and by Commander Makihara and Lieutenant Inegawa, of the Japanese navy.

It was only an English boy that died, but his Japanese friends on the other side of the world remembered him and showed their remembrance and love in the best way they could.

On the 24th of October, 1909, a commercial delegation of business men from Osaka, headed by Baron Shibusawa, visited the last resting-place of Commodore Perry, at Newport, Rhode Island, and laid on his grave a wreath of laurel and roses, tied with the colors of Japan.

On the 28th of January, 1910, Baron Kikuchi, former Minister of Education in Japan, made a special trip to New Brunswick, New Jersey, in order to lay a wreath of flowers on the grave of Dr. David Murray, of Rutgers College, who helped the Japanese to modernize their public schools nearly forty years ago.

In a recent letter to the Rev. Henry Loomis, of Tokyo, a Japanese, after expressing Japan's friendship for the United States, said in quaint English, "We are the people who long remember the good received, and soon forget the evil incurred, if any."

But it is not only their friends whom they remember. They pay tributes of respect also to the gallant enemies whom they have learned to esteem. On the 5th of May, last year, Captain Vladimir Semenof, of the Imperial Russian navy, died in St. Petersburg and was buried in the Alexander Nevski monastery. He fought the Japanese in the great battle of the Japan Sea, when he was one of the officers of the flagship Kniaz Suvorof. He was an enemy, but he was a gallant and honorable man, and Lieutenant Tanaka, of the Imperial Japanese navy, attended his funeral and laid a wreath of white roses on his grave.

On the 27th of September, 1909, the Japanese in Nagasaki honored their dead enemies by holding a solemn religious service in front of a monument erected there to the memory of two hundred and fifty Russian sailors who, at the battle of the Japan Sea, refused to surrender and went down with their ship.

In the very first week of the Russo-Japanese War the Russian cruiser Variag was attacked and sunk by the Japanese squadron of Admiral Uriu, in the Korean harbor of Chemulpo. The Japanese raised her, repaired her, and put her again in commission. On the 1st of December, 1908, she happened to visit Chemulpo under the Japanese flag, and at the very place where she had gone to the bottom under the fire of the Japanese her new officers and men held a Shinto religious service in honor of the Russian sailors who perished when she sank. Captain (now Admiral) Takarabe, who conducted the service, said:

"The brave men who died on this ship in the fight with his Majesty's squadron did for their sovereign just what we tried to do for ours. Enemies of our country though they were, we felt in our hearts sincere admiration for their noble devotion. Happening, by the strange irony of fate, to be visiting the scene of their heroic sacrifice on board the same vessel on which they fought, how can we help being deeply touched by sympathy and respect for their departed souls?"

But the Japanese are capable of feeling sympathy not only for their enemy's soldiers and sailors, but for their enemy's spies. On the 28th of September, 1904, they captured at Yentai, in Manchuria, a Russian spy named Vassili Liubof. The spy was tried by court martial, found guilty, and shot. After the execution the officers of the Japanese army sent to the officers of the Russian army, under a flag of truce, the following letter:

Vassili Liubof, thirty-three years old, a private in the Cheliabinski regiment, disguised as a Chinese farmer, was captured by our army on September 28. He confessed to the fact that he had volunteered his services and had been sent within our picket line to ascertain the movements and disposition of our army. After trial by court martial, he was sentenced to death, and on the 30th he was executed. In communicating this incident to your army, we cannot but express the wish that your army may possess many soldiers as worthy and honorable as was this Liubof. Prior to the execution, when asked if he wanted to say anything, he replied that he had nothing to say, as he was dying for the Czar, his country, and his religion. He was then told that his parents and his wife would be informed of his unflinching loyalty to his country and of his heroic death, and was asked if he had anything more to communicate to them. He replied in the negative, and added that he was not able sufficiently to express his gratitude to us. Asking our permission, he crossed himself, knelt down, and prayed in silence. Our sympathy for this ideal soldier, in whom were embodied such loyal and grand thoughts, was inexpressible.

Such is the spirit of the Japanese samurai. Is it the spirit of all nations in the Occident?

On the 2d of October, 1780, we hanged, at Tappan on the Hudson, a British spy

by the name of Major John André. He was a gallant and accomplished officer, a poet, and a musician; and George Washington, who approved the death sentence, admitted that the prisoner was "more unfortunate than criminal." He died on the scaffold, bravely and calmly. Did the officers of the Revolutionary army, in the hot blood and aroused passion of the struggle, send a letter to the officers of the British army, congratulating them upon having in their ranks so ideal a soldier, and expressing the hope that they had many more? If so, history has failed to record the fact. We did not even give André a soldier's death, but hanged him on a scaffold, like a common murderer. I am glad to be able to say, however, for the honor of our country, that after we had won our independence, after the bitter feeling excited by the struggle had subsided, we did erect a monument to André on the spot where he was captured.

One more illustration of Japanese magnanimity, and I shall have done.

When General Stoessel surrendered Port Arthur, he asked General Nogi if he would not have the remains of the Russian dead collected from the bare, shell-plowed Manchurian hills and have them decently and respectfully buried. General Nogi replied that he would—and he did. But the generous spirit of the Japanese was not satisfied with this. At a cost of forty thousand yen, they erected a stone monument over the bodies of the Russian soldiers, and in April, 1907, it was unveiled. Most of the Japanese division commanders who had taken part in the siege were present, and General Nogi himself wished to conduct a Shinto religious service in honor of the spirits of his dead enemies. He had lost both of his sons in the war—one at Nanshan, and the other at the storming of Two Hundred and Three Meter Hill—and yet this bereaved and sorrowful father wished to honor in this way the memory of the men who had made him childless in his old age. His offer to conduct personally a Shinto service, however, was disapproved by the Russian priests who were present, on the ground that anything of the kind would be heathenish. The monument was unveiled, therefore, with the ceremonies of the Russo-Greek Church only. It bore two inscriptions, both composed by the Japanese. On one side, in Russian, were the words: "Sacred to the memory of fourteen thousand six hundred and thirty-one Russian officers and soldiers who fell, fighting bravely and loyally for their country, in the battles around Port Arthur." On the other side, in Japanese, was a single line: "Death levels all distinctions between enemies and friends."

I think there is nothing finer than this in all the history of war.

It has been said again and again, by a multitude of writers and speakers, that the moral code and spiritual ideals of the Japanese differ so widely from those of Americans that sympathetic relations between the two peoples are practically impossible, and ought not to exist, even if they were possible. United States Senator George C. Perkins, in an address first delivered, if I remember rightly, before the National Geographic Society of Washington, and afterward published in the "Independent," compared the moral standards and spiritual ideals of the Japanese and the Americans as follows:

"It is a question of the Orient and the Occident; of races so different in mental characteristics, so separated by thousands of years of development upon lines which seem nowhere to touch, so divergent in morals, ethics, and the ingrained habits of scores of centuries, that there is no attraction between them because they cannot understand each other. Each stands isolated and alone as regards the other. There are no points of contact, none of sympathy. Their ideals clash; their motives have entirely different bases; their aims have nothing in common; they are aliens to each other." [1]

I have quoted a part of this address of Senator Perkins because the opinions that he expresses are those of a score, at least, of other writers and speakers who offer to instruct the American people with regard to the character of the Japanese. How much truth is there in these statements—if any?

In 1591—three centuries and a half ago—there lived in Japan a man named Seigwa Fujiwara. He was an eminent scholar and teacher. He founded an influential school of philosophy, and he lectured for years in Kioto on the moral code of the Japanese. One of his disciples, a merchant named Teijun Yoshida, became engaged in trade in the foreign province of Annam—now a part of Cochin China—and while he was there Seigwa wrote to him as follows:

The object of trade is to enable each of the two parties concerned to obtain a share of the profits. No one must aim at benefiting

[1] "Independent," February 12, 1907.

himself alone. Profit that is shared with another may seem small, but, because so shared, it becomes great. And *vice versa;* gains that are exclusively appropriated may seem big, but they are actually small. What is profitable and what is just are in close relation with each other. Beware of bringing our national customs into contempt. If in foreign countries you come across highly virtuous and benevolent men, honor them as your own father or your own teacher. Observe the laws and customs of the country in which you live. Remember that the human race all belong to one family. Remember that virtue is everywhere the same. Though foreigners have different customs from ours and speak different languages, the reason with which Heaven has endowed human beings is theirs as well as ours. Remember how many are the resemblances and how few the differences between us and them.

Such was the moral code of the Japanese, or of their best teachers, and such was their view of foreigners, about the time when Sir Walter Raleigh was establishing colonies in Virginia, and long before the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock. Which is the more enlightened and civilized view of foreigners, that of the Japanese Seigwa, who lived and wrote in the sixteenth century, or that of the American Senator Perkins, who lives and writes in the twentieth? Which is the better statement of the moral principles of trade—that of the sixteenth-century teacher in Japan, or that of certain twentieth-century captains of industry in the United States?

THE MORGUE MAN

BY LEWIS EDWIN THEISS

EVERY rule has its exception. The exception to the rule that "one half of the world never knows what the other half is doing" is found in the case of the keeper of a newspaper "morgue." He is an exception, because he knows all things about all men. He is as omniscient as Jupiter. He is as far-seeing as jealous Juno. He is a composite of the all-seeing eye, the camera, the phonograph, and the dictagraph. Nothing escapes him. He has a memory like sticky fly-paper. Nothing that comes to his knowledge ever gets away from him. He is the earthly counterpart of the recording angel. His record, like the physician's, often begins with the birth and ends with the death of a person. It is as complete as life itself. And its import is as weighty as the record of St. Peter's, for the newspaper morgue is as inexorable as the book of judgment.

The term "morgue" is newspaper slang for the biographical department. The morgue is that part of a newspaper which collects, classifies, and records facts about persons and things. It is a combined social register and rogues' gallery. It is a who's who and why, with especial emphasis on the why. It is an encyclopædia of biographical information. It is a compendium of human facts. It is a ready reference work of personal items. It is the means by which the newspaper, in times of leisure, prepares for times of haste.

Specifically, the morgue is a collection of clippings. These come from newspapers, periodicals, pamphlets, books. "Press bulletins" are to be found in the morgue. News "stories" that have been written but never published are there. Even letters, telegrams, and other communications—some of them of the most confidential nature—find their way into the morgue. All the promising news items printed by all the newspapers and all the periodicals, with some items that no one ever dared to print, are here filed away against the day when their subjects shall marry, be divorced, get arrested, or die—or in any other way come into public notice.

These various items are all safely stowed in strong linen envelopes and stored away in drawers; though in some morgues the clippings are securely pasted in books, which are kept exactly as any other library is kept. All these clippings are carefully assorted and classified and indexed and cross-indexed, so that in a moment's time the morgue-keeper can lay his finger on any one of the millions of clippings. I say millions advisedly. I mean millions literally. At the least, one hundred thousand clippings are filed away every year in the morgue of a great newspaper. There may be many more. As years

pass, these clippings become of incalculable value. Once lost, they can never be replaced. So every precaution is taken to safeguard them. Envelopes or books of clippings taken from the morgue are charged up to the reporters or others who take them, just as volumes in a public library are charged to the borrowers. In some newspaper offices the morgue man and his assistants—who sometimes number a dozen or more—work inside of steel cages, like bank clerks; while the clippings themselves are kept in unburnable steel receptacles. Easily the most valuable thing about a newspaper office is its morgue; and when fire occurs, the first cry that goes up is, "Save the morgue!"

At first blush it would seem that nothing could be easier than to cut clippings for a morgue. The truth is just the opposite. Good morgue men are like poets—born, not made. A morgue has a physical limitation. It must be kept as small as possible. Hence there must be nothing unnecessary in it. On the other hand, it must lack no needful item. The morgue man, therefore, must have the keenest kind of a news sense. He must be able to judge at a glance the potential news value of every item printed. For instance, he must know whether or not the fact that John Jones was robbed, that Sam Smith addressed the Shakespeare Club, or that Robert Robinson bought a certain painting will have any news value in future. And the accuracy with which he judges may not be apparent until twenty years later, when Jones has become Governor, and Smith the greatest embezzler of his day, and Robinson the owner of the greatest private art collection in existence, and the newspaper wants every item it can rake up about them. Being mortal, the morgue man is not infallible. So it happens that in every morgue there is many an envelope with but one clipping in it, and perhaps a tiny one at that, that the morgue man clipped in some Micawber-like moment with the expectation that eventually something would "turn up" about the subject of the clipping. Just why some of the things in a morgue should be there it is a little difficult, say, after twenty years, to tell; but you may be sure that the morgue man had a very good reason to put into the morgue anything that is there.

Perhaps you wonder what is in a morgue. It would be hard to tell. It would be even harder to tell what isn't. Anything that has ever been printed, written, or spoken is likely to be there—and perhaps some things that have only been thought. The morgue man is such a knowing individual that you never can tell. Picking twelve items at random from a big morgue, I find them to be as follows:

Cable rate cut in half.
Fogarty, life-saving cop, gets gold medal.
Gladstone's grandson and heir attains his majority.
Fifteen million dollars tax on wealth left by Harriman.
Lorimer in his own defense.
Goslin's secretary sues W. R. Garrison.
Her "man-God" self-slain.
Maybe Raisuli's dead.
Post-Office Inspector Reddy resigns.
Philadelphia's new District Attorney.
Asks court's aid in famine of turtles.
Hospital must bar alcohol.

Filed away in other envelopes are the sordid stories of Ruth Wheeler's death and the murder of Cæsar Young. Here is preserved the history of the $25,000 taxicab robbery, of the Virginia massacre by the Allen gang, of the assassination of President McKinley. The life story of Jimmy Hope, the bank burglar, is here in full. Here, too, is the story of "Little Joe" Atkinson, New York's last hangman, with his gruesome fondness for the rope with which he sent so many people into eternity—the counterpart of the awful hangman in "Barnaby Rudge." Here also are tales of Chinatown's tong wars and the story of New York's gangs and their feuds. And as an offset to all these drab chronicles the morgue tells the splendid story of the brave deeds done when the steamship Republic was sunk. Here is the tale of the Larchmont disaster and the story of those brave fishermen who faced almost certain death to save the survivors. Here is the thrilling story of the Windsor Hotel fire and of Chief "Jack" Howe's magnificent heroism. Here is the tremendous tale of the California earthquake and the brave days that followed. Here is the record of Policeman Coyne, who on a frigid winter's night jumped into the East River, sought out an unseen drowning man, and brought him to shore. Here without end are tales of murder, fire, dishonesty, love, chivalry, devotion, heroism, war—in short, of almost everything that ever happened.

To qualify for a place in the morgue one need be neither a hero nor a villain, though both are here. For the morgue is as democratic as the grave. It is the one place outside of the United States Constitution where

all men are equal. Nevertheless, the morgue is not entirely free from class distinctions. The subjects therein are divided into several classes. To begin with, there are the people who don't know they are there. They constitute a vast majority. There are those who know they are there and wish they weren't. There are those who know they are there and are glad of it. And there are those who paid to get there.

This last statement does not mean that one can buy a place in the morgue as one can buy space in the advertising columns. Far from it. Directly, one can buy one's way neither into the morgue nor out of it, any more than one can bribe old St. Peter to falsify his records. Nevertheless, some people get into the morgue by paying. But they do not pay the newspaper. A while back I spoke of "press bulletins." The hope of notoriety springs eternal in the human breast. Some enterprising persons have turned that hope into cash by "writing up" individuals who are willing to exchange real money for the possibility of being "among those mentioned" in the news columns. These little sketches, known as "press bulletins," "bio-bulletins," etc., are sent by the promoters to the newspapers. Upon request the promoters will also send half-tone cuts of the persons written up. As these sketches cost nothing and are accurate, the morgue man welcomes them.

In itself this scheme of thus writing up a person is innocent enough. It is simply a scheme to play upon vanity. Yet it may become the means of blackmail, as a certain morgue man discovered. He received one day a very flattering write-up of a prominent lawyer whom he knew well. This exhibition of what looked like vanity in a hard-headed attorney surprised him. When, later in the day, a news story came over the wires involving that lawyer's name with a woman's, he thought he saw a light. That night he met his lawyer friend at a college dinner. "What did that sketch cost you?" he asked, point blank.

"Five hundred dollars," said the lawyer.

"Tell me this," said the morgue man. "Just what did the writer of that sketch say to you? Did he intimate that he could keep your name out of print as well as get it in?"

"Yes; he said he had confidential relations with the newspapers," replied the lawyer. "And he thought I might like to make use of those relations at this time."

"Well," said the morgue man, "you've been stung. If there is any man in existence who could have that story about you killed, I could. And I could no more suppress the story than I can fly."

The next day, accompanied by a Government attorney, the two men visited the writer of the sketch. He refunded $450, the remaining $50 being allowed by the lawyer as a fair remuneration for the actual service rendered. And that service proved to be the worst kind of a boomerang. It gave to the newspapers just the biographical facts they wanted, and it increased rather than decreased publicity about the poor lawyer.

Those who would like to get their names out of the morgue are, of course, usually persons who have done something either criminal or disgraceful. Particularly would certain individuals of the criminal class like to get out of the morgue. The rogues' gallery and the Bertillon system are not more hateful to them. For no police record in existence begins to compare in completeness with the information contained in some morgues about certain wrong-doers. Some of these persons would gladly pay thousands of dollars to get their names out of the morgue; but be it said to the honor of newspaper men that such a thing as a morgue-keeper's selling out to a rogue is unknown in the annals of journalism.

To classify the various items in a morgue is, as a rule, easy enough. Particularly is that the case with the records of individuals; for all that is ever printed about the average morgue subject will slip easily into one small envelope. But here, as elsewhere, there are exceptions to the rule. So much is printed about such men as J. P. Morgan, Andrew Carnegie, and John D. Rockefeller that the morgue-keeper is put to it to know how to arrange the clippings, for the first essential of a morgue is that every clipping shall be instantly available. In the hour of stress the hurried reporter has no time to hunt through scores of clippings. He must be able instantly to lay his finger on the clipping he wants. So the morgue man divides the clippings about prominent men along different lines. Mr. Roosevelt is at once the joy and despair of the morgue man. The things that have been printed about him in the last twenty-five years—and they are all in the morgue—would make a library in themselves. There are simply pecks of Roosevelt items. As one morgue man put it, "We had to choose

between running a Roosevelt morgue with the world on the side, and a world morgue with Roosevelt on the side. We chose the latter." In order to make all his Roosevelt clippings available, this morgue-keeper classifies them as follows :

Administration.	Harriman.	Politics.
Africa.	Home life.	Pope.
Ancestry.	Labor.	Presents.
Athletics.	Mayoralty.	Race suicide.
Author.	Miscellaneous.	Railroads.
Biography.	Navy.	Sagamore Hill.
Comment.	Negro.	Spanish War.
Dangers.	Peace.	Speeches (two envelopes).
Fads and fancies.	Peace of Portsmouth.	Third term.
Hunter.	Messages.	Tours.
Governor.	Police Commissioner.	Vice-President.

But if Mr. Roosevelt is the despair of the morgue man, Mr. Bryan is a complete distraction. As a morgue man put it, "You can't classify Mr. Bryan; he is on all sides of all questions." So the clippings about Mr. Bryan are put in envelopes marked 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, and so on.

Although the morgue is intended solely to aid the newspaper in its work, it frequently happens that the morgue is of use to outsiders. The police, both official and unofficial, are indebted to newspaper morgues for many a success. Every newspaper is glad to place its records at the disposal of the authorities; and some morgue-keepers work hand in hand with the municipal police, the secret service, and various private detective agencies in rounding up certain classes of criminals. This connection is especially valuable to the police from the fact that people will often tell to a newspaper facts they will not tell to the authorities.

Detectives from a private agency, for instance, came to one morgue-keeper recently and asked to be allowed to use his morgue. Their credentials were satisfactory, and the privilege was granted. But they could not find what they wanted. They were inclined to be "mysterious," and would not at first tell the morgue-keeper the nature of their case.

"Very well," said he. "I am willing to help you; but if you really want information, you will have to show your hand. I cannot accomplish much in the dark."

They told him that a certain man of prominence had subscribed to a biographical publication in which his own biography was to appear. The book was not as represented, however, and he refused to pay. Thereupon the promoters sued him for three hundred dollars. The money was nothing to him, but he refused to be bled. So he hired detectives to look up the promoters. The detectives were morally sure the promoters were swindlers, but they had been unable to lay their hands on a single shred of evidence to prove it. Their last hope lay in the morgue. In no time the enlightened morgue man laid before them the information they so much wanted. His cross-references showed him that, although nothing was filed away under the name the detectives were looking for, columns were on file about the man in an envelope labeled "Newspaper Grafters." These clippings showed that the man who got up the fraudulent biography had been working similar grafting games for fifteen years. When the trial came off, the defendant subpœnaed the morgue man, who came to court armed with bound volumes of his newspaper, in which appeared accounts of former swindles perpetrated by the complainant. When the latter's lawyer saw the newspaper volumes, he withdrew the suit. Thus the newspaper accomplished what the detectives could not accomplish. The grafter in question had never been arrested, and so the police had no record of him. The newspaper, however, had a complete history of his various swindles.

The morgue man and the police, it has been stated, often work hand in hand. It is not too much to say that the downfall of those crooked financial firms Burr Brothers and B. H. Scheftels & Co. was due entirely to the activities of one morgue man. From all quarters information poured in to him about the fraudulent schemes these concerns were fathering. These complaints were turned over to reporters and the frauds were exposed so baldly that the post-office inspectors were forced to take action and raid the two concerns. When the trials came round, this morgue man turned over to the Government attorneys all the mass of evidence he had collected. Everybody knows the result.

The morgue man in question got his information by "planting" fifteen or twenty "dummies" on the "sucker list." That, as most people know, is a mailing list of "easy marks," and can be found in the office of every fraudulent stock concern. Each of these dummies bought one or two shares of some cheap stock from one concern or another, and so they forever got their names on the list. Thus they received literature about every new

scheme started, and this literature was promptly forwarded to the morgue man. In that way this particular morgue-keeper is in constant touch with the stock swindling game; and he knows about every venture the promoters bring forth within a few days of its birth. All this information is filed away against the day of judgment that the morgue man knows is sure to come.

Perhaps there is no better illustration of the inexorability of a morgue than the case of one of these modern financial pirates who formerly was little short of being a real pirate. In exposing one of this man's schemes, the morgue man told something of his doings a quarter of a century previously in the South Seas. The promoter, thinking that no witness of his crimes survived, brought suit against the newspaper. One man only—and he was in Alaska—had personal knowledge of this man's crimes. That witness could not be found. But the morgue man substantiated the story in his paper so well that the paper won the suit. Thus the morgue, like a voice from the grave, spoke out in damning accusation.

The primary use of a morgue, of course, is in aiding a newspaper in its work of printing the news. In this respect the morgue has a thousand uses. Sometimes it points the way to news; sometimes it furnishes the news itself. Frequently it is the newspaper court of last resort.

Years ago, when it was believed that Marshall Field would be made a member of the President's Cabinet, that merchant prince, the Chicago papers wired their New York correspondents, was due to arrive in New York on a certain train. The city editors sent squads of reporters to meet him and get an interview. But the train came in and Mr. Field was not on it. As it turned out later, he left the train just before it reached New York to dodge the newspaper men. The papers were in complete darkness as to his whereabouts. Late in the evening one night city editor dug into his morgue until he unearthed a tiny clipping which showed that some years previously Mr. Field had once stayed in New York with a relative at a private house. "That's where he is," said this editor to his reporter. "Go up and get an interview." That's where he was, too, and the reporter got the interview. He was the only reporter in the city who found Mr. Field, and he scored a "beat." The morgue did it.

Some months ago a young man killed himself in one of New York's big hotels. There was nothing in his possessions by which to identify him. A coroner looked at the suicide and remarked that he resembled young Lord Sholto Douglas, of England, who years ago buried himself in this country. Young Douglas had once been on the stage. Two theatrical people, who, it later developed, did not know Lord Douglas, identified the body as that of the missing Englishman. Thereupon the story went broadcast that Lord Douglas had killed himself. At once the "Sun" Press Bureau was deluged by queries from all parts of the country asking if the story were true. The "Sun" reporter was not satisfied with the identification that had been made. So he went to his morgue. There he found an obscure item which gave the name of a physician who had once examined Lord Douglas for an insurance company. The "Sun" reporter hunted this physician up, and got him to examine the dead body. The physician said positively that the dead man was not Lord Douglas. Thus the "Sun" was able to deny the story that had been sent out by other news agencies. And its denial was confirmed a few days later when the real Lord Douglas was found somewhere in New England and interviewed.

In the main, however, the morgue is useful as furnishing material for biographical sketches, especially of the obituary kind. Upon the death of any person the reporter writing the "obit" has but to turn to the morgue, and, if anything has ever been printed about his subject, he will find it there. That enables him to compile a biography in short order.

In the case of prominent persons, however, the city editor dare not wait until they are dead before he has their obituary story written. That story may occupy a page, and the person may die just before press time. The city editor never knowingly runs a race with either time or death. He dodges such contests by getting ready beforehand. Hence, at the first news that a prominent person is ill, he assigns a reporter to write the sick one's obituary. At the time this article is written Dr. Mary Walker lies critically ill. To-day's news story about her is an interview which she begins by saying, "Don't write my obituary yet." Of course Dr. Walker could not know it, but her obituary had long since been prepared. This practice of obituary forehandedness has come to be

regarded in newspaper circles as a life-saver, so many persons have recovered after their "obits" have been written. The obituary of the late Senator Platt, for instance, was written ten years before his death by a man who died two years before Mr. Platt did. If a man gets well, the story is simply filed away in the morgue against the day when he shall be mortally ill. So every morgue contains the "obits" of a good many people who are anything but dead.

Forehanded as all this seems, it is not forehanded enough for the city editor. He is always haunted by the fear that something will happen and find him unprepared Even though a story is written, it takes time to put it into type; and those minutes might mean that the paper would be beaten on the story. So the obituaries of the crowned heads of Europe, of the "big" men of America—in short, of every one the world over who is prominent enough to be liable to assassination—are kept set up in type. In some offices also a half-tone of the subject is ready to go with each story. Some newspapers have enough of these "standing obits" to fill an entire issue of the paper. It needs only a flash over the wire saying a man is dead, and his life history can be on the sidewalk in ten minutes' time.

In the matter of getting out the news an ounce of foresight is worth several pounds of hindsight. The morgue man is the doctor who is responsible for that ounce. He is the journalistic specialist in prevention—the prevention of unpreparedness.

THE SPECTATOR

THE Spectator is the owner of a small domain where he spends some cheerful July days free from door-bells, telephones, and messenger boys. Here trees, shrubs, and vines respond amazingly to his casual care, though severe drought, together with absentee landlordism, causes them to look injured and in some cases to pass away.

The Spectator loves all the birds that sing or fly, from oriole and song-sparrow to the dingy swallows that circle high above the chimney at evening and build in its safe depths. In and out they fly with a sound of distant thunder, and carelessly lose their callow young down in the fireplace below, and so make the Spectator a world of trouble. Like some human beings, they appear to have broader views than family life affords, and are willing to trust their offspring to those of less important aims. To rescue these helpless, complaining mites, loud even in extreme callowness, is a thankless task. In a feathered state they dash themselves against closed windows, and are hard to catch even in butterfly nets. One returns after days of absence to find the place a House of Dead Birds, as a little child once called it. They have tried every room in vain, and for days one comes upon them in dark corners and behind articles of furniture, their sad little lives beaten out, the scheme of their existence frustrated.

While a bird-lover by nature, the Spectator has no fellow-feeling for hens. Though surrounded by them, and often vexed by their narrow-minded ways, he lives in a chronic state of forgiveness when they scratch mulch away from protected tree roots, dig up annuals, wallow in tender flower-beds, and do all the mischief possible to their limited intelligence. In common with the Indian, they recognize no private ownership of land, and are just as ready to devastate their owner's garden as the Spectator's, equally aggrieved and flustered at stick-and-stone arguments at home and abroad. So one bears with them, as with idiots, for instance, whom they closely resemble. In the long line of evolution, tremendous to thought, who can prove that the original idiot was not a hen? In many ways hens resemble certain human beings—minus intellect.

Just now the near neighbor's old speckled hen has made her usual promenade in a leisurely way among trees and shrubs, digging up recently transplanted things, wallowing in soft flower-beds, pecking at certain tender lettuce leaves long obscured with brush, but just now carelessly allowed the freedom of air and sunshine, sitting down in the bed and throwing dust over the hopeful leaves.

The Spectator, on his vine-shaded porch, stood overlooking the ruin wrought by one insignificant member of barnyard society. He might have driven her off for the moment with stones and execrations; but the process is a warm one on a sultry day, and it would have disturbed his

own permanent serenity, though not the hen's, and led her to think(?) it worth while to return to the attack when she had roused the neighborhood with her shrieks of indignation. It is never worth while to call a burglar's attention to places of deposit. So the Spectator sat down with his finger between the leaves of the book he was trying to read and watched. If there are sermons in stones, there are whole volumes in hens. This special speckled one, perhaps tired of misdeeds, but more probably hearing the dinner call, decided to go home. First she tried every picket in the fence which divided her from her kind, raising and dropping her head in a foolish way, as if the spaces might be broader above or below. To us human creatures also the untried is pregnant with possibility. But the pickets were set with precision, and, though there were many openings below where ambitious hens had at some time wriggled their unwelcome bodies through, they made no sign, nor did the other hens beyond the pale take the slightest notice. The Spectator was reminded of the father of an eminent scientist who never responded to any question that was not put in a form he liked.

The address of the speckled hen might have been unpleasing. There was a suspicious cackle from the barn beyond. It sounded like that of the Black Spanish pullet, just embarked on the grand enterprise of laying and full of the importance of the deed. Every morning she shrilly and continuously announced this most momentous event, as if she had laid a dozen Black Spanish eggs at the highest market price and dared not die with all the music in her. Bursting with the idea that the country could not long hold its own without her special brand of egg, she amuses the Spectator with her likeness to a political convention.

Our speckled hen heard and did not hear; but some vague memory was disturbed in her mustard-seed of brain, and she redoubled her futile efforts to break through. Not a picket yielded, though she batted each one. Back and forth she paced along eight, nine, ten post divisions, seeking she knew not what, but seeking just the same—a tireless shuttle driven back and forth, back and forth, weaving shadows.

The Spectator, having a larger proportion of brain, could have put his finger on a dozen dug-out holes where she could have squeezed through with little or no effort. So many of us

"fail to find
That which lies close at hand."

But unsought help is seldom appreciated even by mortals, and the speckled hen, by her very nature, would have resented any aid—any seizing of her personally and thrusting her head through with squawkings like death throes that would have called out her indignant owner. None of us like interference—butting in, in the slang of to-day—and it is doubtful if the determined hen could have been butted in (to change the tense) even for her own good with the most heroic effort. So the Spectator, with his finger still in the volume—whatever he may have been reading at the time from the table beside him—leaned back and watched. Sixty-three times, by actual count, did the hen pace back and forth, leisurely, hurriedly, madly, never giving it up, while the creatures, her relatives, on the other side took no more notice of her than if she had been a ghost. And she kept to her original limits, having a dim consciousness perhaps that somewhere between these special posts there must be an opening, because she had come through. O human reasoning! O human hope!

The Spectator went back to his reading and tried to forget, but after a blurred quarter of an hour looked up. She was still at it. The fence would not yield, neither would she. That is the one heroic quality of hen nature that the Spectator has discovered—

"A glorious firmness that her enemies call obstinacy."

Opening after opening she passed and missed, stopping to consider just beyond it. The Spectator yearned to say, as he often yearns to say to the young of his kind, "I could show you the place—you've missed it forty times, and you're going to miss it forty more;" or, "You lost your head when something cackled, and so looked the wrong way." But, as in human affairs, he held his peace, and the hen never gave it up. After an hour the Spectator came back to the book he had abandoned, and there she was—"at it again."

Just then a passing boy shied a stone at the distracted and distracting creature, which broke up the routine of her course and cleared her mind to see the opening just where she was, and without effort she slipped through.

The Spectator pushed aside his books, took up paper and pen, and settled down to a puzzling problem that he had failed to work out—a problem that had spoiled weeks of his vacation, persistently dogging his conscience,

"Deep'ning his midnights,
Dark'ning all his morns."

He had learned something from a hen.

LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

WHY THE HIGH PRICE OF MEAT?

The high price of meat is one of the multiplying problems of the high cost of living. And rightly it is, for in the past few days a new chapter has been written in meat history. Cattle have been sold in the Chicago live stock market at the highest price known since Civil War times, and there seems to be no immediate prospect of relief.

The packer has been unjustly blamed for the present prices of meat. This part of the high cost of living should not be wholly blamed to big business, but partly also to the man who, under the profitable conditions that now exist, does not produce meat. I mean the corn belt farmer.

The opportunity for profitable live stock production has never been equaled since time began, yet we learn that less live stock is produced from year to year, notwithstanding the unequaled prices and opportunities.

Our exports of beef have decreased enormously from year to year, and unless the American farmer awakens to the situation not another decade will pass until the South American stock-raiser will be reaping the profits that could have been left among our corn belt farmers, and would in turn have been distributed throughout our land, for the farmer buys through every avenue of trade.

The opportunity for profitable live stock growing does not seem to be fully appreciated by the corn belt farmer. He lives in States more naturally adapted for meat-producing than any other country in the world. He produces every food element necessary for the most profitable feeding. With the introduction of the silo and the greatest meat-producer among forage, the alfalfa, he holds the reins of prime beef and pork manufacture in his hand. With the silo to save tons of feed that has been heretofore practically wasted, and the alfalfa producing two to three fold over the other varieties of hay, he finds his feeding resources unequaled. Corn is his principal farm product, and is the most essential of all foods for meat-growing, and he has access to the world's best live stock markets. Yet he is contented to see the farmers of another continent reap the profits by establishing a foreign trade that he should have possessed, and is contented to market his grain through the elevator from year to year and thus deplete the fertility of his farm. No farm can continually stand the drain on its resources by incessant grain farming, any more than we can check continually on a bank account without making a deposit. And to-day the farmer is reaping the costly effects of grain farming. Our average corn yield is twenty-eight bushels per acre; it should be sixty. Our average wheat yield is thirteen bushels an acre; it should be thirty. Our average oat yield is twenty-five bushels per acre; it should be sixty.

But, in the face of these facts, the farmer is not growing live stock. The truth of this fact justly lays the blame of high-priced meat at the farmer's doorstep, and he alone can remedy it.

This condition has probably been brought about by attractive grain and hay prices in the markets of the world. Immediate profits, without concern for the future welfare of the land or coming generations, seem to have been the paramount thought of the average farmer.

The results are twenty per cent less cattle in our land to-day than ten years ago, with over a twenty per cent increase in our population. The settler has crowded the old-time ranchman from the map, and to-day but few cattle outfits of any magnitude are in existence.

The State of Iowa has more cattle, according to area, than any other State in the Union, yet her statistics show only one beef steer to each fifty-three acres of land.

Fancy veal prices have induced farmers to market their calves, not allowing them to reach maturity, which means an immeasurable loss in pounds of beef, to say nothing of the curtailment in production caused by the slaughter of young females.

Conditions, as they are brought out by men who are devoting their time to the study of the problem, point to the fact that we have not yet fully realized the seriousness of the shortage, and cannot hope for immediate relief until the farmer can get in possession of foundation stock, which must be obtained from the present crop of calves.

Pork prices are necessarily high for several reasons. They would naturally be high during the beef shortage on account of demand. But the origin was with the panic of 1907, when the hog market became so bearish that the producers lost confidence and liquidation began, resulting in the fewest hogs left for future producing known for years. Then in 1911, just as we were again getting to a normal condition, the six principal swine-producing States suffered a shortage of corn, followed by the swine plague, and liquidation to the markets and mortality again did its work, while heavy loss in the spring crop of 1912, combined with the above-mentioned causes, has kept the supply low.

The farmer is one of the most conservative persons of our country, but conditions are becoming so plain and prospects so bright for the future stockman that the consumer cannot but hope that he may become endowed with the spirit of doing his part to feed the ever-increasing millions of our land.

And those who investigate the situation will agree that the greatest of all laws, "supply and

demand," has played a greater part toward the upward trend of meat prices, and will have more part in the lowering process, than so-called "big business." A. W. T.

York, Nebraska.

THE LITERACY TEST FOR IMMIGRANTS

May I have the honor of your columns to say a few words in regard to the immigration question discussed editorially and by correspondents in your issue of June 22?

All labor leaders are agreed, so far as I know, and my acquaintance is extensive, that some substantial curb ought to be placed at once on the present enormous influx and efflux of foreign labor. And while I know of no official identified with any of the various labor organizations of the country who would take exception to your statement that the illiteracy test "would be inadequate to protect this country from [all] undesirable immigrants," I feel certain that practically all of them would be inclined to dissent from your other statement that it would not help "secure those that are desirable."

There is absolutely no question about the Immigration Commission's finding that there is an "over-supply of unskilled labor in this country," which affects indirectly, but none the less deleteriously, wages and conditions of employment in the skilled trades. For years our organizations have recognized with increasing conviction the need of just such legislation as that recommended by the Commission, and have gone on record at our conventions and before Congressional committees as favoring it, and particularly the reading and writing test, because we find that those who cannot read or write are the ones at Lawrence in the textile industries, at Bethlehem in the steel mills, and even at work in the railway construction camps, as pointed out by the Immigration Commission, that are the easiest induced to come here, to be hoodwinked into coming, to be worked at lower wages and longer hours, and that they are the ones who render conditions less safe and less sanitary, and who are used by the labor exchanges, the large employers of cheap labor, and the like to prevent an improvement of conditions commensurate with inventions and changing needs, an increase in wages to keep pace with the increased cost of living, etc.

The Commission emphasizes the fact, I believe, that the illiterate, as one would expect, are the most difficult to organize into a law-abiding union and the easiest to become the tools of violent agitators, such as have made their appearance recently, during labor troubles at Lawrence and other places.

With your statement that transient workers coming to go back with their parsimonious hoardings, unaccompanied by their families, should be excluded, and that a limit should be placed upon the number coming, I believe all students of labor conditions agree, and at least eighty per cent of the thinking public. A large number, considerably over half, I believe, would be in favor of going further for a specified time, in order to allow the forces of assimilation to relieve the situation. But the "rub" comes as to the tests to accomplish this purpose. The Republican party has declared for the illiteracy test in specific terms, and a general declaration of the Democratic party has been interpreted on the stump in a campaign or two to mean the same identical thing.

In your editorial you advocate an increased head tax, the requirement of some money in the pocket—which is law in Canada, among other restrictive provisions and orders that make our weak laws look ridiculous—a character certificate, and the limitation of numbers coming per annum. But would any one or all of these "secure those that are desirable" and keep out those that are "undesirable"? Would not any test, as a matter of fact, in academic argument, keep out some possibly desirable person? And could not even our present feeble laws, excluding merely a few of the undeniably undesirable and objectionable, be said to do this? Do they not now keep out desirable immigrants, even though the law is enforced very liberally and generously and charitably? In my experience I know of no piece of legislation that has not had brought against its enactment the charge that it would do some hardship; and nowadays we hear much said about the administration of the law by the courts being a "reproach to our civilization." But is that any reason for abolishing, as the Nihilist and Anarchist would, all government? Or for the owner of a barn, using the same reasoning, burning it to destroy the rats?

To us who make a specialty of studying, exclusively almost, the needs of labor and labor problems, the illiteracy test seems, as it did to the Immigration Commission, "the most feasible" for starting the proper regulation and control of immigration, because it would, as pointed out by the Commission, work the least possible harm and do the greatest possible good of any of the tests considered; and by so recommending it they, as I understand, did not preclude the enactment of additional and other tests, and did not mean to recommend it as a substitute for other existing as well as proposed legislation, such as you mention.

H. E. Wills,
Joint National Legislative Representative,
B. of L. E., O. R. C., B. of R. T.

BY THE WAY

The Chairman of the Association of Western Railways, Mr. W. A. Garrett, sends out a warning bulletin to shippers that all freight should be despatched as promptly as possible this autumn, for by October 25 there will be a shortage of 179,838 freight cars. This huge volume of business speaks well for general prosperity, but where is the "scientific management" of the railways?

Since the recent revelations regarding police graft in New York City a policeman has been seen to take a pear from a corner fruit-stand—and pay for it! It must be now that the year of Jubilee has come for the foreign fruit-vender.

Algiers is said to have the largest European population of any city in Africa. Johannesburg comes next, then Oran. Will the class in geography kindly locate the latter town, with its 100,000 Europeans, without referring to the atlas?

A novelty in paper goods that is rapidly coming into general use is the tissue-paper towel, which is designed to take the place of linen towels in public lavatories, railway stations, factories, etc. This is a truly sanitary device, for it furnishes every one with an individual towel, and, as each towel is thrown away after use, any possible communication of disease is prevented.

The University of Southern California has instituted a chair of automobile science, being the first university in the country to recognize the importance of the motor car as a subject of technical study and investigation from the engineering standpoint.

Dr. Roy C. Andrews, curator of the American Museum of Natural History, has lately returned from an expedition to Japan and Korea. In the latter country he traversed unexplored territory, one of the features of which was a great forest of larches and birches, through which the party traveled for three weeks.

The Sunday-closing law for post-offices recently enacted has been so far modified in its interpretation that hotels and newspapers will continue to receive their mail on Sunday, as formerly. Congressman Mann, who is responsible for the law, says that he urged it, not for religious reasons, but because he knew from personal experience that "one can get along all right without Sunday mail." But how about the young man who is waiting for that letter that failed to come on Saturday?

A commercial traveler says that he can identify members of his profession in the hotel dining-rooms by their habit of drinking their coffee "left-handed." He says that many traveling men have adopted this habit because when they drink "left-handed" they drink from the side of the cup that isn't generally used. This is one of those customs the value of which will lessen as it becomes more general—or as dish-washing becomes more of a fine art.

Spain is to follow the example of other Continental countries and become the owner of its railways. As Spanish railways have been notorious for delays and poor management, travelers will hope that the change promises improvement in service.

Apparently it is not easy to find men with ideas about fashions in women's dress, for a daily paper prints an advertisement calling for "an editor with ideas" for a "woman's magazine devoted largely to fashions" and having a circulation of nearly a million. Why not give a woman the job? A woman is just naturally full of ideas about dress, and here would seem to be the very opportunity for their expression.

Conservative Germans deplore the use of Roman characters in printing German books. An appeal for the continued use of the Gothic letter is said to have been signed by six hundred university professors and other literary and scientific men. Aside from sentimental grounds, they contend that the Gothic character is more legible than the Roman. This will seem incredible to one who compares Gothic, or Black-Letter, with Roman characters, but much must be allowed to early associations.

The new Equitable Building in New York City is to be the largest office building in the world, but this will be on account of the large ground area which it is to occupy, for the structure will be but thirty-six stories in height—only relatively a "sky-scraper" in a city which contains forty-three, forty-eight, and fifty-five story buildings.

The fastest shorthand writing ever done, so it is said, was accomplished by Mr. Nathan Behrin, a New York court reporter, at a recent contest held by the National Shorthand Reporters' Association. He wrote 278 words per minute for five minutes. This is faster than most people can talk; but then the court stenographer must be prepared to meet and "take down" the exceptional witness, with six-cylinder verbal capacity.

English actors apparently never become millionaires, if inferences are to be drawn from a newspaper paragraph which says that the estate of an English actor recently deceased amounted to $220,280, and that this is "the largest theatrical estate left since that of Toole, the famous comedian, which amounted to $399,920." Perhaps American actors are more fortunate; at any rate, we notice that the widow of an American actor has just left $75,000 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which places her quite in the class of some millionaires so far as charitable bequests are concerned.

"Close" punctuation, which consists in inserting the points frequently, has apparently gone out in the daily press, for in a New York City newspaper the other day a sentence of one hundred and six words was noticed which carried no punctuation mark except at the end. How different, this, from the typographic style in the time of Rufus Choate, that master of the long sentence, whose tribute to Daniel Webster, in a single sentence of over a thousand words, carried nearly half as many commas, semicolons, and dashes!

A new patent that will interest men who would like to discard suspenders but are not partial to tight belts is a shirt with "a plurality of lapels" which are designed to be attached to the trousers for their support. The trousers being thus held up, suspenders may be dispensed with and belts worn comfortably loose.

Apropos of shirts, a facetious subscriber announces that he has perfected a machine for stripping buttons from shirts and other garments that are sent to public laundries. "Hand work," he says, "sometimes fails to remove these buttons completely, and my machine is guaranteed to strip off all these objectionable protuberances without fail, so that the goods may be returned to the owner in the same state as when they came from the mill."

The Outlook

SEPTEMBER 21, 1912

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The Democratic Campaign

The State election in Maine resulted in a substantial victory for the united Republican party. Out of a total vote of about 138,500, the Republican candidate for Governor, William T. Haines, had a majority of about 4,000. His opponent, Governor Plaisted, was reported the day before election to have predicted his own re-election by ten thousand more votes than he had two years ago. The Republicans have a small majority in both branches of the Legislature. The conservatives and Progressives throughout the campaign held squarely to their agreement to make the campaign without regard to their differences on National questions, and the sole deduction to be made from the result as regards the November election is that the Democrats are relatively weaker in Maine than they were two years ago and that those Democrats who have predicted an overwhelming Democratic wave can find no support for their theory in the Maine figures. In Connecticut the Democrats have renominated Governor Baldwin with practically no opposition. In New Jersey Governor Wilson has characterized the proposed candidacy of James Smith, Jr., for the United States Senate as "the most fatal step backward that the Democrats of New Jersey could take" and of "sinister import," but as yet Governor Wilson's New Jersey adherents have not united upon a candidate to oppose Mr. Smith. It has been semi-officially announced that Governor Wilson is not "directly or indirectly to interfere in the selection of New York's Democratic candidate for Governor;" in a speech before an informal conference at Syracuse Governor Wilson said: "The only chance for a new party is that both the old parties should be discredited. One of the old parties is discredited; ours shall not be." He believed that New York would lead the way, but common report indicates that Murphy's Tammany influence is still strong in the party, and so strong a Democratic paper as the New York "World" declares that to renominate Governor Dix would be to continue Murphy's domination, asserting also that "any State ticket nominated by Murphy at Syracuse will be beaten."

The Progressive Campaign

In the Far West Mr. Roosevelt has had immense audiences in Tacoma, Portland, Seattle, and elsewhere, and there is abundant evidence of the growing strength of the new party and its ideas. Out of many notable utterances by Mr. Roosevelt on the live issues of the campaign we select one which supplements his editorial on another page: "We propose a real and not a fake regulation and control of big business, and that we are to be taken at our word. We have not hesitated to say that we favor any business, no matter how big, if it is honest. I am against the corrupt business man, not because he is big, but because he is corrupt. A big business which treats its rivals fairly, its customers fairly, its wage-workers fairly, its stockholders fairly—such a business is a help and not a hurt to the community, and it is a lamentable thing when business of that type makes common cause against us with corrupt business." Among recent announced adhesions to the new National party are those of Governor Bass, of New Hampshire, and Mr. Robert G. Valentine, who resigns the office of Indian Commissioner in Mr. Taft's Administration to take part in the Progressive campaign. In a statement accompanying his resignation Mr. Valentine says that the Republican party through its leaders have pushed aside the programme of the Progressives and as a result the Progressive party has been born and carries with it the true hope for the future. He adds: "The work of the Indian Service is from every honorable point of view a non-political work

of social service. I would not now leave it except for what seems to me a pressing obligation to take part in the larger work of the Progressive party on the same lines." Statements of contributions made to campaign funds have been made, with no startling revelations, by the National Committees of both Democrats and Progressives, while the Republican Committee stands on the letter of the law and will make no financial statement until after October 20.

Mexico and the United States

Not the least of Mexico's troubles is the dread of all factions that the United States may intervene in its affairs. This fear is not potent enough to make all Mexicans unite patriotically in putting their own house in order, but is so far prevalent as to stir up and keep awake the "anti-Yankee" feeling which has existed for years. On the other hand, American capitalists interested in Mexican industrial matters are naturally impatient to see an end put to the semi-anarchical condition which has so long existed in certain provinces. The railways and mines in particular have serious causes for complaint, and it is not surprising that the Southern Pacific road last week filed complaints with the United States Government, which could in response do nothing more than urge the Mexican Government to hasten its measures for restoring order. It is, of course, imaginable that a state of things may come to exist in Mexico which shall require intervention on our part. If it does, we must first convince ourselves, and then show the world, that those facts constitute, not an excuse, but a necessity. The tremendous task of restoring by force order in Mexico against the wishes of all Mexicans must not be taken up lightly or with the object of serving special interests. Yet whenever the situation on the border, as between the Federals and the rebels, becomes at all critical, as it has been lately, there seems to be a concerted newspaper effort to convince people that, right or wrong, intervention is imminent. Last week, for instance, elaborate and rather solemn assertions were made the country over that President Taft was about to call a special session of Congress to authorize the invasion of Mexico; the New York "Sun" asserted editorially that "pressure is being brought upon Mr. Taft to intervene;" and despatches from El Paso said, "The army officers here were jubilant to-day at the tone of the news from Beverly, hoping that intervention will come soon. They are tired of the monotony of the border vigil and would welcome intervention." However much or little there may have been in this flurry of excitement, the press of the country spoke out so clearly against sensational or premature action that nothing alarming has followed. Thus, the New York "Evening Post," after pointing out the vagueness of the causes alleged for immediate action and the calm which exists among English and Canadian investors in Mexico as contrasted with the "excited and hysterical talk in Washington," almost tearfully warns the President that "if he should intervene—whether by military action taken unconstitutionally, without the consent of Congress, or whether through action of Congress suddenly precipitated by a call for a special session—it is upon the shoulders of President Taft, and nowhere else, that the whole responsibility for the ensuing bloodshed and for evil consequences lasting far into the years of the future must actually rest." We do not imagine that the danger of precipitate action by President or Congress is just now serious, but there is always a possibility of sudden excitement growing out of a wave of anger at some real or reported wrong, and it should be made thoroughly evident that any action taken in Mexican affairs by this country must be carefully considered and understood in advance by the people as well as by the State Department and the Executive.

The Funeral of Mutsuhito

Last week Thursday at Tokyo the funeral of Mutsuhito, the late Japanese Emperor, began. The somber coloring associated with mourning in this country and Europe was replaced by brilliant hues in which century-old costumes mingled with modern military display. Official representatives from all nations participated in the solemnities. Our own representative was Mr. Knox, Secretary of State; Great Britain's was Prince Arthur of Connaught, the King's cousin; Germany's, Prince Henry of Prussia, the Emperor's brother; Spain's, Don Alfonso, the Spanish King's cousin, etc. The Emperor's body has lain in state since August 13. The casket measures nearly ten feet by five, and weighs one and a half tons. The chief feature of the first day's ceremonies was the obeisance paid to the late monarch's

spirit by three processions—that of the new Emperor Yoshihito, that of the Empress, and that of the Dowager Empress. The Emperor appeared in the full uniform of Commander-in-Chief, with black crêpe arm-band and sword-knot. The Empress and Dowager Empress, as well as all the court ladies and maids of honor, were attired in native court dress, made of hemp cloth, the upper garment being of dark brown and the skirt of dull orange. All these ladies wore their hair unbound. The music consisted of a soft dirge on instruments resembling flutes and drums. The Chief Shinto Ritualist and his assistants removed the hanging screen in front of the catafalque, proffered offerings of sacred food, and recited prayers for the dead. The most solemn act of all was when the Emperor, Empress, and other members of the royal house worshiped the spirit of the departed Emperor. A short silence ensued. The processions were reformed and the members of the Imperial family retired. The second part of the funeral took place at night, when the cortège started on its journey to Monoyama, near Kyoto, the ancient capital. Imposing as had been the ceremonial, attended by great dignitaries, at the Imperial Palace earlier in the day, the passage of the funeral car through the streets of Tokyo at night was even more impressive. Hundreds of thousands of people stood in absolute silence along the route, their silence in dramatic contrast to the appearance of the streets, brilliantly lighted by torches. Between the torches were placed large sacred trees, and at frequent intervals there were black and white cloth-covered poles surmounted by wreaths of evergreen. To the wailing notes of a Shinto dirge the coffin was wheeled in solemn procession from the main hall of the palace and placed in the funeral car. On each side of the casket walked high officials of the household carrying lighted candles, and following it were the Grand Master of Ceremonies, bearing the departed monarch's own sword, and the Master of the Household, carrying the Imperial sword of state. Then came attendants wearing hemp garments and bearing torches. Others carried drums and musical instruments of ancient types, on which they played funeral dirges. Following these walked retainers bearing white and yellow silk damask banners representing the sun and the moon. The royal family and the foreign princes and special embassies, including Secretary Knox, did not take part in this ceremony, but went directly to Aoyama. Of the significance of the startling suicide of General Nogi, the hero of Port Arthur, and of his wife, we shall speak next week. On the same day in New York City about six hundred Japanese gathered at the Carnegie Lyceum for a memorial service. The audience rose when Dr. Jokichi Takamine, the noted Japanese chemist, opened the services with a eulogy of the late Emperor. When he closed his address the curtain was raised on a portrait of the Emperor. The audience rose again while Consul-General Numano stood before the picture and read an address in praise of the late ruler. On the following night other memorial exercises for the dead Emperor were held at Carnegie Hall by the Japan Society of America, in conjunction with the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Dr. Harris, Methodist Bishop of Japan and Korea, presided.

Arthur MacArthur

The sudden death at Milwaukee of Lieutenant-General Arthur MacArthur calls attention to a true soldier and to a great epoch. The soldier has passed; the epoch is passing. Arthur MacArthur was one of the boys who went to the front in '61. And they were boys—they were not embryo soldiers. But the man was in the boy. The seventeen-year-old lad of slight, unmilitary build, who actually induced the Governor of Wisconsin to give him an adjutancy in the Twenty-fourth Wisconsin Regiment, was the same boy who, when the regiment encountered its first stiff fight—at Stone River—and lost half its complement in the engagement, won his first spurs by an instant display of executive ability. And at Missionary Ridge, after two color-bearers of his regiment had been shot down, the boy won a medal of honor by taking up the colors, leading sixty other battle-flags up to the crest of the Ridge, and planting the colors there. He was the youngest commissioned officer in the war. He became Major and commanded his regiment at Kenesaw and thereafter. He was wounded at the battle of Franklin, and received a colonelcy for his work on that day. At the close of the war he had gained a commission as Lieutenant in the regular army; for, having proved that he was born to be a soldier, it was natural that he should pass into the military service. He spent the next twenty years fighting Indians. He became a Captain and Major in the

regular army, and when the Spanish-American War opened was commissioned Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He was sent to the Philippines, captured the town of Malate, and prepared the way for the taking of Manila. He became a Brigadier-General and a Major-General in the regular army—the youngest of our major-generals at the time. In 1899 he commanded a division, under the general direction of General Otis, against Aguinaldo's army, and later succeeded Otis as Commander-in-Chief. This campaign employed a larger army and involved more severe fighting than did the campaign against Santiago the previous year. In 1901 General MacArthur assumed command of the Department of the Colorado, from which he was transferred to that of the Department of the Lakes, to the Department of the East, and then to the Department of California. He finally became Lieutenant-General. From first to last Arthur MacArthur enjoyed the respect and confidence of his fellow-soldiers. He was a modest man, with no "frills." He was a gentleman. As a soldier, like Bayard, he was "without fear and without reproach." It seemed appropriate that death should suddenly call him while he was speaking at the reunion of his old Wisconsin regiment. The hundred comrades stood about his chair, recited the Lord's Prayer, and covered the mortal remains of the "boy adjutant" of a half-century ago with the flag he had once planted on Missionary Ridge.

Rumors of Peace Between Italy and Turkey

The reported bombardment by Italy of a Turkish town on the coast of Asia Minor calls attention to what Italy has already won from Turkey during the present war. Not only is the entire Tripolitan coast of Africa in Italy's possession, but also Rhodes and the other eleven Sporades Islands in the eastern part of the Ægean Sea. As in Tripoli, so in the islands, Italy has introduced the use of her own postage stamps, has brought thither machinery and material for deepening ports and building roads, and has begun those labors. Meanwhile Turkey is suffering from other troubles—not only the conquest of the Tripolitan coast by Italy, but also with a threatening by Russia of a concentration of troops on the Russian frontier, a similar threat by Bulgaria, and an actual mobilization by Austria. In the face of all this, Turkey's ostensible attitude is thus expressed by an editorial in the "Jeune Turc" of Constantinople:

> Let them do their worst; we will not surrender. We are quite aware that alone we have not the strength to oppose a serious resistance to a combined attack by Italy, Russia, Bulgaria, and Greece, with the assistance or connivance of other Powers. Whatever happens, the Turkish nation will not submit to a slow death by exhaustion, but would prefer to die with honor.
>
> If Europe denies our right of existence, rather than accept dishonor we shall be ready to fight in case of need against the whole world, and to sacrifice ourselves even without the least hope of victory.
>
> This is the firm decision of the Ottomans; they are watching events with calmness and serenity. Their state of mind is that of a person condemned to death, who has nothing further to fear.

This is the kind of thing which the Government has allowed to go out for home consumption. With the establishment of a new Cabinet, however, there has been a change. The venerable Kiamil Pasha, President of the Council, was recently reported as saying that "Turkey would readily accept impartial mediation between herself and Italy. We would welcome the offices of any fair-minded Power. . . ." The Government appears to have gone further; for during the past month there have been meetings in Switzerland of unofficial—so it is said—ambassadors from Turkey and Italy with the object of seeing if some means of ending the war may not be brought about. It has been repeatedly stated without contradiction that an agreement has now been reached.

A New Library Building for Harvard

Among the most valuable treasures in America is the library of Harvard University. It is not only the fourth in size among American libraries—those of Congress, of New York City, and of Boston only surpassing it in number of volumes—but it is the repository of some of the most highly prized of irreplaceable books and manuscripts in the world. To say that this great collection is adequately housed is an understatement that almost amounts to falsehood. The condition under which these books are stored has long been a reproach to the country and a source of anxious concern to the University authorities. For the better part of a generation the need of a new and suitable building for this great literary treasure has been notorious, and with every year the situation has become less and less tolerable. It is a

matter, therefore, for gratification not only to the men of Harvard but to all Americans that there is now the promise of a building in size, dignity, and, what is most important of all, facilities for the preservation and use of the books, commensurate with the great collection itself. The promised building is to be the gift of Mrs. George D. Widener, of Philadelphia, who will erect it as a memorial to her son, who with his father was one of the heroic victims of the Titanic disaster, a loyal and generous son of Harvard, Harry Elkins Widener. After his death it was made known that Harry Elkins Widener had left to the University his extraordinarily valuable and rare, though comparatively small, collection of manuscripts and books; and it was understood that there was to be built a small building, probably as a wing in a future University library building, which would serve both to meet the conditions of the will and to memorialize the giver. Now this plan is of course superseded by the immensely greater one. Some idea of the character of this building may be conveyed by the statement that it will probably exceed in cost a million dollars, that it will hold about two and a half millions of volumes, and that there will be about fifty-nine miles of shelves. It is announced in the Boston "Transcript," from which we take this information, which we are officially informed is substantially correct, that the plans have already been drawn by Horace Trumbauer for this building, that it will be erected on the site now occupied by Gore Hall, the present library building, and that ground will be broken for it "within a few days." The building will not only provide for the housing of the various collections included in the library, and for the usual catalogue and reading rooms, but also for rooms where instructors may meet their classes within easy reach of the reference books, private rooms for the use not only of Harvard professors but of visiting scholars, and other smaller rooms called "cubicles," in which a student may gather together his books for comparison and study without interruption. With this building the practical value of the library as a place for work will be incalculably enhanced.

Mental Hygiene: Its Importance

It is doubtful whether many people realize the prevalence of insanity in some of its numerous forms. On January 1, 1910, the date of the last available statistics, there were 187,454 insane persons in institutions in the United States, a number which exceeds the combined enlisted strength of the United States Army, United States Navy, and United States Marine Corps; and it also exceeds the number of students who were enrolled in all colleges and universities in the United States upon that date. The cost of caring for the insane in public institutions represents a sum which is amazing to those who have not had the matter brought to their attention. It costs a little over thirty-two million dollars a year to care for the patients suffering from mental diseases in the public institutions in the United States. This is equal to or even somewhat greater than the annual expenditure for the construction of the Panama Canal. The amount expended in 1910 for the care of the insane in public institutions exceeded the amount appropriated by Congress for the support of the Executive, Legislative, and Judicial Departments of the Federal Government. To this great sum must be added the economic loss to the country through the withdrawal from productive labor of so many people in the prime of life. It has been ascertained that the average value to the community of an adult between the ages of eighteen and forty-five is seven hundred dollars a year. Upon this basis the economic loss to the country through insanity is over one hundred and thirty million dollars a year, which amount taken together with the annual institutional cost is more than one hundred and sixty-four million dollars—a sum equaling the entire annual value of the wheat, corn, tobacco, and dairy and beef products exported from the United States. A still more striking illustration of the social and economic importance of the problems connected with mental diseases is afforded by the consideration of the situation in a single State like New York. The amount appropriated for the care of the insane during the past year in New York was twenty-three per cent of the total expenditure of the State. Compare this with the other fields of State expenditure: education, twenty-four per cent; public works and conservation, thirteen per cent; prisons and reformatories, four per cent; the Legislature, four per cent; the militia, two per cent; health and quarantine, one per cent; and care of all other wards of the State, such as the epileptic, feeble-minded, blind, crippled, disabled soldiers and sailors, eight per cent. To the layman these startling figures must give some impression of a fact which some

scientists and physicians deeply realize, namely, that modern civilization must take hold of the problem of insanity with vigor, energy, and scientific skill. The hopeful thing about what appears to be on the surface a situation of despair is that insanity is not, as our forefathers used to believe it to be, an "act of God," but is a disease which can to a very large degree be prevented and to a considerable degree cured by mental and physical hygiene.

Mental Hygiene: A Unique Exhibit

There are various agencies in existence for the study of the terrible problem briefly outlined in the foregoing paragraph. One of the best of these agencies is the recently organized National Committee for Mental Hygiene, the executive office of which is at 50 Union Square, New York City. The Committee states its chief objects to be the following: "To work for the protection of the mental health of the public; to help raise the standard of care for those threatened with mental disorder or actually ill; to promote the study of mental disorders in all their forms and relations, and to disseminate knowledge concerning their causes, treatment, and prevention; to obtain from every source reliable data regarding conditions and methods of dealing with mental disorders; to enlist the aid of the Federal Government, so far as may seem desirable; to co-ordinate existing agencies and help organize in each State of the Union an allied but independent Society for Mental Hygiene." In pursuance of the work thus outlined the National Committee for Mental Hygiene has prepared an exhibit devoted to the "hygiene of the mind" which will constitute a part of the Fifteenth International Congress on Hygiene that, held for the first time in the United States, meets on September 23 at Washington, D. C. The last Congress was held in Berlin on September 17, 1907. Twenty-seven Governments and forty-two States will be represented by delegates at the meeting at Washington, and the scientific programme will include a vast number of papers dealing with the public health. The exhibit on mental hygiene, which marks the beginning of a noteworthy movement in a branch of preventive medicine hitherto much neglected, will constitute a part of the general health exhibit of the Congress. It will be open to the public. The Mental Hygiene Exhibit presents in graphic form facts concerning the prevalence, the cause, the cure, and the care of mental diseases. It shows, in a way which the layman can easily understand, that insanity, like tuberculosis or typhoid or smallpox, can not only often be cured, but can more often be prevented. Mental disease is still too often regarded with the same fatalistic attitude with which tuberculosis was generally regarded less than a generation ago, and it is hoped that one of the results of the Mental Hygiene Exhibit will be a public awakening equaling that which took place a few years ago with reference to tuberculosis. How public-spirited citizens of wealth can help in the immensely important work of alleviating and to some extent eradicating the suffering and loss brought about by insanity is shown by the generous gift recently made by Mr. Henry Phipps, of New York, of a Psychopathic Hospital and Clinic to Johns Hopkins Hospital at Baltimore. This institution, which will soon be open, will not only treat cases of mental disorder in the earliest and most curable stages, but will enable scientists and students of medicine and hygiene to obtain facts regarding insanity as a disease which will extend the work of cure and prevention throughout the country. Here is a field which may well engage the attention of social workers and private philanthropists.

Christian Missions: Healing the Sick

We wish that those of our readers who are skeptical respecting the usefulness of Christian missions in foreign lands could and would read with some attention the annual report of the Presbyterian Mission Hospital in Miraj, India, established in 1892 in connection with the Western India Mission of the Presbyterian Church. This hospital has two permanent physicians, who are Americans; eight medical assistants, who are natives; an ordained missionary, and a number of other assistants. The motto of the hospital is, "They serve God well who serve his creatures;" and this is printed in the Indian language, and is the missionary message of the hospital to all the natives. The patients are, of course, all, or nearly all, natives, most of whom but for this hospital would have practically no opportunity for medical treatment at all. Statistics are not a very interesting way of reporting the work accomplished by such an institution as this; yet the fact that the hospital reports 13,326 total treatments at Miraj, and 37,097 treatments

including both Miraj and out-stations, with 1,700 surgical operations and 1,607 eye operations, will at least indicate to the reader the extent of the service which this Christian mission is rendering to God's creatures. In connection with this service is an evangelistic work carried on by the missionary and his native assistants, a Sunday-school taught by medical assistants, nurses, and women missionaries, and a medical school which last year graduated thirteen students, all but one of them Christians. Churchmen are sometimes accused of being narrow-minded; nor is this accusation wholly groundless. But it really seems to us that no narrow-mindedness in any ecclesiastic of any Church quite equals the narrow-mindedness of the man who scoffs at missionary work in foreign lands, in the face of the official report of such a work of helping and healing as this.

Christian Missions: Social Regeneration

The service of Christian missions in foreign lands is not, however, confined to helping and healing the body. Nor is its influence to be measured by the number of Christian converts gathered in its chapels. To repeat here what is said more particularly on another page in a Letter to Unknown Friends, what in our time we call Christianity, Jesus of Nazareth called life, or sometimes eternal life. What Christian missions are giving to pagan lands is new life, seen, it is true, in a new philanthropic spirit, but also seen in a new social consciousness, in new ideals of liberty and justice, in a new experience of reverence, founded not on fear but on love, not paralyzing activity, as the religion of fear always does, but inspiring to activity, as the religion of love always does. When a young boy, Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the provisional President of the new Republic of China, lived for a year or more in the family of a Christian missionary. During this period he studied in a Christian school, read and committed to memory much of the New Testament, overcame his native prejudices, and had his mind prepared for future study in Honolulu and in the United States. To this training may be traced the clause in his first proclamation; that in favor of religious liberty for all classes in China. With this proclamation of religious liberty came the rapid development of a new educational system, and the demand made by the progressives in China for the aid of Christians in creating a new type of school and a new educational and religious literature that will answer the demands of millions of men for a religion that will promote modern progress along all lines of life. The missionaries in China perceive with growing clearness of vision and eagerness of desire this need, and the necessity for a union of the various churches in co-operative effort to meet the need. The task is too vast for any single communion, too difficult for all of them together acting independently. Much has already been accomplished through interdenominational co-operation in educational work at large centers, but the new situation demands more than co-operation; it demands a massing, organizing, and directing of the Christian forces as one united force. The Roman Catholics, who were first in the field, have the largest following, with nearly 1,300,000 members and adherents, and more than 100,000 pupils in their schools and orphanages. They present a fairly united front. There are over seventy Protestant organizations working for a common end, but not under a common head, though with much more spirit of co-operation, looking forward toward organic combination, than in the past. In this work the Americans take the lead. About one-half of the four thousand Protestant missionaries in China are supported by the societies representing five leading American communions—the Methodist, Episcopalian, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Congregational. How to develop the present co-operation between these societies into a combination which will involve an obliteration of denominational lines and an ignoring of historical and doctrinal differences, so that they shall present to the Chinese a simple Christianity divested of its divisive difficulties, is perhaps the foremost missionary problem in the field at the present day.

Roman Catholics and Boy Scouts

The latest News Service Bulletin sent out from the headquarters of the Boy Scouts of America contains some welcome information. It is that, "as a result of the indorsement of the Boy Scout movement by Cardinal Farley in America and Cardinal Bourne in England, and other Catholics in both countries, a tremendous impetus has been given to the Boy Scouts of America by Catholic clergymen and laymen throughout this country." A troop of Boy Scouts, so we are informed, has been organized in St.

Patrick's Cathedral, New York City, to be, as Cardinal Farley wishes wherever Catholic boys are concerned, under a priest's supervision. At a recent meeting of the Holy Name Society several priests gave the movement their approval, in particular the Rev. John T. Hughes, of New Rochelle, New York. He said that he had tried everything to interest the boys, but that he could not get enough of them together to form a "corporal's guard" until he formed the Boy Scouts. Now he has a waiting list! He recommended the movement to all spiritual directors. In England the Boy Scouts are making similar progress. Bishop Butt praises them in these words:

From the Catholic point of view the Scout movement seems to me to be altogether admirable, provided always that it is carried out on the lines traced by General Sir Robert Baden-Powell. The fact that the natural virtues are taught to the boys in a most attractive way is in itself a very great good; the chaplain, being practically supreme in religious matters, has every opportunity of providing that solid, supernatural basis for those virtues which the Faith alone can supply. More than this, they find in the numberless acts of unselfishness and self-control suggested and encouraged by the Scout Law, many ready-made practical applications of the moral lessons which flow from the doctrines that it is his duty to teach. Like every good thing, the movement is capable of abuse; but I am convinced that, so long as the wisely conceived principles of the Chief Scout are adhered to, Catholics may not only safely join in the movement by establishing troops, but have everything to gain by doing so.

The Rev. Father Jarrett justly points out a particular value of the Scout Movement, namely, its appeal to the spirit of adventure in boy life:

It captivates this part of his nature (the pirate, in Robert Louis Stevenson's famous definition of a boy, "part poet, part pirate, and part pig"), and gives it a legitimate outlet without which it would turn to very evil uses.

The Scout Law also (especially now that the observance of purity has been added) is a very fair adjunct to the teachings of the Catholic Church. Without alteration, these laws can be easily taught from a Catholic point of view, and explained in the full sense of the Church's teaching. Thus is the Baden-Powell movement in our eyes perfected, and the precepts of Catholic discipline expounded in a form and at a time favorable to an eager acceptance on the part of the Scout.

Our Scientific Visitors

Several gatherings of a scientific character have attracted to this country of late many of the most eminent technical experts of the world. Especially notable has been the unusual plan adopted by the American Geographical Society, which invited some forty European scientists to make an extended trip through America as the guests of the Society. The plan will perhaps result in wider knowledge and more varied study than could any formal meeting to listen to endless technical papers. Recently the visiting scientists spent their first days in New York City; and under the guidance of their American friends studied, not merely the outward geography of the metropolis, but its topography, its building laws, the weather bureau, the geological features, the ocean borders; and in short trips to neighboring regions they even studied such questions as those of the abandoned farm and the production of coal. The entire excursion is to cover some two months, and will extend to the Pacific coast, including a majority of the States in the Union; and in every locality committees of American scientists will make this study of our country by foreigners thorough and interesting, and will see that the social as well as the scientific side is cared for. At the same time we have had in New York several hundred of the most distinguished foreign chemists, and a still larger number of chemists from our own country; altogether there has been an attendance of about three thousand at the eighth International Congress of Applied Chemistry. The official sessions have taken place in New York City; but the delegates have been invited to take part in various scientific gatherings and investigations in other parts of America. It is interesting to note that among the delegates are famous men from Japan, Germany, France, Norway, and many other lands. That the discussions have had more than a technical interest is shown by the fact that among the topics were the manufacture of artificial rubber, the "conquest of the air by chemistry" (by which is meant the substituting for the nitrates so essential to plant growth, and now growing scarce, nitrogen drawn from the air, a process which is now in commercial operation), the possibility of substituting sunlight for coal, the production of synthetic ammonia, and synthetic chemistry generally. Still another meeting of scientists from all parts of the world has been that of the sixth triennial Congress of the International Association for Testing Materials, which brought together in New York City some six hundred delegates from twenty-seven different nations. The papers before the Congress

have been read in three languages—English, French, and German. To the layman the title of the Association would indicate a somewhat limited technical field; but engineers of all kinds recognize the basic value of the scientific work it carries on, and this is indicated also by the fact that the question of establishing a uniform test for steel rails was one of those most thoroughly discussed.

THE PROGRESSIVE MOVEMENT

II—THE PARTY TEMPERAMENTS

Differences in politics, as in religion, are not wholly due to differences in judgment; they are also due to differences in temperament and in consequent habits of mind. Three fundamental differences in temperament are strikingly illustrated in the three political parties—the Republican, the Democratic, and the Progressive.

The Republican party appeals to those who are temperamentally disinclined to change. Men of this temperament are content with present conditions. Their motto is, "Let well enough alone." It is true that there are some social evils. But time and natural law will correct most of them, and special legislation can be devised to remedy the rest. Monopoly? If competition is free, it will step in to claim a share of the extravagant profits and will break up the monopoly. Concentration of wealth? Death, disaster, speculation will in time distribute the wealth. Poverty? American energy and enterprise may be trusted to secure a fair opportunity and a fair wage for most men, and voluntary charity will do the rest. Crime? Yes! There is too much crime. But we must be patient. Education and religion are the only cure, and the processes of education and religion are slow.

There are evils, it is true, but then—if this is not the best of all possible worlds, this is the best of all actual countries. Where will you find a better? The farmers are paying off their mortgages, the workingmen are getting good wages, the dinner-pail is full. If some of the men work ten or even twelve hours a day, why not? They would rather be paid for twelve hours than for eight. It is true, there has been a brief period of depression. There always will be brief periods of depression—from time to time. But it is over now. The Agricultural Department reports good crops. The country is prosperous, with promise of greater prosperity. Why agitate? Why stir up discontent? Let well enough alone.

Such is the temperament which characterizes Mr. Taft's speech of acceptance. It is the temperament which will characterize the speeches and the editorials of his party's representatives. It is the creed of the stationary. It is the philosophy of content. It will attract those of the prosperous who lack either the imagination to see the lives of the unprosperous, or the sympathy to share their burdens. There have been times when this has been an effective argument. But happily those times are in the past. A rapidly diminishing minority respond to this philosophy. It does not appeal to either the idealism, the humanity, or the enterprise of the American public.

The Democratic party appeals to those who are dissatisfied with present conditions and desire to return to the conditions of a previous age. They look to the past for their ideals; they wish to return to the simplicity of the fathers. There are men who in theology go back for their belief to the creeds of the sixteenth century, or even to those of the fourth, and regard all new doctrine as heresy; men who ride in Pullman cars, but regret the stage-coach; men who live in steam-heated houses, but think they would like to return to stoves and open fires; men with a bath-room on every floor, who love to linger over the memory of their boyhood bath on Saturday night in the tub before the kitchen fire; men who sigh for the good old times, but who would not live contented in such times now—no, not for a week!

These are extreme illustrations; but the class is large that looks backward, not forward, for improvement. The social evils of our time seem to them, not relics of an age from which we are emerging, but incidentals of a degenerate age on which we are entering. Eden is in the past; life since then has been a succession of "falls." This philosophy of regret is an inheritance from the writings of Rousseau. These reformers wish, or think they wish, to get back as nearly as possible to nature. They lament the modern city, and forget ancient Rome; regard the tenement-house as a modern invention, and know not that it existed in the first century; think the demagogue is a creation of Amer-

ican democracy, and remember not Catiline; wonder what the world is coming to with its gambling and its drunkenness, forgetting that the soldiers gambled at the foot of the Cross, and Christians in Corinth got drunk at the Lord's Table; would go back to the piety and patriotism of the early days of the Republic, when graft robbed the American soldiers at Valley Forge, and political corruption tried to drive Washington from the head of the American army.

In politics the men of this temperament desire to make the principles and policies of the fathers in 1787 the standard for their children in 1912. They are Progressives in that they desire to get away from the present; but they desire to do so by going back into the past. The Constitution of Alabama declared, for aught we know still declares, that "the sole and only legitimate end of government is to protect the citizen in the enjoyment of life, liberty, and property, and when the government assumes other functions it is usurpation and oppression." Mr. Lecky declares that this "expresses admirably the best spirit of American statesmanship." The looking-backward Progressive agrees with Mr. Lecky. He regrets to see government assuming any other functions or intrusted with any new powers. He wishes the understanding of the Constitution in 1787 to bind the Nation in 1912; tradition, not practical efficiency, to determine its meaning; the Federal Government to exercise no greater authority in a Nation of ninety millions than in a Nation of four millions. He reluctantly concedes to himself that this is not quite possible; but the nearer we can keep to this ideal the better. He was afraid to have the Federal Government undertake any supervision of the railways. He is afraid to have any commission or bureau created to exercise supervision over the great corporations. He dreads the era of combination, and desires to go back to the era of competition.

Such is the temperament which seems to us to characterize Governor Wilson's speech of acceptance. It is not extreme, for he is not an extreme man. But it regards the social evils of our time as due to a departure from the principles and the spirit of our forefathers. It proposes no definite remedies except such as are involved in a return to those principles and that spirit. This is implied rather than affirmed; but it is implied by what Governor Wilson says no less than by what he omits to say. And the temperament of a leader is always better deduced from the implications than from the direct affirmations of his speech. "The Nation has awakened to a sense of neglected ideals and neglected duties." We once had the ideals; let us return to them. We once performed the duties; let us renew the performance. We must "vindicate once more the essential rights of human life." We once did vindicate them; let us go back and vindicate them again. "Our task now is to effect a great readjustment and get the forces of the whole people once more into play." They formerly were in play; let us go back and get them into play again. Tariff duties have created monopoly. "Trusts have owed their origin and their secure power to them." Let us go back, if not to free trade, to a freer trade, and the trusts will fall. This tariff "has made the business men of one of the most virile and enterprising nations in the world timid, fearful, full of alarms." We must return to them their lost self-confidence and reinspire in them their lost spirit of enterprise.

This is the language of a statesman who is not content with existing conditions, who does not believe that the present discontent is caused by sensational journalists and muckrakers, who is not satisfied to "let well enough alone" and merely prescribe occasional remedies for occasional ills if necessity requires. He believes in forming a definite policy and in carrying it out intelligently and courageously. But he believes that the evils are mainly due to the Nation's departure from ideals which it formerly possessed and its neglect of duties which it formerly performed; that the remedy is a return to the ideals of our forefathers, a resumption "once more" of their spirit and methods, and a revival of the virile and enterprising qualities which they possessed and we have lost. Governor Wilson is called a Progressive; he calls himself a Progressive; we do not object to the title; but he is a Progressive looking backward.

And this is the temperament of his party. It will attract those who believe that present evils are due to the Nation's departure from a better life in the past, who believe in a government of limited functions and few if not feeble powers, who dread the era of industrial combination and wish to re-establish the era of competition, whose ideal it is to go back to the simple and the primitive democracy of the earlier years of the Republic.

The Progressive party appeals to men of a very different temperament. And we define that temperament with greater confidence because it may properly be characterized as the temperament of The Outlook itself.

We look forward, not backward, for the golden age. We believe in a new theology, a new science, a new sociology, a new politics. We believe that in every day walks a better to-morrow; that the world is steadily growing better, though with lapses, failures, and regressions. We believe that the commercial age is better than the military age or the ecclesiastical age; that the twentieth century is as competent to make its theological creeds as was either the sixteenth or the fourth; that the counsels of the men of this decade are better able to decide the destiny of America than the voices from the graves of the men of a century ago; that the traditions of the past are useful guides but poor governors; that the Constitution is to be considered as an instrument to promote growth, not as an impediment to prevent it. We believe that progress lies, not in going back to the past, but in going forward to the future; that the age of regulated combination is better than the age of unscrupulous competition; that fraternalism is better than individualism, a self-governing democracy is better than a democracy of self-governing individuals, and a strong government with varied functions is better than a weak government with very limited functions. And this we believe to be the temperament of the Progressive party and of its two chosen leaders, Theodore Roosevelt and Governor Johnson.

This party will repel the men of contented mind who are satisfied with the world as it is. It will repel the men who think that this is a degenerate age, and that the cure for its evils is a return to neglected ideals and neglected duties. But it will attract the men who have faith in themselves, in their fellows, and in the future; who believe that the present discontent is but the shadow cast by a splendid aspiration; in whom no apprehension is awakened by the forebodings of those who dread to cut loose from their moorings, who think no fate is worse than gradual decay certain to consume the ship that remains forever moored to the wharf, who are eager to voyage forward to meet the coming of the dawn. It is the party of life and courage. It appeals to the eager and the adventurous, and to those who, whatever their years, are eternally young.

LETTERS TO UNKNOWN FRIENDS

In your article in The Outlook of August 17, in which you give your "Confession of Faith," you make the statement that "The dogma that it is only in this life that man can repent, or mercy can be shown him if he does repent, I repudiate as unscriptural and inconsistent with faith in the Fatherhood of God and in the freedom of man." Will you please state what Scripture gives us ground for belief that there is any chance for repentance after death? If so, then why the great need of efforts to lead the unconverted to repentance and to God in this life? Also, why trouble about the heathen for their sakes or for ours, on account of the great commission, if after death we find our souls suffering on account of lack of duty neglected in this life, we can repent and be sorry and be removed to a place of joy? This would be reasonable along this line of belief, would it not? My dear son, who is thinking of being a preacher, and is now in college, says, "Why, what is the need of me preaching or father staying all his life with the heathen if they have another chance?" His father is a foreign missioner; has been for nearly forty years.

Your letter assumes that Jesus Christ came to keep us out of hell and get us into heaven. But Jesus Christ did not come to keep us out of hell and get us into heaven. He came to keep hell out of us and put heaven into us. He came to save us—yes! but from what? Pain? No! He suffered the death of the cross, and told us we must take up our cross if we would be his. What then? From punishment? No! It is doubtful if he anywhere promises his disciples escape from punishment. He came to save them that will trust in him from their sins. One Evangelist tells us that he was called Jesus because he would save his people from their sins. Another Evangelist tells us that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses us from all sin. John the Baptist hails Jesus as the Lamb of God that takes away the sins of the world. He himself, in his last meeting with his disciples, pledging them in a cup after supper, says it is the blood of the new covenant, shed for the remission of sins. It is sin, not punishment, which is remitted or sent away; it is from sin, not from punishment, that his blood relieves us; it is sin, not punishment, that the Lamb of God takes away from the world; it is from sin, not punishment, that Jesus saves his people.

That he saves from penalty in saving from sin is secondary and incidental.

And this is the commission he gave to his disciples: Whosesoever sins ye remit, they

are remitted; and whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained. He does not promise that they shall deliver from punishment, but that they shall deliver from sin.

Salvation is character. Understand me. I do not say salvation through character. No! *Salvation is character.*

Two counterfeiters are sent to State's prison for ten years. One has political influence, and after three months gets a pardon, goes out, and resumes his counterfeiting. The other serves out his full ten years, pays the full penalty of his crime, but becomes an honest man and comes out to live an honest life. The first man escapes punishment and is not saved. The second man suffers punishment and is saved.

SALVATION IS CHARACTER.

The word Christianity does not occur in the New Testament. The word religion does not occur at all in the Gospels. Christ's word for his gift to us is "Life" or "Eternal Life." "I have come that they might have Life, and that they might have it more abundantly." "I give unto them Eternal Life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any one pluck them out of my hand." Similarly, Paul: "The gift of God is Eternal Life."

"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." That Jesus Christ might inspire in men this life he was born, lived, suffered, died. This is what the preacher of the Glad Tidings has to offer to his congregation, and the missionary to the heathen as their inheritance.

He says to them: You are perhaps agnostics. You believe that there must be some sort of intelligence behind nature, but you know not what it is. I have come to introduce your Father to you. You can, if you will, have him as your "Great Companion." Or perhaps you are afraid of God. You think he is angry with you because you have sinned. You are mistaken. He pities you because you have sinned. And he wants to help you to sin no more. Or perhaps you think it is hard to find him. You are mistaken. Turn toward him and you will find him a Father who goes out to meet you, not with punishment, not with reproaches, but with the gladness of love. Or you have thought that you must offer a sacrifice to appease his wrath or satisfy his law. You are mistaken. His is the sacrifice. It is the mother who suffers for her sinful child; the patriot who suffers for his careless country; the martyr who suffers for his age; God who suffers for his children. This is the Gospel. Not that God will let you off from punishment if you are sorry and promise not to do so any more, but that God will pour his life into you, here and now, and make you partaker of his nature, if you will let him do so.

Do you remember Tennyson's prayer?

> "O for a man to arise in me,
> That the man that I am may cease to be!"

The Gospel is God's answer to that prayer.

I advise your son to write to the Missionary Boards of the five great Protestant denominations for reports of their medical and educational work. He will find that the "life of God in the soul of man," which constitutes the Christian religion, is social as well as individual, a life of human brotherhood as well as of loyalty to the Father. He will find that the Christian missions are carrying health and healing to the body, and inspiration to the mind. He will find that they are abolishing slavery, emancipating woman, lessening cruelty to children, elevating the home, promoting the spirit of peace and good will. He will find that the Christian colleges in Turkey have revolutionized the educational system of Turkey, and the Christian colleges in China have revolutionized the educational system in China. And he will find that, while doing this, and by doing this, they have established a religion of hope for one of dread, a religion of joy for one of torment, a religion of love for one of fear. Is there, then, no future life, no eternity? Yes! but future life begins here, and we are in eternity now.

He who will study with an open mind the history of Christian missions will find that the answer to them in every land has been that so beautifully interpreted by Phillips Brooks:

> "Where children pure and happy
> Pray to the blessèd Child;
> Where misery cries out to Thee,
> Son of the Mother mild;
> Where Charity stands watching,
> And Faith holds wide the door,—
> The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,
> And Christmas comes once more."

To dispel the darkness of the night and bring in the glory of the dawn upon this earth is the mission of the Gospel.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

THE TAFT-WILSON TRUST PROGRAMME[1]

EDITORIAL BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

DURING my Administration, and since, I have first directed and tested, and then studied, the working of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. When I came into office that law was dead; I took it up and for the first time had it enforced.

We gained this much by the enforcement: we gained the establishment of the principle that the Government was supreme over the great corporations; but that is almost the end of the good that came through our lawsuits.

Take the Northern Securities case. Under me that suit was brought to a successful conclusion. I at first thought that we had secured a definite and real solution of the difficulties, and my opponents thought so too at first and were very sore; but in the end it proved that all we had actually accomplished was what is said above. As one of the greatest magnates concerned afterwards remarked: "Well, when the smoke cleared away, I found that whereas formerly I had to prove my ownership by one bit of paper, I now have to prove it by two."

Take again the Standard Oil decision. The Standard Oil Company was nominally dissolved as a result of the suit against it. It was divided nominally into thirty-four different companies. For a moment there was a great deal of fright in Wall Street; and under the stress of that fright the big magnates for the time being thought they would come round and advocate the policy of control I had advocated, because, while that control would really control them, would hamper and limit them, at least they thought that they would thereby escape death. Then they found that it was only make-believe death to which they were exposed. And as a result of the suit for dissolution Mr. Rockefeller's property rose in value to a higher degree than it ever had gone before, and to an already sufficient fortune he added some eighty or ninety millions of dollars, while the price of oil went up to the consumer. Men who purchased Standard Oil stock on the curb in New York tell me that the sole difference is that, whereas formerly the broker would give them one slip of paper, now he gives them an envelope containing thirty-seven slips—that's all.

You recollect Mr. Pierpont Morgan said, "You can't unscramble the eggs in an omelet." This particular instance of trying to unscramble them didn't help anybody but the owners of the eggs, for it increased the value of the eggs indefinitely and made the omelet cost more to the general public. Now our proposal is not to try to unscramble the eggs by a mere succession of lawsuits, but to exercise such administrative control by the Government as will prevent the eggs from ever being scrambled.

Mr. Wilson in a recent speech in New York said that "no body of men would have the wisdom necessary to enable them to regulate the industrial processes of the country." I was much interested in that remark because it represents the exact attitude always taken by the respectable ultra-conservative in matters of this nature. Word for word it is what some of the great railway magnates used to say before the passage of the Inter-State Commerce Law. They used to say that "no body of men alive could undertake to regulate the complicated railway business." Other big men used to say the same thing when the proposal was to establish Public Utilities Commissions.

I appeal from the prophet of to-day to the way the facts have refuted the prophets of yesterday. There is no more difficulty in regulating the Standard Oil or the Steel Corporation than in regulating a big railway. We have actually made the Inter-State Commerce Law work. We have found by the test of actual work that the way to control the railways lies through increasing the power, and especially through increasing the application of the power, of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, by regulating and controlling those railways, and not by any development of the Anti-Trust Law. Real control of the trusts can come only by the adoption of similar expedients. What I want to see done with our industrial concerns is to see an Inter-State Industrial Commission established, which shall handle the Standard Oil, the Steel Trust, the Tobacco Trust, and every such big trust, through administrative action, just as the Inter-State Commerce Commission handles the railways, and with a power extended beyond that of the Inter-State Commerce Commission.

And Mr. Wilson need not bother himself

[1] In this editorial Mr. Roosevelt follows in substance, and for the most part in form, the course of thought on this topic which he followed in his address at Fargo, North Dakota, September 6.—THE EDITORS.

about finding men to administer such a law. If he cannot find them, I can and will. I will guarantee to find men who will be able to understand and supervise and regulate the business of those great industrial corporations.

Some of Mr. Wilson's supporters have said that our proposal is to "legalize monopoly" and his to "regulate competition." On the contrary, our proposal is to abolish monopoly and to restore competition where possible, and where this is not possible then absolutely to control the monopoly in the interest of the general public. His proposal is in effect to leave the present system unchanged; and the present system has just resulted in legalizing the monopoly of the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trusts. Substantially this has been the sole result, the only result Mr. Wilson's policy would achieve. His proposal is to do precisely nothing; his proposal is to continue in exactly the same course that the Taft Administration is now continuing; for the differences between the Republican and Democratic platforms on this matter are merely differences of sound and fury, and not of sense.

Mr. Wilson's proposal is to regulate competition by "dissolving" trusts in the way the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trusts were "dissolved." You know the prayer in Wall Street now is, "Give us another dissolution." Wall Street likes to have its property dissolved in that way. Every one of those dissolutions has been accompanied by a great rise in the value of the stocks, has legalized monopoly, and has conferred upon the trust magnates the great boon of being fortified by the law in their intrenchments.

On the contrary, the proposal of the Progressives is to put a stop to the continuance of the Taft-Wilson programme of further legalization of monopoly under the guise of a make-believe assault on monopoly. We propose by administrative action to control the conditions which, if left uncontrolled, lead to monopoly. We propose to restore competition where possible. But where this is not possible, we propose to have a real remedy instead of a sham remedy.

The talk about really controlling the trusts by regulating competition merely by lawsuits along the lines of the Anti-Trust Law, or of any amendment proposed to it by the Stanley Committee or by any one else—all such talk is the veriest nonsense. The proposals in the Democratic platform, so far as they could be enacted into law, would be of no help whatever. They would not change the present situation one little bit, except for the worse.

There is not a Wall Street man engaged in big business of the kind to which our people object, there is not a trust magnate, who doesn't regard with utter derision the talk of interfering with monopolies along the lines indicated by Mr. Wilson and his supporters. The only thing they fear is the kind of regulation that we Progressives propose to give them. Mr. Wilson's proposals are entirely satisfactory to them, quite as satisfactory as the actions of the present Administration; indeed, Mr. Wilson's proposals are so vague that they can hardly be called proposals at all; and the proposals of his supporters are either impracticable to adopt, or, if practicable, would work no real change in the present conditions. Accordingly, the enormous majority of the Wall Street men who have been guilty of the obnoxious practices in connection with trusts, having given up the hope of electing Mr. Taft, are now supporting Mr. Wilson; for they dread us as their only real foes, and know that the policies advocated by Messrs. Taft and Wilson represent, not real hostility, but only mock hostility, to the big crooked trusts—although these same policies do contain a serious menace to every kind of honest business, big or little, which does not rely for protection on adroit use of the chicanery of the law.

I call the attention of those who doubt our ability to regulate big business to what has happened with the insurance companies. Nine years ago the effort was made to limit them in size, much as the Stanley Committee proposes to limit industrial concerns generally. In actual practice this worked so badly that the effort had to be abandoned. At present the insurance companies are not limited in size, but they are supervised and controlled. There is plenty of competition among them, and the policy-holders are so well protected that they are entirely satisfied, those in the big companies more than those in the others.

The sum of the matter, therefore, is this: Mr. Wilson, like Mr. Taft, has no improvement to propose in this matter, for the differences between the proposals in the Republican and the Democratic platforms on the trust question are merely differences of declamation. Both sets of proposals indicate nothing but a vague, puzzled, and hopeless purpose feebly to continue the present futile policy of attempting to regulate the trusts by nothing but a succession of long-drawn and ineffective

lawsuits; and if actually put into operation both sets of proposals would produce exactly and precisely nothing.

On the contrary, our proposals are definite and concrete, and are based on successful action along kindred lines in the past. If we are allowed to put them into action, we will immensely benefit the honest business man by making the law certain, and by punishing misconduct and not merely size; and we will effectively, and not merely nominally, curb and control the big trusts which are actually or potentially guilty of anti-social practices.

I do not wonder that, in view of these facts, every big crooked financier is against us and in favor of either Mr. Wilson or Mr. Taft, in order to beat us. I am sorry to say that the great majority of the respectable men of great wealth seem to be against us; not realizing that it is really in their interest that we should exercise supervision over the business use of their great wealth. I feel that every honest and far-sighted business man, big or little, should be with us, for our purpose is to help energy and power in business life, so long as the energy and power are used honestly and the public treated fairly; and all the secondary business men, the moderate-sized business men, should give us their hearty aid.

We are proud of the energy and initiative and success of our business men; we wish to see them prosper and build up American business to the highest pitch of efficiency, both at home and abroad, both in internal trade and in international trade. It is because we war intelligently against dishonesty in business, it is for the very reason that we efficiently oppose crooked business, that we have the right to ask the support of all honest business men; for the Progressive party in its platform offers the only really good platform that the honest business man has had offered him, and makes the only efficient proposals that any party has made for the elimination of evil business practices and the control of big business so that it shall not be used against the interest either of weaker business rivals of the employees and other wage-workers, of the shareholders, or of the general public.

THE PROGRESSIVES AT SYRACUSE

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

"WHAT do you think?" a fellow-delegate asked; "would Mr. Straus be the right candidate?" Like almost every one else in the body of the hall at Syracuse, we were standing on our chairs. All about us the delegates were cheering and waving bandannas. In front of us on the platform stood the man whose name had aroused this tempest of enthusiasm—short of stature, aquiline in feature, gray with many honorable years in service of his fellow-men, manifestly astonished and nonplused by what was happening.

"I accept his word, as I accept that of Mr. Hotchkiss," was all I could answer. "He has told me, as he has told others, that if the Convention should name him it would have to reconvene and select another candidate in his place." Then both of us turned again toward that modest great man and joined once more with the rest of the assembly in expressing as best we could our praise of Oscar S. Straus for what he had done for America and for the world.

So intent on its business had this body of delegates been that not until this moment had it realized as a body what a great public servant it had as presiding officer.

It was the afternoon of Friday, September 6, the second day of the New York State Convention of the National Progressive party. Some of the delegates selected to represent their respective county delegations had been gathered in the city for several days at work in considering the many proposals for the State platform, and out of them formulating a provisional programme to be submitted to the Convention. The others had come later, and for the greater part of two days had been discussing the various questions as to candidates and platform which they would have to decide. It was a gathering of serious and substantial citizens of almost all callings. There were farmers and business men, lawyers, wage-earners, physicians, social workers, newspaper men, public officials and teachers, engineers and ministers, employees and agents of great concerns, tradesmen, merchants, men and women. In

matters of self-government New York has no high reputation as a progressive State; yet these men and women, many of them without much experience in the traditional methods of party management, were undertaking to start a Progressive party in that State on the way toward victory at the polls. The State leader, Mr. William H. Hotchkiss, Chairman of the party's State Committee, formerly a leader in the Hughes administration, and therefore well acquainted with those throughout the State who had served the cause of progress under that administration, had achieved remarkable results in organizing the new party. Nevertheless these men and women had a task before them in which precedent could give no great support. They were volunteers in an amateur fight. It is no wonder that they showed themselves to be in a serious mood as they gathered.

Then, too, at the very beginning they encountered a difficult problem. The two men most conspicuously mentioned for nomination as Governor were Mr. Hotchkiss, the State leader, and Mr. Prendergast, the Comptroller of New York City; and concerning these two it soon became evident that there was a very even division of opinion. Both men were admired and trusted; but against each there was serious objection. Many of the delegates felt, on the one hand, that it would not be in accord with sound political ethics for the man chiefly responsible for the creation of a party organization to receive a nomination at the hands of that organization, and that he ought not to be asked to accept it. In spite, however, of the fact that Mr. Hotchkiss repeatedly declared that he did not wish his name to be presented, and that he favored the nomination of Mr. Prendergast, his supporters urged his name upon the Convention. On the other hand, many delegates who felt the force of the argument against naming the State Chairman felt even more strongly that there was something characteristic of the pernicious boss system in some of the pressure which seemed to have been exerted on behalf of Mr. Prendergast, and that, moreover, in certain parts of the State, notably in the rural regions, his candidacy would not win the voters. The intense feeling of hostility to traditional political methods which was strongly predominant in the Convention, coupled with the desire for a candidate that would be regarded generally as available, made the opposition to Mr. Prendergast's candidacy formidable, though by no means conclusive, with all who shared the feeling. Opponents of the Progressive party had, moreover, attempted, by the circulation of gossip through the hostile press, to transform this division of opinion into a factional controversy. What a great majority of the delegates felt to be the greatest danger in the situation was that even if this attempt to create a factional controversy did not succeed, the effect on the public mind would be the creation of the impression that the party in its very inception was disunited. Nothing could be further from the truth. What was necessary, however, was not merely that the party should be united, but that its union should be unmistakable.

If only all the voters of the State could have seen that Convention in session, there would have been no possibility of misunderstanding. There is something in this Progressive movement—for it is more than a party—that binds people together. It is the same thing that has appeared in many a religious uprising. It is a spirit of common conviction and common determination, a fighting spirit in a moral struggle against unseen but very real powers.

It is a spirit that seems to start people singing. It drove the people of Israel to song, and we have the Psalms; it drove the early Christians to song, and we have the ancient hymns of the Church; it drove the Catholic followers of King Charles to song, and we have the lilting tunes of the Cavaliers; it drove the German Protestants to song, and we have the chorales of the Reformation. When men sing like that, their differences of opinion among themselves are not highly significant; what is significant is their agreement in faith and purpose. When men sing like that, let their enemies take warning.

This is what is happening to-day in America. To those who see danger to America in the Progressive party the songs that arise whenever a great body of Progressives meet should have a sinister sound. To those who see hope and good cheer for America in the Progressive party these songs are the proclamation of a new era. These gatherings of singing men and women are of the sort that take more pleasure in standing together against a common enemy than in any differences among themselves.

This spirit has run through all the great Progressive meetings. It was evident even

before the party as a party came into being. When the Roosevelt delegates assembled in the Auditorium at Chicago the night before the beginning of the Republican Convention and heard the leader of their forces summon them to battle at Armageddon, they spent much of their time in song. There was full warning in that music. When, after that Convention, they again assembled, this time at Orchestra Hall, and proclaimed the birth of the new party, there was something of splendor in their singing. It seemed, even to some of those present, that the spirit of unity and confidence so expressed was possibly the product of the moment, a temporary enthusiasm that could not outlast the occasion. Then, six weeks later, came the Progressive National Convention at the Coliseum, when, at the very first session, the sound of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" started like flames from the center of the great hall and spread like a fire till it was rising from ten thousand throats.

So it was at Syracuse. From beginning to end, while the headlines in unfriendly newspapers were telling the people of the State that the Convention was finding that the various "booms" were "Stirring up Strife," that it was in a "Bitter Row," that it was "Rent by Factional Strife," that it was in the midst of a "Desperate Fight," the delegates could not keep from song, but reverted again and again, whenever opportunity offered, sometimes to adaptations of inspiriting popular airs, but oftenest to the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

Like those other Progressive gatherings, this assembly was also distinguished from the ordinary political convention by its ability to listen in silence and with attention; and at the same time by its quickness of response to the various speakers. It responded not only with applause and cheers but also with shouts of agreement and correction. For example, when former State Senator Frederick M. Davenport made his speech as temporary Chairman, he had to pause every few sentences for the applause to subside; but when he said that the two old parties were really one party and the Progressive party was therefore not a "third party" but a "second," there were instantly cries of "First! First!" As quick as his audience, he answered, "You're dead right—after November 5," and he was allowed to proceed.

When Mr. Straus, as permanent Chairman, made his speech, the delegates showed their temper in repudiating the evil and claiming the inheritance of the good in the history of the parties of the past by selecting for their greatest marks of approval his reference to "a free and unbossed convention," his joining of the names of Jefferson, Cleveland, and Lincoln, and his phrase the "Progressive Party under Roosevelt," and by doing so bore witness to their appreciation of Mr. Straus's services under both Democratic and Republican administrations in the past, and his close association with the leader of the Progressive party in the present.

During Bourke Cockran's speech the assembly showed another of the traits that seem to be common to all Progressive gatherings—interest in the discussion of fundamental principles. That speech was chiefly in advocacy and explanation of Mr. Roosevelt's plan for the popular review of judicial decisions affecting the general welfare. Dramatic and oratorically effective as it was, it was long and dealt with some matters not easily understood by one unversed in law. From first to last that audience showed that it followed Mr. Cockran's line of argument. It listened as a jury listens. In the midst of the speech there descended on the building a violent thunder-storm. The noise of the tempest buried the speaker's voice. There was a crash of glass. Some of the people sitting under the skylights raised umbrellas. There was a movement on the part of some to change their seats so as to escape the incoming rain. Some one started the band playing—to restore confidence. The big arc lights spluttered. Then the tempest quieted; the band stopped playing; the audience, without its attention distracted or its enthusiasm dampened, resumed its occupation of listening, as Mr. Cockran resumed his speech, and, so far from being wearied by the long and thoughtful address, became increasingly responsive as the speech proceeded.

Most eagerly awaited of all, however, was the speech of Governor Johnson, the Vice-Presidential nominee. Then the audience showed another of its traits. It was now a body of soldiers ready to do a chosen commander's bidding. If Governor Johnson had commanded those delegates to rise, form in line, and march out of the hall, they would have obeyed. Here is a great friend of ours, they seemed to say—a friend who is

in front fighting our battle; he has shown himself not only a great fighter, but a great general; and he will find not one of us flinching. Governor Johnson's address was that of a commanding officer to a citizen soldiery. Those who heard it will remember the substance of what he said; but they will still more distinctly remember the man—his stanch figure, his determined mouth, his rush of thought that seemed to find words ready as sharp-eyed quick messengers, his gestures with the clenched fist, and his love of combat on behalf of those whom he believed to be suffering from injustice—the overburdened man, the toiling woman, and the little child. A great many, from that day on, when they hear of social justice, will see the form and face of Hiram Johnson.

In this mood the delegates were sharply called to their chief duty—the selection of a candidate for Governor. The calling of the roll of counties began. A delegate from New York County was recognized. He plainly referred to the situation that confronted the Convention, and nominated Mr. Hotchkiss. A man from the Westchester County delegation rose and went to the platform. It was Mr. Hotchkiss himself. He declared his name was presented without his consent; he denounced those outside the Convention who had sought to be trouble-makers; and he asked his friends not to vote for him. Nevertheless the next three speakers seconded Mr. Hotchkiss's nomination. Then a delegate from Kings was recognized. He, too, referred to the situation regarding the two candidates, and nominated Mr. Prendergast. The roll was continued and a number of brief speeches were made seconding each nomination. When the roll was completed, Mr. Woodruff, of Kings, moved to take a recess. There were shouts in opposition. Insisting on a hearing, he went to the platform and explained that his motion would expedite matters.

Suddenly a tall, gaunt man in a mustard-colored suit, with a bandanna around his neck and a sombrero in his hand, ran up the steps to the platform. Mr. Straus, the Chairman, put out his hands to turn the man back. He would not go. The delegates, impatient, shouted inquiry and disapproval: "Go back!" "Sit down!" "What does he want?" After a brief consultation Mr. Straus announced: "He wishes to make a nomination." There were more shouts of disapproval. Some one called out, "Nominations are closed." "No, no," came a chorus of shouts. The delegates were insistent on one thing above all others—that the Convention should be free. That suggestion of closing the nominations at once gave the man his audience. Throwing down his sombrero, he stepped forward. Mr. Straus announced: "He may have five minutes."

In a hoarse voice, like a gruff whisper, he began.

"I have just come down from Vermont." That reference to the campaign in that State was sufficient explanation of his hoarseness. "I ask you people of this Convention to make no mistake. We want a man for Governor"—his voice could scarcely be heard—"whose name is known all over the civilized world." There were shouts and laughter. No one could imagine what the man was thinking of. "Whose name brings the tear of sympathy"—more shouts—"regardless of race, religion, or creed"—the impatience of the delegates was increasing—". . . to success and victory."

"Name your man," shouted some one from the floor—"name your man."

He named him; it was Oscar S. Straus.

The delegates were taken aback. There was Mr. Straus before them: but he had so definitely eliminated himself that no one thought of him as the man was speaking. There was a burst of applause and cheering. The man held up his hand:

"Gentlemen, heed me. . . . Make no mistake. . . . No man has had better distinction at home and abroad than Mr. Straus. I ask you to vote for him."

Even then the delegates did not think of Mr. Straus really as a candidate; but they appeared to realize then for the first time how great a man their Chairman really was. Minister and late Ambassador to Turkey, one of the chief founders of the Civic Federation, conspicuous as a friend and promoter of industrial peace and justice, close associate of President Cleveland, intimate friend and adviser of President Roosevelt, the first Secretary of Commerce and Labor—of course he was distinguished abroad and at home, a great public servant. The delegates rose in a body and cheered. As they cheered they thought. In three minutes there was no doubt as to the mind of that assembly. The delegates were marching and shouting. Mr. Straus's positive statement that he would not accept a nomination would have been final with each one of those delegates if he had

been called upon to decide the question separately; it weighed not at all with the mind of them all together. They did not know the man who had served to bring to the surface what, unknown to them, was in the recesses of their own minds. If they had heard his name—McGee—they would have been none the wiser. They simply knew now what they wanted. The cheering was incessant. Mr. Straus stood in helpless wonderment at the scene. Then he tried his gavel. Each time it came down upon the table the cheers rose like spray from breakers. Mr. Straus took refuge in the group on the platform. Mr. Hotchkiss, his face beaming with relief, tried the gavel. The delegates ignored Mr. Hotchkiss. There was no gainsaying their will. Mr. Hotchkiss, vainly trying to be heard, finally held up a sheet of paper on which, written in lead pencil, were the words, "He accepts." The news ran back from the platform like a wave. One could follow its course by the billow of louder cheering. And then the wonder of the day happened. As if by instinct, anticipating the wretched question as to race and religion that always seems to rise when a party in America names a Jewish candidate, the body of delegates as one man took up the hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers." The cheering ceased, and the martial rhythm of this militant hymn of the Christian Church from the throats of those delegates sounded the destruction of religious and racial prejudice in this campaign and the faith of the party in the righteousness and ultimate victory of their cause. The hymn ended, the delegates resumed their cheers—this time cheers of relief at the solution of their task; but they cheered for only a moment, for these were those formidable men and women who sing; and so once more they sang. This time arose that old Psalm tune which brought to a close the Progressive National Convention at Chicago, "Old Hundred," to the words of the Doxology.

What followed was merely the formal ratification of the real selection that had already taken place. County after county sent its representative to the platform to second the nomination of Mr. Straus, the vote was taken, and Mr. Straus was the nominee.

According to the custom begun at Chicago, the candidate was not asked to defer his formal acceptance to a later date, but was immediately heard. Mr. Straus's simple speech was characteristic of his modesty and his moral courage.

Scarcely less significant than the manner of the nomination of Mr. Straus were three other incidents of the Convention. They should be mentioned.

In the first place, when the nominations for the other offices were made, the candidates, before the delegates voted, were called by the Chairman to appear upon the platform and show themselves. It was significant of the mind of the Convention that the delegates wished to see in person the men whom they were asked to select for candidates before the people. In the case of Frederick M. Davenport, chosen unanimously to be the Progressive candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, this was unnecessary, for as temporary Chairman he was well known to the delegates, even if his name as a legislative supporter of Governor Hughes had not been familiar to them all. He, however, like all the rest, was called on to accept the nomination then and there.

In the second place, the men nominated for judgeships were notified that they, like all the others, were expected to take the stump in the campaign. This was significant of the view which the Progressive party takes of the judge as an officer who should be responsible and known to the people.

In the third place, besides adopting a platform that promises reforms to secure a larger measure of self-government and of social justice, the Convention passed a resolution creating a permanent committee to draft measures for carrying out the proposals of the platform, to present those measures to the legislative and executive authorities, and if necessary to provide, with the aid of the officers of the Convention, for reconvening the Convention itself for the purpose of reaffirming its demand. So far as I know, no other convention has ever done the like.

The Syracuse Convention, like that of the Progressive party at Chicago, makes one hesitate in declaring that the direct primary has rendered conventions altogether useless. If the Progressive party is to retain its present spirit in future years, it may not do the actual work of nominating candidates by convention, but it will surely retain the substance if not the form of these assemblages that have made the year 1912 memorable.

FOLLOWING THE CAMPAIGN

A WEEKLY DIGEST OF POLITICAL OPINION
AS EXPRESSED BY PEOPLE AND NEWSPAPERS

STATE ELECTIONS, PRIMARIES, AND CONVENTIONS

DURING the past fortnight the elections, primaries, and conventions in various States have more or less affected the Presidential campaign.

I—ELECTIONS

VERMONT

So far as may be judged by reading the opinion of the newspapers throughout the country, a principal indication of the Vermont election, as affecting the Presidential contest, is that the latter fight is to be ultimately between Mr. Wilson and Mr. Roosevelt.

As to the former's chances, the New York "Tribune," for half a century the chief exponent of Republicanism in this country, says:

. . . If in other States the Democrats can hold their vote together as well as they have done in Vermont, and if the Progressives can divide the opposition in the same proportion, they will probably give the victory to Mr. Wilson. . . .

Hence the Vermont election elicits this snarl from the Chicago "Inter Ocean" (Rep.):

Unless Messrs. Hilles and Mulvane bestir themselves at once, cease talking incompetent nonsense about "quiet" and "dignified" politics, and begin immediately a real Republican campaign, they are likely to find themselves, ten weeks hence, not only politically defeated but politically disgraced.

This is unjust to Messrs. Hilles and Mulvane, exclaims the Sioux Falls, South Dakota, "Press" (Ind.). "How can these men put on a 'real Republican campaign'? What material have they to begin such a work?" The paper answers itself:

The "real Republican campaigns" of old were indeed inspiring ones. But in those days we had Republican candidates with whom the Republican voters were in entire accord. Then we had a solid Republican party.

Messrs. Hilles and Mulvane know that no "real Republican campaign" is possible without Republican enthusiasm. To talk about such a campaign in 1912 is hollow mockery.

"In the most isolated and hidebound Republican community in the Union," namely, the State of Vermont, the Progressives "were able utterly to destroy the historic Republican majority," chronicles the Chicago "Evening Post." A Republican paper, the Minneapolis "Journal," admits that "the significant fact . . . is the apparent ease with which fifteen thousand Republicans were swung to the Progressive ticket in a staid State like Vermont." The conclusion of the whole matter, according to the Louisville "Evening Post" (Ind. Dem.), is as follows:

If for a new party, not in existence for sixty days, to enter the stronghold of the Bourbons of America, to invade a State dominated by ignorance, prejudice, and the money power, and cut down the vote of the dominant party 20,000, and to record 16,000 of these votes for the new party and 4,000 for the Democratic party, does not look like a landslide, is not a revolution, is not a popular response to a magnificent political crusade, then language has lost its meaning. . . . Assume that the Progressives are nowhere to do better than they did in Vermont—knowing . . . as we all do that it nowhere expects to do worse and nowhere can face worse conditions—assuming, we say, that nowhere it does any better than in Vermont, we must deduct from the Taft vote of 1908 forty per cent, give to the Democrats no gain, and yet absolutely wipe out of existence the administrative party, the party of Taft and Penrose and Crane and Archbold, in every doubtful State.

No; it is not the Democratic party that is about to disappear; it is the so-called Republican pirate ship that fell into the hands of the political desperadoes of 1912. It will practically disappear on the evening of the election of November 5.

MAINE

The difference between the election in Vermont and that in Maine was the difference of a union between Republicans and Progressives in Maine on State issues as opposed to the disunion in Vermont.

The New York "Sun" (Ind.) puts it thus:

At Chicago the Maine delegates refused to vote when they realized that Mr. Taft would be nominated, and upon their return home it was assumed that a Progressive State ticket would be put into the field. It was deemed, however, the better part of valor to unite with the regular Republicans upon the State, legislative, and Congress tickets, and postpone the irrepressible internecine strife between the factions until after the September election.

The Burlington, Vermont, "Free Press" (Rep.) thus describes the situation:

The Republicans of Maine have not divided as in Vermont, Roosevelt not having insisted upon a single ticket, as in the Green Mountain

State. It was represented to him that his followers controlled the Republican party there.

The Republican-Progressive union in Maine is more curtly dismissed by Democratic organs; for instance, the New York "World:"

The Roosevelt saints had no compunctions of conscience whatever about allying themselves with the Taft burglars. . . . The cohesive power of four hundred State jobs overcame all Republican dissension.

The New York "Sun" (Ind.) says:

For the Republican party the election in Maine has no National significance, at least no bearing upon the Presidential contest, because the Republicans made their campaign mainly, if not almost entirely, upon State issues, and for the additional reason that the supporters of President Taft and the Progressives buried the hatchet and patched up a truce to redeem the State administration from the Democrats. . . . What credit there may be in the election of the Republican candidate for Governor both sides may claim, but it cannot be apportioned.

Perhaps it cannot; but in the opinion of the New York "Tribune" (Rep.), the result of the Maine election is "a startling commentary on the futility and superfluousness of the third party movement." The "Tribune" declares:

The schism created at Chicago was created from the outside. It does not run deep into the State organizations, in which there are no irreconcilable differences between Taft supporters and Roosevelt supporters.

The New York "Times" (Ind. Dem.) puts it another way:

Maine is one of that great number of hitherto Republican States in which it is perfectly evident that the Republicans cannot make two piles of their vote and expect either to overtop the Democratic pile.

But let a Maine paper speak. Probably the best known is the Lewiston "Journal" (Prog.). It declares:

On National issues Maine is over thirty thousand strong for the Roosevelt policies. Please watch the Bull Moose.

But the split in the Republican party on National issues did not enable the Democrats to retain their grip on the State. Says the New York "Tribune" (Rep.):

Their vote this year fell nearly seven thousand below their vote in 1910. Democratic performance has therefore not only failed to make new converts, but has even driven away former supporters.

"It must be admitted," frankly says the New York "American" (Dem.), "that the Maine result is less decisively Democratic than Vermont's vote." It adds:

In Vermont the Democratic vote gained thirty-two per cent over 1910. In Maine the Democrats cast about nine per cent fewer votes than in 1910.

Here is what the Boston "Transcript's" (Ind.) correspondent said before the election:

The Democratic leaders of New York and other Eastern States have reported at headquarters that if Marshall is to continue denunciation of business and his threats to throw every concern into a receivership, then the East is lost to the Democracy. . . . As for Champ Clark's frigid statement about Wilson, many men here are saying, "I told you so." Their contention is that Clark will not be able to get over his grouch at Baltimore until long after the election, if he ever does.

As is natural, the New York "Times" (Ind. Dem.) compares this year's vote with that of 1908, and finds that "the Democrats increased their total vote by some five hundred, while the Republicans fell thirty-seven hundred below their total of that year." The New York "Sun" (Ind.) thus summarizes the sentiments of the three parties:

The Bull Moose people insisted, of course, that had their party had a candidate in the field, he would have drawn from the Democratic vote and made a great showing. The Taft supporters called attention to the fact that the returns showed Republican gains over two years ago, and Democratic losses by the same comparison. The Democrats drew comparison with the vote in Maine State elections in previous Presidential years, and were able to demonstrate, of course, that the Republican majority was abnormally small.

II—PRIMARIES

Three of the primaries held in the various States—those in Michigan, California, and South Carolina—may be singled out as unfavorably affecting the fortunes of the Progressive, Republican, and Democratic parties in the Presidential contest.

MICHIGAN

In Michigan, according to the Chairman of the Republican National Committee, "the Republican party polled approximately 150,000 votes, and the Third Term party made a ludicrous appearance by polling only 6,500 votes." The Cedar Rapids, Iowa, "Gazette" (Ind.), however, warns thus:

The Taft crowd points to the figures as an indication that the Wolverine State will give Taft its electoral vote. But they do not know Michigan sentiment. It is true that the Progressives polled a ridiculously small vote at the primaries; that was because there was a very general disposition to remain in the old party so far as State and county tickets are concerned. Very many of the Progressives preferred to remain regular. They will do their

independent voting in November, and there will be more than six thousand of them.

CALIFORNIA

In most States Presidential electors are still chosen by the old convention system. The new primary law of California represents a stage in the transition from that old system to a direct vote. Presidential electors of the several parties in California are now chosen by the legislative nominees of the respective parties. In the primaries just held in California the victory lay, as in the previous election, emphatically with the Progressive Republicans. The New York "Tribune" (Rep.) calls this victory "the successful misappropriation in that State by the third party of the Republican party's emblem and place on the official ballot." It adds:

Supporters of Roosevelt and Johnson have captured the machinery of the Republican organization and will use it to put in the Republican column candidates for elector who will not support the Republican nominees for President and Vice-President. Although this result was accomplished under the primary law of the State, it is none the less pure robbery. It deprives the regular Republicans of California of their right to be represented as Republicans on the official ballot; and, if not taken cognizance of by the courts, it may deprive them of their legal status as a party, leaving them without the power to put in the field a recognized Republican electoral ticket.

To all protests the Los Angeles "Express" (Prog.) makes the following rejoinder:

The Republican party in California is Progressive. It owes no allegiance to the Republican party of the Nation; and is not bound by the acts of the Penroses, Guggenheims, Barneses, and Roots. It is within the right of the Republican party of California to affiliate itself in the National campaign with whatsoever organization it chooses. Not even the most strained interpretation of the ethics of the situation can in the least impeach the integrity of the conduct of any voter, registered as a Republican, who votes for Roosevelt legislative candidates.

SOUTH CAROLINA

In South Carolina the issue was sharp-edged, as the candidates for Governor were the present incumbent of that office, Cole L. Blease, and Ira B. Jones, former Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court, who, according to the New York "Times" (Ind. Dem.), "resigned his seat on the bench to save the State from the disgrace of Blease for a second term."

But, as this journal admits, "it would appear that the State does not care to be saved." Hence the disheartenment among prominent Democratic papers of the South, like the Knoxville, Tennessee, "Sentinel," and particularly those two well-known South Carolina journals, the Charleston "News and Courier" and the Columbia "State." Concerning this latest evidence of alleged Democratic incapacity to choose a proper executive, the two South Carolina papers urge a searching investigation of the alleged "stuffing" of the ballot-boxes in the back-country counties from which the swollen Blease majorities came. But, in any event, the Knoxville "Sentinel" points out:

Victories like those of Blease of South Carolina, Vardaman of Mississippi, and Jeff Davis of Arkansas . . . almost shake confidence in popular government.

III—THE NEW YORK PROGRESSIVES AND MR. STRAUS

Of all the political conventions recently held in the United States, that of the Progressive party in New York State has attracted by far the greatest amount of newspaper comment.

As to the delegates, the correspondent of the New York "Evening Post" (Ind.), a paper editorially hostile to the Progressives, described the Convention as made up of "what under different conditions would have been the flower of the Republican party and the best element among those who constituted the Independence League." To this the Newark, New Jersey, "Evening News" (Ind.) adds:

Of course the delegates were not all unsophisticated or unselfish. There were enough of the practical and practiced element to run things in a businesslike way, but they were unable to "boss" the Convention.

So far as the great mass of delegates is concerned, the spirit shown was a desire to serve, to nominate the best men, to adopt a platform of vital issues, to strive for a closer relationship between the people and the government, and to secure for the people those things that belong to them, and of which they have been deprived by the "invisible empire" of combined business and politics.

As to being "bossed," the New York "Herald" (Ind.) had told its readers prior to the Convention that "when the time comes to name a ticket, a hand-picked one will be put over with all the celerity that could be desired." It also said: "The delegates know that if there should be a real dispute, a telegram from a special train out West will settle all differences!" But the New York "Evening Post" (Ind.), despite

its opposition to Mr. Roosevelt, is broad-minded enough to speak as follows:

The history of the nomination will go far to deprive of effectiveness with the voters—so far as the State campaign is concerned—the charge that the party is simply the instrument of Mr. Roosevelt's will. The Convention was stampeded, in quite the good old style of the most spectacular stampedes of the historic parties; but this will do the ticket no particular harm, and will do away with all possibility of drawing any parallel between its action and that of a convention whose choice is dictated by a boss.

As to the nomination for Governor, "the most surprising thing that has happened in Rooseveltian circles," asserts the Buffalo "Express," "was the nomination . . . of Oscar Solomon Straus." The Chicago "Inter Ocean," a stand-pat Republican organ, forgets that this Mr. Straus is not his brother Nathan, for it says:

In a voice husky from his exertions in herding steers in the wilds of the Bronx, "Suspender Jack" nominated . . . a gentleman of ample fortune, creditably notable for his benevolent zeal in providing pure and free milk for sick babies.

And, under the queer influences of the picturesque costume and stammering oratory of "Suspender Jack," the delegates were at first stunned and then stampeded into . . . nominating Mr. Straus by acclamation! . . . A more striking illustration of hysterical politics history does not record.

The celebrated capture of the Democratic Convention of 1896 by Mr. Bryan with his "cross of gold" speech came nowhere near it. Then the delegates took a day to try to think it over; it took five ballots to nominate Mr. Bryan; 352 out of the 930 delegates refused to the last to be stampeded. . . . With all its follies, there was in the Chicago Convention of 1896 no such self-hypnotism into hysteria as in the Syracuse Convention of 1912. And just imagine such a neurotic crowd as that making laws for a Nation, a State, or even a village!

Another Republican organ, however, the Philadelphia "Telegraph," interprets differently the manner of the nomination:

The nomination was the natural product of a wave of hysteria, which took men off their feet for the moment and caused them to do the right thing in circumstances which generally result in the wrong thing being done.

Indeed, the Philadelphia paper declares that the nomination "is so much superior to the party" that the selection "would have been impossible had anybody tried to effect it in cold blood."

The most impressive thing about the nomination is the fact that, from a wide reading of Independent, Democratic, and Republican papers, not a word of adverse criticism has been found to be leveled at the candidate himself. Even that most cynical of critics, the New York "Sun" (Ind.), is forced to admit that in the nomination the Convention "displayed a good sense and a sanity of which its earlier performances had held out no promise." It adds:

That a Convention whose sessions were marked by the petty rivalries of little men making large pretenses . . . should end in the nomination of Mr. Straus will be accepted as proof that the Progressive party in this State has enjoyed a large share of the proverbial luck of its patron saint.

The Chicago "News" (Ind.) says:

What particularly appealed to those in the Convention is the fact that Mr. Straus is a friend of humanity, an active worker on behalf of the poor and oppressed, and generally a man of high ideals. The prompt response of the Convention to the appeal for the nomination of a candidate whose name stands definitely for measures leading to the advancement of mankind was a stampede of the best sort.

Democratic papers are no less hearty in their eulogies. For instance, the Baltimore "Evening Sun" asserts:

Mr. Straus, it is hardly necessary to be said, is an admirable selection. He has served the American public in various offices, and always with distinction. He is well equipped to be Governor of the most populous State in the Union.

The Cincinnati "Enquirer" (Dem.) says:

The nomination of the Hon. Oscar S. Straus . . . was a masterstroke in politics, and will carry with it a support at the polls for the Progressive party in that State much greater than was possible without the naming of such an eminent and worthy citizen as candidate for that position.

"It is impossible to deny," says the New York "Times" (Ind. Dem.), "that the New York Progressives have made a fine beginning." The paper adds:

Mr. Straus has had a good deal of experience in public affairs. . . . Experience, by which he is well qualified for the office of Governor, is conspicuously lacking in the Progressive party. Most of its members are new to the business of politics; very few of them have had any training in a public post.

The New York "American" (Dem.) declares of Mr. Straus:

His personality suggests a standard of citizenship that is above race, sect, and party. People are bound to think of him as a man who really cares very much for human beings and for the public welfare, and as one who has ample abilities to back the interests of his heart.

Mr. Straus's achievements in the past are of a kind that will reassure people as to the worth of his services if he should be made Gov-

ernor. . . . Under three different Administrations he has been our diplomatic representative in Turkey. . . . He established the right of Christian missionaries and opened the way for Western education in the Turkish domain. He helped the oppressed Armenians. He made peace between the Americans and the Mohammedans of the Philippines. As member of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague, as Secretary of Commerce and Labor under Roosevelt, as President of the New York Board of Trade, as chairman of the momentous commission now sitting in judgment on the issue between the railroads and their engineers, as author of books on political history and religious liberty, and in many other capacities, Oscar S. Straus has always been a man of the first rate in his generation.

Republican papers are also hearty in their commendation. To take three from different parts of the country, the Waterbury, Connecticut, "American," the New York "Tribune," and the South Bend, Indiana, "Tribune," the first says:

Oscar Straus was nominated for Governor . . . by the lucky inspiration of an unexpected man, and by the quick realization of the opportunity on the part of the delegates. Mr. Straus is one of New York's best citizens, with a National reputation for honorable business success, private benevolence, and broad-minded public service.

The New York "Tribune" also prophesies:

The nomination will everywhere be regarded as creditable, and in some parts of the State will be strong. Mr. Straus is not personally well known in the rural sections, and he is not likely to be an effective campaigner, but he is influential among a large class of voters in this city, and, though he is not specially known as a radical, his standing as a philanthropist will make his candidacy pleasing to the social workers and semi-socialists whose zeal has been so manifest in this Convention.

The South Bend "Tribune" declares of the candidate:

His motives and his sincerity are beyond question. As a man he has the admiration of the whole country, and his record is untarnished.

Progressive papers are, of course, delighted. We select three for quotation, the New York "Mail," the Chicago "Evening Post," and the Kansas City "Times." The first says:

The nomination of Oscar S. Straus at Syracuse by an entirely unpremeditated stroke, and in a way which took the Convention's breath as by a glorious surprise, was only one indication of many that the Progressive movement is greater than the Roosevelt candidacy.

The Chicago paper thus comments:

The nomination of a Hebrew for this important office is in splendid accord with the true spirit of this new democratic party which knows the prejudice of neither race nor religion.

The Kansas City "Times" says:

It was particularly appropriate that a man who had presided with distinction over what has been called the "Department of Humanity" in the Federal Government should be called to the leadership in New York State of the party of human rights. . . .

But there is another reason why his nomination by such a party is appropriate. He comes of a race that has stood more determinedly for democracy than has any other people. . . .

The Progressive movement is a development of the same aspirations for justice and human betterment that animated the Hebrew democracy and the Hebrew prophets. . . .

Such a movement in the most important State in the Union is fittingly led by a man with such a heritage of democratic ideals.

So much for the man himself. But the nomination has a special significance and has already done a special service in compelling both Republicans and Democrats to search their ranks for another than a mere "machine man" to oppose the Progressive nominee. The New York "Evening Post" (Ind.) admits that "the campaign for Mr. Straus is one that will have to be seriously reckoned with, and that both of the old parties will be put to their trumps to meet."

As to the Republicans, the New York "Tribune" (Rep.) thus warns:

The character and ability of Mr. Straus are such that independent voters may easily turn to him, even though they feel that they are wasting their votes, if they are not reasonably satisfied with the alternative offered by the Republicans to the continuation of Tammany rule at Albany.

As to the Democrats, the Columbia, South Carolina, "State" (Dem.) puts the matter pithily to New Yorkers when it says:

The nomination of Oscar S. Straus means that the Democrats of the Empire State must eliminate Murphyism in self-defense.

To this the Baltimore "Evening Sun" (Dem.) adds:

With weak, machine-made opponents in the regular parties, it is conceivable that Straus might sweep the State; and, in the event of such selections, it is very much to be hoped that he would.

Thus, as the Gloversville, New York, "Herald" (Prog.) concludes:

Everywhere . . . it is conceded that the nomination of Oscar Solomon Straus . . . is the strongest that could have been made. Likewise it is conceded that the new third party . . . has set a mark which will be difficult for the Republican and Democratic parties to measure up to. . . . The nomination of Mr. Straus has placed the Progressives in the running as nothing else could have done.

A GREAT RULER

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

This address was delivered at the meeting in memory of the late Emperor of Japan held in Carnegie Hall, New York, on the evening of Friday, the 13th inst.

THIS meeting in memory of the late Emperor of Japan is the first commemoration by the Far West of a ruler of the Far East. The image of the Oriental monarch in the Western mind has been that of a voluptuary with the instincts and habits of a tyrant, whose wise acts were performed by others and whose evil deeds were his own. Mutsuhito was as far removed from this type as Washington was from Genghis Khan. Like the great American, the great Japanese was not the exploiter but the servant of his country; frugal in the manner of his life, tireless in labor, and a scorner of those who wait to be served rather than bind on their shoulders the burdens of many. If this constancy of devotion to others, this quiet change of privilege into responsibility, with the courage and constancy to foresee and aid the rebirth of a nation, make a man great, then Japan has lost a great ruler.

When the head of a state, in a crisis in its history, has the counsel of able men, it is not easy to distinguish his work from theirs. Nor is it necessary; for great things are done by co-operation, and the making of a nation is an achievement so vast that, while individual services may have varying degrees of value, the vision and self-surrender cannot be apportioned. Japan was greatly served in her time of change, but she was also greatly led. In such a crisis greatness of nature is even more sorely needed than greatness of faculty, for through the darkness and uncertainty the faith that holds a clear purpose must move steadfast and resolute, unselfish and untiring, before a doubting people.

Of such a temper was Mutsuhito, of whose reign the whole world has heard, but of whose personal fortunes in the rising fortunes of his country it has known little. That he was of the substance of which great men are made was shown at the very beginning of his career by an achievement unique in the long history of kings. Many rulers have drawn away from their subjects and taken on the attributes of divinity, and loyalty has passed on into awe and worship; Mutsuhito emerged from the seclusion of the demigod, in which his ancestors had lived for many centuries, and became a man among men, and instead of losing the reverence of his people gained their passionate devotion.

When the boy of sixteen ascended the throne and made the first confession of his faith, in a speech as brief as Lincoln's Gettysburg address and as memorable, a curtain descending to his waist hid his face from a people who had not seen their Emperors for long generations. The voice which spoke was the voice of a demigod, but the words were those of a man filled with the modern spirit. "Let the popular assemblages be established far and wide, and let public opinion decide public questions," it said; ". . . let us destroy the evil usages of the past; let us build on the foundations of the great principles of heaven and earth. . . . We wish to bring about such changes as never were before in our country; and We ourselves shall lead the way." Never were words more revolutionary spoken in so constructive a spirit. The Emperor came out of the seclusion and mystery of the palace to become the leader of a radical reorganization of his country. It was a supreme test, and only a great nature could have met it. It was one of the most dramatic transformations in history, and only a great man could have passed through it.

When Mutsuhito ascended the throne, Japan was in the sixteenth century; when he died, Japan was one of the leaders of the twentieth century. Then she was a museum of feudal arms and arts; now she is equipped with the latest education and the tools of the latest science are in her hands. Then she was divided into feudatories, under arbitrary rule; now she is a nation, growing swiftly in strength and authority under a government as liberal as it is intelligent. Then Japan was led by soldiers; to-day she is led by statesmen, scholars, scientists, experts in every field. Never before has a nation deliberately changed its organization, its education, its arms. The appearance of Japan among the great Powers was dramatic in its suddenness; but the nation did not suddenly rise to greatness; greatness

is the product of long preparation. The soldier changed his arms, but the soldier had not been changed; a thousand years of discipline had given him the habit of courage, the habit of obedience, the passion of patriotism. The Japan of to-day is the flowering of that old Japan which hid its strength, like a Damascus blade, behind exquisite craftsmanship.

The young ruler had the great gift of vision. Standing in the sixteenth century, he saw the twentieth century; and under his leadership the nation, in a generation, traversed three centuries and stood, open-eyed, equipped and trained, on an equality with nations three hundred years her elders in modern methods. There was the prescience of genius in such a vision as this, and Mutsuhito must be counted among those rare spirits who see in advance what most men see only when it lies like a distant landscape behind them.

To him also belongs the honor of a noble hospitality of nature. For it is only a man of large heart who can make himself the servant of inspiring ideas, the executor of far-reaching plans, which others have originated. It may be that Japan owes more to the mental alertness, the clear-mindedness, of the Emperor's counselors than to his own fertility and quickness of brain; but if this be true, it diminishes not one whit his greatness of soul. The nobility of nature which receives from every source, that it may have the more to give, is rarer than the power of origination. There were far more brilliant and variously gifted men in the services of the American colonists than Washington; there was none so great as he. When, in the long future, Japan recalls the names of her emperors and of her statesmen, she will always count Mutsuhito among the greatest in both groups.

The honors which the Japanese pay to a great ancestor we pay to a great contemporary. It is easy to recognize a great man when he has become a historic figure; fortunate are we when we can lay our hands on greatness and not look on it from afar. If to step out from a cloud of incense and become a man; to put service to others in the place of their adoration; to see across three centuries and with a prophet's instinct guide a nation through tremendous changes; and, clothed with absolute power, to share that power with a nation and to work untiringly with others and for them, make a man great, then surely we may say of this man that, having left the august company of the gods, he bore himself so nobly in his journey through the world that he returned to them. He who said at the beginning of his reign, "Let us seek knowledge throughout the world," had earned the right to say at the height of his career:

"O man, look up, even in the hour of weal,
When Progress leads the nation, and revere
The grace of God that watches o'er the earth.

When hearts of men
Are cloudless, free from all defiling strain,
The mighty gods, clearly beholding them,
Fill them with their pure light."

THE REED

BY GEORGE E. WOODBERRY

As when the poet, muttering low,
Doth feel his blood prophetic flow,
And reaches with his hand
For some diviner instrument
To give the coming music vent,
My hands moved to and fro.

"O Face Divine that bent over my youth
With sweet, victorious, battle-quick breath,
Who sealed on my lips the love of truth,
And taught my childhood the lore of death,
And I caught from thy bosom the glow and the lift
Of thoughts whereon I heavenward drift,—
Spirit of Justice, purest and best

Of the powers that spring from the human breast,
What is thy will?" I murmured low.
"I see thee sweep thy robe from the land;
As one fain to go I see thee stand,
And I, too, am fain to go."

She looked as one who sees in pain
His armies waste away in vain
And from the lost field turns;
His plans o'erthrown, ambitions fled,
Glory obscured, and comrades dead,—
His bosom darkly burns.

"Thou hadst a reed," she said;
"Its notes were battle-born;
I would hear if its dumb stops keep
Some echoes of its morn.
Sing me the hosting music
Of men who march to death;
Bring me the reed of thy boyhood,—
Though it holds but a little breath,
I shall hear on its faintest flute-note
The feet of a million men;
It was a curious instrument,
And seemed both sword and pen."

I took the reed I threw away;
I tried again its music rude;
A blush came over the laurel spray,
And the eagle rose from the wood;
And the reed, as 'twere from a brazen throat,
With my boyhood breath blew a trumpet-note:

"Peace be with God! armies and fleet,
Marshal them, launch them, after my feet,
Who am gone to the field where dying is sweet!
Youth, all the land over,
Your manhood discover!
Part, maiden and lover!
Swords, over the border to the realms of disorder!
In the shadow of war sleeps the fate of all lands;
I am Justice,—the dream of the world in my hands."

"Lo!" she said, "where the loud cannon spoke for the cause,
Half over the land the silenced laws!
Shall they bind with a pact the realms abroad,
Who maintain not the bond on their native sod?
What noble assizes Americans make
With bloodhound and rifle, the noose and the stake!
The strength of his arm is the taskmaster's creed;
How long will laboring millions bleed!
They mind ill the lesson of times gone by,—
When the silence is deepest, 'ware Truth's war-cry!
And the rich man's gift with his lavish gold
Is children's children to usury sold.
War hath its crimes, which may time decrease!
The crimes universal are crimes of peace."

Like a hand-fast child I held to the flute;
Deathly wan were her cheeks;

Fain was I to be understood,
As one who stammering speaks.
I pressed the reed to my mouth;
I spent my kiss of fire;
The little stem enraptured shook
With the glory of the lyre:

"With the popular breath the planet
This way and that may roll;
I am the Master of empires,
I am the Lord of the soul.
Throne whom they will in the churches,
Crown whom they may in the school,
Who obeyeth me is the Christian,
Who denieth me is the fool.
I buried Egypt at daybreak;
I doomed Nineveh and Rome;
The starry spear of Paris
Late drove my judgment home.
With ships and arms let nations
Steel hard their cities and coasts;
One word of the lonely Truth-teller
Lords it o'er fleets and hosts.
My heralds summon Asia;
I have mined the Muscovite;
My Peace, my War, are equal powers,
The left hand and the right."

"Ah, here," she said, "how was my coming sweet,
And o'er all other lands was this land dear!
I thought to fix my everlasting seat
Hereon, and stay my world-wide wandering here."
Full heavily she leaned upon that lance
Which through the sides of nations makes its way;
Then saw I in her eyes a light advance
As 'twere the flaming majesty of day.

I blew; on that weird flute
Seemed coming from afar
The trample of all human feet
That ever trod this star;
Hard on Turanian rock,
And desert-soft on sands,
Poured the innumerable footfall
Of the children of all lands:

"Not for a single age,
Not for a favored land,
Not for a separate race,
Was heavenly Justice planned;
But destined to one fold
Of science, art, and love,
Are the wandering peoples all
And every soul thereof.
Lo! where the old East flames,
How great a light hath broke!
Lo! what a burden falls
From Allah's patient folk!

Their feet are many millions
Who toward light traveling are,
Where world-wide beams thy promise
From Freedom's morning star.
Come, though grief be thy portion,
And war thy housemate be,
Thou canst not build on less than man,
Nor man on less than thee."

I rose, still fluting in the dark,
And to her side drew nigh,
And all the while new stars were sown
In th' interminable sky:

'Through many thousand ages
May man's ideal refine!
Yet here in nature's periods
The brute shows half divine,
Who thinks that he who loves the most,
And most denies his lust,
Who giveth all and taketh naught—
Only that man is just.
And still we dream beyond this truth
What deeper glories lie;
Come, Justice, teach mankind to live,
Teach nations how to die!"

On that dark strand she bent her head full low,
Far down, and with her tears my hand impearled,
And drew it into hers, and led me forth,—
"Come," said she, "sing thy reed-song through the world."

FIRST AID TO THE HOME BUDGET-MAKER

BY MARTHA BENSLEY BRUÈRE

"I HAVE three thousand a year," writes a man from Wisconsin. "How ought I to spend it?"

A woman from New Hampshire duplicates this question, and men and women everywhere cry out for a schedule on which they can drop their money and see it run, like marbles on a bagatelle board, into the proper pockets.

When these questioning ones are financially at the lower edge of the middle class—that is, have about $1,200 a year income and the average family of three children—such a schedule is not hard to make, because it involves only the least expenditure that will insure physical efficiency. At the rate of thirty-five cents per adult man per day, they must spend $447.15 for food; shelter will cost about $144; clothes, a minimum of $100; light, heat, and other operating expenses, $150; insurance, savings, recreation, health, and the cost of keeping a child of fourteen in school instead of sending it to work, approximately $312; while about $46.85 must go for incidentals. This I believe to be the average minimum of maintaining an average family in health and decency in the United States to-day.

During the last four years some two hundred accounts of the expenditures of middle-class families have come to me. It is obvious that the general level of instruction in mathematics is pretty low. Sometimes the accounts do not balance within $300; sometimes people state frankly that they spend their incomes "probably about such and such a way." One man says naïvely:

"I notice that this account adds up $211

more than my salary, so I suppose there is a mistake somewhere."

There is!

But, in spite of the popular inadequacy in the presence of figures, *seventy-six* budgetary accounts are mathematically correct and bear the stamp of truth. These seventy-six are from every part of the United States, cover practically every occupation of the middle class, and concern no income of over $5,000 a year. That seventy-six records of this character furnish slight basis for elaborate generalization I fully realize; but the conclusions to which they lead are valuable as indicating the truth. These budgets show that families with incomes of $1,000 or below, from whatever part of the country they come or in whatever work they are engaged, average less than the minimum expenditure for health in every item. Even considering that they average only one and a third children to the family, and therefore need only $332.15 a year spent for food, they do not actually reach this food minimum by $66.75, and they average a total deficit of $72.97. Obviously, families with incomes near $1,200 a year—the line of decency which marks the entrance to the middle class—have little choice as to how they spend their money if they are to remain physically efficient. It is possible to say how their family budget *ought* to be made. No budget will make an income of less than $1,200 enough; it cannot spend one dollar twice.

For instance, take the expense account of the Caldwell family—father, mother, two children under seven—living in Chicago on an income of $1,079.50 a year, with a deficit of $191.18; the expenditures for such a family, on such an income, in such a place, according to the minimum for health, should be:

MINIMUM	
Food	$344.93
Shelter	144.00
Clothes	100.00
Operation	150.00
Advancement	312.00
Incidentals	46.85
	$1,097.78

MR. CALDWELL SPENDS	
Food	$304.26
Shelter	307.50
Clothes	115.25
Operation	185.36
Advancement	288.20
Incidentals	70.11
	$1,270.68

The most a budget can do for Mr. Caldwell is to show him how to reduce his deficit to $18.28, and point out his three lines of action: earn $18.28 more a year, work out some co-operative scheme by which the things he must have will cost him less, or give away the baby. People in his dilemma have tried all three. Mr. Caldwell, being on the ragged edge, can take a budget ready made.

When the income is over $1,200, the family has passed the line of decency and entered the realm of choice. Whether the surplus is wasted or saved *need* not affect their physical efficiency. Their budget need not say how the income *must* be spent, but will show how it *may* be spent to gain whatever special end the family has in view. It is a philosopher's stone to transmute a mere money surplus into opportunity.

For instance, Mr. French, a teacher, with a wife and two children, having an income of $3,311 a year, and living in a large Massachusetts town, sends his expense account and asks how he can save $1,000 a year. Now it is perfectly evident that he can do this, because the $2,311 he would have left is enough to maintain his family in health. Here is a digest of his expense account:

Food	$386.76
Shelter	484.32
Clothes	413.25
Operation	439.46
Advancement	1,587.21
	$3,311.00

Mr. French's children are so nearly grown that the minimum cost of feeding them is, according to our standard, $434.35, which is $47.59 more than he spends now; but this difference is accounted for by the vegetables he raises in his garden. Probably he cannot reduce his food cost further. He pays $340.32 over the minimum for shelter, $313.25 over for clothes, $289.46 over for operation, and $1,275.21 over for advancement. But in his case these minimum expenditures must be modified by the consideration of what is customary in his profession. Teachers with families average $256.76 for shelter, $206.86 for clothes, $251.22 for operation, $754.34 for advancement, and $150.50 for incidentals, with a deficit of $12.20. Mr. French already puts into savings and insurance $337.34; to increase this to $1,000 he might reduce the shelter and clothing to what is normal for his class,

and garner the $228.71 he would still need from the operating expenses of his household, or anywhere along the line of advancement, from charity or the church, recreation, travel, or gifts, or by keeping his daughter home from college.

Whether that $1,000 a year will not cost the community and himself a price he is unwilling to pay, no budget can show him. Will not his daughter's college training bring in a higher rate of interest than the bank would pay? Are not good clothes for the advantage of his family? The cost of operation could be cut if Mrs. French would do all of her own work instead of only part of it, as she does now. No budget will tell him whether it is wise for him to make these retrenchments or not. But if he considers the saving of $1,000 the most important thing he can do, the surplus above what is necessary for health, even according to the standards of his class, is there, and the budget will guide him to it.

It is a more delicate matter to adjust a family budget so that it will wipe out a deficit in happiness and social usefulness, but it can at least be made to show where the trouble lies in the case of such a family as the Wilsons of St. Paul. Mr. Wilson is a professional man, earning $3,000 a year, and there are two small children in the family. They are not trying to save more than they do, and they run no deficit; but, as Mrs. Wilson writes:

"As for advancement, you see, it is small. We have sacrificed it to the physical care of the babies. I belong to a college and study club, and my husband to a club or two of his profession, but we rarely attend, and have dropped from regular to occasional churchgoers. The children are the reason for everything we do, and the excuse for all we do not do. We have sacrificed community to individual efficiency. Is it worth while? I think so, though I sometimes chafe under it."

This is the Wilsons' budget compared with the minimum schedule and the average expenditures of their group:

	Minimum.	Average for Professional Group.	Actual.
Food	$332.15	$463.27	$445.00
Shelter	144.00	489.29	1,000.00
Clothes	100.00	252.43	400.00
Operation	150.00	393.72	550.00
Advancement	312.00	803.04	455.00
Incidentals	46.85	196.57	150.00

The Wilsons have a possible surplus of $1,800. Why should the responsibility of the way it is spent be put upon two small children without their knowledge or consent? Why should it be necessary for Mrs. Wilson to spend a lifetime chafing for things it would be for her advantage to have? Would not $700 or $800 deducted from the cost of shelter and operation give freedom and other valuable things in exchange? If the community were consulted, wouldn't it rather have some other return from the Wilsons than that they should live in even the most superior of houses?

If the spending of the surplus of a single family is a social problem, much more is the spending of the surplus of a group or profession. To determine how these group surpluses are spent I have averaged, in the tables on the following page, the cost of the different items of expenditure in the budgets I have collected both with regard to the size of the incomes and to the occupation of the father and the number of children in a family.

It must be remembered that these families with a thousand a year or less are not the immigrant families with the traditionally large number of children and the correspondingly high death rate; they are families who by tradition, feeling, association, and intent belong to the middle class.

These tables show that the amount spent on food increases from $265.40 a year for incomes of $1,000 or less, to $572.57 for incomes from $4,000 to $5,000, but that the *proportion* drops 4½ per cent for every $1,000 increase in income. The percentage spent for food is highest in the families of mechanics and clergymen, presumably because mechanics need a larger amount of food to replace their physical wear, and because the clergymen are compelled by the tradition of their calling to entertain many guests. It is interesting to find the lowest average for food in cities of from fifty to one hundred thousand inhabitants—that is, in cities large enough to have adequate transportation facilities for bringing in provisions, and not so large as to force up prices through an excessive demand. Food costs most in the smaller cities which are either metropolitan suburbs with transportation charges in addition to city prices, or which are aside from the main lines of transportation and have to pay abnormal freight rates. In other words, the cost of food, above the price paid the farmer who raises it and the butcher who slaughters it and the man who brings it to the door, is the tax paid the railways.

The average amounts spent for shelter show that people with incomes under a thousand dollars have got to be content with tenement conditions if they live in the city, or similar inadequate housing in the country, and that such shelter can be had for eleven per cent of their incomes.

A sudden jump to twenty per cent takes place with an income between $1,000 and $1,200, which is the point of breaking into the middle class, and shows how much the middle class value a decent place to live in. From this twenty per cent there is a drop of three per cent with each thousand-dollar increase in income. Clergymen average the lowest for shelter, because a parsonage is often part of their salary; and the small capitalist spends the largest percentage; but the salaried employee and the struggling professional man spend the next highest, because respectable shelter marks their place in the middle class. The percentage spent for shelter is highest in cities of over one hundred thousand inhabitants, where the high taxes send up the rents.

The cost of clothing shows the most stable percentage of all the six heads of expenditure. It varies from nine to twelve per cent for all places, incomes, and occupations, with the exception of clergymen and physicians, whose professions require disproportionate expenditure on clothes. The minimum expenditure on clothes in New York City is $100 a year, and this is less than in most other places. All the accounts I have received from families with incomes of less than $1,000 a year show less than this health minimum for clothes, the average for this group being $86.87.

It appears that the middle-class standard of living, whether in city or country, in whatever profession and with whatever income, implies between $200 and $400 a year spent for the operation of the household. The farm budgets do show a higher expenditure than this, but that is because the cost of farm labor, which should be counted as a business charge, is included under household operation. Though here is a minimum below which the charges for food and shelter and clothes dare not go, operating costs can go down indefinitely. But where people have even a little leeway they appear willing to sacrifice a good deal for comfort and convenience, for light enough and heat enough, and a chance to substitute the work

OBJECTS OF EXPENDITURE AS CLASSIFIED BY INCOME

Income.	Number of Children.	Food.	Shelter.	Clothes.	Operation.	Advancement.	Incidentals.	Deficit.
$1,000 and under	1 1-3	$265.40	$91.33	$86.87	$116.17	$286.06	$41.13	$72.97
1,000 to $2,000	1 7-10	377.38	286.81	166.05	241.52	347.19	90.57	.57
2,000 to 3,000	1 1-2	510.44	408.36	255.22	357.31	893.28	127.61	.40
3,000 to 4,000	2 3-10	587.82	440.87	514.34	330.65	1,653.25	146.96	——
4,000 to 5,000	2 1-3	572.57	522.72	419.94	263.68	2,683.15	62.50	——

OBJECTS OF EXPENDITURE AS CLASSIFIED BY OCCUPATION

Occupation.	Number of Children.	Food.	Shelter.	Clothes.	Operation.	Advancement.	Incidentals.	Deficit.
Mechanics av. inc., $1,703.67	2 1-2	$432.67	$282.00	$163.00	$204.00	$556.80	$65.20	——
Salaried employees av. inc., $1,947.63	1 4-10	458.16	379.42	209.65	243.14	634.00	39.95	$16.69
Educators av. inc., $1,959.22	1 9-10	351.74	256.76	206.86	251.22	754.34	150.50	12.20
Physicians av. inc., $2,170.00	2	467.00	357.00	369.50	378.50	574.50	23.50	——
Farmers av. inc., $2,190.06	2 3-4	374.23	315.20	223.99	479.50	707.39	89.75	——
Capitalists av. inc., $2,266.66	3-4	497.00	548.33	228.33	217.00	664.66	111.33	——
Clergymen av. inc., $2,510.33	2 9-10	617.82	231.67	520.07	274.61	784.03	128.50	46.37
Misc. Professions av. inc., $2,601.38	1 1-7	463.27	489.29	252.43	393.72	803.04	196.57	3.06
Business men av. inc., $3,343.81	1 7-10	513.89	416.92	379.14	306.84	1,670.12	56.90	——

of the laundry and the bakeshop and the clothing factory for the work of their hands. The amount of the operating costs which goes for personal service varies from $22.56 for families with incomes of $1,000 and under, to $259.09 for families with from $4,000 to $5,000, showing that only after the income passes $4,000 does the average family hire an average servant at the average price of $5 a week.

It is under *Advancement*, however, that we get the real significance of an increased income. This rises from $286.06 on a $1,000 income to $2,683.15 on a $5,000 income. The curve develops unbroken from the low-paid occupations to the higher, except in the case of educators, who are forced by the necessities of their work to spend a large amount on their own improvement.

The expenditure for *Incidentals* is a question of accurate accounting as much as anything, but the inability of people with less than $1,000 to live within their incomes, as shown by their average deficit of nine per cent, and the way this deficit shades to the disappearing point at $3,000 a year, is a significant answer to those people who insist that ability to live within one's income is purely a matter of good management, quite unrelated to the size of the income. Is there any reason to believe that men earning above $3,000 a year are more likely to select wives with reference to their housekeeping ability than those with incomes under that sum? What other explanation can there be for the fact that ill-paid clergymen in small towns run the highest percentage of deficit, while capitalists, business men, and successful physicians run none at all?

But, after all, it is the surplus, and not the deficit, that is important in these middle-class budgets. Do the various groups give an adequate social return for the extra amount of money they receive? To mechanics society gives $503.97 above the minimum for health, and it goes mostly into better housing, savings, charity, and the church. Their average of two and a half children is high for the middle class, but low for the wage-working class. The salaried employees have a surplus of $747.63, and they distribute it quite differently from the mechanics. They eat nearly $70 better, they increase their housing cost nearly $100 above the mechanics, they spend more than double what the mechanics do on clothes—the difference between the requirements of shop and office—but they also, like the mechanics, put most of their surplus into savings and insurance, even though they run an average deficit of $16.68 to do it. None of their surplus goes into increasing their number of children; on the contrary, they average about a child less to the family than the mechanics.

In the professions, where the surplus is $1,178.98, the average number of children goes up to nearly two in the family, and the bulk of the surplus of the professional group goes into better clothes—which might be called a professional requisite—and into savings and charity. In proportion, the professional men are more generous than any other group, although they, too, run an average deficit of $15.41, and spend only $243.98 for vacations, travel, education, books, and improvement in their profession—not an excessive amount, surely, when one considers how much we need better service in medicine, law, education, and from the clergy.

As a sharp contrast to the generosity of the professional men comes the niggardliness of the farmers, who give away less than three per cent of their incomes, although they average a surplus of $1,012.34. The farmers put $267.38 into savings and insurance, $15.43 into health, and $156.88 into books, education, recreation, and travel. Obviously the farmers choose money in the bank rather than college for their average of two and three-fourths children; or improvement or pleasure for themselves.

The business men have a larger surplus above the demands of decency than any other group of the middle class—$2,251.20. And $1,358.12 goes into advancement, while the remainder is distributed fairly evenly over the general cost of living. Now would it not appear that $1,358.12 worth of advancement is a social gain? But an analysis of this item shows that nearly 38 per cent of it goes for savings and insurance, 16 per cent for church and charity, while only 34 per cent ($570.41) is spent for education, books, and recreation. Business men have the choice between running an automobile and sending a child to college, and they have, on the average, 1.7 children to send. Altogether they have sufficient leeway, so that neither illness nor another mouth to feed need strike them with panic.

The small capitalists present an interesting phenomenon. They seem to be people who have backed out of life—people with small incomes, averaging $2,266.66, derived from

investments, on which they prefer to live without exertion rather than enter any gainful occupation. Certainly they make sacrifices to follow their fancies. They have fewer children than any other group, spend only $102.66 a year on service, showing that they either underpay their servants or do without them; they spend four per cent less on advancement than even mechanics, and a higher per cent on food and shelter than people who are earning approximately the same incomes; they travel little, entertain little, give little; they simply continue to exist. As one of them says:

"It had seemed to us that college-bred Americans of the Eastern States were becoming standardized, were growing into a race of clerks. . . . We honored their sturdy sense of duty, their long-enduring rectitude, the patience with which they carried a heavy load. But we had no wish to be like them. . . . We saw the people of our own age losing health year by year through overwork, under sedentary life and lack of daily exercise. We saw them growing yellow and flabby and unfit, and the spectacle didn't attract us. . . . We have dreaded the tyranny of accustomed things, the settling down of habits, the getting rooted in one place so deeply that it would cause pain to shake loose, so at intervals we have flavored life with change. . . . We have waged a running fight on monotony and routine. We dread them more than we dread sin or mistakes of judgment, for we believe that they slay the inner beauty. When they interweave themselves with the human spirit and sap it, they destroy the only living thing within us, the only gift that can create and communicate joy. . . . By knowing many sorts of persons we have hoped that we have cut a larger piece out of life than if we had stayed well sheltered in our own environment of family and education. Realization is only for personal experience, and that we were denied because of the fortunate accident of birth."

Temperamental no end! But where does it get to? It might have dropped from the lips of the eloquent vagabond in Galsworthy's "Pigeon," or be heard rising from any bench-load of the unemployed in Washington Square. Shall man return to the world the good he gets from it by preserving an attitude of mind?

There are a few who, writing more in sorrow than in anger, ask how the church and the ministry are to be supported when people contribute so little to them. It is significant that all but nineteen of these seventy-six budgets class church and charity as one, as though they did not give to religion for value received, but as a gratuity to a mendicant. Only six of the families that put the church under a separate heading give it as much as they do to charity, and three of these six are the families of clergymen.

It appears from these average budgets that society is getting a very mixed product from the middle-class homes. There ought to be a valuable contribution from them, because most of them have a financial surplus with which to make it.

A surprising amount they are putting into savings and insurance—$300.58 per family per year—equal to almost 13 per cent of their incomes. The question whether this really represents a social gain or not can be answered only by an intricate balancing of probabilities. The money they save is not idle; it is in the hands of bankers and insurance companies. Are these making a better social use of it than the people themselves would if they spent it wisely? Could the old age, sickness, and death which this $300.58 per family per year is designed to meet be provided at a less social cost than the present sacrifices that are being made in order to hoard it? Is there a relation between the fact that the middle class contribute less than two children per family and this zeal to save? Would they be willing to launch a larger proportion of children into a world that assured them a comfortable old age?

Just as the making of an individual budget is indispensable to the efficiency of the individual household, so the collection and interpretation of the budgets of large groups is essential to the discovery of our social mistakes and the means of their correction. For society needs a plan as much as the individual household, and perhaps the most important result of all budget-making will prove to be the harmonizing of our individual plans with a programme of social welfare.

THE VILLAGE AUTOCRAT

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

"THERE! I've got that fruit-cake packed, and I miss my guess if a single crumb breaks off—good afternoon, Velona Blood! I suppose you're Velona, aren't you, behind that huge bundle! You're the seventh bundle to-day—I never saw such a day! If it's ever over—yes, yes, drop it on the floor or the lounge or somewhere. Don't tell me you passed anybody headed for me—with a bundle!"

The child who emerged from behind the pile of folded garments was giggling delightedly. "Two thomebodies, yeth thir! One wath—"

"Never mind who it 'wath'—I'll find out in a minute! Velona, you thank your ma, won't you? Not for me—goodness! For those frontier folks. Everybody's sending in *stacks* of clothes, tell your ma. Velona, Velona, wait!—Ve-lo-na!" She had hurriedly sorted the component parts of the last big bundle, and was holding up to the light a little print dress. The child came scuttering back.

"Yeth'm."

"What's the matter with this dress?—what did your mother put it in for? I guess she couldn't meant to; it's a perfectly good little dress"—the use of slang was quite unconscious—"it's your dress, isn't it, Velona?'

"Yeth'm—my third betht," glibly. "It'th me thendin' it, 'tithn't ma."

"You outgrown it?"

"Merthy, no—it'th motht thpandy new!"

"Well, you take it right home, then—tell your ma it's too good to send. Tell her just what I say. She's sent enough without it—all those flannels to cut down. I do wish I didn't have to furnish the *judgment* as well as the barrel and the work of packing it!"

"Yeth'm, I'll tell her."

Suddenly the tired and heated face of the Village Autocrat broke into twinkling laughter; it was a gracious transformation. It was resting laughter.

"Mercy! Velonie! Come back here again. That child will go home and tell *that* to her mother! I never saw anything like children. Velonie Blood, listen to me! You say this over goin' home—just this an' nothin' more. You say: 'Kate Kemp says this little dress is too good—you sent plenty without.' That's every bit of the message, Velonie!"

"Yeth'm, Kate Kempth thayth thith little dreth—"

"Run along, run along! Next lady may recite. It's you, is it, Herrick Pile? What *you* brought for the barrel?" The "next lady" was small, freckled, in trousers. He held out a pile of magazines that oddly weighted and twisted his diminutive person.

"Grandmother said *p'r'aps* they'd like some *readin'* matter," the shrill voice enunciated in breathless sing-song. "She *didn't* have nothin' *else.*" His eyes roved about the big, littered room in frank curiosity. "Because she never wears out an' I always wear *clear* out," he added at a breath. The Village Autocrat found herself smiling again. And she had thought herself too utterly fagged to do anything but cry!

"Run along. Oh, Herrie, *Herrie!* Thank your grandma. Tell her I haven't time to look, but I hope she didn't send any magazines that she could had bound. Odd numbers 'll do—I guess they'll be thankful enough for *those* out there on the edge o' nowhere! Good-afternoon, Phœbe Ann; is that a comfort you got? Well, that'll be good to use for packin'. I can wrap Josephine Pettibone's parlor lamp up in it—there, I did mean to try 'n' knock off the other two feet to it so it wouldn't tip so, but I can't *stop.* I haven't stopped since I got out o' my bed five o'clock this morning. Josephine ought to knocked off her own feet. It's got to go just as *'tis*, now. Phœbe! Phœbe Ann, thank your ma!"

"'Twarn't ma, 'twas Aunt—"

"Well, then, thank your Aunt Mary. You tell her maybe she oughn't to sent it—it don't look a mite faded."

Since early morning Kate Kemp, the Capable Woman of little Millville, had been rushing distractedly from one barrel to the other. For two barrels stood, partly packed, in the middle of her cluttered sitting-room. The one that was to go to the remote and dreary frontier home was being filled with the donations of the neighborhood. It was late this year in being despatched, and not another day must it wait if it was to reach its destination before Christmas.

Numerous frontier barrels had been packed before in this little settlement of farmers and farmers' wives, but Kate Kemp had packed them all. It had been not alone in her capacity of president of the missionary society, as well as of the neighborhood "circle"—more than in either of these capacities it had been in her twofold capacity of Village Autocrat and Capable Woman of Millville. It was Kate Kemp who always did things. It was she who made all the neighborhood decisions, and now she was settling what people should or should not send in the frontier barrel. She had her own "view-points," and they took in the whole horizon line of the neighborhood—the decisions of Kate Kemp decided. It was not to be expected that Velona Blood's mother would insist upon sending the spruce little dress her generous soul had decided to sacrifice. Little Herrie Pile's grandmother would not insist, nor Phœbe Ann's ma.

"Here 'tis four o'clock—one, two, three—thank goodness, only three! I don't know what I *shall* do, I'm so driven! Alison Seaber would say I ought to have let somebody come and help pack—let *her* come—but I'm glad enough I didn't. Nobody knows *how;* we wouldn't been anywhere now. Let me see; did I put the drawer sachet in Sam's barrel? Yes, I remember—underneath the box o' fruit-cake. I hope the cake won't taste of violet sachet powder. And I put in Gertrude's silk petticoat—I know I did! I declare I *do* think I've done pretty well to keep those two barrels separate an' pack 'em *well;* I'd praise myself if I had time. Not a thing mixed an' got into the wrong barrel; I can swear to that! Now next—next I'll finish Sam's an' Gertrude's barrel all up an' head it. The Blessed Baby's down puff goes in last; I'm not going to have anything pressing on that! It's pretty as a pink, if I did make it an' break my back knottin' it!—did its grandma love it 'itty bit? Gertrude will be so tickled! But, gracious me, *won't* that fruit-cake go to Sam's 'right spot'! It'd keep six months if he'd let it, but he won't. And those cookies of Tryphenia's won't dry in a month o' Sundays; they're *better* dry, anyway. It'll be a relief to Gertrude to have something nice cooked up. I'm going to write her to give Blessed Baby some o' the cookies—yes, it should have one, so it should! Its grandma says it can." And what its grandma said was law.

For another hour the little Capable Woman toiled. She was conscientiously careful and thorough with the frontier barrel, but it was in the big son's and big son's wife's and Blessed Baby's barrel that she packed her heart. Among the dainty and useful and toothsome things, the barrel was full to the brim.

It was when she had got to the heading-up—the Capable Woman was quite equal to heading-up—that Alison Seaber came with her dainty contribution. Alison Seaber was the Capable Woman's dearest friend and intimate. She came in freshly and springily.

"For goodness' sake, Alison, don't look so *rested!* I'm a mind to—pinch you!—yes, oh yes, I know you wanted to come and get tired, bad enough. I'm glad I didn't let you—what you got in that package in *tissue paper?* I've got Sam's an' Gertrude's barrel all done—"

"This is for the other one, Kate. I hope you've got room for this; it won't take up many inches. I've just finished the last leaf of embroidery or I'd have got it here sooner."

"For the other barrel—in tissue paper! An' tied with a pink ribbon—are you making a joke? Because I'm altogether too worn out to jo—"

"It's a little baby blanket exactly like the one I worked for Gertrude—don't you remember, Kate, with the padded rosebuds in one corner? I scalloped the edge o' this one, too—that's what has taken me so long. I thought that poor little frontier baby would like a scalloped little blanket with padded roses in one corner." The gentle voice was calmly serene.

"Alison Seaber! Well, you can carry that blanket home again! It would look in keeping, wouldn't it, with worn-out flannels to be cut down, an' lame parlor lamps! I've got some idea of harmony, if you haven't—oh, gracious, yes, I know I'm cross! I'm *ugly.* I'm so tired I can't even *stop!* But I'm not going to put any embroidered baby blankets done up in ribbons on top of a mess o' half-worn clothes—I tell you that! You'll have to pack it in a barrel o' your own—I declare if I don't sit down I shall drop down!"

The face of the other woman underwent a rapid change from gentle ire to tenderness. Alison Seaber laid forceful hands on her friend's shoulders. She even gently pushed.

"Never mind baby blankets—you're so tired, dear! You poor thing! What you are

going to do now is sit down in that chair and drink Tryphenia-tea. I'm going out into the kitchen to get her to make it, strong and hot. Two cupfuls. I'm going to turn you round back to those barrels. My dear, do you know how tired you are? Well, I'll tell you. You are too tired to *have your own way!*" Which indeed was very tired for the Capable Woman to be. She dropped into the chair, submitted to being dragged about to face the other way—drank the two boiling cups of Tryphenia-tea. While she sipped feebly, Alison Seaber did her own packing. To the best of her knowledge she put the dainty tissue bundle into the frontier barrel, slipping it out of sight underneath something soft and thick that lay on top.

"Promise me you will sit there one hour, Kate—promise! It may save your life, if it isn't too late! I'm going back home and make you something nourishing for your supper. I'm not going to ask Tryphenia to make it because then it would taste of home, and I want it to taste of somewhere else. You've got to eat every last crumb of it, too! It won't be polite if you don't!"

When she returned an hour later with her covered tray, she found Kate Kemp on her back in a darkened bedroom. Tryphenia had broken the news as she passed through the kitchen. "She's down with a nervous—headache, I mean. One of her worst, and I don't wonder! The way she's drove all day long! But she won't drive any *more* to-night, that's certain."

"Oh, poor thing! And my poor supper, too! You eat it, Tryphenia, every crumb—please. I'll go up and see Kate."

"*Me* eat—well, I s'pose I can, to save it." Tryphenia condescended. Alison Seaber went on up to the darkened room.

"That you, Tryphen—oh, Alison! Well, isn't this *bright!*"

"It doesn't look very bright to me. I'm so sorry, Kate! But on your own head be it—"

"It's on my own head all right," groaned the sufferer. "I don't care; I finished both those barrels an' *headed 'em up!* Directed 'em too—they're all ready for Enos Love to take to the freight depot. I can lie here an' take some comfort."

In spite of herself the solicitous sympathizer smiled under cover of the dimness of the place. Kate was militantly able to "take comfort" with a nervous headache if all her duties were headed up.

"Well, I'm glad you're *through*, dear—it's a perfect wonder your headache waited for you! If it had come on a single minute sooner—"

"Oh, it did. I hadn't headed the last one. I guess I directed 'em with my eyes shut! You know how everything blurs before my eyes? But I directed 'em *right*, I know that. An' they're all ready to *go*. Enos Love can—can take—oh, my head, my head! I don't care what Enos Love does!"

"Poor dear—poor dear! I'm going right out and let you go to sleep if you *can*. Tryphenia's eating your supper; I told her to. I'll see to getting word to Enos Love."

"Well, they're both *ready*, I say! I couldn't *see* the knothole in Sam's an' Gertrude's head, but I felt of it with my finger while I was directing. There wasn't any—any—oh, my head!—any *knothole*, I tell you, *in* the other one. You tell Enos Love—oh, gracious!—oh!—you tell Enos Love—"

"I'll tell Enos Love," soothed her friend, and softly tiptoed away. Out on the stair landing she waited to hear the groans diminish before she went down to Tryphenia in the kitchen. That saving soul had just finished the contents of the tray from somewhere else.

"Tryphenia, I'm some nervous myself," Alison sighed. "I am going to confess it to you, to relieve my mind—I packed something in the frontier barrel that Kate said shouldn't go."

"You didn't!"

"Yes—when she was back to. It rather scares me now, but I was brave as a lion then! I just determined that little scalloped petticoat was going! I made it—I guess I had a right to put it in. But Kate—"

"You better whisper. If she hears you she'll stagger down here an' unpack it."

"I guess probably she would—poor Kate!"

Too many days went by after the departure of the two Christmas barrels in Enos Love's express cart before news of either came back to Millville and of course to the Autocrat Lady of Millville. Kate Kemp fretted and worried in the secret inner room of her frets and worries, but she gave no outward sign. There had been time twice over to hear before any letter arrived. Then one came, and Kate put on her bonnet and went with it to Alison Seaber. She carried the

letter straight out in front of her in rather a curious way.

"Well, Kate!—well, I *am* glad to set eyes on you! You are a perfect godsend this dreary day. Here I was feeling as lonely—"

"Well, you won't be lonely now!"

"Indeed I won't! I'll make us some tea and we'll have a nice, gossipy, old-lady time. What's the matter, Kate? You look put out. Haven't you heard from Sam's barrel or the frontier one yet?"

"No, I haven't—an' yes, I have. I haven't had a syllable from Sam an' Gertrude, but you read that," extending the belated letter, "if you want to hear from the other barrel. You no need to put your glasses on—it's plain enough to the naked eye! Read it—read it, why don't you? There was a storm blockade somewheres that delayed it; you see what date it is."

She rocked continuously while Alison read. Her expression was one of neither relief nor disappointment, but curiously compounded of both.

"Well?—*well?*"

Alison Seaber's fine, gentle face was alert with excitement. She put out a hand and patted the other's knee.

"Kate, it *is* 'well.' I—like it! I can't help it—I do! She—they—were so happy over it. It breathes right out of the letter! They never *had* anything so nice happen to them before, you know they never! Think of them unpacking, Kate—"

Kate was thinking. She had stopped rocking. Red spots had blossomed faintly in her clear, middle-aged cheeks.

"Kate, you are glad too! Sitting right there in that chair this minute, you are glad! You wouldn't take back that barrel."

"N-o," the word came slowly, with difficulty.

"No, I wouldn't take it back. Yes, yes, I'm—glad. But I ain't so glad as I am ashamed! I'm so ashamed I can't hardly breathe." She laughed out suddenly—a grim little laugh enough. "An' worst of it is I don't know whether I'm most ashamed of Sam an' Gertrude getting that other barrel, or of *myself!* What you sitting there mum as a post for, Alison Seaber? If you've got anything to say to me, say it!" But she had nothing to say. She only patted in a little more friendly way. Kate's grim voice went on. "The knot-hole wasn't in Sam's an' Gertrude's head, after all; it was in the other one. I was too crazy with my head to remember which was which. That's what happened—Alison, I'm most ashamed o' myself! I thought that other barrel was plenty good enough for frontier people, an' here I am blushing for it now Sam an' Gertrude's got it. I wouldn't blushed the other way about, would I? No, I wouldn't—I wouldn't! Oh, I'm going home!" She got to her feet. "I'm going home an' be ashamed there—it's more decent." But at the front gate she swept about and went back to her friend. She stood in the doorway, a strangely diminished and humbled Autocrat.

"It would have been quite a nice barrel if I'd let folks send what they wanted to. There was that new little dress o' Velona Blood's, for one thing. An' I wanted Phœbe Ann to take back her Aunt Mary's comfort because it was too good! I was afraid of having things too good! *I* was—nobody else. What other people were afraid of was *me*—they'd have sent nice things if I'd let 'em. What is the matter with me, Alison Seaber? Why don't you tell me what the matter is?"

"Don't, Kate—don't, dear! You no need feel so *bad*. There's something the matter with all of us."

"There isn't a living thing the matter with you. You'd have filled that barrel with hand-made little baby blankets an' embroidered the corners yourself. There, I'm going home an' stop myself talking! I've got to write a letter to Sam an' Gertrude." And this time she went through the gate and down the snowy road.

Alison Seaber, left behind, sat with a thoughtful face, as Kate had left her. The letter was still in her lap. Suddenly she caught it up and sought a special place in it. "I was right, after all," she thought. "I've been worrying for fear I might have put that little blanket in the wrong barrel."

She found her special place.

"Everything was so beautiful!" she read; "so perfectly wonderful! so flavored and sweet-scented with and *stitched* with loving kindness. But right at the top I found something that filled up my heart so there was hardly room for the rest. That little, little blanket! I *know* somebody made that just for my blessed baby!" So there had been two Blessed Babies, one in each barrel! Alison's lips quivered as they smiled. "I'm somehow so certain sure! I spread it out, and the little corner was all full of soft little

flowers that somebody sat *hours* and worked. That little embroidered corner carpeted the warmest corner of my heart and fitted right out to the walls! If I could see that dear woman—"

The dear woman's head was down on the table, and Allison Seaber was frankly sobbing.

The eyes of the other woman, who was plodding rather heavily home, looked neither to right nor left. Straight ahead Kate Kemp beheld a new view. It was wider and sweeter than any her eyes had seen before. She gazed steadily and unflinchingly, though the light hurt her eyes.

Tryphenia was humming over her work; few worries assailed Tryphenia. To her appeared presently her mistress, curiously shaken and softened.

"They liked your cookies, Tryphenia. When I write I'm going to tell 'em to let the baby have one, if they ain't all gone." She was turning away, but added another word: "An' my fruit-cake—they liked that. I'm glad I put in that second cup o' raisins." This time she was really gone. But Tryphenia followed her to the foot of the stairs, waving a letter she had taken from the mantelpiece.

"You had two letters—that little Herrie Pile's a turrible fergetter. He had 'em both all the time. My! he was scairt when he come flyin' back with this one his ma'd found in his pocket!"

Kate Kemp leaned down and took the letter. "He needn't been scared," she said. But she meant, perhaps, that the little Herries of Millville need not thereafter fear her when they forgot. The letter was from "Sam an' Gertrude." It was always of the two together that she spoke and thought. Her Sam and her Sam's Gertrude—and Blessed Baby.

"'Dear Mother, I've waited all this time to think up what to say, and I haven't yet! Sam won't say a single word. It made him mad, but it didn't me, except right when we unpacked. I told Sam nobody ever *meant* to send such a barrel to any one; it was just a mistake.'"

"Yes," murmured the reader, "it was just a mistake."

"'It couldn't ever happen again in two worlds, I told Sam.'"

"No—no, it never could!"

"'So you see I stood it better than Sam—men can't stand things! I said I'd just wait and see what happened next. And while I was waiting I solved the riddle myself! Just this morning early, before light—all at once I said right out loud (and Sam and Blessed Baby both asleep)—I said, "That barrel was meant for a poor minister somewhere!" And I know it was. "And there was another one meant for us!" I said, right up straight in bed with not a soul to hear! Oh, mother, I know what a lovely barrel that other one was (if there was one really), and—mother, you listen! I'm glad it went to the poor minister's wife instead of me! I don't care what Sam is, *I'm* glad. For you see I know now how it felt to unpack this one, how *she'd* have felt.'"

"She wouldn't have—she wouldn't have, if I'd let folks alone!" this self-deposed Village Autocrat cried in defense of her neighbors. "If I'd let 'em send just what they wanted to—*they* weren't to blame. Oh, what was the matter with me!"

That afternoon arrived Alison Seaber with her thimble on. She found Kate surrounded with billows of soft, silken stuff.

"I'm making Blessed Baby's little down puff," Kate said, busily stitching. "I can't stop to say, 'Take a chair.'"

"Of course not. Give me some breadths, Kate; I came on purpose. Don't you see my thimble's all on? You going to tie it with pink?"

"Yes—just like the frontier baby's," Kate Kemp answered quietly.

BEHIND THE BARS

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRISONER IN A NEW YORK STATE PRISON[1]

"IT is the sentence of the Court that you be confined in the State Prison for not less than two years and a half and not more than five years."

How often these words, or those of similar import, meet our eyes in the daily press! Sometimes we stop long enough to wonder what actually happens to him to whom they are said. True, when the culprit is a person of prominence or the offense is a heinous one, the reporters usually follow him to the prison gate, and then proceed to write lurid and usually wholly inaccurate accounts of what transpires after the gate closes upon the offender. It is the purpose of the writer to recount the actual experiences he underwent while imprisoned for an offense against the laws of the State of New York. That there may be no misunderstanding, let me say at the outset that, deeply as I regret the utterly foolish and wrong things that led me to prison, I shall always be glad that the long and weary fight in the courts was lost; that I have at least the satisfaction of knowing that for my offenses against organized society I paid society's penalty.

Never mind what I did. Suffice it to say that it was not serious enough in any way to stir the community where it was committed, but was bad enough to cause those whose business it is to enforce the criminal law to desire my company. No serious fears of arrest had ever entered my mind; so long a time had elapsed since the offense that I had come to believe myself immune from punishment. So when, on a bright summer day when the outdoor world seemed peculiarly attractive, a pleasant-spoken gentleman approached me and said, genially, "The Chief would like to see you," I was more surprised than frightened. He took me to Police Headquarters, and, after a brief interview with the Chief, in which he courteously offered to telegraph any friend I might name if I could thereby establish the fact that he had made a mistake in identity, I was locked in a room equipped with a bed, two chairs, and toilet facilities fully as good as in the less expensive hotels. There I remained for over a week, and then was taken before a local court for a preliminary hearing.

This lasted but a few minutes; the Court found "probable cause" for holding me, and I was remanded to the custody of the sheriff to await the action of the Grand Jury.

Now, for the first time, I had a taste of prison life. Theoretically a prisoner is innocent until he is proven guiity; practically an accused person who cannot give bail has the time spent in jail as an additional penalty. Only very rarely do the judges take into consideration the time so spent in meting out sentences after conviction. Confinement with nothing to do but read, play cards, eat, and sleep is infinitely more irksome than a prison term, where at least one is certain of employment during a large portion of the weary hours.

The jails of New York vary greatly. Some are indeed the last word in prison construction; others are scarcely fit for the habitation of animals—a statement fully sustained by the reports of the Board of Prison Commissioners. Happily for me, I was confined in one of the former class. Each man had a cell five feet by seven, lighted by an electric lamp, well ventilated, and with excellent toilet facilities. Between the hours of six in the morning and five in the afternoon all were given the freedom of a large corridor about twenty feet wide and ninety feet long. This afforded ample room for exercise, while six large windows gave plenty of light and air. Yet when one remembers that the time between Grand Jury sessions is sometimes six months, and that those arrested immediately after the adjournment of one, as I was, have to await the next, it will be readily seen that so long a time without outdoor exercise is more or less injurious to the prisoner. Further, many men so held are exonerated by the Grand Jury. It is therefore a gross injustice that its sessions are held so infrequently in many counties. The abolition of the Grand Jury and the substitution of trial on the formal charge of the District Attorney, a practice followed in some jurisdictions, would be a great gain.

At length the Grand Jury met; I was

[1] While the name of the writer of this article is not given, The Outlook is assured by trustworthy evidence that the article is from the pen of a prisoner and is the record of actual experience.—THE EDITORS.

indicted, tried, and convicted, which conviction was sustained on appeal. Then came the sad day when I was summoned to the bar to hear the judgment of the Court pronounced. My sentence was more severe and longer than I had expected, longer even than is now allowed by law for such an offense as I had committed, but the judge who imposed it sincerely believes that only by the most severe penalties can crime be checked. With this position many of his brethren on the bench disagree.

After sentence was imposed a deputy sheriff stepped up to me, snapped a handcuff on my right wrist, and I began the journey, the saddest any one can take, as a prisoner to State Prison. The deputy tried to cheer me, but I would have none of his comfort. He told me that I would find many kind hearts behind the gloomy walls, but his words did not allay my suffering. I knew what was before me: the lock-step, the cropped head, the striped suit, the long hours of hard, humiliating toil.

We arrived early in the morning, and as I went in I noticed another man coming out, free. I looked at him with envy and surprise. He seemed well, he had no shuffling gait, such as I had read about, and his hair was wonderfully long. We went into the main building; the sheriff unlocked the handcuff from my wrist, and said, "I wish you good luck, old man," as though I was setting forth on an altogether pleasant experience. I could have struck him for his ill-timed levity.

I was next told to be seated, and waited quite a while. Then a good-looking officer stepped up to me, bade me stand up, asked me if I had a knife, and ran his hands rapidly through my pockets and lightly over my person. Assured that I had no weapon, he told me to follow him, and we walked into an office, where a pleasant-spoken gentleman took my watch, cuff-links, and money, and required me to sign a statement that these constituted all my valuables. I was then informed that the money would be placed to my credit, and that, subject to the rules, of which I would soon have a copy, I was at liberty to spend it as I chose. Then I was told to follow the officer. We walked over to the tailor shop. Here again my name was taken, I was weighed and measured, and required to take a bath. This over, I dressed, and found that I was permitted to retain my own underwear, socks, and shoes. This was pleasing, but it did not give me half the joy I experienced when my prison clothes were handed me. They were fearfully homely and fitted wretchedly, but they were not striped; the day of the human zebra is a thing of the past. This fact emboldened me to ask when I had to have my hair cut, whereupon I received the abrupt reply, "When you need it; we haven't cropped heads for years." As we came out of the shop the officer quite unconsciously relieved me of another worry, for he said: "Keep your hands at your sides, walk with a military step, eyes straight ahead." This told me that the lock-step had gone the way of other barbaric methods, though the peremptory tone of the command left no doubt in my mind that I was now, in fact, a chattel of the State.

However, as we tramped on my guide began to give me some good advice. He warned me that if I had ever been in prison before I would do wisely to admit it at once, for a heavy penalty was incurred by lying about one's record. I told him that this was my "first trip," and he was quick to reply: "You first-timers have a snap in here; in fact, any one will get along all right if he will keep a civil tongue in his head and do his work."

At length we reached the office of the clerk, where a round of questions was put to me, which I was thankful to be able to answer without hesitation or evasion. Then we proceeded to the warden's office to meet the man who for many months was to exercise over me an authority little short of a Czar's. The "Little Father" was most kind, asked me what my employment had been and about my education. He then said: "I'll keep you in mind. We can use men like you in here to advantage." Let me pause here to say that, so far as I know, no one on the outside of the prison ever exerted in my behalf any pressure upon the warden or upon any of his official subordinates. So much is said and written about the power of influence in such places that it is a pleasure to record that the agreeable work which later came to me came without a "pull."

After the interview with the warden I was escorted to the office of the deputy—or principal keeper, to give him his legal title. I had heard much about this man and his wonderful skill in disciplinary measures and his scrupulous fairness. My first sight of him was not assuring. He sat by his desk smoking, with an expression on his face which made me feel certain that he was a

man with an ugly temper. He, too, wanted to know what I could do, and when he found I knew little of manual labor he assigned me to a shop where any man possessed of an ounce of brains could work with some degree of success. As the days went by my first impression of the deputy changed tremendously, and I came to understand that despite the grim expression he was not unkind, and that he was absolutely square towards every man. His is a hard task. On his shoulders rests the real burden of prison discipline. Every morning at eight he holds court, where the offenders against the rules on the previous day are given a chance to be heard and their punishment awarded. Amusing indeed are the explanations offered by the offenders against the rules. No wonder they try to excuse themselves! Sentence by this court entails real physical suffering. It consists of confinement in a dark cell, without a bed, the floor having many projecting bolts, making lying upon it more trying than standing up all night, and a ration of one slice of bread and a gill of water each twenty-four hours. After two or three days of such an experience the offender is likely to come out with a horror of further infraction of the rules or else in a savage and reckless frame of mind.

In addition to this physical misery breaking the rules entails other punishments. One is a loss of the commutation of sentence for good behavior which the prisoner would otherwise have earned, and a fine which is deducted from his compensation. This munificent wage amounts to a cent and a half each working day, and is paid from the earnings of the industrial department. As the usual fine is at least two dollars and a half, it will be readily seen that the violation of the rules costs a man a half-year's pay, or more.

But let no one imagine that prison discipline requires that such drastic treatment be exercised on many of the inmates. It should be remembered also that deeds which in the outside world would be thought trifles are not such in prison. To talk in the mess-hall, to whistle or sing in one's cell, to pass notes, to fail to keep step when marching, all these offenses and others entail punishment. So, when it is stated that the average number presented for trial at morning court is three, out of a prison population of fifteen hundred, the fact of the general good order will be apparent.

The next step was a visit to the chaplain, whose office adjoins the library, containing a collection of some three or four thousand books for the use of the inmates. These are distributed weekly to the cells, the men indicating by notes to the librarian the character of the books they desire to read. The chaplain of the prison to which I was committed has since left the service of the State, and the change can hardly be other than helpful. He asked me a series of formal questions, similar in character to those put to me by the clerk, then asked if I was a Catholic or Protestant, and if I played any musical instrument. With that the interview terminated. Neither then nor at any other time did he offer me any word of comfort, utter any word of cheer. I confess I was shocked and amazed, and—yes, hurt. Even though one offend against the law, one still is not altogether bereft of feeling. True, once a week a chaplain's call was held, and any man might attend it by giving his name in, in advance. This was all right as far as it went, but I am wholly convinced that when a man first comes in and the ground is fallow is the time when the chaplain should plow. No greater opportunity can come to any minister of God than to nerve his fellow-men in such extremity as are the prisoners of the State. That service should be rendered only by one actuated by no desire or aim other than to help and to comfort his suffering parishioners.

Next I went to the hospital, as scrupulously clean and as well equipped as any. Here a brief but adequate examination was made to determine if I was afflicted with any contagious or infectious disease. Happily, I was not, so the next step was to go to the shop.

Prison shops look like free shops except in one particular. Against the wall, but so situated as to command a view of the whole place, is a platform about three feet high with a high desk upon it. Here all day long stands the guard, watching his charges to see that they do not infringe the rules. When I was escorted to the shop to which I had been assigned, the officer in charge told me the principal things that would be required of me. He asked me if I knew anything of military tactics. I told him I did, and he looked relieved. Dinner-time soon arrived. We formed in company front in two ranks, counted twos, and at the command "Twos right, march," we tramped down the stairs and out into the yard. Then company after company marched through the yard and into

the mess-hall. From this only a very few are excused, and they only for the most urgent reasons. The reason for this is that having the men all together gives an excellent chance to make certain that all are there who should be. Until every man is accounted for no one may leave the mess-hall.

Seated at the tables, the men all face one way; the food is on the tables when the men arrive. My first noon in the room I shall never forget. The meal was pork and beans, a dish I never liked; and, though it was served on crockery and one might sit down in partial comfort, the vista of years of this sort of thing banished my appetite completely. After the meal each man arose, with his knife and fork in his hand, and marched out, as he left the hall dropping the table utensils in receptacles provided for them.

It was winter, so the company marched back directly to the shop. Had it been spring or fall, we would have marched up and down the yard for a half-hour, each company having its turn at this great privilege, which does as much as any one thing to send a man away, when his time for freedom comes, sound in mind and body.

After reaching the shop I was put to work. The foreman, who is a skilled workman in the sort of work done in the shop, is not responsible for its discipline, but is for the character of the product. Naturally, therefore, he sets novices at simple tasks. Such was mine, indeed.

The industrial department of the New York State prisons is extremely interesting. The law requires the State and all its civil divisions and institutions to supply their needs from the prisons as far as possible; the prisons are forbidden to sell to any other customers; and, as a result, a very wide variety of goods are manufactured. Brooms and roll-top desks, tin pans and tip-carts, boots and blankets, these and countless other articles are made. The department is run at a profit, but it is not sufficient to cover the whole cost of prison maintenance. It affords, however, I believe, the best solution yet devised of the problem of prison labor.

As I tried to master my task, simple enough, but hard for my unaccustomed fingers, the foreman whispered to me something of the life story of my shopmates. A few feet away sat a good-looking fellow in his early twenties, possessing a remarkably kindly face, with large brown eyes; yet a jury had said he was guilty of murder in the second degree. A lad, not twenty, and looking very frail, walked across the shop. He, too, had been convicted of killing a man, and was in this place for life, though he, as well as the first, might be paroled at the end of twenty years. My own fate seemed less dreadful as I contemplated the awful penalty of these lads so much my junior in years.

Theoretically, speech between prison inmates is forbidden, but, as a matter of fact, it is permitted within reasonable limits. Long conversations are not allowed, but in most shops the men may speak briefly if they ask permission first. Here, as in all other matters, a great deal depends upon the guard who has the shop in charge. Some are far more lenient than others. They have wearisome work, and the pay is poor. They receive $1,200 per annum, and they work every day in the year, Sundays and holidays included, except for two weeks in the summer, which is allowed them for vacation. When it is remembered that these are the men who are to affect for weal or woe each of the men in their charge, that they constitute for the great majority the only persons, not prisoners, to whom the inmates may speak, their responsibility is apparent. Some of them I shall always cherish in my memory as friends; others are decidedly unfit to have authority over their fellow-men.

The work in the shop jogged on. There seemed to be no disposition on the part of any one to crowd the workers. "Hard labor" is a good deal of a legal fiction except to those to whom all labor is hard.

At length the short winter day which seemed so long drew to a close, the machinery stopped, the floor was swept, the men washed up, and then had a few minutes to read or exchange a hasty word. A grim-looking man walked towards me, his hand raised in signal to the guard that he wished to speak. Then he said, "Got anything to read?" and when I said I had not, he dug out of his pocket two magazines. I thanked him, wondering what he had done to bring him to prison. I asked the foreman. "Oh, he's been a crook all his life; this is the first time they've got him, that's all," was the reply. Yet this lifelong crook had been the first to do something to make easier the path of a man he had never seen before.

At last we formed in company again and marched away to the cell-house. As we entered the large doors I saw two tables piled high with bread, from which each man

might take all he desired. But woe betide him if he took and did not eat! In State prison wastefulness on the part of an inmate is a cardinal sin. Following the man before me, I mounted three flights of stairs, and walked along a gallery until another guard indicated my cell. I stepped in and pulled the door to; he threw the bolt, and I was sealed in for the night in a room seven feet long, seven feet high, and three and a third feet wide. It was dimly lighted by a worn-out electric lamp. I took off my coat and looked at it. It was a dirty gray in color, its only distinguishing mark being a white disk on the left sleeve. This was significant, for it meant that I had never been imprisoned before, and that my record in the prison was without a blemish. Had the disk been blue, it would have meant that I was suffering a second incarceration; had it been red, it would have meant that at least twice before had I heard a prison lock thrown from the wrong side. Had it been a circle of any color instead of a disk, it would have meant that already I had infringed the rules. As the years go by a man by good behavior earns a bar for each year; and when five have been won, the five are exchanged for a star. But the disk is kept until some act of disobedience forfeits it, and then it is gone forever.

Nine o'clock came, a bell sounded, and a few minutes later every cell light was extinguished. Then night began in earnest, and into it was concentrated every form of mental and physical misery. The place was alive with vermin, and I had no sleep whatever, while with me constantly was the unavailing regret for my wrong-doing. If the sole idea of a prison is to punish, I was punished enough that night to last through time and eternity. It is fair to say that since that time white enamel paint has replaced whitewash in the cells, and that this much-needed improvement has practically eliminated vermin.

At last morning came, and at seven the guard unlocked my cell and I marched with my fellow-misdoers to the shop. Here an opportunity was given to wash, and then we marched again to the mess-hall, where a breakfast of oatmeal, skimmed milk, and coffee was given us. Here it should be said that, while the menu was monotonous, a greater variety of better-cooked food was served than in the county jail. On holidays especially a very sincere and successful effort was made to serve good meals. But breakfasts of hash, alternated with cereals, become wearisome after one has partaken of them for a year or more. It is well that it is so. Were the tables more attractive, probably other prisoners would do as an old Italian did—refuse to leave when his term had expired. He was put out by force, and then sat down on the curbstone and wept.

Breakfast over, we returned to the shop. In a few minutes "doctor's call" was announced. The phrase was a strange one. Briefly, the warden, the chaplain, the physician, the dentist, and the oculist have certain days when they may be interviewed. In each case, except the physician's, an officer is sent to each shop to get the men; they are then formed into one company and marched to the administration building, where they are halted and required to wait until their names are called. The doctor prefers to go to the shops, and, accompanied by a group of nurses from the hospital, all inmates, he hurries from place to place. Military in appearance and manner, he snaps out his questions so peremptorily as almost to terrify one into declaring himself well. But when the illness is genuine and serious, a man is sure of as careful treatment as in any hospital.

After the doctor had gone I was required to undergo the most trying ordeal of all. I was escorted to the Bertillon gallery, where I was required to dress in a suit of citizen's clothes kept for the purpose and submit to having my photograph taken, both front view and profile. Then detailed measurements of my person were made, such as the length, in millimeters, of my ears, and the distance from temple to temple, measured by calipers. Finally, printer's ink was smeared on my hands and was I required to make impressions on sheets of heavy paper, first of the whole of each hand, then of each finger. One set is sent to Albany, the other is retained in the prison.

It is not a grateful thought, when one is trying to recover one's place in the world, that, no matter how decently behaved one may be, his features and physical characteristics are forever a part of the State's record of its malefactors. Yet there is comfort in the knowledge that that fact does *not* make one a scoundrel, any more than the absence of some faces therefrom which should be there makes them good men.

The next day a pleasanter experience was mine, for some groceries I had ordered came,

and I was called to the "box office," as it is termed, to get them. This is an interesting place, for here all mail for and all mail from the prisoners is examined, each man being required to sign an authorization for such examination to avoid any controversy with the United States Post-Office Department. Here, too, all supplies bought with the private funds of the prisoners are delivered. During his first year a prisoner may purchase three dollars' worth of eatables every other month; thereafter he may purchase that quantity each month. In July, November, and December, because of the holidays occurring in those months, he may spend an additional dollar.

When the voucher was handed me to sign in receipt for the price of my groceries, I learned for the first time that I had a number. No more ridiculous statement appears in the press than that a man in prison is known by his number and not by his name. The numbers are serial; those at Sing Sing are now over 60,000, those at Auburn over 31,000, and those at Clinton over 10,000. Imagine how cumbersome it would be to employ such numbers as names! The guards would be candidates for a madhouse if such a task were theirs. John Jones remains John Jones throughout his prison experience, and only knows he has a number when he has business with the administration officers, when the number is used, in addition to the name, as a further means of identification.

The days jogged on, each like its predecessor. At first they went slowly, but, once accustomed to the routine, and with one's time occupied, it was surprising how they flew. This seems incredible, but it was strictly true in my case at least.

Sundays constituted a most unwelcome break. The familiar words of the old hymn, "Where congregations ne'er break up and Sabbaths have no end," are terrifying to the prison inmate after he has spent one or two of them behind those forbidding walls. At the regular hour the men are released from their cells and take a brief walk in the yard, followed, as on week days, by breakfast. Immediately after breakfast a mass is solemnized for Catholics by a Catholic priest. The Protestant service, conducted by the chaplain, immediately follows. Many men attend both services, for a reason which will presently appear. An orchestra, composed of inmates, plays as the men file into the chapel. When all are seated, the guards station themselves about the room, ten feet apart, the chaplain enters, passes swiftly up the middle aisle and to the platform. Divine service with an armed guard at one's elbow is not particularly comforting, yet it is far preferable to a cell. When the second service is over, the men march out and to the cell-houses, being handed a light cold lunch as they pass, which they carry to their cells. It is only ten o'clock in the morning, but the men will not leave their cells again until the following morning. Is it any wonder that they flock to church to escape for an hour confinement in a place only seven by three and a third? Occasionally real treats are theirs at the services. Some eminent clergyman or accomplished singer will give his or her talent to cheer the shut-ins. No man or woman who ever so served has failed of an enthusiastic thank you, uttered in the only possible way the men can, by tremendous applause, which is never checked by those in authority.

On holidays a still greater effort is made to make the day enjoyable. For this whatever shows are in town are relied upon to furnish an entertainment. To the credit of the generous-hearted dramatic profession let it be recorded that they never fail to volunteer, though it involve them in both trouble and expense.

I shall never forget the first execution which took place after my incarceration. The culprit was a young fellow who was guilty beyond a doubt, but that fact made the event none the less terrible. I saw the heartbroken mother as she was led away by her other children from the last sad good-by. I saw the young man himself as he was taking his final bath, the State being determined that he should be clean before being slain. Then, on a Sunday afternoon, the lights in the cells were extinguished while all the electric power was turned toward the dreadful chair, in a final test to determine if all was in order for the tragedy of the morrow. Monday morning came. It was a little after six. I lay awake on my bed, knowing that over yonder, hardly a hundred yards away, a boy was waiting to die. Then the hall lights grew dim, and every one of the fifteen hundred prisoners awake—and few were not—knew that the spirit of the lad had gone out into the unknown. Daylight came, and while the men yet marched about the yard the undertaker's wagon came, the wicker casket was taken into the death-house, to be borne forth a little later with all that was mortal of the boy of three hours before. Thus the State

teaches the sacredness of human life. If the old vindictive code must still be the law of New York, in pity's name let the executions be held where they will not be a lesson in brutality to fifteen hundred caged men.

One day, shortly after I was assigned my shop, I spoke of the city of Cleveland to a man, over forty years of age, who worked near me, and was surprised to hear him ask me where Cleveland was. I could scarcely believe that one who looked so intelligent could be so ignorant. I resolved then that, of all work in prison, I should most like to teach. So I made an application for a position in the prison school. The following week the guard told me to get my things, and I was transferred to the school-house. It has seven class-rooms, an office for the head teacher, who is a citizen, and one for the two guards stationed there. It also has a library of two thousand volumes, which is distinct from the prison library. Its books are selected to meet the needs of the pupils as they progress, and it is none too large for the use of the five hundred men enrolled as students.

School begins at nine in the morning, with classes of from eighteen to twenty-five in each of the class-rooms. They stay an hour, and then return to their shops in charge of a guard. Each man has only one hour's instruction a day, so he must study at night in his cell if he wishes to progress. After being enrolled as a teacher I was assigned to a room to observe the methods of the teacher at work, who was, as are all the teachers save the one in charge of the whole school, a prisoner like myself. The class was doing first-grade work, and was made up of Americans, Irish, Germans, Italians, and Poles. They varied in age from eighteen to fifty. It was pathetic indeed to see those full-grown men, some of them gray-haired, striving to read such sentences as "I am a man," "I see a cat," or "This is my hand." After this each man was sent to the blackboard, the teacher would dictate some simple word, and the pupil would try to form it with chalk.

After four days of observation I was given a class to teach. I found that the men were eager to learn, and that they would behave as well as pupils in any outside school. True, on one occasion, an Italian refused to recite, and, when I insisted, came for me with the expressed determination of cutting my heart out, but that is the only instance of a serious outbreak that I now recall. Even those who came to the school for no other purpose than to escape for an hour the rigor of the shop were susceptible to persuasion, and often became bright pupils. An appeal to their sense of fair play, amazing as the fact may appear to those whose knowledge of misdoers is gleaned from the daily press, was nearly always effective, and the overwhelming majority were so glad of the chance to be helped to knowledge that they needed no urging.

Having been successful with the lower grades, I was given complete charge of the higher ones. These are easier to teach. Not only are the men more intelligent, but their attendance is not compulsory, as it is upon all those who have not completed the sixth grade or its equivalent in the free world. These higher-grade men are put on their honor; no blue-coated guard stands over them. They have such studies as history, civics, and debating, in addition to the more common ones. Debating was introduced to create interest in and to teach fairness of opinion on public questions. In this aim it has been singularly successful.

I taught school for many months. During that time I found that all the teachers, even though they were prisoners, were greatly interested in their work. As a result the school is a powerful factor in imparting information. A foreigner can, if he will, secure a common school education and come forth a better man than when he went to prison. The world has at last come to the just conclusion that ignorance begets crime.

After some time I was changed to another occupation. In the offices of administration much of the clerical work is done by inmates. This work is, of course, especially agreeable in every way. It is a great economy for the State, too. Many highly competent men go wrong and are imprisoned. Their services at a cent and a half a day and board make unnecessary the hiring of many clerks. A competent office man whose moral sense is not so blunted but that he can be depended upon to do careful work is sure of excellent treatment. Naturally these places are the prizes of the prison. To gain one of them is to be envied by one's fellows. So I was a happy man indeed when I learned that I had been appointed. It is difficult for a prisoner working in one of the offices to realize that he is in confinement. His immediate superiors treat him with perfect courtesy, he has complete freedom of intercourse

with those with whom he works, and a pass that will take him anywhere he needs to go within the prison inclosure. It may be wondered if such treatment does not tend to impair the salutary lesson the man was sent to prison to learn. So far from that, I believe the precise opposite to be true. Latent in any man not hopelessly bereft of decency is a good impulse which, rightly guided, will again make a man of him. In evidence of this fact let me say that it was the proud record of my chief that no man who had ever worked as a clerk in his office had ever again violated the law. Tasks in which a man for a few hours each day may forget that he is a prisoner inspire him to look forward with hope and courage to the fight that lies ahead when he leaves prison. The hardest penalty the misdoer pays he pays after he is released. The haunting specter of his prison experience is with him constantly. He has the certain knowledge that, with very few exceptions, his fellow-men will shun him, not because he did wrong, but because he has been to prison. Anything that will help to stiffen the man for that fight, that will make him look the world in the face without flinching, is an invaluable service.

At last the time drew near when I should be eligible for parole. The parole system is so little understood, I regret to say, even by some of the judges, that it should be explained in detail. All prisoners convicted for the first time of a felony and sentenced to State prison in punishment thereof must be sentenced thereto under an indeterminate sentence, the minimum of which must be not less than one year nor exceed one-half the longest sentence which may be imposed for the crime of which the offender stands convicted. When he has served the minimum term, he is eligible for parole.

A month before my minimum expired two blanks were given me to fill out. One was a formal application for parole, the other a series of questions as to my previous career, containing space also for the names of those I was willing to refer to for a good word, and the name of the man offering me employment. No man can be paroled under any circumstances unless work awaits him on release from a responsible employer who is willing to agree under oath to continue to employ the parolee for a full year, if he shall conduct himself properly. As soon as my papers were filed the warden sent letters to my references requesting information regarding me, and an investigation of my prospective employer was made. The answers to the letters and the result of the investigation of my employer being satisfactory, I next, with over fifty other applicants, made calls on the warden, principal keeper, chaplain, and physician. Each of these officers makes a report favoring or opposing a man's parole, while the head teacher reports, in the case of those lacking a common school education on entering, what progress they have made during the prison term.

These preliminaries safely passed, we awaited the meeting of the Board of Parole, which then consisted of the Superintendent of Prisons and two citizens not otherwise connected with the prison department. On a warm summer afternoon the Board met. One by one we entered the room, were briefly interviewed, and left again, without knowing whether or not we had "passed." In a little while, however, the fortunate ones, about one-half of those that sought parole, were assembled in one of the corridors to listen to a speech from the Superintendent of Prisons, Cornelius V. Collins.

Mr. Collins is no longer in office. No possible advantage can accrue to me from saying what follows. I write it because it is due. The things that have done the most to make the prisons reformatory institutions—the abolition of stripes, the lock-step, and the cropped head, the introduction of military drill and the establishment of the school—are enduring monuments to his administration. In this last speech he struck so true a note that it will long remain in my memory. A single extract will show its character. A parolee asked: "Mr. Collins, I am paroled to go to K. My mother lives in Y, a hundred miles away. Can I go to see her?" Mr. Collins replied:

"Use your common sense. Of course you may. You may do anything that is decent and right. All that I ask, all that the State asks, is that you play fair. Be men, and you'll never have to come back here. Do otherwise, and you will. A violator of his parole promise will be followed the world over and brought back, and each one of you that is so returned hurts the chances of every man who wishes to be paroled in the future. I shall not see you again; good-by, and God bless you all." No man that heard him could for a moment doubt the sincerity of the speaker.

Now began the final stage of my prison experience, brief in point of time, but trying.

I was paroled, but my actual release was forty-eight hours away, for Sunday intervened. It was a long day. True, I had been most kindly treated; had, in truth, no word of complaint to offer; but just outside the gate, and plainly visible, people were walking about free, and I wanted to be with and of them.

Monday came at last. I went to the tailor-shop and dressed myself once again in citizen's clothes. Then, with six others, I was escorted up the yard to the clerk's office, where my compensation was paid me, and the ten-dollar bonus which the State allows was also given me. Then, after bidding the officials good-by, I walked out, free.

No, not free. Loose is a truer word, for I was on parole. So my first duty was to hasten to the town of my employment, report to my employer, an old and valued friend who still had faith in me, and get to work. I remained on parole for a year, making monthly reports to the Superintendent of Prisons, and then received my final discharge.

The parole system is a splendid thing both for the man and society. It is good for the man because, coming from a place where he has not had to be concerned about food and lodging, he desperately needs the suggestions of a kindly friend and hard work to keep his mind off himself. It is good for society because its conditions compel many men who might otherwise again offend to hew to the line of right endeavor. Some fail, but they are surprisingly few, and some of the successes are signal. It is the most salutary method of reclaiming men yet devised.

When a man comes forth from prison is the hour when he needs sympathy and help a thousandfold more than while behind the bars. He feels himself an Ishmael, with every man's hand against him. He needs a friend; a friend who will put him to work, trust him a little, and more as he proves worthy. If this article shall stir the heart of some good man or woman to feel a personal interest in some man so situated, it will not have been written in vain. Fifty per cent of the nearly five thousand men now in the State prisons of New York are easily reclaimable, and their reclamation would prove the best investment either State or individual ever made.

THE SPECTATOR

MRS. SPECTATOR has had a change of heart about Christmas shopping. The Consumers' League counts her as one of its most loyal members this year—indeed, she is some sort of an officer in the organization—and she started out last January to do her shopping for next Christmas, thus showing her zeal by her works. Christmas presents have never been a bugbear to the Spectator, because she has always done the buying for both. But he has often wondered at the whole performance—the stores blossoming out in November with outlandish and unprecedented amounts of decorative and useless stock, the rush that mounts in a vast, hurrying, discordant crescendo week by week, the final smashing chord on the day before Christmas, and the wailing diminuendo afterward as almost every one gets what he or she didn't particularly want.

Therefore Mrs. Spectator's new departure has been interesting to his mind. It began with the January sales. "Everything that is really worth while giving," she announced, as she brought her first gifts out in triumph for inspection, "is just as good ten days after Christmas, in a bargain holiday sale, as it was ten days before for twice the price. Look at this lovely leather writing-case for Aunt Emma. I looked at them before Christmas, but they were just twice what I could afford. So I got Aunt Emma a card-case, and I don't believe she cared about it. Now I have this writing-case all ready for next time—"

"But suppose Aunt Emma should die before next Christmas," the Spectator captiously suggested.

"Why, Aunt Charlotte would just *love* it! And, besides, anybody might die suddenly the day before Christmas—not to mention that Aunt Emma has a Vermont constitution and will live to bury us all; and you've often said so when I was worrying over her rheumatism."

This reasoning appearing to cover the situation, Mrs. Spectator went on and picked up some really lovely brass things at a special sale in February—the Spectator put in an urgent request for one of them as a Christmas surprise, but is still left in suspense—and, as the summer came along, the possibilities of the plan became more and more alluring. Mrs. Spectator has drawn up a long and businesslike

Christmas list, with the amount she is able to allot to each gift clearly set down, and any preferences the person may have noted. Thus:

Mary L., crazy over Russian things.
Cousin Henry, novelties.
Henrietta K., something *very* queer.
Aunt Helen, pretty fancy things.

"Then, as soon as I see the right present, I can get it; and if I don't see it, I have six months more to find it in. It's that awful last week before Christmas, when you've *got* to buy something in six days, whether you can find it or not, that makes a wreck out of you and your hopes," explained Mrs. Spectator, as she crossed off Aunt Helen with a firm pencil-stroke after attending a sale at the "Bandbox," at the little seaside place.

Every seaside and countryside now has these gift-shops. They began, *consule Planco*, by being places where local souvenirs could be bought to take to the folks at home. But now there are surprisingly interesting variations. For example, the Bandbox was selling for a few days the remnant of a collection of really exquisite fancy-work that had been on sale first at the Southern resorts in the winter. Its fragments had moved up in the early summer to this new starting-point, with prices greatly reduced, and would gradually melt away to nothing as it progressed. "The most *exclusive* things," said Mrs. Spectator. "You would hardly find them on Fifth Avenue. And the girl—she is putting her brother through college by it, and she has 'shut-ins' making the things for her, after her own designs, so it helps all around. This was made by an old lady in a Maine village, who has been bedridden for years, and her work keeps the mortgage paid up and the roof over her head."

Indeed, there seemed to be a story at the back of almost all the little summer shops and sales. When Mrs. Spectator bought a queer, pretty ring with an unusually beautiful semi-precious stone in it, she found that the young woman who sold it, with her sister, was a globe-trotter, roaming China and India every year or two to find quaint settings and out-of-the-way stones for the jewelry the two made themselves. The heavy silver necklaces, with their fringes of tiny bells and their lumps of uncut turquoise, were some of them direct from the Himalayas. The sisters had amulets and carvings and silks, and they had no New York rents to pay, so that Mrs. Spectator thus found Henrietta's present without trouble and within her price; and with it came notes of travel, so to speak, that the Spectator enjoyed extremely.

At the next summer place there was a young man supporting an invalid mother. He had been a salesman in a large novelty house, and so he opened this tiny summer shop in a tiny cottage, and his mother sat in a big chair and helped him keep store. He had every sort of novelty, and Mrs. Spectator got a steel and silver folding foot-rule that is also a cigar-cutter and a nail file, and that Uncle Henry will be lucky to get—the Spectator would have liked it himself. Incidentally, Mrs. Spectator and the invalid mother made friends, and the virtues of a good son were appreciated between them. And then there was the artist in metal, a delicate woman with slender, wonderful hands, who made jewels and did tiny pieces in beaten silver, and who did not like to make any jewelry without seeing the wearer, because "a jewel should be as individual as a portrait," she said. Mrs. Spectator became discouraged because she did not see how she could bring Lily G—— before this expert's mental vision, not even having a photograph of her at home. But the Spectator, going back later by himself, found that just the pendant that he had long wanted to have for Mrs. Spectator's next Christmas gift was now possible without bankruptcy.

Of course, in every village and along every board-walk were venders of the summer gift, useless and flamboyant as a department store Christmas assortment; and in every hotel parlor were those sales that one friend of the Spectator's calls "daily snares." But these could easily be avoided and forgotten. Day by day the names were crossed off the list, and satisfaction shone in Mrs. Spectator's eyes. "Just think of it! *No—shopping—in—December!*" she cried, victoriously. "And, really, you can spend more on each gift, because it doesn't all come at once. Then each thing has a background, too. It's *chosen*—it's an individual gift, not a mere grab in a rush hour. Just look!" This was said in the cunningest shop of all, an old fish-house and wharf, concealing in its weatherbeaten depths the spoil of a dozen European lands. Gay faïence from Quimper and Perugia elbowed Russian brasses, tiles from the Azores, and Sorrento inlaid work. A thin, tanned, wiry, wholesome New England woman was the presiding genius. She loved pretty things, she said. She preferred to use the property in this way rather than let it out for fish. Her brother was in Europe, at work in a German city. Every winter she went over to see him and his family. Every spring she brought home new spoils. She had been everywhere, seen everything, loved beauty, and chose her stock unerringly. Some of it was cheap, some choice and dear, but the note of beauty was in all. Outside in the road stood a tiny automobile. "I deliver things myself often," she said, as Mrs. Spectator hesitated over carrying a pair of carved bellows, from Florence, "and I love to

run my car. I've driven it over most of the out-of-the-way roads of Europe, getting these things."

The Spectator has never cared much for the department store. Maybe he is wrong. But a Christmas independent of the department store seems to him a delightful departure; and now that Mrs. Spectator has found out that the virtue of early and individual shopping is its own reward, he hopes that her example will spread wherever her gifts carry their message of choice and leisure. Why should any one buy sixty presents in thirty days, anyway?

LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

AN INDEPENDENT ON THE CAMPAIGN

[The following personal letter has come into our hands with permission to print it. We are glad to do so because it gives with lucidity, frankness, and we think with logic, an independent view of National politics notably free from any bias of personal prejudice. The letter was a reply to a friend of its writer, who in personal correspondence had given his own reasons as an Independent for supporting Governor Wilson, and had asked for the reasons which led the writer of the letter, an equally independent voter, to support Mr. Roosevelt. THE EDITORS.]

New Windsor, Newburgh, N. Y.

Dear Friend:

Be assured that I was glad to have you put the matter of your Presidential preferences in so clear and logical forms of expression.

In your premises—one and all—my agreement is virtually complete. My tendency of mind is thoroughly Democratic, and Mr. Wilson represents Democracy at its best. If I consulted my own preferences and nothing else, my choice would be that eminent "scholar in politics" and statesman, Woodrow Wilson. But preferences alone are never a true or safe guide. Frankly, if I consulted my selfish interests, in many respects Mr. Taft would please me even more than Mr. Wilson. My reason for so saying is that our small family, being (in very tiny fashion) in the capitalist class, is possessed of certain "securities" whose dividends would in my judgment be more likely to be and remain secure under a conservative or "reactionary" administration than under one radical or even sensibly progressive.

My study of economics is convincing of the deplorable results of "protection" as a National policy; but yet (most illogically), in the course of something like a century of intermittent changes of tariff, history points out the incontestable fact that prosperity has accompanied a high tariff, and that when low duties prevailed trade conditions were poor and frequently deplorable. I make no pretense of being expert as to reasons, but simply point to facts.

In many respects I agree with you as to the misfortune of reliance upon one man, and deplore the fact of the dominance of so strenuous a personality. I do not agree with Mr. Roosevelt in many of his theories of government, nor do I believe that the time is ripe for so complete a subversion of Constitutional foundations as he proposes.

Having thus expressed the *debit* side of Mr. Roosevelt's aim and ambition, let me briefly indicate the *contra credit*, justifying, as I confidently believe, the trifling support which I am giving to his candidacy. First—In spite of many items seeming wholly to the contrary, I regard Mr. Roosevelt as not only thoroughly in earnest, but honestly so. Second—Looking into the future (and a nearer future than may now seem probable), one may perceive quite clearly the advance of Marxian Socialism with immediate and enormous strides. Against this menace, which at any time may turn to Syndicalism—that is, develop revolutionary tendencies—I count the personality and policy of Theodore Roosevelt as the most available defense. I must assume, as a certainty of the future, the total subversion of all those guarantees of social order that have now for (say) four hundred years given to the Teutonic race increasing increments of liberty and happiness. In at least one country (New Zealand) Socialism is *un fait accompli*. In Germany it is probably only a question of another decade. England is on the verge of a revolt in political methods, not nominally but virtually Socialistic. With the mercurial temperament of the American populace it requires no great prophetic vision to forecast the probabilities.

Now, against this impending flood of change I regard Mr. Roosevelt and his Progressivism as—not a foil—but an ameliorator. I confidently regard his immense and powerful personality as, in the present restless upheaval, the best if not the sole defense against the swift encroachments of the power of the proletariat. I count upon this man to save us from an impending revolution. I count upon his policies and personality, not to avert the change, which will inevitably come in spite of any policy, any personality, but—in one brief phrase—to *let us down easy*, to dissipate in harmless induction the catastrophe of a war of classes.

You speak of Mr. Roosevelt (if elected) not having ten per cent of Congress with him. On

the surface this looks true. In fact, however, he will have a majority. A man who could, by mere force of character, compel the coal barons, led by Mr. Baer, to agree with Mr. Mitchell to settle the great coal strike, a man who could compel Russia and Japan to forego their quarrel and lap mild milk out of the same platter, will not be at a loss for either arguments or forces. Depend upon it, he will have the country with him, and should a combination of reactionary Republicans and Democrats undertake to thwart Progress, at the election of November, 1914, these will be sent whirling out of the House of Representatives as shreds of thistledown in a gale.

I favor Mr. Roosevelt not so much for what he favors as for what he is and for what he really represents. I make no profession of the gift of prophecy, but I believe that he will be elected; that the people will ignore old-party lines as never before. I believe that he will carry every far-Western State, every mid-Western, probably Tennessee, North Carolina and Louisiana at least, happily disrupting that "Solid South" so long a foolish sentiment and absurd anachronism.

Very sincerely yours,
WILLIAM J. ROE.

PROMPT JUSTICE

In the City Court of Montgomery, Criminal Division, over which Judge Thomas presided many years, charging grand juries against permitting evasions of the law and urging petit juries to do their duty, there has recently been a signal instance of speedy enforcement of the law. One Walter Jones, who had before killed several men without punishment and had terrorized portions of an adjoining county, against whom a charge of arson was about to be investigated by the grand jury of that county, went into a railway coach as it was slowly moving out of the station in this city, and, pushing his shot-gun through a partly open door, fired two shots into a good citizen, who was a witness against him, and killed him instantly. The grand jury of this county happened to be in session, and within eighteen hours after the murder Jones was indicted for murder in the first degree. Twelve days later he was put on trial. Within six hours all preliminary matters were disposed of and a petit grand jury selected, of which no man could reasonably complain. On the fifth day of the trial, after deliberating only an hour, the jury found him guilty of murder in the first degree and fixed death as his punishment. On the next day he was sentenced to be hanged. Of course an appeal is to be taken to the Supreme Court, which cannot be heard till December. He was assisted by powerful friends with plenty of money, aided by detectives, and represented by able counsel. This speaks well for law enforcement—so far as the lower court goes.

B.

THE PASTOR AND YOUNG PEOPLE

I have been much interested in an article in a recent issue of The Outlook by Dr. William A. Bartlett, on "The Pastor and His Young Folks," and could wish that all pastors could find, as Dr. Bartlett has, how easily practicable it is to win the hearts of the boys and girls.

May I be allowed to say that the very object of the Christian Endeavor Society is and has been from the beginning to open a way of approach from the young people to the pastor. The first Society began in just such friendly and intimate relations as Dr. Bartlett has described; and scarcely a week goes by that I do not receive a testimony from some pastor (and often from many) that through his Endeavor Society he has been able to become "chummy" with the young people, to know their hearts, and to provide for their recreations as well as for their spiritual development.

That this is not only possible but is actually accomplished in thousands of Christian Endeavor Societies where the pastor is young-hearted and sympathetically interested in the young people, is proved by these letters which are constantly coming to me, telling how the pastor goes with his Society on "hikes," umpires for them the tennis and baseball game, guides them in their reading, and is never considered an uncomfortable presence in their prayer-meeting.

I am moved to speak of this, for I find that the idea prevails in some quarters, and is intimated in Dr. Bartlett's article, that the Christian Endeavor Society is a stiff and rigid affair, with inflexible rules which are like the laws of the Medes and Persians; whereas, on the other hand, it is the most flexible organization in the Church. It can turn its hand to anything. It can undertake any new work that is desired. It can furnish any recreation for the young people of which the church and the pastor approve. It can help any good cause.

There are tens of thousands of such societies in every part of the world, and more and more the young people are coming to see what a natural thing religion is, and how it enters into every detail of daily life.

For this reason, nearly eighty thousand Societies have found their way into the churches of all denominations and of all nations, and most of them (if painstaking efforts to obtain the facts are to be credited) enjoy more than "moderately successful" meetings. These meetings are, as a rule, attended not only by the "initiated," but by many other young people who are attracted by the fact that they are not "preached at" or too obviously directed by the pastor and older people. Their religious expression is as natural an outcome of their lives as their games and sports.

FRANCIS E. CLARK.

President's Office,
United Society of Christian Endeavor,
Tremont Temple, Boston, Massachusetts.

BY THE WAY

The beginning of autumn was marked by extreme variations of temperature in different parts of the country that usually appear on the weather maps with the same isothermal lines. Chicago had the hottest weather of the year, while furs were being worn at Newport and a long-distance swimming contest at Coney Island had to be abandoned when the swimmers succumbed to the cold.

The sanguinary headline, "Four Die in Fight Over Car-Fare," makes the newspaper reader expect the locality of the carnage to be Chicago, New York, or San Francisco; but on reading down the column he finds that this affray took place in the streets of Genoa, Italy. Imitation is said to be the sincerest flattery, but the Old World might do better than flatter the American weakness for reckless shooting.

At the recent meeting of the Negro Business League the most striking story of financial success was that of Watt Terry, a young Negro who in 1900 went from Virginia to Brockton, Massachusetts, with a capital of fifteen cents. He worked as coachman, janitor, porter, and shoemaker, and finally became a real estate broker. In the last-named occupation his success has been so great that at the present time he reports that his income ranges from $6,000 to $7,000 per month.

If a man is an invalid, and wishes to live, give him an engrossing task to perform. This is the lesson of the last months of General Grant's life, according to Mark Twain, as quoted in "Harper's Magazine." After the General finished his Memoirs, Mark Twain writes, "the lack of any strong interest to employ his mind enabled the tedious weariness to kill him. I think his book kept him alive several months."

An "armament trust" in Europe controls the armor-plate making business, according to "Shipping Illustrated." Its profits have been so large that "it has been stated that the ordnance and armor-plate contractors could well afford to build battle-ships and engines for nothing, deducting the cost thereof from the profits on guns and armor." The price of armor-plate in this country is said to be much less than in Europe, as attested by the awarding of various contracts.

Hundreds of locomotives on the Pennsylvania Railroad are now equipped for service as fire-engines, and during the last four years these engines have assisted at extinguishing 153 fires. In one instance nine of the engines were at a fire within seven minutes.

Americans sometimes think that it is only our country that is troubled with crude art in the form of graceless statues of public men. But occasionally at least Europeans are moved to protest against similar afflictions. The statues of Björnson and Ibsen in Christiania have evoked strong protest, and a movement has been started for their removal. Björnson's son declares that the statues "look like cheesemongers who have climbed up on a pile of their wares."

A government, says a writer in the "Twentieth Century Magazine," which tells you how to carry your umbrella, which forbids ladies who wear long hatpins to enter railway trains, which fines you if you throw cigar stubs or papers on the street, which does not permit your children to make a noise so that others are disturbed—such a government does restrict individual liberty, but just as certainly it enlarges the common liberties and pleasure of everybody. The government thus eulogized is that of Germany, which the writer quoted prefers to our "go-as-you-please" system.

The record for long and faithful attendance at Sunday-school seems to be held by Samuel K. Winterton, of Keyport, New Jersey, who last week completed his fiftieth year of regular attendance at the Sunday-school of the First Baptist Church. Mr. Winterton began this phenomenal record at the age of three. The methods of attracting scholars used in this Sunday-school ought to be made known. Or was Mr. Winterton just born with the Sunday-school habit?

"The encore nuisance," says the "Dramatic Mirror," "sustained a good setback at the performance of 'The Merry Countess' on the opening night. No matter how insistent the applause, there was no repetition of the song numbers." But it is in tragedy that the encore habit scores its worst victories. Some day we hope to see a race of tragedians developed with moral stamina enough to refuse to come smilingly before the curtain when a moment before they have been swimming in tears.

An automatic speed-detecting device for automobiles which would seem to be worth the attention of municipalities that are determined to suppress speeding is thus described: Three lights are to be provided on each car—white, green, and red. At a speed of eight miles an hour the white light will show; at fifteen miles, the green; at twenty miles, the red; and at more than twenty miles an hour all the lights will flash a warning that the speed law is being violated.

The United States will this year produce the greatest corn crop on record—nearly 3,000,000,000 bushels, it is estimated. This great crop is accompanied by a shortage of farm hands, some of whom, reports say, are being offered $4 a day in certain localities.

Buyers of antique furniture are advised by "House and Garden" that it is now almost impossible to "pick up" genuine antiques in this country, as the desirable specimens are nearly all in the hands of collectors or dealers. The best plan is to find a reliable dealer and from him buy the pieces "in the rough"—that is, before any restoration has been done by the aid of paint, varnish, recarving, etc.—for it seems that even the "reliable dealer" sometimes succumbs to the temptation to furbish up inferior pieces.

A correspondent who inquires as to where the famous summary of Webster's career by Rufus Choate may be found—the sentence being omitted from some of the collections which publish the speech—is referred to "The Works of Rufus Choate," by S. G. Brown. The sentence contains 1,259 words.

Among what may be described as manufactured jokes the following from an exchange is an ingenious specimen: "If Tennyson had lived in my suburb," said paterfamilias the other night as he ruefully contemplated his gas bill, "he would never have written, 'Honor the Light Brigade! honor the charge they made!' But perhaps gas companies had consciences in his day."

The Outlook

SEPTEMBER 28, 1912

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Contributing Editor

The Political Campaign

Governor Wilson and Mr. Roosevelt were in the West last week presenting before large numbers of voters their respective interpretations of the issues of the campaign. In some degree there has been a sort of running debate between them, carried on with courtesy, but bringing out diametrically opposing views and theories of government. Thus, Governor Wilson having declared that "the history of liberty is a history of the limitation of governmental power, not the increase of it," Mr. Roosevelt rejoined that this "outworn doctrine . . . can be applied with profit, if anywhere at all, only in a primitive community under primitive conditions. . . . To apply it now in the United States at the beginning of the twentieth century, with its highly organized industries, with its railways, telegraphs, and telephones, means literally and absolutely to refuse to make a single effort to better any one of our social or industrial conditions." In other words, nowadays the governmental power is in the people and not in a king, and every law for social improvement, including many measures approved by Governor Wilson and the Democratic platform, involves the extension of governmental powers—factory inspection, inter-State regulation of railway commerce, pure food regulation, and numberless other now necessary things. In short, as Mr. Roosevelt said, "Every Progressive measure implies an extension instead of a limitation of governmental control." Governor Wilson has occasionally referred to the tariff and to control of the corporations as "abandoned issues"—that is, abandoned by his opponents—but it is difficult to build out of his Western speeches anything like a definite, constructive programme in either direction. The nearest to it as regards the corporations was his statement at Minneapolis: "My proposal is to change the law. We now know the facts. We know the processes by which these monopolies have been developed, and the thing to do is to make the law specifically prohibit those things, so that the man who does these things will have to answer before a criminal tribunal." Elsewhere he declared that the big combinations "are not inevitable," and characterized the Progressive proposal to control big business, as the Inter-State Commerce Commission controls railways, as a partnership in monopoly. In Sioux City he said: "I am not willing to be under the patronage of the trusts, no matter how providential a government presides over the process of their control of my life." Later Governor Wilson explained in effect that what he had said on this head referred to the prevention of the existence of monopolies rather than to the treatment of those already in existence, but he laid down no programme of procedure as to the latter. With this may be contrasted Mr. Roosevelt's statement of intention as to the trusts: "Our proposals are definite and concrete, and are based on successful action along kindred lines in the past. If we are allowed to put them into action, we will immensely benefit the honest business man by making the law certain, and by punishing misconduct and not merely size; and we will effectively, and not merely nominally, curb and control the big trusts which are actually or potentially guilty of anti-social practices." To Mr. Wilson's assertion that the Progressive plan for controlling the trusts by an Administrative Commission would give power to the trusts to fix wages arbitrarily, Mr. Roosevelt asks if the control of the railways by the Inter-State Commerce Commission has given any such power to the railways. An illustration of the practical, concrete purpose and plans of the Progressive party was seen in Mr. Roosevelt's address in Phœnix, Arizona, in which he said:

In the Nation we have the chance to set an example for all the States. We have the city of

Washington. We can make it a model city. We have Alaska as a territory in which the Government can build railways and operate them and can keep possession of the coal and water power, leasing for development both the coal and the water power on terms favorable to the people as a whole, and not parting with the fee.

If I am elected President, and have in Congress anything like a party that will support me, I shall call an extra session to be devoted exclusively to putting into Federal law every provision recommended in the plank dealing with social and industrial justice, in the plank dealing with Alaska, and in other planks necessary to round out these two.

Altogether, the discussions of the week were on the one side an exposition of theory and philosophy, on the other a declaration of purpose and action.

Mr. Brandeis on Trusts

The record of Mr. Louis D. Brandeis as a defender of the public welfare against the aggressions of the special interests has been such as to entitle anything that he may say concerning the trusts to a considerate hearing. It is not strange, therefore, that his article in "Collier's Weekly" for September 14 on "Trusts, Efficiency and the New Party" has attracted a wide attention. His defense of the Taft-Wilson method of dealing with the trusts has received a chorus of approval from journals and public men who have in times past been his severe critics. It is not easy to put the gist of a two-page article into a single paragraph. This is what The Outlook here attempts to do, adding in a second paragraph some of its reasons for dissenting from Mr. Brandeis's conclusions. His argument, briefly stated, is as follows: "Leaders of the new party argue that industrial monopolies should be legalized lest we lose the efficiency of large-scale production and distribution." Neither the Sherman Law nor its proposed amendment, he argues, prohibits mere size. A business may *grow* large, but should not be allowed to be *made* large by combination. If such combination controls more than thirty per cent of the business, it should be presumed to be unreasonable. Such combinations do not tend to promote efficiency, nor owe their existence to the desire for increased efficiency, nor their profits to superior efficiency, and no conspicuous trust has been efficient enough to maintain its monopoly long without buying up its successful competitors. These propositions are strikingly illustrated by the history of the Steel Trust. The Steel Trust paid to Andrew Carnegie several times the value of his business in order to get rid of his efficiency. They were compelled to buy him out; had they not done so, "the steel business not only of America but of the world to-day would be dominated by Andrew Carnegie." The same principle is illustrated in a somewhat less striking manner by the Tobacco Trust. Mr. Brandeis's thesis that bigness by no means necessarily promotes efficiency—"a unit too large to be efficient is no uncommon incident of monopoly"—he illustrates and enforces at some length; for these illustrations and enforcements the reader must be referred to the article itself. The conclusion to which Mr. Brandeis would lead his readers—a conclusion emphasized by an editorial in the same journal—is that the only way to get rid of monopoly is to assume that any organization which controls thirty per cent of the business is a monopoly, and proceed to take legal measures to dissolve the concern, unless it proves that it is not a monopoly.

The Outlook on Mr. Brandeis

Mr. Brandeis's statement that "leaders of the new party argue that industrial monopolies should be legalized, lest we lose the efficiency of large-scale production and distribution," appears to us an extraordinary misinterpretation of the position of the new party. A person, whether individual or corporate, possesses a monopoly when he is able so to control the market that he can determine prices, quality of goods, extent of output, and conditions of the workingmen under his employ. The Taft-Wilson plan for preventing such monopolies is to bring legal proceedings against the corporation and compel its dissolution and the re-establishment of competition. The plan of the Progressive party for preventing such monopolies is to take away from the person, whether corporate or individual, these powers, perilous alike to the liberty and to the commercial well-being of the community. It proposes to say to the person, whether corporate or individual, You shall not control the prices, we will control them; you shall not deteriorate the quality, we will punish you if you do not keep the quality up to our standard; you shall not impose on your working people any conditions you like, you shall provide such wages, hours, and conditions of labor as we pre-

scribe; and under these conditions you will not be able to limit the output, because competitors will be able to come in and provide supplies; and if you attempt to prevent competition by rebates on the railways, underselling your competitor in one market and making up the loss by overcharging your customers in another market, and similar methods, you will render yourself subject to punishment. The attempt of Government to dissolve the Standard Oil Trust and the Tobacco Trust, after years of expensive litigation, has shown the futility of the Taft-Wilson plan for dealing with the trusts. The success of the Government in putting a stop to rebates on the railways, in determining the prices which they may charge for freight and passengers and in directing the kind of service they must render, in preventing the adulteration of foods and medicines by manufacturers, in supervising and regulating the business of the banks, and in other analogous forms of regulation, has proved the success of the plan proposed by the new party. We confess that it seems to us a curious and even a humorous argument in behalf of the Taft-Wilson plan—a statement quoted by Mr. Brandeis with his approval—that "had the United States Steel Corporation not been formed about the time it was—some ten years ago—the steel business not only of America but of the world to-day would be dominated by Andrew Carnegie." In that case, what would Mr. Brandeis have done? Would he have dissolved Mr. Carnegie? Or would he have put him in prison for conducting so big a business? What the new party would have done is entirely clear. It would have said to Mr. Carnegie, You may go on with your business so long as you conduct it subject to the regulation of the Government, make goods which conform to its standard, pay wages and provide conditions which are satisfactory to its supervising Bureau, charge no greater price for the product than the Government regards as just, and take no illegal measures to crush your competitors. There is no proposal to form a partnership between the Government and monopolies, or to legalize monopolies by the Government. There is a proposal to *destroy* all monopoly, not by destroying big business because it is big, but by taking from all business, through administrative regulation, all power to create a monopoly, no matter how big the particular business under consideration may be.

Governor Wilson and Mr. Murphy

Ever since the meeting of the Democratic State conference on September 12 in Syracuse, where Mr. Wilson, the Democratic nominee for the Presidency, met Mr. Murphy, the Democratic boss of New York State, and Mr. Dix, Mr. Murphy's candidate for renomination for the Governorship, the question of the relation of Mr. Wilson to the bosses of his party has been a topic for live discussion. At that time Mr. Wilson was put into an embarrassing position. His opposition to boss rule is well known. Much of his support comes from that element within his party and among independent voters which regards it as unpardonable for a public man to have any relation whatever with one who is reputed to be a boss. Some of the newspapers have even gone so far as to regard it as an ineffaceable stigma upon a man to allow a boss to shake hands with him. In the face of this sentiment among his own supporters, Governor Wilson, according to the New York "Evening Post," "shook hands with Murphy in the Onondaga Hotel, in the presence of a hundred men." Followers of Mr. Murphy arranged to have Governor Wilson and Mr. Murphy sit down to lunch together. By rising from his seat Mr. Wilson avoided being photographed with Mr. Murphy. Altogether it was uncomfortable for those supporters of Mr. Wilson who dread, on his behalf, any contact with a boss of Mr. Murphy's standing. It should be remembered, however, that even though Governor Dix, whom many of these same independent Democrats and other independent voters ardently supported two years ago, is the favorite of Mr. Murphy, he is the Governor of New York State and an official leader of the Democratic party. It is to be remembered also that Mr. Murphy himself is a recognized official of the Democratic party, the most powerful leader of his party in the State, and one of the most powerful Democrats in the country. If Mr. Wilson is to have any relations with his party in New York State, he cannot ignore those whom his own party has selected among its chief representatives. To do so would be equivalent to an assumption on his part of the power of political excommunication. There are some men whose notorious corruption exposes them to the ostracism of decent citizens, no matter what their office: but the public official who should go about constantly ostracizing every man whom his

followers might find personally or politically distasteful could hardly carry on the public business. We do not see what else Mr. Wilson could well have done at Syracuse without assuming an attitude towards Mr. Murphy as uncompromising as that which Mr. Roosevelt took towards Senator Lorimer; and it is very doubtful whether Mr. Wilson could take such an attitude towards the party leader in New York State without more personal evidence concerning Mr. Murphy than is available. The incident at Syracuse illustrates the difficulty which confronts Mr. Wilson or any other leader opposing the bosses of his own party. Governor Wilson has creditably resisted the efforts of the former boss in New Jersey to return to power in the State, though it has been impossible for him, as it would be impossible for any one man, to destroy the boss system by which this boss retains local ascendency. So, in the Nation, Mr. Wilson, as even his most bitter political opponents will acknowledge, will not be personally dominated by any boss; but nothing that he can do can prevent whatever success the Democratic party may have from bringing accession of power to the Democratic bosses.

Governor Wilson on Law Enforcement

Lawlessness is often said to be a characteristic American trait. Certainly Americans have still much to learn concerning respect for law and constituted authority. The Rosenthal murder case in New York City is an example in sensational form of a state of affairs that is by no means confined to New York City. On August 27 a petition signed by the representatives of the Anti-Saloon League, alleging that violations of the law in the city of Newark, New Jersey, could not be punished because of the inactivity of public officials, and even because of barriers placed in the way by men in public office, was presented to Governor Wilson. It was furthermore complained that disorderly resorts thrive because of an understanding with the police and with political rings. These allegations were set forth in detail and were supported by evidence. It happens that the law of the State of New Jersey does not give to the Governor of that State the power which Governors of other States possess of removing corrupt or negligent public officials. It would have been easy for Governor Wilson to have explained to the Anti-Saloon League his powerlessness in this matter, and even to have found fault with the signers of the protest for appealing to him. Governor Wilson, however, did not retire to this refuge. On the contrary, he acted in accordance with his belief that an executive has duties other than those technically granted to him by law. He wrote a letter which was sent to the Mayor and to the Chief of Police of Newark, and to the District Attorney and to the Sheriff of the county. With each copy of this letter he sent a transcript of the evidence that had been submitted to him. In the course of his letter Governor Wilson said that this evidence means, if it means anything, that the police and civil authorities "not only connived at the lawlessness, but in some instances countenanced it in person." Governor Wilson says that it may be that this evidence can be successfully rebutted, but that it is so strong, direct, explicit, and shocking that it is his duty as Governor to call the attention of his officials to it. He refers these officials to the law which provides that if any municipal officer in authority is notified by the Governor of the existence of notorious and open violation of the law, neglect on the part of such officials to take necessary action will be regarded as a misdemeanor. He reminds these officials that their attention had already been called to the alleged violations of law in certain places which he specifies, and that no action had been taken. The most significant sentence in the whole letter is the following: "I have no means of enforcing this advice under the laws of the State except public opinion; but that is a very powerful and prevailing force in our day." In this action Governor Wilson has set an example which can be cited to shame many a cautious and timid executive who finds comfort in the legal limitations of his own office.

Mayor Gaynor on Law Enforcement

In contrast to the letter of Governor Wilson with regard to the enforcement of law is a letter made public last week written by Mayor Gaynor, of New York City. This letter was evoked by the incidents and the public feeling consequent upon the famous Rosenthal murder case. The death of Rosenthal, the gambler, the charge, sustained by evidence, that this murder was brought about by the police system for the purpose of preventing interference with the profitable partnership between police officials and professional gamblers, and the activities

of the District Attorney, which were by no means assisted by the Mayor, have stirred public sentiment and have finally led the Mayor to this defense of his police policy. The letter is a long one and contains much of Mayor Gaynor's characteristic philosophizing and intimate disclosures of his own reflections. He declares at the outset that "what have purported to be the secrets of the Grand Jury room have been fed to the press from the District Attorney's office," and that "many think that the fullness of time has arrived for the Governor of the State to take action in this matter." The Mayor says that, in spite of efforts, the discipline of the police force has not broken down. He enumerates some of the things that he claims as reforms of the police during his administration: First, suppression of the unlawful mistreatment of citizens by the police. Second, putting an end to the practice of arresting people on petty charges, and substituting the practice of taking their names so that they may be summoned to court later. Third, stopping the practice of photographing all arrested persons and confining it to those convicted of serious offenses. Fourth, preventing the police from taking sides in strikes and labor disputes. Fifth, abolishing the special police, who were public officers under the direction and pay of private persons. Sixth, exterminating saloon graft—the extortion of money from the saloons by the police in return for permission to violate the law. On this point the Mayor writes at some length. He claims that "the result has been a general closing of all bar-rooms in the city on Sunday." He admits, however, that it is not easy to prevent the sale of liquor in "inner rooms." Seventh, the ending of police raids without warrant. Eighth, reorganization of the detective force. Ninth, the organization of a special force to deal with gambling. This the Mayor discusses at length, and explains that he has tried to be patient with the outcry caused by the disclosures of the gambling situation. Tenth, the entire eradication of all graft in appointments and promotions. Eleventh, dealing "as best we can" with unfortunate women. In the course of this section the Mayor expresses his opinion with freedom, and quotes from Lecky. Mayor Gaynor concludes by declaring that New York "is the most decent and orderly large city in the world." The conditions in the Police Department are being subjected to two investigations—one by a committee of the Board of Aldermen, the other by the Grand Jury. The public will not decide to agree altogether with the Mayor until the results of these investigations are known.

The End of the Cunningham Coal Claims

Thirty-three claims to coal lands in Alaska, known as the Cunningham claims, were the occasion of bringing on the celebrated Pinchot-Ballinger controversy that finally resulted in the discrediting of Secretary Ballinger as a safe guardian of the people's property and his resignation from the Cabinet of President Taft. These claims have now been finally canceled by Mr. Ballinger's successor, Secretary Fisher. In rendering his decision upon appeal, Secretary Fisher says that in his opinion "the findings of fact and the conclusions both of law and fact of the Commissioner, as expressed in his opinion in these cases, are correct;" that the consideration of the appeal "has in all respects also the effect of a rehearing of the case;" and that the decision will be carried into immediate effect. Since the decision was announced, the Register and Receiver of the Land Office at Juneau, Alaska, has, by order of the Acting Commissioner of the General Land Office, placed on record the cancellation for fraud of the Cunningham claims. The money which the claimants have already paid to the United States Treasury—amounting to a little more than fifty-two thousand dollars—is forfeited, and can be restored only by act of Congress. Although some of the claimants undoubtedly may have been innocent of any wrong intent, they cannot expect to secure reimbursement; for in a matter of this sort the innocent investor must take the consequence if he intrusts his money to those who are willing to take chances with the law. Although these claims were not themselves the sole cause of the acute controversy that proved so disastrous to Mr. Taft's Administration, they furnished the center about which that controversy chiefly revolved. Mr. Ballinger's whole temperament and attitude was fundamentally opposed to the Conservation policy which he was expected to carry out. A subordinate in the Land Office, Mr. Glavis, became convinced that Secretary Ballinger was not protecting the people's interest in these coal lands as he should, and he laid evidence of that fact before the President.

Because he did so he was dismissed from office. Thereupon the whole controversy broke out. It became a public scandal. President Taft allowed it to pass out of his control and to become the subject of a Congressional investigation. Thereupon Mr. Ballinger's attitude, not only as to coal lands, but also as to the preservation of water power, as to the reclamation service, as to the whole subject of Conservation, was disclosed. Not only that. President Taft and his Attorney-General, Mr. Wickersham, were shown to be taking Mr. Ballinger's part in a way that aroused public indignation. From that time on President Taft was clearly separated from the whole progressive movement that had become so vigorous and effective under President Roosevelt, and it became clear that the consequent split would result either in the elimination of President Taft and his allies from the Republican party, or in the rise of a new party wholly progressive in spirit and in purpose. The Cunningham claims, therefore, have a peculiarly interesting relation to the political history of the United States.

General Nogi

Japan has been greatly bereaved by the death of her great Emperor and by the death of her greatest soldier. The story of the suicide of General Nogi and of his wife has profoundly moved the nation, and has impressed the whole world as not only a dramatic but a significant event. General Nogi was a great Samurai, bred in the practice of the ancient Japanese knighthood, and nobly illustrating its virtues. He had served his country with an unselfish devotion. From his youth he had borne hardships and great sorrows with the stoicism of his ancestors; the winner of some of the greatest and most fiercely fought battles of modern times, he had ascribed all his victories to the influence of the spirit of his Imperial master; and when that master died, in accordance with the ancient habit of the Samurai, he committed suicide in order that the Emperor might not go alone on his journey. With his going the old order in Japan reaches a dramatic end; it is possible that never again will the ancient custom of suicide as a matter of personal loyalty be practiced by a great leader. General Nogi's death brings out very strikingly the sincerity of his loyalty to the old ideals of Bushido—the Samurai code of honor, courage, loyalty, courtesy. It also presents in a very dramatic way the contrast between non-Christian and Christian ideals. In the hour when a great ruler dies the Christian world would hold it to be the duty of a great soldier to stand in readiness to serve his country in a new crisis. The difference between the two conceptions is strikingly brought out by placing General Nogi's deed beside the words of Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg:

> It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain.

Italy and Turkey

Last week, according to the despatches, the bloodiest battle of the Italo-Turkish war was fought. It occurred near Derna, a port on the Mediterranean coast. The Italians lost over sixty killed and double that number wounded, but the Turks and Arabs left over eight hundred dead on the field—some say a thousand—and there were at least a thousand wounded. The Turkish resistance was strong enough to withstand for four hours the superior Italian artillery, supplemented by brilliant bayonet charges. Finally the Mussulmans fled in disorder. Such an affair is in sharp contrast to the negotiations for peace which have been in progress in Switzerland between Italian and Turkish Ambassadors. One of them, Signor Pietro Bertolini, ex-Minister of Public Works in a recent Italian Cabinet, is thus reported: "The negotiations are proceeding favorably, and I hope they will soon be successfully ended. I cannot, however, discuss the proposed terms. The Italian delegates have full power to conclude peace here in Switzerland. The long delay in the *pourparlers* has been the result of the necessity in the earlier stages of referring the more important questions to headquarters."

The "Moral Mandate" of the United States

During the past fortnight the presence of American troops in Nicaragua has had the desired effect of checking the revolution. There were, however, numerous rumors of attempts on the part of "emigrados politicos," or agitators from other countries, to enter Nicaragua and join the general tumult. The Nicaraguan Govern-

ment, therefore, asked the Central American republics to enforce with strictness the Washington "Conventions," or general treaty of 1907, by which, under the protection of the United States and Mexico, the various Central American states undertook to prevent meddling in each other's affairs. In particular, the five republics agreed to regard every measure tending to alter the constitutional organization of any one of them as a menace to the peace of all; to forbid political refugees from residing in districts bordering on the country whose peace they might disturb, and in general to provide that each government should not use any of its territory as a base of such operations against a neighboring government. To this end they pledged themselves to apprehend and bring to trial every person who, in any republic, should initiate or foster revolutionary movements against any other republic. Finally, they agreed that no one of them should intervene on either side in a civil war in any other of their number. With reference to the above, the Hon. Huntington Wilson, Acting Secretary of State, issued the following note of instruction last week to the American Minister at Nicaragua. It was also placed in the hands of the rebel leaders in the Nicaraguan revolt, and telegraphed to every American Legation in Central America:

> Under the Washington conventions the United States has a moral mandate to exert its influence for the preservation of the general peace of Central America, which is seriously menaced by the recent uprising; and to this end, in the strict enforcement of the Washington conventions and loyal support of their aims and purposes, all the Central American republics will find means of valuable co-operation.

America's purpose, the note declares, is to foster true constitutional government and free elections; and to this end it will support established governments against revolutions based upon the selfish designs of would-be despots and not upon any principle or popular demand. Force will be used, if necessary, in maintaining free communication with and to protect American legations—a policy already adopted in San Domingo and Panama. As regards Nicaragua in particular, our Government expressly discountenances any "revival of Zelayaism"—defining that term as "a régime of barbarity and corruption"—and "will lend its strong moral support to the cause of legally constituted good government for the benefit of the people of Nicaraugua, whom it has long sought to aid in their just aspirations." After recounting the perils to American planters and business men in Nicaragua, and the appeal of the Nicaraguan Government for support in the protection of American life and property, the note declares that "the revolt of General Mena, in flagrant violation of his solemn promises to his own Government . . . without even the pretense of contending for a principle, makes the present rebellion, in origin, the most inexcusable in the annals of Central America." Whether it be so or not, it is interesting to note the opinion of ex-President Estrada, of Nicaragua, as reported by the New York "Times," concerning our "moral mandate:"

> "Without the active help of the United States Government Nicaragua will never thrive."
>
> "You mean a sort of American protectorate?" he was asked.
>
> "Yes," he answered without hesitation. "A protectorate along the lines exercised in Cuba and Panama, without, of course, impairing sovereignty. We want the United States Government, whether it be Republican or Democratic, to keep an eye upon us, supervise our elections, and, in a word, to become the arbiter and judge of our destinies."

The College and the Feud

When the attention of the country was directed to the survival of the feud by the tragedy in a court-house in western Virginia last spring, The Outlook emphasized the fact that, as the feud is the product of peculiar social conditions, while the sheriff was needed, the school and college applied much more radical remedies; and it emphasized the work of Berea College as a prime force in the destruction of the feud. It is a significant fact that, when a feud breaks out, the number of students in that college from the section in which blood is shed receives almost immediate addition. Mountain mothers are anxious to get their sons out of the way; and Berea eradicates the feud spirit. The three million mountaineers who still live largely in the past differ from the descendants of the other colonists at the time of the American Revolution chiefly because they were cut off from communication with the rest of the world; and a college is a prime element in the re-establishment of the lost connections. Berea does a noble work at home, but is not content to teach the students who live about her campus. The College teaches over the whole territory through its extension work. Early in July the superintendent of that work started out with two wagons.

He is an Englishman whose father was a member of Mr. Spurgeon's church, and he has been a peculiarly successful preacher to the mountaineers. He was accompanied by a mountain boy notable alike for his athletic vigor and his Christian spirit, and by a man well qualified to interest the people in singing. So Berea on wheels invaded the mountains, gathering the people together, giving popular talks, using the stereopticon, giving instruction in the rotation of crops, sanitation, the organization of public schools, and other subjects which may help the people in the elementary work of modern social organization. It is rough, elementary educational work which is done by these apostles of Berea College in their mountain wagons; but it is work as dignified and worthy as that of the most advanced university; and it is a fine illustration of the democratic faith which holds as its fundamental creed that there is nothing too good for any man who wants it and will use it.

Philippine Commerce

The commerce of the Philippines for the fiscal year, which ended with the beginning of July of this year, is the most remarkable in the history of the islands. The total foreign trade amounted to a quarter more than for any preceding year. In particular, the exports were twice as large as the maximum exports for any year prior to American occupation. Among articles exported, copra now occupies first place. Copra is the native name of the dried kernel of the cocoanut, one of the principal articles of export from the islands of the Pacific. For many years hemp has been the leading export from the Philippines; it now falls to second place. Sugar occupies third place, and the amount exported last year was the greatest of any year during American occupation. The fourth article in point of value is tobacco, manufactured and unmanufactured. The amount exported last year was about twice as much as for any other year before our occupation. The total imports were not only twice as great as for any other year prior to American occupation, but considerably more than twice as great. Of the imports, nearly one-third represent shipment of American goods from the United States. As to this trade with the islands, the significance of last year's figures is seen in what they tell, not only of the commercial benefit accruing from American occupation, but in particular of the benefit coming from the new relations of the past three years. Not only were Philippine purchases from the United States more than fifty times the average annual purchases prior to American occupation, but they were four times larger than the purchases from the United States in the years under our occupation before the Tariff Act of 1909 provided for practical freedom of commerce. The American occupation of the Philippines is thus seen to have been of commercial and material as well as of educational and moral benefit.

The American Prix de Rome

The lucky young Frenchman who gains the Grand Prix de Rome is a hero in the eyes of his countrymen. And not only this, but the advantages which flow from that truly "grand prize" are a very distinct help to the holder, especially in the early stages of his art career. For four years we have had an American Prix de Rome, namely, competitions instituted throughout the United States in architecture, sculpture, and painting. The successful competitors have been sent for three years to the American Academy at Rome, with an annual subvention each of one thousand dollars. This year's scholarships have just been awarded. Over a hundred young men competed—seventy-one in architecture, eight in sculpture, and twenty-three in painting. And, what is more, the applications were received from widely distributed parts of the country, Louisiana and California being represented as well as the Eastern and Middle States. The winner in architecture is Kenneth E. Carpenter, of Boston, twenty-eight years old. He studied at the School of Design in Providence and at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and has had five years' office experience. The winner in sculpture is John Gregory, of New York City, thirty-three years old. He has worked in the studios of Rhind, MacNeill, Borglum, and Herbert Adams. He also studied five years at the Art Students' League in New York and three years at the École des Beaux Arts in Paris. The winner in painting is Eugene F. Savage, of Chicago, twenty-eight years old. He studied at Gonzago College and at the Corcoran Art School, Washington; also at the Art Institute and the Academy of Fine Arts at Chicago. These three young men will now be members of the American Academy at Rome. To be admitted there the applicant must have shown distinct scholarship or artistic

ability. The Academy's competitions are open to all. During its short existence it has instructed more than seventy students, and a large proportion of them have already obtained high rank in the world outside.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1862

The twenty-second day of September marks an epoch second only to the fourth day of July. On the fourth day of July the American people declared themselves free. On the twenty-second day of September the American people declared the enslaved Negro race free.

For the Emancipation proclamation was as truly the act of the American Nation as the Declaration of Independence was the act of the American Colonies. In issuing the Emancipation Proclamation Abraham Lincoln acted for the American people as truly as did Thomas Jefferson in drafting the Declaration of Independence.

Mr. Lincoln had long contemplated the emancipation of the slave. For some months he had made it matter of conference with his associates in the Government. On the 13th of July, 1862, he declared to two of them, Seward and Welles, that emancipation was a military necessity: "We must free ourselves or be ourselves subdued." Nine days later he read a draft emancipation proclamation. And yet he waited two months after that before he issued it. Why did he wait?

For two reasons.

One was Mr. Seward's suggestion: "Postpone its issue until you can give it to the country supported by military success, instead of issuing it, as would be the case now, upon the greatest disasters of the war." What was substantially a victory of the Union forces at Antietam removed this objection and afforded the occasion which Mr. Seward wished for.

The other objection was the one which Mr. James Ford Rhodes has interpreted in his "History of the United States:" "Lincoln must satisfy himself that public opinion at the North would sustain him in the action. . . . Was the sentiment of the plain people, the mass of steady Republicans and war Democrats, ripe for an edict of freedom?"

Not until Mr. Lincoln had settled his doubts, not until he had come to the conclusion that the plain people of the North would see the issue as he saw it, was he ready to speak the decisive word. An edict from the President unsupported by the people would have been as futile as General Fremont's proclamation of freedom in August, 1861, which Mr. Lincoln ordered withdrawn. "I do not want," he said to a body of petitioning clergymen, "to issue a document that the whole world will see must necessarily be inoperative, like the Pope's bull against the comet." When he issued his proclamation of emancipation, it was not inoperative. For the people of the North spoke through him when he spoke.

This proclamation of September 22 was the announcement of the decision; the later proclamation of January 1, 1863, put that decision into effect.

Two qualities combined to make Abraham Lincoln a great President of a self-governing Republic. He could wait patiently for the people's will, and could act vigorously in the execution of that will.

He was attacked by political opponents as a "dictator," as an "imperator," as a "despot," a "usurper," a "man ruthlessly trampling on the Constitution, the laws, and the rights of the people of the country."

He did not impose his will upon the people. He did not assume the power of a dictator. He did not act in lieu of the people. A leader of the people, a teacher of the people, he was also the voice of the people. Their will was expressed in his action; and that it might be expressed in his action, he waited till their will was formed.

But this waiting was never the waiting of timidity. He waited for no command. He understood the people, and by his action interpreted their will—a will formed but not expressed. There was no clause in the Constitution authorizing him to issue an emancipation proclamation. There was no act of Congress authorizing him to issue it. There was no election giving him a mandate from the people.

But when he acted, the people approved. Critics there were in plenty, to demand a Constitutional clause, or a Congressional act, or a popular election. But the people ratified the act of their great leader. He had understood them. He had acted for them. They made his act their act.

The emancipation of the Negro race was the act of the American people. The greatness of Abraham Lincoln was the greatness of a statesman who could lead them to that act, who could understand their unexpressed

will calling for that act, and who dared to do the act in their name and on their behalf.

THE PROGRESSIVE MOVEMENT

III—WHAT IS THE CHIEF ISSUE?

In one of his recent speeches Governor Wilson declares his belief that his platform and that of the Progressives are substantially identical. He says:

I don't find any great difference between my table of contents and the table of contents of those who have voted with the Republican party and are very much dissatisfied with the way in which the Republican party has rewarded their confidence. They want the same things that I want, and I don't know of anything under God's heaven to prevent our getting together. We want the same things, we have the same faith in the old traditions of the American people, and we have made up our minds that we are going now to have the reality instead of the shadow.

There are many Americans, and probably not a few readers of The Outlook, who agree with Governor Wilson, who think that the difference between the two parties is a difference between Democratic Progressives and Republican Progressives, that the division is rather between two leaders than between two political purposes.

For two reasons The Outlook cannot share this opinion. Governor Wilson, in a paragraph in the same speech from which we have quoted above, indicates one of these reasons. Speaking of the combination between corrupt capitalists and corrupt politicians, he says:

I had occasion to test the power of that little group in the State of New Jersey, and I had the satisfaction of discovering that I had been right in supposing that it didn't have any power at all. It looked as if it were intrenched in a fortress, it looked as if the portholes, as if the embrasures of that fortress showed the muzzles of guns, but, as I told my good fellow-citizens in the city of Newark, all they had to do was to rest a little weight upon it and they would find that the whole thing was a fabric of cardboard.

Mr. Bryce, when he wrote his "American Commonwealth" in 1888, did not entertain Governor Wilson's happy optimism respecting bossism. He devoted five chapters to a description of machines and bosses, and one chapter to "the war against the bosses." He sums up his history of this war in the following terms:

The struggle between the professional politicians and the reformers has been going on in the great cities, with varying fortune, for the last twenty years. As illustrations of the incidents that mark it will be found in subsequent chapters, I will say only that, in the onslaughts on the Rings which most elections bring round, the reformers, though they seldom capture the citadel, often destroy some of the outworks, and frighten the garrison into a more cautious and moderate use of their power.

And he quotes Fernando Wood as saying that such reforms compel the bosses "to pander a little to the moral sense of the community."

American history does not justify Governor Wilson's optimism; it does abundantly justify Mr. Bryce's grave estimate of the peril to the American Republic from machine and boss rule. Washington did not find this "invisible government" a fabric of cardboards in the American Revolution, nor Lincoln in the Civil War, nor Cleveland in his fight against Tammany, nor the men of honor in their two years' campaign to rid the Senate of Lorimer, nor the reformers in the municipal campaigns in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and Chicago, still going on. Honesty is going to win; but not without a hard battle. And the question before the voters is a twofold one: partly personal, Are Roosevelt and Johnson, or Wilson and Marshall, the better fighting men? partly political, Is the Democratic party, with its past history and its present local leaders, or the Progressive party, with its leaders and its purposes, the better army to which to intrust the campaign?

The Democratic party evidently regards this issue as one of secondary importance. In its platform it treats the revision of the tariff as the immediate and primary issue of the campaign. It charges the unequal distribution of wealth, the existence and extent of poverty, the exactions of the trusts, the high cost of living, all to the protective system. Abolish the protective system; then concentration of wealth, distribution of poverty, trusts and commercial conspiracies, the high cost of living, will all disappear. What it says in its platform respecting labor legislation is a quotation from former platforms; what it says respecting social injustice is mainly a demand for law reforms which will rid the present legal system of delays, expense, and uncertainties; what it says respecting the power of the Federal Government to protect from injustice emphasizes primary dependence on the States; and the only remedy it proposes for boss rule is the offer of the Democratic party "as an agency through

which the complete overthrow and extirpation of corruption, fraud, and machine rule in American politics can be effected."

And this remedy is proposed by a convention in which Murphy, Taggart, and Sullivan held no insignificant power, and it was voted for by them.

The Progressive party puts the revision of the tariff in a subordinate place. It does not attribute either the concentration of wealth, the existence and extent of poverty, the exactions of the trusts, or the high cost of living to the tariff. In its opening sentence it declares that "political parties exist to secure responsible government and to execute the will of the people." And it justifies its existence as a new party on the ground that from these great tasks both the old parties have turned aside. "Behind the ostensible government sits enthroned an invisible government, owning no allegiance and acknowledging no responsibility to the people. To destroy this invisible government, to dissolve the unholy alliance between corrupt business and corrupt politics, is the first task of the statesmanship of the day."

With this definition of the first task of the statesmanship of the day, Theodore Roosevelt is in hearty accord.

It is well at times to see ourselves as others see us. We quote from the London "Daily Mail" an interpretation of Theodore Roosevelt's purpose and policy furnished to its columns by an "Anglo-American" whose personality is unknown to us:

> What Mr. Roosevelt represents and appeals to above all things is the awakening conscience of the American people that for them the problem of problems is to make democracy real and to save their system of government from the grip of predatory interests. The principle which he has again and again claimed to be championing is the right of the people to rule. He wishes to convert this right from a theory into an operative fact.

The Democratic party regards the revision of the tariff as the *first* task of present statesmanship. Governor Wilson agrees with his party in this estimate. The Progressive party regards the destruction of the invisible government which has taken the place of popular government as the first task. Theodore Roosevelt agrees with his party in that estimate. Governor Wilson thinks the unholy alliance between corrupt business and corrupt politics a house of cards which a breath might blow over. Mr. Roosevelt thinks it the chief peril to the American Republic.

On this question The Outlook agrees with the Progressive party and its leader, and differs from the Democratic party and its leader.

Which is the most immediate and most important task of present statesmanship, the revision of the tariff, or the substitution of a real for a sham democracy, a visible for an invisible government? This is the question first in time and first in importance for the American people to decide in the coming election.

It is the first in time because we must decide *what* we wish to do before we decide *how* we will do it or *to whom* we will intrust the doing of it. It is the first in importance because in order to decide to whom we will intrust a task we must decide what is the task we will intrust to them.

Those who think the first task of present-day statesmanship is the abolition of a protective tariff, and that with its abolition special privilege, trusts, and corrupt politics will fall of their own weight, should vote for the Democratic party. Those who think that the first task of present-day statesmanship is to abolish invisible government, and put the power in the hands of the people that they may do their will with tariff, trusts, and every other public concern, should vote for the Progressive party.

STIRRING THE WILL

The familiar prayer in the Episcopal Prayer-Book for the Sunday before Advent, "Stir up, we beseech thee, O Lord, the wills of thy faithful people; that they, plenteously bringing forth the fruit of good works, may by thee be plenteously rewarded; through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen," goes to the very heart of the religious life; for the root of that life is not in the emotions, nor in the intellectual convictions, but in the will. This prayer, recited for many generations, has given its name to the day on which it is used, and "Stir-up Sunday" is a phrase which conveys a challenge.

Most men, when they feel deeply, give their emotions some form of expression; but expression is largely a matter of temperament. It is not a test of religious experience, nor is it, as it has sometimes been thought to be, the conclusive evidence of a changed nature. It is often the accompaniment of the change, but it is not the change itself. For this reason the dramatic and spectacular repentance of the

criminal or the man of evil life is always looked upon with more or less suspicion. There is a sound instinct in the demand that a great sinner shall prove the reality of his repentance by his full and sincere recognition of the enormity of his offense; and when a man feels profoundly rather than dramatically the enormity of his sin, he is likely to flee from the public gaze and to seek in silence and solitude a place of penitence. The great sinner who takes the newspapers into his confidence when he makes an "about-face" is often sincere; but he is rarely a man of deep feeling or of a clear-cut conscience. The transition from a life of moral anarchy to one of submission to the Divine Will is sometimes dramatic in its suddenness; but it is rarely used as dramatic material by a man of deep experience and sincerity.

Many people are troubled because the life of faith does not lie before their feet defined by sunshine; others doubt the reality of their surrender to the Divine Will because their emotions are not touched and life does not become instantly "one grand sweet song." This means generally that emotion is not the natural expression of their temperament. Religion is not a reality in a man's life until it takes hold of his will; and a man becomes a Christian, not when he says, "I feel" or "I believe," but when he says "I will." For it is only as a man wills to make his belief a part of his life that he passes out of the region of intellectual assent into the region of vital religion.

He who is doing the will of God persistently in the face of uncertainty and, for long periods, without joy, is the kind of Christian of which this world stands in sore need. He will never betray his trust, nor faint by the way, nor lose himself in the mists and fogs of changing opinion. He has the virtue of a soldier—he obeys orders. It is never a question with him whether orders are agreeable or not; whether he is getting the recognition he deserves; whether he is passed over and other men are promoted. It is only a question of his understanding his orders and obeying them.

In these agitated and critical times Christians may well pray for the descent of the Spirit on all the churches, and for the coming of one of those great waves of devout feeling which sometimes pass through society. But the emphasis of its prayer ought to be on the words, "Stir up, we beseech thee, O Lord, the wills of thy faithful people."

PRACTICAL PROGRESSIVE POLITICS

Chauncey M. Depew is quoted as having once said, "Party platforms, like train platforms, are made to get in on and not to stand on." That remark, doubtless uttered in jest, contained nevertheless a cynical statement of truth as to the status of party platforms and party pledges under the old political order.

If the National Progressive party in the State of New York, at its State Convention in Syracuse on September 5 and 6, had deliberately sought the most effectual way of differentiating itself from the old-party attitude with which the voters of the Empire State are familiar, no more decisive method could have been devised than the creation of a permanent Legislative Committee to work all the year round for the fulfillment of the platform pledges. In this way the New York State Progressives differentiated their work from the old order of convention procedure, not merely in the form and contents of their platform as adopted, but also in their attitude towards that platform after it had been promulgated as a covenant with the people.

Long after many of the incidents of that dramatic convention shall have passed from memory, the so-called "separate" or supplemental resolution reported from the Platform Committee, and adopted immediately following the adoption of the platform itself, will be recalled; for it marks a distinct step forward in making party organizations responsible for the fulfillment of party pledges and in giving the rank and file of party workers an ethical obligation that only pledges which are meant shall be made and that pledges which are made shall be kept.

The platform itself was in terms a "covenant with the people" as to a series of definite and understandable propositions, and its adoption was followed with the passage of a resolution which has already been twice referred to in The Outlook, and which we here give in full:

> We, the National Progressive party of New York State, to provide for the carrying out of the pledges of the platform heretofore adopted, do hereby resolve:
>
> (1) That a committee of nine members be created by this Convention, such committee to be appointed by the permanent Chairman, with the advice of the Chairman of the State Committee, to be known as the Legislative Committee of the National Progressive party in the State of New York, and to have the power to add to its

membership six persons, who may or may not be members of this Convention.

(2) That the said Committee be authorized and directed to draft such bills or amendments as, in its discretion, will carry out the pledges of our platform, and to appear as the representatives of this Convention and of our party in this State before the legislative and executive branches of government, for the purpose of demanding that the pledges of our platform be enacted into law.

(3) That this Committee hold office until the convening of our next State Convention, and that it be empowered to fill any vacancies in its membership caused by death, resignation, or otherwise.

(4) That this Committee have power to do whatever is necessary and proper for the carrying out of these purposes.

(5) That when this Convention adjourns it do not adjourn without day, but with the understanding that at the call of the State Committee, upon the recommendation of the Legislative Committee, it may be brought together again for the purpose of reaffirming our demands as the Progressive party in New York State, or for such other business as the Convention may elect.

This action was thoroughly in accordance with the spirit of the new party. It was an action of which politicians of the old order would have been incapable. It was a voluntary acceptance of a continuing party responsibility at which politicians of the old school would have stood aghast. As a "doubting Thomas" still in Democratic ranks said after the adoption of this resolution, "These people must mean business; they certainly have their nerve with them, to undertake to stand by their platform that way. They can't be thinking about the possibility of failure." That cynical comment expressed the exact truth. The resolution crystallized the sentiment of men of affairs thoroughly in earnest. These men probably knew little about "practical politics," so called, but they did know a great deal about what the party had pledged itself to, and how great is the need for the actual, immediate carrying out of those pledges.

Thus it comes about that, whether or not the Progressive National ticket wins or loses, whether or not the Progressive State ticket in New York wins or loses, whether or not the next New York State Legislature is Progressive, or still Tammanyized and Barnes-bossed, there will be found in the State of New York an alert, aggressive, earnest body of men, "on the job" all the year, for the creating of sentiment and the formulating of suitable legislation for the carrying out of the excellent pledges of the Progressive platform —a document which Governor Wilson, with characteristic and commendable candor, has called "an admirable platform," deserving of the careful consideration of the leaders of the other political parties. If any voter anywhere is inclined to doubt whether the Progressive party is a permanent affair, or is merely an uprising for one campaign, the creation of this permanent Legislative Committee in New York, following action looking to similar ends in Pennsylvania, should be sufficient to show that the Progressive party is the permanent and effective exponent of the new political order.

An interesting feature of the New York situation is that the appointment of this permanent Committee will fall to Oscar S. Straus, the Progressive nominee for Governor, in conjunction with State Chairman Hotchkiss. The appointments will be made in the course of the campaign, and the committee will proceed with its work irrespective of the result of the campaign. Funds for the legitimate expenses of the Committee will be provided from the funds of the party—and what higher and more privileged use of party funds could there be than the carrying out of party pledges *after election*, rather than merely using them to *obtain office* before election? Mr. Straus will take pains to secure men of intellectual vigor, moral force, and representative standing, so that the Committee may at once become a civic force such as the commonwealth of Barnes and Murphy never knew before. No action taken by the Convention is deemed by him more significant and more important.

There is no reason why this method of enforcing a platform should not become a party custom followed by every State Convention.

A CRUSADE FOR QUIET

There are many discomforts in this world which cannot be removed; there are others which are entirely unnecessary and are permitted to exist simply because people are ignorant or indifferent, and among these is the increasing discomfort of noise.

The volume of unnecessary sounds which devastates the peace and quiet of the world, and which is beyond question a source of physical injury, has been augmented by the intolerable screeching of the battalions of automobiles which now fly over the country in all directions; and this increase of noise comes

at the very instant when men, women, and children are beginning to live out of doors and to gather up the manifold resources of the out-of-door life. Now, when the closed window has become an anachronism and in health and disease alike the open window is one of the most efficient forms of remedy, the ears of the sleeper and the sufferer are assailed by hideous noises, for which there might be some justification if they were necessary, but which are for the most part entirely unnecessary.

Conditions favorable to rest and sleep are fundamental rights of individuals everywhere, if there are any fundamental rights. They have a direct relation to sanity, happiness, and life, as physicians have been proclaiming for years past and health boards are beginning to recognize.

Every great city sounds its own note. In Paris that note is staccato; the crack of the whip is the keynote of a mighty volume of sounds, which seems to break and distribute itself in high notes which tear the ear. London, on the other hand, has its own characteristic "central roar"—a vast volume of sounds, which has something of the mass of a great wave. In Naples, if one happens to be above the city, there are many sounds, but they are all human; the voices of men, women, and children singing in the narrow streets, or the far-carrying Italian voice in talk. One is interested because the sounds are social; in the other great cities the sounds are unsocial. New York is no noisier than some other cities, and American cities are not noisier than many of the Old World cities.

At the moment, the roar of the trolley car is perhaps unavoidable, although even that ought to be remedied in time, and the rumble of many trucks must be endured for a season; but the movement of the automobile is practically noiseless; and the use of its horn, often neglected where it is imperatively needed, is frequently used in pure vindictiveness. People have endured these sounds because they have supposed that they were inevitable; but, as a matter of fact, most of them are avoidable.

Berlin, for example, is not only a great city in terms of population, but it is also a great city in terms of manufacture and business. It has become one of the most active cities in the modern world; but the ears of the residents of Berlin never hear a steam whistle, a huckster's cry, the rattle of wagons, or the shriek of a locomotive. Indeed, so advanced is the civilization of Berlin that piano-playing is not permitted before a certain hour in the morning nor after a certain hour at night. What has been done in Berlin can be done in Boston, New York, and Chicago, and must be done before many years, if these cities are to consider themselves civilized; for the measure of civilization, according to a high authority, is the respect paid to women and the minimizing of noise.

When we pass beyond the semi-barbaric stage of municipal government and realize how unscientific and unintelligent the government of many of our great cities still is because they are conducted along political and not along human lines; when we understand that a city is a great home and not merely a political entity, we shall have city governments which will make the health, comfort, and happiness of the people objects of prime interest.

Mr. Edward S. Morse's recent address on "The Suppression of Unnecessary Noise" ought to have National circulation. Mr. Morse has more than once appeared as a teacher of civilization. What he had to say, for instance, about Japanese manners had a bearing on this country even more important than the influence of Japanese art. Mr. Morse points out the fact that the factory whistle, which a great many people suppose is a necessary evil—a nuisance which must be tolerated because it is essential in calling together great numbers of workingmen—is really a useless nuisance; the signal for beginning work is not the whistle on the roof, but the starting of the engine. Many of the largest factories in the country use no whistle or signal of any kind. The army of five million railway employees is not summoned by air-piercing sounds. They come to their work by the clock. And that intolerable development of savagery of modern machinery, the siren, has no justification whatever. If it is necessary to make a loud noise—and the cases in which that necessity arises are few—there is no reason why the noise should not be musical. To the lover of beauty one of the saddest things in the modern world is the siren which is sounded every morning on the lower part of the Grand Canal in Venice.

A number of the large cities in this country have already abolished the blowing of steam whistles and the ringing of bells at the freight yards; and it is well known that most of the disturbing noises made by locomotives

are made because it gives the engineer pleasure to make them. Several years ago a gentleman who has a large place on one of the railways running out of New York found the blowing of the locomotive whistles an intolerable nuisance. Trains passed his house continuously day and night, and very few passed without a prolonged screech. There was no necessity for the noise; and upon investigation it was found that an engineer had a grudge against the man and had passed the word on to make him as uncomfortable as possible. There is no better class of men than the engineers; but some of them are fond of noise; others like to notify their friends when they are passing at one o'clock through small villages, or signal to their families; some undoubtedly use the whistle and ring the bell for the sake of variety. But it is perfectly safe to say that at least eight-tenths of the use of these implements of aural discomfort are simply expressions of individual taste and inclination. The same thing may be said of the use of the automobile horn. In many cases it is absolutely essential, and in those cases it is often neglected; but an automobile is an intolerable nuisance in many places simply because of the unnecessary noise which it makes.

We are rapidly succeeding in getting a rational Fourth of July. The country nowadays roars more gently with cannon, the sharp reports of the pistol, the irritating explosion of innumerable firecrackers, or with the dull, heavy reverberation of bombs. We have discovered that there are ways of keeping the National holiday which we need not borrow from the lower classes of the Chinese. What we need now is a National crusade for quiet. It is not a matter of sentiment, nor even a matter of comfort; it is a matter of sanity, of thoughtfulness for the sick, and of decent consideration for the nerves of a nation.

THE MINIMUM WAGE

EDITORIAL BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT[1]

MR. WILSON has distinctly stated in his speech of acceptance that he does not regard the Democratic platform as a programme. We Progressives are more fortunate. For we regard our platform as a very practical programme, and we intend to put it into effect if the people give us the power.

Mr. Wilson, while expressing general approval of the Progressive platform, has made specific mention only of those parts which he condemns. Among the things which he condemns is our minimum wage plank.

As reported, he states that he opposes this plank because he thinks that employers, if such a law were enacted, would reduce the wages of all their employees to the minimum prescribed by law. Such a fear is so groundless that I do not believe it would be expressed by any man who has studied the conditions of life and work at first hand among the workers. The objection is purely academic; it is formed in the school-room; it will not have any weight with men who know what life actually is. Those employers who now pay their lowest-paid employees a starvation wage prove by that very fact that they are paying to all their employees the very least that they can get them to take. They have already brought them down as far as possible; if it were possible for them to reduce the wages of their higher-paid employees, they would do so. It is a wholly needless apprehension that they have let any wages stay up by an oversight and would reduce them to a minimum only in case the minimum for the poorest paid were raised by law above the starvation point.

The minimum wage plank is peculiarly in harmony with the general spirit of the Progressive platform. The portions of that platform dealing with social and industrial justice are meant especially to help the men and women who are wage-workers in industrial pursuits. The promises of the platform are specific and reasonable. They are promises which can be kept, and which will be kept if power is given to the Progressives. We stand, in the Nation and in the several States, for the abolition of child labor; for the reduction of hours of labor for women in industry to eight a day; for workmen's com-

[1] This editorial repeats in substance what Mr. Roosevelt said on the Minimum Wage at Spokane, Washington, on September 9.—THE EDITORS.

pensation laws; for laws guarding the health of workers in factories, and protecting them against accidents to life and limb; for laws securing proper conditions of life to wage-workers; for laws providing that in continuous industry there shall be one day's rest in seven, and three eight-hour shifts a day; and for a law establishing a minimum wage for women workers. No proposals such as these are to be found in the platforms of either of the old parties; and no such platform, we believe, would be or could be enacted into law by either of the old parties.

The Progressive proposal regarding a minimum wage is not an ultra-radical one. It is both modest and conservative. We do not at the moment take up the question of a minimum wage generally; we know that in all matters like this it is necessary to proceed slowly so that we may test each experiment, and then, if the test is successful, proceed further along the same line. The men and women who framed this plank and who advocate it have studied the conditions of life and labor among girls and women in industry and know the dreadful suffering and misery, know the crime and vice, that are produced by a wage that is insufficient to enable the girl or woman to keep body and soul together in surroundings of ordinary decency. Any man who goes to the night session of such a court as the Jefferson Market Women's Night Court in New York City, and who follows up some of the cases brought before that court, will soon learn for himself just what misery and immorality are produced among women when they receive less than a living wage. We are faced with the actual fact of doing away with heartbreaking misery which now exists in the concrete, and we are not to be frightened from our purpose by suggestions of a purely academic kind, however well meant they may be, as to highly improbable possibilities. We intend to put a stop to the misery which now actually exists, and we believe that the minimum wage plank is a humane, practical, and effective method of attacking that misery.

We shall sedulously safeguard the rights of property and protect it from all injustice. But we hold with Lincoln that labor deserves higher consideration than capital. Therefore we hold that labor has a right to the means of life—that there must be a living wage. I doubt whether the protection of the workers from the evils of overwork, unemployment, sweat-shop wages, and child labor will really enhance the cost of production; but, in any event, I would rather see the cost of production enhanced than see it kept low by underpaid labor, physically and morally unhealthy and socially unstable. For, as the great scientist Huxley has pointed out, a society based on such labor, whatever temporary success it obtains, must in the end fall, through hideous misery and degradation, to utter ruin.

I believe that Mr. Wilson, whose sincerity of conviction in this matter I do not for a moment question, and the other worthy and respectable men who in the name of conservatism oppose the minimum wage plank, are misled by the fact that they get their information from study of the laws laid down by political economists who wrote when all social and industrial conditions were utterly different from what they have now become. Under present industrial conditions, to leave wages in all cases to free competition must sometimes mean that under the pressure of the competition the freedom left to the laborer is only the freedom to starve outright or else to starve slowly by accepting a wage insufficient to sustain life as it should be sustained. We in this democracy must shackle force and cunning and fraud alike, and we must not permit the weak to remain at the mercy of the strong who are also brutal.

The men and women who are broken by the hard strain of modern industry, and are driven lower and ever lower until they accept wages which will not allow them to be decently fed and clothed or comfortably housed, cannot render to the community the services which should be demanded of all American citizens. Idleness is a curse and hard, reasonable work a blessing. But wearing overwork, long continued, destroys the body and the soul, and under-payment will achieve the same end and more rapidly.

It is bad enough to exploit men, but it is inhuman to exploit women in such fashion as to force them to sell their labor power at a wage which reduces them to a condition incompatible with the public welfare. I am not at the present time going beyond what the platform of the Progressive party has announced; whether ultimately we shall or shall not do so is for the future to decide. But most emphatically I am standing for the announcements in that platform, and in my judgment one of the best things in it is the declaration for a minimum wage for women workers.

FOLLOWING THE CAMPAIGN

A WEEKLY DIGEST OF POLITICAL OPINION
AS EXPRESSED BY PEOPLE AND NEWSPAPERS

THE PROGRESSIVE PRESS

LAST week the New York "Press," until then a Republican paper, announced that Henry L. Einstein, sole owner of the paper since 1895, had sold it to Frank A. Munsey. Mr. Munsey is the owner of five magazines—the "Argosy," the "Scrap Book," the "Cavalier," the "All Story Magazine," and "Munsey's." He owns the Washington "Times," the Baltimore "News," the Boston "Journal," and the Philadelphia "Evening Times," all of them Progressive in politics. He began as a publisher in 1882 with the "Argosy." He announces that the New York "Press" in future will support the Progressive party and its National and State tickets. The purchase is the result of an attempt on the part of the adherents of the Progressive party to get control of a morning newspaper in New York; the party had an evening paper, the "Evening Mail," but, in order to reach morning readers too, Mr. Munsey has bought the "Press." We quote from his statement:

The "Press" recognized in the inception of the present political fight that President Taft's candidacy for renomination was a mistake and insistently maintained that if nominated he could not be elected.

The logical and honest thing, then, for this newspaper to do under the conditions in which we find ourselves is to support Roosevelt, who can be elected and whose election would mean the continuation of a tariff that protects the American wage against the cheap wage abroad—the continuation of a tariff that makes it possible for our industries to compete with foreign industries and that protects our markets from the onslaught of foreign invasion.

The "Press," therefore, under my ownership will stand for American prosperity and American industries, which, after all, are the bread and butter issues of the campaign. These will be as safe in the hands of Roosevelt as they would be in the hands of Taft—as safe in the Progressive party as in the Republican.

A tariff that will safely cover the difference between the cost of production abroad and at home and will amply protect our markets from foreign invasion is a high enough tariff. A tariff in excess of this is too high and should be reduced.

The "Press" will stand for this view of the tariff, as it will stand for the protection of the American wage against the cheap wage of Europe, as it will stand for industrial evolution and social justice. It will, too, contend for and fight for whatever makes for genuine progress and genuine betterment of life among all our people.

The comment of Republican and Democratic journals on this event is interesting. As to Republican papers, the Waterbury, Connecticut, "American" may be quoted as an example of fair-mindedness. It admits that "the purchase of the New York 'Press' . . . has considerable significance."

In New York City, as the "American" says, "the Roosevelt cause has been handicapped by lack of a newspaper organ, the only paper in New York City which stands for Roosevelt being the 'Evening Mail.'" And yet:

It cannot be, of course, claimed that the Roosevelt side has gone unrepresented in New York. As a matter of fact, Roosevelt news has been featured more than the news of either of the other two candidates for the Presidency. His speeches have been reported fully, and thus his presentation of his side has been as forceful and complete as possible.

But, on the other side, the Waterbury "American," as a "regular" Republican journal, points out that "the anti-Roosevelt newspapers have constantly answered him," and it adds that they "have constantly made conspicuous his various inconsistencies and insincerities."

If they have not convinced Bull Moosers, these newspapers have at any rate given them a lot of food for unpleasant thought, have undoubtedly aroused a lot of questionings among conscientious Bull Moosers as to whether they were following conscience or not in following Roosevelt. A paper that can editorially answer these disquieting questions with Roosevelt arguments will be of great use, if not in converting others to Roosevelt, at least in keeping conscientious Roosevelt followers true to their leader.

As to Mr. Munsey's statement concerning "the bread and butter issues," another Republican paper, the Burlington, Vermont, "Free Press," opines that "the people are not sure about this." It explains:

During the administration of President Taft the whole country has gradually recovered from the effects of the Roosevelt panic, and every time a man puts his hand in his pocket he realizes that the prosperity now being enjoyed is without a parallel in a Presidential year. Not even a National election has been able to stop it.

When, therefore, Mr. Munsey tries to make people believe that business, industry, and labor would be as safe under Mr. Roosevelt as under

Mr. Taft, he is challenging personal experience as well as political and financial history whose accuracy cannot be questioned for a moment.

The New York "World" speaks for the Democratic press:

Mr. Frank A. Munsey, purchaser of the valued "Press," becomes our esteemed contemporary at once, not so much by reason of his ownership of a newspaper as by the singular frankness of the avowal of his purposes.

"With no political or personal ambitions to serve," Mr. Munsey's principal aim, as he says, is the election of Theodore Roosevelt. . . . Incidentally, he wishes to preserve "a tariff that makes it possible for our industries to compete with foreign industries."

Recognizing in Mr. Munsey one of the largest stockholders in the Steel Trust, we should have had serious misgivings about this enterprise if he had not at the outset disarmed us so completely. He enters upon metropolitan journalism with the first-rate essentials to success, which are honesty and courage.

The welcome which we extend to him is the more cordial because he does not afflict us with any persiflage about the rule of the people, social justice, or Armageddon and the Lord. Rural tories, closet philosophers, and doctrinaires, exhibiting the peculiar traits of the crook and the jackass, do not trouble him. He goes straight to the point.

In an issue of the "Press" some days after its purchase, the paper thus defines its convictions in an editorial entitled "Six Hard, Cold Facts:"

Fact one—Taft cannot be elected.

Fact two—Roosevelt can be elected.

Fact three—Wilson might be elected.

Fact four—The election of Wilson surely means tampering with the income of the business man, the wage-earner, and the rest of the American public.

Fact five—It is up to the American voter to defend his income, upon which must always depend his outgo.

Fact six—The only way for the American voter to defend his income is to prevent the election of Wilson by voting for Roosevelt.

WOMEN IN POLITICS

For the first time in this country a woman is to be a candidate for Presidential elector. She is Mrs. Florence Collins Porter, of Los Angeles, California, and, so it is announced, will be one of the electors from that State on the Progressive party Presidential ticket in November. Speaking of that party, the New York "Times" (Ind.) remarked recently that it "has gone further than either of the other two parties in giving women the chance to do active campaign work."

This party strongly urges the granting of woman suffrage, and women have been elected to the National and State Committees. Miss Eleanor [really Miss Alice] Carpenter and Miss Frances A. Kellor are in charge of the Bull Moose Campaign Bureau, and they have a corps of assistants.

"Women already have been organized to help along the Wilson campaign," we are informed by the same authority:

The Woman's National Wilson and Marshall Organization has been hard at work. . . . Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, the chairman and founder of the organization, is at her desk every day, and a corps of women workers are doing everything possible to convince voters all over the country that their interests will be best served by the election of the Democratic ticket.

"With the appointment yesterday of Miss Helen Boswell and Miss Mabel Boardman to responsible positions in the management of the Republican National campaign this fall," announced the "Times," "the last of the three important political parties has recognized the value of women as vote-getters. From now on the three parties—Republican, Democratic, and Progressive—will compete in efforts to interest the women to get out and work hard for their respective candidates; and from now on the women in authority at the various headquarters will have much to say regarding the campaign."

Hence, concludes another New York City Independent Democratic journal, the "Evening Post," "with Miss Jane Addams and Miss Carpenter on the Bull Moose side, with the offer to Miss Boardman to take care of women voters for Mr. Taft, and Mrs. J. Borden Harriman in the field for Governor Wilson, it is plain that the National chairwoman has arrived on the scene." The "Post" continues:

The politicians have suddenly found out that women vote in six States; that there is an insistent demand for suffrage among them in every other State, and that they have become a political force to be reckoned with. We may take it for granted, therefore, that the chairwoman has come to stay; that henceforth work among the women voters will be as regularly part of a Presidential campaign as among Italians, or German-Americans, or Negroes.

In almost the same words, the New Orleans "Item" (Ind.) comes to the same conclusion, namely, that "this sudden request for aid from these notable women is due to political exigencies." The paper declares:

Conventional stump speakers and hysterical spellbinders may do to round up the male

voters, but they are worthless in trying to make converts of women, who in this present age have taken the bit in their teeth and are doing their own thinking without any outside help.

We may therefore take it for granted that the woman political worker has come to stay. . . . No doubt politics will be cleaner and less corrupt with her coming.

Miss Boardman, who, as is well known, is President of the National Red Cross, declined the position to which she had been chosen because she did not believe that any one whose name had been closely associated with any great non-political work should permit the use of his or her name when such use would carry more or less the influence of the organization with which the person was identified. For this reason Miss Boardman held that Miss Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, should not have identified herself with any political party.

Some newspaper comment agrees with Miss Boardman's position; other comment does not. That of the Baltimore "Evening Sun" (Ind. Dem.) both agreed and disagreed:

Miss Mabel Boardman, with characteristic good sense, declines to act as Chairman of the Republican Woman's Advisory Committee. As President of the National Red Cross she could not afford to allow that great organization to be even remotely associated with partisan politics. In spite of her friendship for Mr. Taft and sympathy with his cause, she feels it her duty to hold aloof, not to take any active part in the campaign. Her atttiude indicates excellent judgment, and emphasizes her devotion to the Red Cross.

But Miss Boardman's criticism of Miss Jane Addams is not altogether justified. Hull House, Miss Addams contends, "has little value to the community save as it has been able to express certain principles, and thus it has always stood for freedom of speech." Hull House is a result of Miss Addams's agitation for better conditions, and not the cause. Before Hull House was erected she was an ardent advocate of woman suffrage, the prevention of child labor, and similar causes. While her course in plunging into politics may not be commended without qualification, Miss Addams does not stand in precisely the same position as Miss Boardman. In this particular case Miss Addams has the best of the argument.

Miss Addams's own reason for seconding Mr. Roosevelt's nomination is found in her speech at the Progressive Convention:

Measures of industrial amelioration, demands for social justice, long discussed by small groups in charity conferences and economic associations, have here been considered in a great National Convention, and are at last thrust into the stern arena of political action.

A great party has pledged itself to the protection of children, to the care of the aged, to the relief of overworked girls, to the safeguarding of burdened men. Committed to these humane undertakings, it is inevitable that such a party should appeal to women, should seek to draw upon the great reservoir of their moral energy, so long undesired and utilized in practical politics.

As to this, "Life" remarks that Miss Addams's support "is much respected and carries weight," but adds:

We suppose her mind has never dwelt very much on the expedient limitations of governmental supervision of human affairs, or on the consequences in the long run when they are exceeded. If a programme that, on the face of it, promises to better the lives of workingwomen in Chicago looks good to her, we must respect her approval of it as far as it goes. Probably the facts of life as she has seen them have left her lukewarm, at most, in her disapproval of Socialism, and she accepts Mr. Roosevelt's bountiful offer without much scrutiny either of its implications or of its guarantees.

In a later letter published in the New York "Tribune" (Rep.) Miss Boardman redefines her position:

There are multitudes who indorse the causes for which Miss Addams stands, but who do not indorse the platform or the candidates she advocates. In appearing before legislatures and Congressional committees, who represent all parties, to advocate the prevention of child labor, the betterment of working-girls' conditions, and similar causes, Miss Addams has had not only the utmost freedom of speech, but the equally important freedom from active party alignment that might prejudice her hearers and injure her cause.

No party has a monopoly of virtue. These great moral questions, for whose furtherance the country owes a debt of gratitude to Miss Addams, should not be handicapped by the limitation of party affiliation or trammeled by becoming involved in the bitterness of controversies over candidates and utterly irrelevant policies.

"From a part in the old political intriguing and maneuvering," concludes the Chicago "Evening Post" (Prog.), in approving Miss Addams's course, "such a woman might readily abstain. But to ask her to take no part in a movement directed toward the ends to which she has so nobly and unselfishly devoted her life would be to imply that she had been only playing with these ideas, and that she had no great concern in putting them into effect."

In commenting on Miss Boardman's declination to serve, the Newark, New Jersey, "Evening News" (Ind.) calls attention to the connection of women's political activity with the woman suffrage movement:

The Progressive party has already declared its allegiance to the eventual extension of the

suffrage. . . . To those who desire the suffrage the prospects of their cause probably seem much brighter, and there is no disguising the fact that, whether for good or ill, the extension of the suffrage to women appears to be considerably nearer than it was six months ago.

In a speech at St. Johnsbury, Vermont, Mr. Roosevelt recently said:

The Progressive party is the one party which, since the war, has dealt with real issues, and those real issues affect women precisely as much as men. The women who bear children and attend to their own homes have precisely the same right to speak in politics that their husbands have who are the fathers of their children and who work to keep up their homes.

In a later speech at Spokane, Washington, Mr. Roosevelt spoke as follows:

The argument that participation in politics will take woman from the home is just as well grounded as it would be to say that men should not vote because it would take them from their business. It is not so much that women need to spend time as political workers as that they need to work out the questions connected with our Government, and then take the right action at the polls.

But, objects the Chicago apologist of Republican stand-patism, the "Inter Ocean," "the time which women would spend in voting, or even in acquiring the information they might deem necessary in order to vote properly, is not a main ground of objection to woman's suffrage. No one imagines that women could not easily take the time to do that, if they chose to do so."

It is not because woman's suffrage will take woman's time from the home that intelligent people oppose it. It is because it will tend to take something else from the home, something as infinitely precious as it is practically indefinable, something in the immemorial relation of man and woman that the modern family can ill spare.

It is because it will tend to introduce into the home, where spheres should be defined and whence every source of discord should be relegated as far as possible, a fruitful cause of vain contention, a dangerous source of futile friction, and, even at the best, a latent menace to domestic harmony.

It is because it will tend to take from the home the old ideal of the womanly woman, equal to man but different, and to substitute therefor the ideal of the mannish woman, the woman who thinks she can only show her equality with man by doing the things that men do, the foolish woman who thinks that an empty ballot can add dignity to the divine mystery of motherhood and influence to the irresistible charm of wifehood.

The arguments for and against woman's political activity are thus summarized by two influential journals, the Philadelphia "North American" (Prog.) and the Louisville "Evening Post" (Ind.). The first asserts:

Great mothers give to the world great sons and daughters. No degree of amiability, of kindliness, of gentleness, of mere goodness with which nearly all mothers are stamped by virtue of their motherhood, will suffice in imparting character to a child, to give that child the strength and the self-reliance and the sense of freedom that is needed for each citizen in an ideal democracy. The mother herself must be free and must realize her freedom if her sons and daughters are to be truly free. The mothers of this Nation must be genuinely a part of its democracy if it is to be a true democracy.

Again, it says, "Women must be emancipated."

Luxury and ease and peace, if bought at the price of freedom, may be as deadly to the motherhood of democracy as are industrial oppression and economic tyranny.

Without much fear of contradiction, the Louisville paper asserts:

We have not become a unisexual race. The race is still composed of man and woman. These two constitute the unit, and society still promotes efficiency in all of the activities of modern life by a division of labor between man and woman.

Woman's influence is great and on society greater than ever before. Her obligations are great to the family and to the community. . . .

The "Post" even asserts that "woman has already been emancipated," and adds:

She is as free to-day and as untrammeled as man. In her own field she is absolute. Outside of it she is and will ever be secondary. Men and women have been emancipated together. They have shared together in all of the benefits of modern civilization. They have been fitted by these benefits for better service. Each generation marks progress in the amelioration of the conditions of men, women, and children, else our civilization is a failure.

Finally this authority declares that "freedom is not a thing of itself to be desired." It thus describes the word:

Freedom implies the greater activity of man's natural forces, and a wiser application of all of his energies, truer views of life, higher efforts and broader visions. If freedom means simply a refusal on the part of women to live a normal family life, a refusal to perform the duties inseparable from the laws of existence, the household cares and activities, then freedom itself may be the greatest curse that can fall upon women. Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control—these three things men, women, and children seek, and without them they are poor indeed.

THE BLINDFOLDED GODDESS

BY MARY WILLARD KEYES

WITH DRAWINGS BY WLADYSLAW T. BENDA

"A LETTER from America for you, Isaac."

The old man who sat in the corner by the stove took the letter eagerly. Holding it close to his eyes, he commenced reading it.

"Are you not going to let me hear it also?" asked his sister Marta in a querulous voice. "Not that I expect it will be any better than the others."

"Yes, yes; you shall hear it. Listen:

"'Dear Father—I hope you are well. Aunt Marta and Cousin Isaac also and the children. We often think of you in our old home in Warsaw and wish we could see you but it would be strange for you here, and you would not be happy in America, it is all so different from your home. If you were not so old, you might come. But we must give up that thought. Perhaps I will visit you in a year or two if I can leave my business. The clothing trade is very good at this season. We are all doing well. You would certainly like to see us in the house we have here. We keep our carriage and we ride in the Central Park. Shendela and Rebecca and little Yetta take music lessons. They are like you, they love the violin and the piano. All the children but only Moses are musical, and Moses has high marks in school. I send you a money order. It is all the change I happen to have by me at the moment. When you receive this, you may think of us in the feast of the Passover. Rebecca and our children send their love to you. With love, from your son,

"'MORRIS ZAKOVITZ.'"

After a silence old Isaac said, "It is well that they are prospering."

"How much did he send you?" queried Marta, sharply.

"It is twenty rubles. He said it was all he had by him at the time of writing."

"And last time it was how much?"

"Twenty rubles."

"And the time before that?"

"The same. He knows my wants are not many. There are five children, and it costs a great deal to live in New York."

"Yes," sneered Marta, "it does cost a great deal to keep a carriage and drive in the park. And violins and pianos for three children! And music lessons! Silk dresses, too, I've no doubt, and plenty of meat and

good wine! But the old coat and the old hat for the father left behind, and a bit of black bread for him! Morris is a good son since he went to America, truly!"

"Yes," asserted Morris's father, stoutly. "Yes, he is a good son. Perhaps he has forgotten how it is in Russia now he lives in a free country. I, too, would go to free America if I were younger."

"If I was a man, I'd go, whether I was old or not," declared Marta. "If I had a rich son, would I live here and work and make my old sister work for me, and my nephew give me a house? Isaac has six children, but he can look after his old uncle. Morris has five, but he can send no more than twenty rubles once in three months. He is rich and proud. He has rich friends. He is ashamed to have his fine friends in America see his poor old father."

Much as he longed to see his son, it is doubtful if Isaac Zakovitz would ever have left his corner but for Marta's goadings.

And now he was going. He had his passport and his letter of credit. A small bundle contained all his goods.

"Take enough for the voyage only," advised Marta. "Why should you hinder yourself with old clothes when you can soon have fine new ones in America?"

His violin was not left behind.

On the deck of the steamer that carried Isaac up the harbor stood a hearty young German. He had been in America before.

"*Heil!* old Frau Liberty," he saluted. "I seen you before, and I know you. I know just how much to believe in you. Liberty—to slave in a factory! Liberty—to sicken in a dark tenement! Liberty—to get bare living wages in a coal mine. That is what you give to enough of us. You stand at your front door and don't know what is going on in your house. You should have your great eyes covered with a great bandage."

"Still, you seem to be coming back to try again," suggested a neighbor in the crowd.

"*Richtig.* There is always a chance. Once get a start! Your grandchildren may live on Fift' Avenue! No laws hold you back. It is not so bad, but, all the same, I would like to see that old lady there with her eyes well tied up, and then she would not look so much like she would show you into her *Vorzimmer!*"

Isaac Zakovitz had been patiently miserable throughout his voyage. In all his wretchedness he had had only to touch the letter in his bosom to feel comforted. He did not doubt that his son would be glad to see him, though he had not apprised that son of his coming. He was entirely confident of a glad and warm welcome awaiting him. He thought with pleasure of seeing the children—Shendela, Moses, Rebecca, and Yetta, and a six months' old baby he had never seen who bore the strange "American" name of Eleanor Frances, after some rich American friend.

The steamship had sailed up the bay in the morning, but it was late afternoon before the barge to which Isaac had been transferred left him at the barrack-like Barge Office on Ellis Island. The weary official, leaning over a counter, had uttered the same questions that day in twenty different tongues. Toward five o'clock he glanced at the little, stooping, long-bearded figure before him, and commenced in Yiddish:

"How much money have you?"

"I have five rubles."

"No money! Do you know we deport people who have no money? You are too old to earn your living." He indicated to Isaac a portion of the bare wooden hall barred off from the rest and filled with a collection of human beings, old or diseased or penniless, all with aspects of misery and fear.

Old Isaac perceived them with terror, and understood only too well.

"But I have a son," he cried. "See! Here is my letter from my son."

"Is he waiting for you outside?" asked the officer.

"He does not know I am here. I have made for him a surprise. But he is rich! He will take care of me and I will be no burden to your country. Do not—*do not* send me back to Russia."

"Where does he live? How will you find him?"

Isaac brought out a worn piece of folded paper and displayed his son's address, at the same time boasting, "My son keeps a carriage and drives in the park."

The interpreter shot one searching look at the letter and another at Isaac; but in that patient face he discerned only what he so often saw—a blending of weariness, anxiety, and hope. He motioned the old man on to the next official, having given about one

ISAAC BROUGHT OUT A WORN PIECE OF FOLDED PAPER

minute and forty seconds to the consideration of the immigrant Isaac Zakovitz, from Warsaw, Russia,

After being shoved here and there, on cars and off cars, his strength nearly spent, his mind quite dazed, Isaac at length found himself on a horse car. Something made him feel strangely at home. Opposite sat a patriarch almost his counterpart, and several others in the car wore the high hats and long coats with which he was familiar. Also the women and young men were of a type he knew well.

"You have just come to America?" His vis-à-vis had crossed to him.

"Yes," he said, "from Warsaw."

"I am from Kiev. If I had lived in Warsaw, I would never have left to come to this New York. They do not murder us in Warsaw. Have you friends here?"

"Yes; my son. I have come to surprise him. He thought the journey would be too hard for me, but, behold me! He will take care of me and I shall do well. Is this place far from here?" and he showed his tattered scrap of paper.

Isaac's new friend peered at it and read out, "'127 Hester Street.' No, we are nearly there. I myself live not far from Hester Street, and I will go with you."

Isaac gratefully acknowledged his kindness and thankfully let him appropriate his heavy bundle as they left the car. Something like a shock came to the old man as he looked around him in the street. The buildings all about were tall, built of brick and trimmed with stone. They seemed new, and appeared rather fine to him. But the glimpses he caught of their interiors showed them very mean and squalid, and the street itself was unspeakably dirty. The crowds that surged by, filling all the space not occupied by push-carts, was a poorly dressed, a dingy, and a ragged crowd. There was no sign of any park.

They made a turning. Isaac's friend was by this time supporting him with one arm. Wonderful is the power of endurance in the Jewish race. But for this race heritage the old man would have fainted long before, for he had been standing, on the steamer deck, on the barge deck, or in the Barge Office, most of the time since morning. And now he began to think the limit of his strength was reached.

All at once he heard music, blatant and

rollicking music. He struggled to make his way through a crowd of children around a hurdy-gurdy, dancing by pairs on the sidewalk and in the street.

"Here we are," said the man from Kiev. "This is 127 Hester Street."

"No!" in distress from Isaac. "No! it cannot be. My son would not live here. My son is rich. He keeps— Oh, I can go no further!" He sank on to the doorstep.

"What is your son's name?"

"Morris Zakovitz."

A few inquiries were made. Then a shrill cry arose from the children.

"Yetta Zakovitz! Yetta Zakovitz! Here's an old man wants your father."

One of the little dancers detached herself from the crowd and ran up.

"I don't know him," she said. "What does he want?"

But Isaac knew his granddaughter.

"Little Yetta," he whispered, "I am your old grandfather. Don't you remember Aunt Marta and grandfather in Warsaw? Take me to your father."

Five-year-old Yetta handled the situation with composure.

"Moses," she bawled, "here's our grandfather. You come and take his bundles," and from somewhere Moses did appear. The two children helped the old man to rise. Leading him by the hand, Yetta piloted him through a hallway, numbers of children trooping after. Out into a courtyard they came, then into another building, a rear tenement, up the stairs, up, up, up—not so far in reality, but seeming endless to him who had begun in Warsaw two weeks ago the journey of which this was the finish. Somewhere in the darkness of the hallway Moses, by instinct, found the door handle. "Father!" he shouted, with a full sense of the import of his news; "Father! here's grandfather!"

And, after all, it was Mrs. Zakovitz who fainted. Her husband caught his father in his arms and laid him tenderly on the bed in one corner of the kitchen. Few words were spoken, and tears flowed freely down the faces of the men as well as of the children. Yetta revived her mother, and Moses, shutting the door with difficulty against those who pressed around it, placed his back against it. As the mother began coming to herself, she commenced wailing, "Oh! why ever did he come? Why did he come? Why didn't he stay in his good house in Warsaw: He will die here!"

"Hush!" said Morris, roughly. "Do you want to kill him *now, to-night?*" Then to his father: "Poor father! We thought to keep it from you. To myself I said: 'I will make the old man happy. I will write to him that all with us is fine, just as he hoped.' I sent every penny I could spare, and went without food and clothes, and then I was sick. And I thought, 'Never shall I see my good old father's face again, but he will be glad if he thinks we are prospering.'" Then, after a silence broken by sobs, "But I *am* glad to see your face, my father."

"You have been sick, Morris?"

"Yes. I could not find work one time. The children cried with hunger, and it drove me wild. I am better now. I have work— not steady. If I can keep up, I will find something in the end. God help us!"

It was indeed a very carnival of sadness. A neighbor sent in some wine, and the old man drank a bit, but the bread and garlic the others were having for supper he refused. Moses was despatched with the dozen coats his father had just finished stitching. The other children stood around gazing at the old man, who lay in the corner with his eyes shut. Suddenly he opened them.

"Little Yetta, come here," he whispered. "Bring me my violin."

It was put into his hands. With shaking fingers he undid its cover, and brought out five little packages.

"This for Moses," he said, with a wan smile, "this for Rebecca, and Yetta, and the baby. But where is Shendela?"

"Shendela's at music school. She is very late," explained her father, as the children were too absorbed in their new gifts to answer.

"Then *that* is true? The other children, play they also?"

"Oh! you shall hear! 'Becca, take grandfather's violin and play for him."

Rebecca seized the violin lovingly, tuned it, and played a simple air quite correctly. At that moment Moses returned.

"Look!" he cried. "Behold Shendela!"

"Behold our Shendela!" exclaimed father and mother in amazement.

There she stood, their oldest daughter, a pretty, self-possessed girl of eleven. Her bushy curls were neatly tied with a broad red ribbon, her short dress was of spotless

"WHERE SHENDELA HAD PAUSED HE TOOK UP THE THEME"

white linen, her shoes and stockings were new and neat.

For a moment the children stared, speechless. Then a hubbub began.

"What for a dress has Shendela!"

"Oh, ain't she beautiful!"

"Oh, don't Jenny look handsome!"

"Where did you get them?"

"*I* know. Miss Parker give it to you. Hurrah for Miss Eleanor F. Parker!"

"Be still, you," urged the father. "Remember your grandfather. Tell us, my Shendela, the good news."

"Sure I will," she replied. "Look here." She held up two dollar bills and a fifty-cent piece. "That's what I have earned this week. I earned it giving lessons to the music school, and Miss Parker says I am a good teacher. I am patient with the little ones. Miss Parker says I must not eat garlic any more and I must have neat clothes. She got me these. By and by I pay her back for them. I will earn ever so much money. Miss Parker says we must move to a better tenement—"

"Oh, yes!" cried Mrs. Zakovitz, sarcastically; "we'll move on to Fifth Avenue tomorrow."

"Here is a note for father," Shendela went on, breathlessly. "She's found a job for him. Her tailor wants a finisher, and Miss Parker has found out from the boss that father does the work fine. Only we've got to move to where it's clean, and she can let us have the money till we save enough, and—"

The voices broke out again, and tears of joy came to wash away the traces of the tears of sadness.

"And that isn't all, though it's the best," the beaming little messenger continued. "We're all going to play in a musicale, us children; little Yetta, too. Yetta's going to play 'Reverie' on the piano. A great lady is going to sing. She was to the music school this afternoon. She sings at the Metropolitan Opera-House. I had a love on her at once. Miss Parker said to me, 'Play that thing I like so much to Madam—' I forgotten her name. So I played this. I can't never remember where I learned it, it was so long time ago. You know it, father."

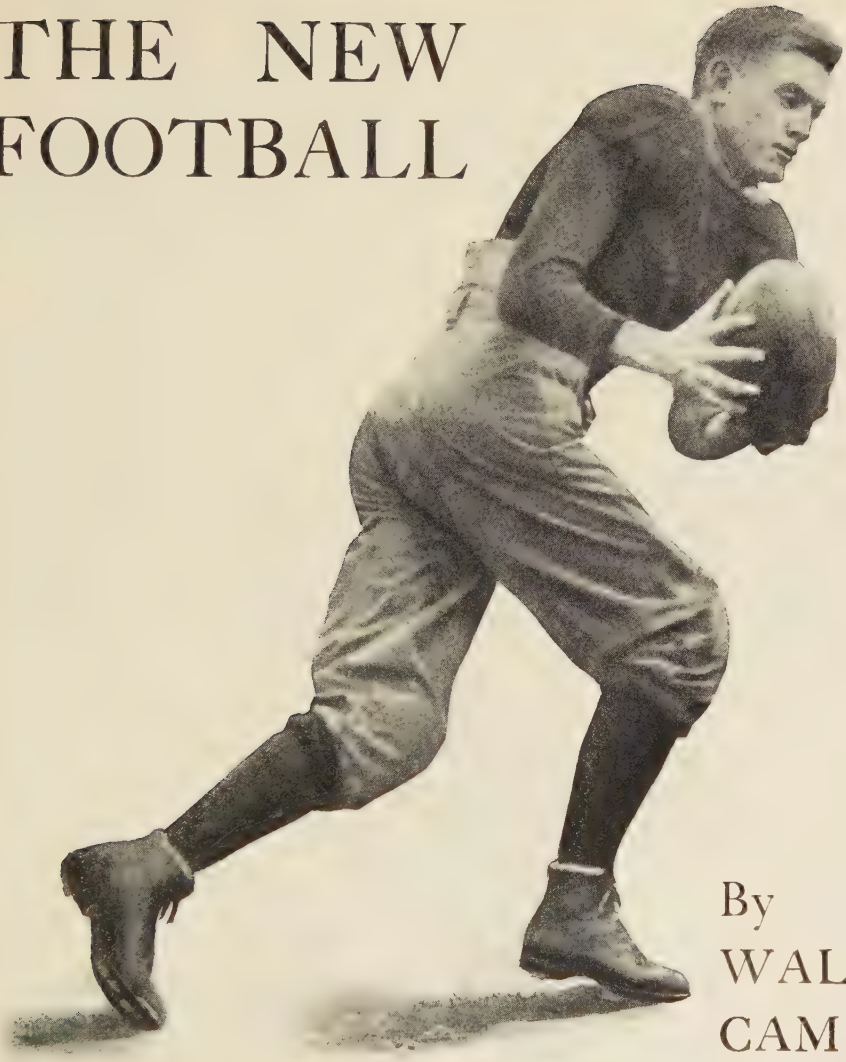
And Shendela raised her violin to her shoulder and commenced a sad strain in a minor key. It wailed and rebelled and then it became patient again.

"Hold! Shendela!"

For the first time the young girl noticed the presence of the newcomer. Of all the children she alone had a clear remembrance of him. Not yet greeting her, old Isaac stood upon the floor. He raised his violin, and where Shendela had paused he took up the theme. She accompanied him, but presently he carried the music on where the child could no longer follow. Its mournfulness turned to triumph, its patience to solemn joy. Life returned to the limbs and animation to the weary face of the tired traveler.

"*I* taught you it, Shendela," he cried. "You heard me play it when you were a baby, often. It is my own song, a song of the Jew in Russia. When I was a young man, I made it. But never after I grew older did I play the ending. I despaired. I said, 'Never shall we be free. My grandchildren, perhaps, but not I.' Yet now, courage! For even I am come. The road to freedom is here. Little Shendela shall show us the way. Come to your grandfather, little Shendela."

THE NEW FOOTBALL



By WALTER CAMP

SOME years ago Mr. J. Low, who edits the "British Annual Golf Book," in reply to a criticism as to the poor wording and inconsistency of the golf rules and the suggestion that a code be drawn up in simple form by some expert, confessed that a committee had already attempted this, and that the criticised code was one upon which the committee had had such suggestions, and those suggestions had been by no lesser light than the Honorable Mr. Balfour.

So it has been proposed for a year or so now that the American football rules be placed in the hands of a professional codifier. The truth is that a few years ago Mr. Hall, the present chairman and the editor, felt that such a plan might bring out greater simplicity, and therefore placed the matter in the hands of one of the most expert law codifiers in Boston, and the present rules, with the exception of those which have been added the last two or three years, are the result of the work of that professional codifier.

It seems comparatively easy to a man to understand the game of golf or the game of football, but when the attempt is made to put in words the exact rules that shall govern all cases, to draw up in plain language and little space a simple code, the difficulties begin. When any body of men undertake this, they find it more difficult than is at first assumed; and if any man should stand with his code before a gathering of some three hundred officials and coaches and see whether any

AMERICAN FOOTBALL

THE "SCRUM" AT ITS FORMATION—ENGLISH RUGBY

flaws can be picked in his code, he would face the same situation that the football committee faces annually, and he would realize that a complex game entails complex rules.

In fact, that is actually the difficulty with the game, for it is one which involves so many situations that there can never be anything but a long code of rules. But, some one contends, why not return to the simple English Rugby? Now the simple English Rugby is not as simple as it was, and, more than that, the English Rugby is played on tradition rather than on rules. It is only necessary to quote one of the best British writers on Rugby football to demonstrate this conclusively. He says: "There are only two methods of playing the scrum to-day, and they are heeling out or wheeling the scrum." He further continues: "Both of which means are illegal under the rules, but no team would stand a chance that did not practice them."

The American rules, although they have been cumbersome, raised little difficulty either in the minds of players or spectators until the introduction of the twenty-yard zone.

It is needless to go into explanation of this, but a sufficient suggestion of the difficulties which its introduction (with the forward pass) entailed can be gained from the following: After the Rules Committee had completed their work and the results were turned over to the editor as final, he wrote to members of the Rules Committee who had voted in favor of this measure, asking each for his ruling on a play that must come up frequently in the game. The replies were diametrically opposed. The editor then tested two other cases, with similar results. This was no fault of the gentlemen who answered these questions, but the fault of the introduction into the game of a practically unrulable proposition. By unrulable, in this case, is not meant that after months of experimentation a rule might not have been framed that would cover the exigencies that might arise, but that the introduction of such an element would, for a time at least, involve complications that would result in the above situation.

Starting, then, with the confession that the game is such that the code will always be long and complicated, is it possible to answer the criticism that has been made for the last two or three years, that American football had ceased to be a game of play and had become a game of rulings? Such criticism has been fair, and can hardly be answered when considering the play of the last year or two. Nine-tenths of the people seated in the huge stands have been unable to understand the rulings and penalties of this twenty-yard zone and forward pass. Officials have gathered at the interpretation meeting in the fall and have made every effort to aid each other and the players in making the rulings as clear

as possible, and I believe that captains and players have gone whole-heartedly into the game with a desire to clear up misunderstandings and play the game on its own merits. Yet at the games the people on the field, officials, and coaches have been mystified many times. Now, no game is certain of having satisfactory and proper rulings if at least one-half of the spectators who look on do not understand what is fair and what is foul, and are not competent to judge whether the rulings are correct or not.

So much for the rules and their situations. Now as to the actual play. American football made its way into the hearts of the people of this country largely through the running game, and the other games which involve kicking have never, in this country, attracted the attention of American Rugby. This is the game that developed from the time when Yale and Princeton played at the St. George Cricket Grounds at Hoboken before a crowd of three hundred spectators, most of whom came in through a hole in the fence, to a contest where now a stadium seating forty thousand people is inadequate and there are probably forty thousand more who would be glad to pay their two dollars for a seat could such a seat be obtained. For the last two or three years the running element in the game has become less, and its consistency has practically disappeared. Much of this comes from the forbidding of pushing and pulling the runner, a method which had been very strongly developed in the game. But pushing and pulling the runner had produced mass plays of a serious nature so far as accidents were concerned, and it is a fact that no one of those in authority would ever consider taking any chances of a return to that kind of mass play by permitting once more pushing and pulling.

Now, it was necessary for the Rules Committee to increase, in some measure at least, the consistency of the running game, and at the same time to reduce very materially the complications introduced by the twenty-yard zone protection to the forward pass. In the interests of the game of football, if the critic will bear in mind the distinction between the harmful mass play, which had become a serious menace to the sport, and the kind of play known as line plunging, we shall have a fair view. A mass play in its worst form consisted of a body of five or six men closely locked together, with the runner in their midst, which struck with great force a single player in the opposite line. In the line plunging game of the present day the line plunger has no one behind him to assist

SPILLING A MAN ON A FORWARD PASS—NOW FORBIDDEN

him. He may have two or three men ahead of him, and he may repeatedly plunge into the line, but this is not mass play, and as long as the pushing and pulling is left out there is little danger of mass play. Bearing this distinction in mind, those who will witness the game this fall should not confuse the line plunging which will be done, and in which men like Wendell, the Harvard captain, are exceedingly good, and mass play, which was the old form of compact bodies of men crashing their way through a special point in the line.

In detail the Committee has answered the criticism by the following comparatively simple changes. They have allowed four downs in which to make the necessary ten yards gain. This is an increase of the number of downs, and, while under the old rules it was necessary to make an average of three and one-third yards to the down, it is now necessary to make but two and one-half. This will be a very marked aid to the running game. It is perhaps possible that it may be too marked an aid, and another season this may be altered to twelve yards in four downs, or eleven yards in four downs, either of which will be easily measured in case it should seem wise to curtail somewhat the line-plunging system. Second, the forward pass has been allowed across the goal line. It seems to the writer that the other provision would have been sufficient addition to the power of the attack for the first year, and it would still admit of one of the most exciting incidents in the game, namely, the heroic stand of a team on the defense when forced down on to their own goal. There will no longer be anything of this kind in the game, as the back-field men will be forced away from the rush line by fear of the forward pass, and, whether the attack finally uses that or the running play, there will be no spectacular feature in the effort of the one team to get over the line and of the other to meet that attack and hurl it back. The value of the touch-down has been increased from five points to six, so that a touch-down is equal to two field goals, and after the goal has been kicked from the touch-down the value is one point greater than the two field goals. In case of a touch-back the ball is to be put in place from the twenty-yard line instead of the twenty-five-yard line, and on the kick-off the ball will be kicked from a point sixty yards away from the goal kicked at, instead of fifty-five yards as at present. A bounding ball cannot score a goal. The field is shortened ten yards in order to give room for the forward pass over the goal line. The twenty-

THE PUSH AND PULL PLAY—NOW FORBIDDEN

yard zone is entirely abolished, and with it the office of one of the officials, namely, the field judge. The intermission between the first and second and the third and fourth periods is reduced from two minutes to one minute, and the number of men allowed to walk up and down the side line, which two years ago was five and last year was three for each side, has now been reduced to one.

We shall know more about these rules after they have been in operation a season, but they represent at least the honest and sincere efforts of the Committee to meet in every possible way what have seemed, after a fair trial for two years, the difficulties that have presented themselves.

Now, while no one can predict exactly what these changes may produce in the way of a game, for rule changes in football have ever been productive of certain unexpected results, it is of interest to make a few predictions as to the possible extent of these changes. First, considering the four downs, as already stated, where formerly it was necessary to gain an average of three and one-third yards to the down, that distance is now shortened to two and one-half yards. Many are inclined to believe that this will bring the game back to the old running play to such an extent that we shall see a team progressing steadily from its own twenty-five-yard line down to a touch-down. This may prove true, but without pushing and pulling it cannot bring in the old distinctive mass play, and there are many good critics of the game who believe that the elimination of pushing and pulling is a greater loss to the running attack than is made up by this extra down. Perhaps it is fair to conclude that a team will gain ground with some measure of consistency (if there is an average well-developed attack) in the line plunges. But that it will eliminate the attempts at runs off tackle, forward passes, and kicking seems to be a too extreme view, and the majority believe it will only give the necessary consistency to the running play. One of the important changes also favoring the attack is bringing the ball out only to the twenty-yard line instead of the twenty-five-yard line from a touch-back. A good deal of consideration was given to the proposition that the ball be brought out only to the fifteen-yard line, but this seemed too great a change to make at one step. The side on the defense had been released from danger too readily under the old rule, and the attacking side has never had the just reward of getting the ball up into the opponent's territory, for when it could be brought out to the twenty-five-yard line from a touch-back it practically eliminated for the defenders all danger unless there was a strong wind blowing against them. This may have tempted teams to try the field-kick goal even more recklessly. But standing against this is the increased value given to the touch-down. With a certainty that a goal kicked from a touch-down may not be tied by two field goals, the team is pretty sure to make a very determined effort to score a touch-down if there is any chance of doing it. A very necessary alteration was one which provides that a ball striking the ground after the drop or place kick may not score a goal. This has not been a usual occurrence, but it happened in two instances last season that a ball kicked so as to strike the ground in the field of play bounded over the goal and thus scored.

The shortening of the field by some ten yards seemed advisable after the rule was made allowing a forward pass to cross the goal line, for without this provision the fields would prove dangerous when a space ten yards behind the goal line was made live territory for the forward pass. Theoretically this shortening of the field should make scoring slightly easier. Probably in practice it will be hard to tell the difference.

Permitting the forward pass to be in play across the goal line, as stated already in this article, loosens the defense quite materially when the ball gets within the twenty-five-yard line. It will also increase quite materially the strength of the offense, for the back-field men must look out for the forward pass, and thus will be unable to back up the line as closely as they have done under the old rule.

The abolition of the twenty-yard zone will make it much simpler for the officials and for the players, besides taking away a feature that was always puzzling to the spectators. It is this elimination of the twenty-yard zone that makes it possible to do without a field judge, his duty of timing going to the head line-man. It is evident that the forward pass may now be made so that the ball may travel any distance up the field without being rendered illegal, as it was formerly when it went a greater distance than twenty yards. The on-side kick is entirely abolished, as it was considered distinctly too dangerous, men often running violently into each other in the attempt to secure the ball. This may have some effect in the way of per-

HURDLING—A DANGEROUS STYLE NOW FORBIDDEN

mitting the side receiving the kick a greater latitude of judgment. As to giving the backfield men the privilege of blocking the ends when these men run down the field under a kick (formerly they could not be blocked within the twenty-yard zone), this will give an opportunity for the return to the game of one of the prettiest and most spectacular features, namely, the running back of the kick by the man receiving it. Under the rules which prevailed last year, there was very little of this kind of work, because the ends were protected for twenty yards and thus secured such a good start that the man in the back field had little chance of getting under way for anything like a good run.

The provision that the ball, when kicked off, is to be placed sixty yards away from the opposite goal is due partly to the shortening of the field and partly to the desire to avoid the break in the play which becomes necessary when the ball is sent across the goal line from the kick-off. The players are all keyed for action at the moment of the kick-off, and there is always a disagreeable sensation incident upon the waiting to have the ball brought out for the kick-out after it has been sent across the goal line. As the kick-off is usually made against the wind, it will take a good kicker to send it across the goal line from this greater distance, and, more than that, the opponents will have a better opportunity to run it out if they decide to take the chance. It should also be noted in this connection that the unfairness noticeable in the rules last year which made it possible for the winner of the kick-off to have it at the beginning of each half has been rectified. In the second half the loser of the toss made in the beginning of the game has the choice of the kick-off or goal exactly as has the winner of the toss at the beginning of the first half. The shortening of the two minutes intermission between periods to one minute is merely to expedite the play and not have the men stand around and take cold or get stiffened up; and the further step of cutting down the number of men allowed to walk up and down the side line is a move for greater simplicity.

Upon the whole, it may safely be said that every change made by the Committee had a very definite weakness of the game in mind, and yet the alterations are along conservative rather than experimental lines. Moreover, whether they hit exactly the points desired, they are designed to be productive of further information rather than of complications, and it is certainly fair to say that the rules had become over-complicated and the play had taken on a similar character, which lent itself to contention and misunderstanding rather than definite, clean-cut rulings. Now all we can do is to await the test of this fall's play.

DR. THOMAS BROWN McCLINTIC

A HERO OF PEACE

BY ALFRED C. REED

UNITED STATES HEALTH SERVICE

PERHAPS no other attribute of human intelligence commands the respect and reverence of civilized man so instinctively as the chivalrous devotion, be it to person or principle, which reckons death a mere incident, and makes no count of personal loss or glory. Greater than the mighty men of war are the heroes of peace, who, counting death or victory but steps of progress, have faith in human destiny and courage to do a great work in simplicity and quietness.

For many years past in the States of the Rocky Mountains there has been known a strange disease, which every spring has claimed a fresh and increasing toll of victims. Rocky Mountain spotted fever was first noted in the Bitter Root Valley in Montana in 1873. Up to 1902 about two hundred cases were observed, and in recent years it has spread to adjoining States, until the entire Rocky Mountain division is affected. The mortality of the disease varies inexplicably from 90 per cent in Montana to 2 per cent in Idaho. Its greatest virulence has been in the Bitter Root Valley, along the eastern slopes of the magnificent snow-clad Bitter Root Mountains. A wide,

pleasant valley is here, fertile and inviting, with a river running through it. The eastern side, from the river to the rolling foothills, is populous and prosperous. The western slope, from the mountains to the river, has been a dangerous pest spot. The explanation lies in the wood-ticks. They infest the entire valley, but only the ticks on the slope of the western mountains are infected with the virus that causes spotted fever. These wood-ticks attach themselves to live stock, as well as to rodents, such as gophers, squirrels, and rabbits. If infected, they transmit the disease to human beings through their bite.

Tick fever is an overwhelmingly severe disease. It has many points in common with typhoid and typhus fevers, and at one time was supposed to be akin to Japanese "river sickness," the Tsutsugamushi disease. It has been studied for over a decade by skilled observers, especially in the United States Public Health Service. In 1911 the Montana State Legislature made an appropriation for continuing the work which had been begun by Dr. Ricketts, and Passed Assistant Surgeon T. B. McClintic, of the Public Health Service, was sent to the Bitter Root Valley. After familiarizing himself with the conditions, Dr. McClintic decided on two lines of procedure—the eradication of the wood-tick, and the laboratory study of the disease. The tick season is chiefly in April and May, when the snow is melting, and at this time each year spotted fever appears. In Dr. McClintic's own words, "It was decided to select a limited area in one of the worst infected territories, and to put into operation the best known methods for the eradication of the tick. An infected area of eight square miles was selected near Victor, Montana (in the Bitter Root Valley). The work was carried on at Victor from May until August, when the laboratory side was continued in the Hygienic Laboratory at Washington." The eradication of the tick was accomplished in the selected district by dipping domestic animals and stock in an arsenic mixture, and by killing wild mammals.

Dr. McClintic soon became the leading authority on tick fever. He did valuable work in search of a curative or preventive serum. In March, 1912, he was married to Miss Theresa Drexel, of Washington, D. C., and soon thereafter returned with his bride to Victor in readiness for the tick season. In midsummer he was taken sick with the disease which claimed his life. No case of spotted fever has developed in the Bitter Root Valley this year. Dr. McClintic had driven the pestilence out. But as it went, it struck down the man who had conquered it.

Thomas Brown McClintic was born December 27, 1872, in the mountains of Bath County, Virginia. His ancestry was of clean, strong stock. In 1896 he graduated from the University of Virginia in medicine, and the following year became an interne in the Marine Hospital at the Port of New York. After a year he was appointed an acting assistant surgeon, and did quarantine duty at the Cape Fear Station. In 1899 he was commissioned an assistant surgeon in the Public Health Service, and was soon put in command of the Cape Fear Quarantine. Three years later he was sent to the Hygienic Laboratory at Washington, and received a thorough training in pathology and bacteriology, taking up also the investigation of various public health problems. After two years he was ordered to Tampico, Mexico, to study yellow fever and prevent its introduction into the United States. After another period in the Hygienic Laboratory he was sent to the Marine Hospital at San Francisco. At the time of the great fire at San Francisco he was serving as medical officer on the United States revenue cutter McCullough, and rendered conspicuous service in the care of sick and injured. The next three years were spent in quarantine duty and cholera prevention in the Philippines.

Many times has the hand of epidemic disease struck amid the ranks of its foes. Yellow fever, smallpox, typhoid, plague, cholera, they have taken their toll. But the ranks close up, and the fight goes on to make our country a cleaner, better, safer place for man to dwell in.

"ALLOW ME TO PRESENT TO YOU THE PRUNE CHAMPION OF 1910"

PARTICULARLY PRUNES

ANOTHER INCIDENT IN THE CAREER OF PETE CROWTHER : SALESMAN

BY ELMER E. FERRIS

WITH DRAWINGS BY G. C. WIDNEY

"WELL, what's on your mind to-day, Pete?" greeted Sam Cartright, of the grocery firm of Cooper & Cartright, as Pete Crowther stepped into the store and shook hands.

"Prunes."

"Prunes?"

"Prunes!"

"What about prunes?"

"I want to sell you some."

"Oh, come, Pete! Why not a barrel of granulated sugar?"

"Because sugar isn't prunes."

"No; but prunes is prunes."

N'ot unless they're Aragon prunes."

"Aragon?"

"That's what. We've got hold of the best line of prunes in the country and are putting them out under our Aragon brand, and that means class. See?"

"Oh, well, you know we buy our line from Bond-Mathews and—"

"Sure; and I'm not trying to get your general line. This is something special. That's why I'm here."

"You'll have to excuse me to-day. I'm mighty busy; besides, we've got all kinds of prunes—enough to last two months."

"Smith wants to talk to you over the 'phone about those new delivery wagons, Mr. Cartright," interrupted Jim Sanders, the head clerk.

"Come in some other time, Crowther; I can't spare a minute to-day," and Cartright hurried away.

"What are you trying to put over on Cartright?" inquired Jim.

"Prunes."

"Prunes?"

"That's what—prunes."

"You've got your nerve, all right."

"Sure; I need it in my business. Have a cigar, Jim?"

"Thanks. I'll smoke it after dinner."

"Say, Jim, I'm going to sell Cartright some prunes, and I want you to get on to my scheme for pushing them," and Pete unfolded to Sanders the salient points of his plan.

"Not a bad idea," admitted Sanders, "but you'll never sell Cartright a bill of prunes to-day."

"How's your prune trade, anyway, Jim?"

"Nothing to brag about; Cartright said yesterday that it isn't what it ought to be. Well, good luck to you, Pete," and he turned to wait upon a customer.

"What, still here?" exclaimed Cartright, half an hour later, as he encountered Pete at the lower end of the store.

"Still here. I know you're busy to-day, but then you always are. I've got a great scheme here, Mr. Cartright, and I want you to know what it is. You'll be interested whether you buy or not."

"You don't mean to say, Crowther, that there's anything new in prunes?"

"Exactly that. In the first place, just take a slant at these prunes," and Pete produced his sample. "Aren't they the goods, though?"

"Specially prepared for samples," grinned Cartright.

"Nit—taken right out of stock."

"A fine prune, all right," admitted Cartright.

"The best prune ever grown in the Santa Clara Valley," asserted Pete. "And, say, I want to show you something; let me have one of your best imported French prunes—a St. Julien." Pete took out his knife and cut the two prunes open, and then drew a magnifying-glass from his pocket. "Now take a squint through this glass, and notice that this Aragon prune has got the same fine soft fiber as that French prune, and it's got just as rich and nutty a flavor, too. It's this way: The owner of the prune orchard where Aragon prunes are grown is the best prune expert in California. He sent to the Loire Valley in France and imported prune slips, from which his orchard was raised. Aragon prunes are really St. Julien prunes grown in the Santa Clara Valley. We've got the whole line, and they don't cost you any more than ordinary California prunes."

"Oh, we've got enough good prunes. The problem is to sell them."

"Precisely; and that's where my scheme comes in. The fact is that not one store in a dozen is doing the business in prunes that they ought to. Is your prune trade what it ought to be?"

"It might be better, but then we can't take the time from other things to push prunes."

"What's the matter with letting us push them for you?"

"How?"

Pete produced a card. "You see, Cartright, one reason why prunes are in bad is because there are so many poor prunes on the market. They set the pace. Nobody is trying to brace up the reputation of good prunes. It's time to say a word for them, and here you have it. How's this for a song-and-dance on prunes?" and he handed the card to Cartright, who glanced it over. It read as follows:

WHY YOU SHOULD EAT PRUNES

(1) Because they are richest in food value of any fruit.

(2) Because, when properly prepared, they are the most appetizing and satisfying.

(3) Because they have a distinct medicinal value. They exert a direct and beneficial action upon the liver.

(4) Because they are cheapest of all saccharine sub-acid fruits.

WHY YOU SHOULD EAT ARAGON PRUNES

(1) Because they are specially grown and packed for Dodd, Garrells & Co., at the best prune orchard in the Santa Clara Valley, and put out under the well-known Aragon brand, thus guaranteeing their quality. Aragon stands for quality.

(2) Because they are equal to the best imported French prunes, and yet sold at the price of common prunes.

(3) Because Aragon prunes are rich, sweet, plump, and luscious—in a class by themselves.

HOW TO COOK ARAGON PRUNES

Cleanse thoroughly, soak in water ten or twelve hours, adding a little granulated sugar when putting to soak, but not much, as Aragon prunes are rich in natural fruit sugar. After soaking let them "simmer" on back of stove. Do not boil them. Boiling prunes will spoil them. Keep lid on. Shake gently—*do not stir*. When tender, serve cold with prune juice and cream.

"I'll leave it to you," commented Pete, "if that description of Aragon prunes doesn't make a man want to eat a prune; and, say, that statement about prunes being beneficial to the liver is straight goods. People fall for the health racket nowadays. That one point alone makes that card a center shot. Another thing that gets prunes in bad, they aren't cooked right. Most cooks make a mush out of them, but when they are cooked according to that card they come up so plump and fresh that a dish of strawberries ain't in it; and you know how women bite when you show them a recipe."

"What of it? We couldn't keep a boy at the door handing out these cards—we have too many other things to do."

"Sure, and that's where we help out again. We are going to put these Aragon prunes, at the start, into only two stores in a town; one of them a regular customer—Price's, in this town—and the other not a regular customer. Of course we want to get you people, but if you don't take them I'll get them into Thomas's; he's working up a cracking good business, and he's out for new schemes. But suppose you put them in; we'll have you and Price each give us a list of fifty families and we'll send a boy around and deliver a half-pound package of Aragon prunes at each place. One of these cards is in each package. See? They'll be snapped up good and plenty. People like to get something for nothing. Then we send you with each case twenty-five paper bags with 'Aragon Prunes' printed on the outside. You wrap the prunes up in these bags. We also send a quantity of these cards and you slip a card into the bag. That's all you do extra, and the prunes will do the rest. Then, besides, we send you three or four big cards a foot square, printed the same as these cards, only in larger type, and you put one in your show window and hang one or two up. How's that for a scheme to jack up your prune trade? But that isn't all. We go one better. We send, free of charge, a twenty-five-pound case of prunes wrapped up in half-pound packages with a card in each package, and you hand them out to customers who ought to use prunes, but don't. All this time the prunes will be getting in their work, and, believe me, the Aragon brand will give tone to the deal—the people in this town are getting wise to the fact that Aragon means class. The scheme is a winner, Cartright."

"How do you sell them?"

"Nine and a quarter. How's that for a price?"

"The price is all right. What's your proposition?"

"IF THOSE PRUNES DON'T MOVE I'LL COUNTERMAND THAT SECOND SHIPMENT AS SURE AS GUNS"

"They come in twenty-five-pound cases. We want a thirty-case order."

"What, seven hundred and fifty pounds of prunes? Not on your life!"

"Why not?"

"It would overstock us. We've got a good supply on hand now. No, we can't make a deal to-day. Come in some other time."

"See here, Cartright, this scheme will work, and I'll take a chance along with you. I'll split the shipment. I'll send fifteen cases now and the other fifteen in sixty days; and say, if the thing doesn't go, you may countermand the second shipment. We will be taking more chances than you. Look at the advertising we do on it. What do you say?"

Cartright thrust his hands into his pockets and meditated. Pete pulled out his order-book.

"All right, send them along; but see here, Crowther, if those prunes don't move I'll countermand that second shipment as sure as guns."

"Sure; but, you take it from me, they'll move. Much obliged, Cartright. Good-by."

"Good-by."

During the next few weeks Pete devoted his spare time to a prune propaganda. He handed prune cards to conductors, brakemen, hotel clerks, and proprietors. He gave them to fellow-drummers with the request that they call for Aragon prunes at hotels and eating-houses. He employed small boys at ten cents each to hand cards out along the main streets. He left cards upon hotel desks, writing-tables, and store counters. He sold a bill of Aragon prunes to the two leading grocery stores in nearly every city along his route, and left a trail of prunes and prune cards across the State and back. Within sixty days mail orders commenced to pour in, and, as a result of the campaign, Dodd, Garrells & Co. shipped over 30,000 pounds of Aragon prunes into Pete's territory within three months. The firm closed a contract for nearly the entire output of the prune orchard, and made these prunes a permanent feature of the Aragon brand.

The time was drawing near for the annual banquet which Dodd, Garrells & Co. were accustomed to give to their traveling force. Mr. Dodd and Mr. Garrells were in conference over the programme. "Why not have

a toast on 'Prunes' and get Crowther to give it?" suggested Dodd.

"Do you think he'd do it?"

"I'll speak to him about it."

A week later, when Mr. Dodd broached the matter to Pete, he promptly balked. "Why, I never made a speech in my life," he protested.

"You needn't make a speech. Just give them a talk on salesmanship and specialties, and particularly prunes."

"What! me tell men like Fordham and Parsons and those other fellows how to sell goods? Nit. Get Parsons to do it. He's a star salesman, and he can talk."

"See here, Pete, you are getting to be the best specialty man on our force. You are making our Aragon goods jump. Specializing is a very important thing in our business. The men all know what a record you've made on prunes. Several of them have asked me how you do it. I'd like to have you talk about it—not a speech, you understand, but just a plain talk in your own way. I would consider it a favor. Think it over."

The upshot of the matter was that Pete was on the programme for a toast on prunes. Mr. Dodd acted as toastmaster. When introducing Pete, he called attention to the circumstances that had precipitated the prune campaign. "When we loaded up so heavily with those prunes last fall, it looked for a time as if we were badly overstocked. To be sure they were choice prunes and the price was right, but, as you all know, it became necessary to do something unusual to make that stock move. You salesmen all helped out, but I don't mind telling you that nearly all the special features of that selling scheme were originated by Mr. Crowther, and I might also say that during the past three months we have shipped 32,400 pounds of Aragon prunes into Pete's territory, and so allow me to present to you the prune champion of 1910."

When Pete arose to speak, he was greeted with a volley.

"Ladies and gentlemen," cried Parsons, "We have with us to-night—"

"Pete's here because he's here, because he's—"

"Oh, cut it out! Give Petey a chance."

"What's the matter with Pete?"

"He's all right."

"Who's all right?"

"Pete!!"

This reception was precisely what Pete needed to put him at his ease. "Go to it, gents," he grinned, "but I'll come across with some prunes. You watch out. When the old man—that is, Mr. Dodd—asked me to go on this programme, I said, 'Nix, I'm no orator;' but he said I needn't make a speech. He just wanted me to give a little talk, so that's what this is—a game of talk. Now about that prune business: I've noticed that one danger in selling goods is that after a man gets a trade worked up he's liable to get into a rut. It's easy to just go around and take an order for what a customer wants, and then beat it to the next one. When a man gets into that habit and stops working new schemes, he begins to let down and loses interest in his job. It's a big thing in salesmanship to have your job look good to you. People like to deal with a man who's stuck on his job. Salesmanship is a corking good job so long as a man's trade keeps growing. There's always more fun while you're getting a thing than there is after you've got it. When a man stops growing—no matter what he's at—his job begins to look punk. I know a couple of fellows that go out over my territory—good salesmen, too—who have stopped going ahead, and every time I meet them now I notice that they've got a grouch on—always kicking about traveling being a dog's life, and all that kind of stuff. Now one of the best ways to beat that is to specialize. A man that keeps specializing is always digging up something new and interesting about goods and—"

"Anything new and interesting in prunes, Pete?" called Parsons.

"That's what. I'll pass the prunes around in a minute; but I was going to say another thing about specializing—it's one of the best ways to work up new trade. In every town there's one or two good stores that you can't sell. Somehow you get in bad and can't make a dent in them. It's easy to pass those places up, but a man never gets anywhere by quitting. Now the best way to jimmy into places like that is to tackle them every little while on some Aragon specialty. Here's a case that's in my mind: a store out on my territory—Cooper & Cartright—the best grocery in town. I don't know why I never could sell Cartright. He's a good fellow and always treated me white, but always turned me down. He's stuck on buying from Bond-Mathews. Well, I used to drop in there about every other

"WHILE HE'S LOOKING AT IT YOU GIVE HIM THE RIGHT KIND OF A SPIEL ABOUT THE PRUNE ORCHARD"

trip and give him a holler on some special thing in Aragon goods. It took me four years to break in there. I finally downed him with those Aragon prunes, and he's been selling stacks of them since; and now he has put in Aragon olives and Aragon baking-powder. I'll get him on the whole Aragon line yet, and that's the beauty of specializing. One reason why the wholesale grocery business is such a bully proposition is because it gives the best kind of a chance to specialize. You can trot out a new specialty every two or three months, and as soon as you dig up the facts about an article it gets mighty interesting. The facts about anything are always interesting. You take a prune. In some ways it looks like a yellow dog—everybody takes a kick at it. But one day I went with my wife to an art gallery. I don't know anything about art, but I saw a picture there painted by one of these big artists—I've forgot his name—a picture of a barefooted boy and a yellow dog, and, say, I couldn't take my eyes off that dog. 'Cause why? Because he was the real thing. Now if an artist can make a yellow dog as interesting as that, why can't a salesman do the same thing with a prune? You take it from me, he can if he'll go to it and get at the facts. I sent out to California and got some photographs of the prune orchard where they grow Aragon prunes, and I found out about the man that grows them, and, say, he's the best prune expert in California, and he imported the real St. Julien prune slips from the Loire Valley in France, and his orchard was grown from those prune slips. The fact is that Aragon prunes are St. Julien prunes raised in the Santa Clara Valley, and they've got these Imperial prunes and Hungarian prunes and Italian prunes skinned to a finish. 'Cause why? Because they're softer and plumper and have a higher percentage of fruit sugar. Believe me, it's as interesting as a detective story. And do you gents realize that Aragon prunes have got a lot of proteid in them and that—"

"Hold on, Pete—proteid?"

"Sure; proteid is the nourishment stuff in food. If it wasn't for the proteid in it, your food would be nix. That's why prunes fill you up so quick—they're full of nutri-

ment. Then, too, prunes are rich in properties that stimulate a man's liver. Prunes are the best kind of a liver tonic."

"Sure about that, are you?" called one of the men.

"Sure. I've tried it, and look at me. Prunes are the healthiest kind of a breakfast food. Caruso eats prunes for breakfast every morning, and see what a robust—"

"How do you know he does?"

"I saw it in the papers. But I don't have to prove it by me and Caruso. I know a doctor that's a food specialist and I was talking to him about prunes. He's the man that put me wise to that proteid thing. I showed him that prune card, and he said that the statement there about prunes being good for the liver was correct. Another thing the Doc. said: he went on to explain how there's some kind of connection—I don't know—between a man's ideas and his insides that's got a whole lot to do with the way they work. He said that if a man believes that prunes are good for him and he eats prunes, why they will make him feel better, anyway, and so it's a good thing to circulate those prune cards, no matter how you look at it. The more prunes people eat, the better for them—that's what the Doc. said—and so when a man specializes on prunes he's a public benefactor. See?

"Another thing I did. I got a magnifying-glass. It beats the band how everybody likes to look at things under a magnifying-glass. If you cut open an Aragon prune and get a buyer to look at it through a magnifying-glass you'll get him going, because the prune has got a soft, meaty, chocolate look that makes a man want to bite right into it; and while he's looking at it, if you give him the right kind of a spiel about the prune orchard and tell him what a rich, sweet, nutty flavor an Aragon prune has—"

"Did you say nutty?"

"That's the word—nutty; and it's a good word to use when you talk prunes—everybody likes nuts—why, you'll get his goat.

"One thing more. I want to say one or two things about the Aragon brand. The more I think about that brand, the bullier it looks. I've got a friend who's a Christian Scientist, and the other evening he tried to make me believe that there isn't any such thing as a thing. He claims that there isn't anything to it but what's in a man's mind. Of course that's all tommy-rot, because you can see a thing and feel it, and so of course it's there and it's a thing. If it was all in your mind, you couldn't bump up against it. But, all the same, there's something in his proposition, because ideas have got a whole lot to do with what's in goods. You take a prune. Now of course there are different kinds of prunes. Some are small and hard and sour, and others are plump and soft and sweet; I guess a Christian Scientist would admit that when he's buying some, anyway. But take a good prune, and what is it? Show it to one man, and he will say that it's nix—a second-class boarding-house thing, not fit to eat, and that's what it actually is to him because that's his idea of it. Show the same prune to another man, and he'll tell you that it's a rich, succulent proposition, because his idea is—"

"What's that succulent?" called Parsons.

"It's a word I saw in a fruit-grower's circular, and it looked good—sounds kind of juicy—so I copped it. But I was going to say that a good prune is only half of the case. You've not only got to have the right prune, but your man has got to have the right mental slant at it. What a prune really is depends about half on what's in the prune, and the other half on what's in a man's cocoanut. See? Now that's where brands come in. That's why Aragon is such a big thing in our business. We've been yammering away on the Aragon brand until we have got people to see that the word Aragon means something choice and fine. Just standing all alone, Aragon means class. That idea is in people's heads. Now you take a case of good prunes and put the Aragon brand on it and there you've got the prune and the idea hitched up together. That's why Aragon prunes are the best in the world. And right here I want to say that one reason why we are the people is because Dodd, Garrells & Co. are the Aragon house, and you take it from me—"

The rest of Pete's peroration was lost in a tumult of applause, in the midst of which he wiped the perspiration from his face and took his seat.

"That was a mighty good talk you gave us, Pete," said Parsons, after the banquet, as he shook Pete's hand in congratulation.

"Thanks. How's everything going, Parsons?"

"Oh, business is fair, but I've been a little off lately—a nasty pain in my back."

Pete bent over and spoke confidentially into Parsons's ear. "It's your liver; eat Aragon prunes," was what he said.

HEADING TO VOL. LVII, PUNCH, 1869. DRAWN BY CHARLES KEENE

THACKERAY'S PUNCH-TABLE TALK

BY E. V. LUCAS

ILLUSTRATED WITH ORIGINAL DRAWINGS LENT BY THE PROPRIETORS OF "PUNCH"

THE history of Thackeray's connection with "Punch" is well known. He began to contribute in 1842, when he was thirty-one, the paper having been founded in 1841; he joined the staff at the end of 1843, and remained actively upon it for eight years, contributing, among other things, the "Snob" papers, many of the Ballads (including that famous warm-hearted one in praise of the Punch-Table itself, "The Mahogany Tree"), and a variety of other matter, even to satirical art criticism. He left the inner staff, owing to differences into which there is no need to enter here, in 1851, but continued to write occasionally until 1854. Yet, although Thackeray ceased to write then, he did not sever his social connection with the paper at all, and frequently joined his old friends at the Table at the weekly dinner till within a few days of his premature death, often either suggesting the cartoon or materially assisting in planning it.

THACKERAY'S MONOGRAM CARVED ON THE PUNCH-TABLE

In 1858 a new recruit came to the paper in the person of Henry Silver, then a young lawyer of thirty, to take the place left vacant by the death of Douglas Jerrold in 1857, and Silver kept a record of each dinner that he attended and the best things said there, for twelve years, until, in 1870, he too retired.

Silver died in 1910, leaving a seven-figure fortune, which the papers were so tactless as to describe as that "of a 'Punch' contributor," but which, I need hardly say, did not represent his earnings as a comic journalist; and leaving also to the proprietors of 'Punch' a large collection of original drawings by Leech, Tenniel, Keene, and other of the paper's artists, together with his Dinner Diary. It is this Diary which now lies before me and

yields the present crop of Thackerayana, which, if not of the highest value, have an interest inseparable from any words spoken by that shrewd and benignant great man at his ease among colleagues whom he trusted.

Before, however, we come to the Diary proper, it would be well to survey the staff in the year 1858, when Silver began to take notes. The editor was Mark Lemon, the corpulent and genial, who had controlled it from the first number—July 17, 1841—and who must always be considered its father. At any rate, be the "onlie begetter" who it may—and there is a certain mystery surrounding its birth—it was Mark Lemon's personality which more than any one's determined the personality of Mr. Punch. In 1858 Mark was forty-nine, with twelve years of life before him, and this Diary reveals him in a very pleasant light as a simple, jovial, kindly, philanthropic, busy man of the world, and a devoted husband and father. It is evident, also, that he had much tact. His contributions to the conversation are chiefly reminiscences of the earlier days of "Punch," of the stage, and so forth, but he says a few good and many sound and serious things, and occasionally brings stories of his children, as when he tells of one of his little girls saying to her sister, who wished to keep her out of the drawing-room, "Let me go in; I've as much parlor blood as you."

Next to Lemon in authority and resourcefulness was his deputy, Shirley Brooks, whom the Diary shows us to have been a less simple soul than Mark—very ready with anecdotes, puns, witty criticisms, improvised burlesques, and good suggestions for cartoons; a *viveur*, and a good deal of a cynic. Brooks was then forty-two, and had been on "Punch" only seven years. Like Lemon, he was a very versatile and industrious man, and could turn his ready pen and astounding memory to anything. But neither was more than a journalist; nothing that they wrote lived after them. Shirley Brooks is, for the most part, a brilliant commentator, interjecting single remarks, but he has stories too, a little sardonic or destructive as a rule, as when he tells of the Yankee who refused to allow his wife to bring their children to see him hanged. "What a shame!" she replied; "just like you, never letting them have any pleasure." Brooks had many interests, and one week writes off to Augustus Egg, the artist, a suggestion for a picture: Dr. Johnson in his night rambles putting pennies in beggar boys' hands as they lay asleep on doorsteps. If this was not worked upon, it should be.

Shirley Brooks was to succeed Mark as editor in 1870, and Tom Taylor was to succeed Shirley in 1874. Tom Taylor in 1858 was forty-one, and had been on "Punch" since 1844. He was less nimble in fancy than Mark or Shirley, but was more solidly grounded than either, and not only was known by his dramas and adaptations, but had been Professor of English Literature in the London University, and was art critic of the "Times." He, like Lemon, is chiefly reminiscent, and brings accounts of dinners he has attended and men he has met. But he has a few stories, one of which is of a child asking to be allowed to wear his drum while saying his prayers if he promised not to think of it.

An older hand on the paper than Taylor was Horace Mayhew, brother of Henry Mayhew, who had been in at the birth with Mark Lemon, but was now living in Germany and devoting his time to the literature of philanthropy. Horace in 1858 was forty-two, and had just come into money which enabled him to take life easily and treat his "Punch" duties rather lightly. He was known as "Ponny"—supposed by Silver to be derived from pony, Mayhew having acted as Mark Lemon's pony or sub-editor, for some years. He could be argumentative and provocative, but that was when he had dined particularly well. One of the neatest puns in the book is his. Percival Leigh had been to Southampton, where he had played skittles in an alley decorated with portraits of the Muses. "The motto," said Mayhew, "should be, 'Descend, ye Nine.'"

Percival Leigh, known as the "Professor," was trained for a doctor, and at Bart's had had as fellow-students Leech, Albert Smith, and Gilbert à Beckett, all on the staff of "Punch" in their time. Leigh joined the paper soon after it started in 1841. In 1858 he was forty-five, and he lived until 1889. The Diary makes him a rather precise, if not dull, talker, and fond of serious discussion. Leigh and Leech were not only old friends, but they had collaborated, before "Punch" was started, on the "Comic English Grammar" and "The Children of the Mobility."

Next, the two artists; for there were but two at the Table in 1858. Chief of these was John Leech, who, born in 1817, had

MARK LEMON, THE FIRST EDITOR OF "PUNCH"
Pencil drawing by W. H. Margetson

been at Charterhouse with Thackeray (although much his junior). He joined "Punch" when it was three weeks old, and was its greatest draughtsman for many years. He was now forty-one—too near the end of his short life, and beginning to be the victim of those street noises which accelerated his death. The "Diary" shows him to have been less genial and tolerant in conversation than with his pencil; but he was of the greatest use in discussing the cartoons, although it was urged against him that his disapproval of suggestions was too drastic; a "Juggernaut," Keene later called him. Leech's conversation is largely critical, but he has stories now and then, very much in the vein of his social

WHAT HAPPENS AT OUR WEEKLY MEETING WHEN T. T. (TOM TIB) EXCEEDS A CERTAIN LIMIT. (HE ALWAYS DOES)

Drawn for "Punch" by Du Maurier in 1866

jokes in the paper. One, for example, is of a little girl who was asked why she was so affectionate to her aunt, almost more so than to her mother, and replied: "Oh, mamma, of course I love you best, but then I must be civil to aunt because she spreads the jam."

Next to Leech, John Tenniel, the only member of the staff at that time who is still living. Sir John joined "Punch" in 1850, and passed into honorable retirement in 1901. He is now (1912) in his ninety-third year. The Diary records few of his remarks, but shows him to have made excellent suggestions for pictures. He and Leech hunted together a good deal.

The proprietors were William Bradbury, grandfather of one of the present heads of the firm, and Frederick, or "Pater," Evans, whose daughter married Charles Dickens the younger. There is no Evans in the business to-day.

As to Silver himself, who, like Thackeray and Leech, had been educated at Charterhouse, he seems to have been a very modest, quietly observant young man, with a useful knack of writing whatever was wanted on the rather more substantial side—such as theatrical notices, and so forth. His chief contribution to the paper was a comic history of costume, illustrated by Tenniel. His printed work contains nothing so good as some of the impressions of personality in this Diary.

Such, then, was the staff of "Punch" in 1858, when Silver's Diary begins; but it is with these men only in relation to Thackeray that we are concerned. The Diary records many amusing things said by them; but, for the most part, these are anecdotes, puns, and repeated jests. Able as they were, and, collectively, powerful as they were, each is dwarfed in the presence of Michael Angelo Titmarsh.

In 1858 Thackeray was forty-seven and the author of "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "Esmond," and "The Newcomes." "The Virginians" was now appearing serially. He had still to become editor of the "Cornhill" and to write "The Roundabout Papers" and "The Adventures of Philip." In the summer of 1858 the unfortunate quarrel with Edmund Yates had begun, and was still in progress. Yates had written in a periodical an account of Thackeray which Thackeray thought not only unjust but too personal. Thackeray also thought that only

by being a member of the same club (the Garrick) as himself could Yates have obtained some of his data, and he therefore demanded Yates's expulsion. Dickens took Yates's side, and the "Punch" men naturally took Thackeray's; hence to a large extent the regrettable hostility to Dickens which continually appears in the Diary, but of which I say little or nothing. Rather let us remember and again remember what each man said of the other in moments of calm detachment, and particularly Thackeray's tribute to Boz:

> I may quarrel with Mr. Dickens's art a thousand times; I delight and wonder at his genius; I recognize in it—I speak with awe and reverence—a commission from that Divine Beneficence whose blessed task we know it will be one day to wipe every tear from every eye. Thankfully, I take my share of the feast of love and kindness which this gentle and generous and charitable soul has contributed to the happiness of the world. I take and enjoy my share, and say a Benediction for the meal.

The situation was not made less difficult by the circumstances that Mark Lemon and Dickens had been close friends and Evans was the father-in-law of Charles Dickens, Junior. Also that Bradbury & Evans, after having been Dickens's publishers, were about to start a rival to "All the Year Round" called "Once a Week."

We meet Thackeray at the Table first on October 21, 1858, the dinner being at the Bedford in Covent Garden; and he is at once kind to Silver and takes champagne with him. To have been at Charterhouse was a main road to the heart both of Thackeray and Leech. Thackeray "makes a cheese Devil to wind up with. Talks of Mackay [Charles Mackay, the song writer, now forgotten] and his liking for Kitawba wine; and says his poetry is like it—sparkling but not so creamy as Moore's champagne or so sound as Scott's claret." Brooks makes some reference to the "Hoggarty Diamond," whereat Thackeray "challenges him to champagne and inquires after his health and family's. Thackeray says that Leech has the best beer and claret in London. Wishes for a cottage like Macready's, the walls hung with caricatures and cuts from 'Punch:' there would he end his days."

On December 15, 1858, it is discovered that an article in the preceding number, entitled "A Hall of Dazzling Light," describing Evans's Rooms under the name of "Bivins's," was by Charles Dickens, Junior, and is voted an imitation of Sala. Thackeray describes Sala's style as "Dickens and water." The name of Sala, I may say, often crops up in these pages and always leads to an argument as to how clever he is. One or two of the staff seem to have been a little envious of his success.

On December 22, 1858, we find a guest at the table—Sir Joseph Paxton, the great gardener and builder of the Crystal Palace, who was always welcome. "Plain-spoken man," says Silver, "and drops an H occasionally; but clearly a clear head and not a bit stuck up." Sir Joseph (who was born in 1801) confesses to having drunk in his time "enough champagne to wine the road from St. Paul's to Hammersmith."

On January 19, 1859, "Leech applauds the 'Saturday Review' for cutting up Jerrold." Mark Lemon defends Jerrold, and in parting says to Silver, "I don't like to hear

A STUDY-PORTRAIT OF CHARLES KEENE
Pen drawing by the artist himself

him ill spoken of; he was always kind to young men and gave them a helping hand." Among the stories of Jerrold, a few of which are recalled whenever his name is mentioned at the Table, is his remark to some one who said that when Thackeray was in Rome they tried to make a Roman of him, "They should have begun with his nose." It is needless to explain that Thackeray's nose was broken when he was at Charterhouse, but it is not so generally known that that is why he gave Titmarsh the names Michael and Angelo, after the great artist, who also had this disfiguration. Thackeray and Jerrold seem not to have been on the best of terms. One reason given in this Diary is that the sight of Jerrold eating peas with a knife got on Thackeray's nerves.

Thackeray comes in again on January 26, and at the Table receives and corrects a "Virginians" proof. He tells Silver it will inform him of the name of the head master at Charterhouse a hundred years ago—Dr. Crucius. Owns to having been flogged, and says it "hurt like hell."

On February 10 there is talk of books. Shirley wonders if reading books which one hasn't time to read on earth will form one of the joys of paradise. Thackeray says that a man who produces cannot hope to read much. He then describes a German pianist guest of his who threw his best cigars on the fire, saying, "We pays duppence for a zigar like zis at Brussels."

On March 2 Thackeray is present to eat a haunch of vension, but has to leave at nine to "go to a tea-fight at the Bishop of London's." Thus do the gods interfere. But before he goes he has the opportunity to "laugh consumedly" at a joke of Shirley Brooks which I cannot possibly print, and to make a few kindred ones himself, and to say to Silver: "I went to Charterhouse the other day. Hadn't seen School come out since I left. I saw one little fellow with his hands behind him and a tear on his cheek, and two little cronies with their arms round his neck, and I knew what had happened and how they'd take him away and make him show his cuts." Mr. Spielmann, in his "History of 'Punch,'" quotes nearly the whole of this entry, the only extract from the Diary that has previously been made.

There is then a long interval, and the next dinner to be described is January 18, 1860, when the news is brought that 80,000 of the first number of "Cornhill" under Thackeray's editorship have been sold.

On February 1, 1860, Leech tells of treating his little girl to a shillingsworth of Punch and Judy. "Doorsteps and pavement instantly crammed. Where *do* the children come from?" Considering how Leech suffered from street organs, this encouragement of the itinerant entertainers was very brave and good of him. He goes on to tell of the time when he was in a debtor's prison. He once saw "a few boys having a holiday—being taken to see a gentleman arrested." Percival Leigh sold lithographed caricatures for him. "Leech used to kiss female prisoners through the bars."

On February 8, 1860, we have the début of Charles Keene at the Table. Keene was then thirty-six, and had drawn for "Punch" since 1851; he was destined to be a pillar of the paper for thirty-one years. Sir Joseph Paxton was present, and Mark Lemon, when he asked him to champagne, was accused of "fawning on the aristocracy."

On February 15 Thackeray appears again, and the guest of the evening is the Rev. S. Reynolds Hole, afterwards Dean Hole, and a famous rose-grower. Thackeray had received £50 for a lecture at Liverpool, and put it into ten dozen of port. "Laid in 200 dozen of claret last year at £5." After dinner he goes first to the Geographical Society's, and then to Lord Cockburn's, the Chief Justice.

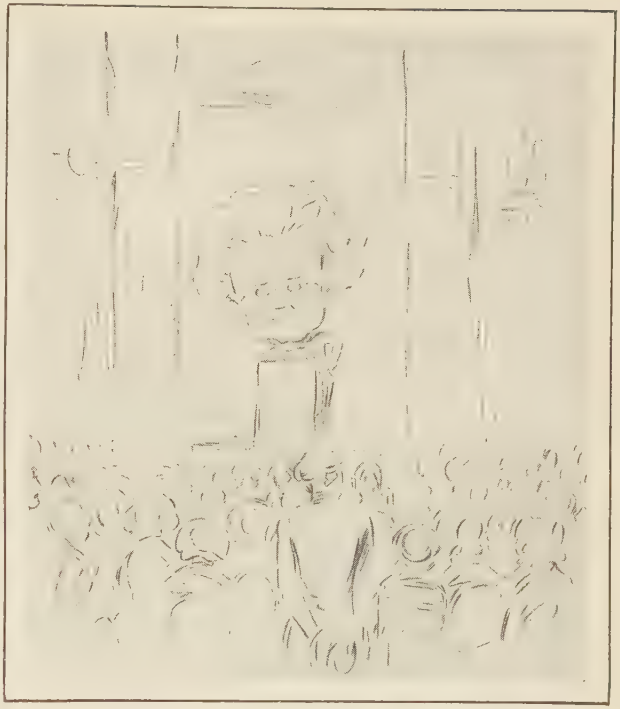
On March 14 there is talk of Samuel Rogers. Leech calls him roundly a humbug, but Tom Taylor denies this. He tells of dining with Rogers and old Maltby: "*petit diner et pas d'erreur*—3 smelts for fish, and all on that scale;" and goes on to imitate Rogers's toothless tones saying, "I'm an old man and have a small voice; and if I don't say ill-natured things sometimes I shouldn't be listened to." Also says that when Rogers told Maltby that somebody actually asked if his name was Rogers, Maltby inquired, "Well, and wasn't it?" obliviously repeating the offense. This, by the way, was William Maltby (1763-1854), the librarian of the London Institution for many years, and the lifelong friend of the banker-poet.

On April 11, 1860, Thackeray, having got rid of No. 5 of the "Cornhill," is thinking of running over to Paris for a day or so. "He gives *kudos* to 'Gryll Grange,' by Peacock. Written by a gentleman, he says. Adds later that he would like to have four sheets a year to write, and no more." Then, "he would write *such* letters to ladies." Thack-

eray pens a poetical inscription in "The Virginians" to Peter Rackham (a financial friend of Bradbury & Evans who was present at the dinners now and then); but Silver gives only this:

> ". . . different opinions
> . . . about 'The Virginians.'
> Accept the book, dear friend, and if you find it
> Pleasant to read . . . I hope you'll bind it."

On October 16 Thackeray was not present, but there was talk of him. Taylor thought him the most miserable of men, mentally as well as from almost constant pain. Thackeray, I might say, was subject for years to internal spasms which caused him both agony and anxiety. Leigh likens him to Swift—"despises Vanity Fair [the place, not the book], and despises himself for taking pleasure in it." Lemon tells of Thackeray at a dinner given to Dickens, when John Forster, with whom Thackeray was on very bad terms, said, "Here are our two greatest writers. One extracts good from evil, and the other finds evil in everything that's good."



A LECTURE BY THACKERAY IN 1857
Pencil sketch by John Leech

On October 30 the staff discuss school-boy ethics. Tom Taylor holds that every one has stolen when a boy. He himself stole his schoolmaster's apples. Leech is indignant, and says, "God forbid my boy should steal." Taylor tells of Sala leaving lodgings at Erith suddenly, after ordering a beefsteak pudding for dinner, and returning six months later with the remark, "Is that pudding boiled yet?"

On November 6 Thackeray is present again and quotes these lines as a sample of rhythmical ingenuity:

> "Let some intelligent officer be sent to the front.
> Hardman, step forward, said Sir Hussey Vivien, K. C. B., and bear the battle's brunt."

In a conversation on which great man of the past one would soonest meet, Brooks, Leigh, and Silver say Dr. Johnson, and Thackeray chooses Scott—"that dear old Sir Walter." He adds that Byron was a "raffish snob."

On November 20 Thackeray is troubled by a little coolness shown him by one of Dickens's children. "Let fathers hate each other like hell, but why need their children quarrel?" he says. He denies that it is natural for rival writers to be enemies. He calls Tennyson "the greatest man of the age: has thrown the quoit furthest." Brooks thereupon remarks that "Vanity Fair" ranks higher than anything of Tennyson's, and asks, "Would you change your reputation for his?" "Yes," says Thackeray; but is not believed. Scott as a poet then crops up and is praised for stirring the blood. "But," says Thackeray, "I don't want to have my blood stirred;" and afterwards, "Thank God that the world is wide and tastes are various, and whatever mental food be offered, there are sure to be customers."

On December 4 Thackeray tells of his mother-in-law giving him claret *à six sous*, and now drinking wine of his at seven shillings a bottle. His daughters, too, are "terribly matured in their taste."

On December 11 he remarks to Leech, "How happy we were this day forty years ago, breaking up at Charterhouse!" Remembers Leech at six and a half in his form: Master Bush just like him. Leech tells how he has

been " coaling the waits " from his bedroom window, and says he would like £1,000 and a country life. " Couldn't do it," says Thackeray. Dickens, some one says, made £10,000 by his readings alone in 1860. Thackeray says that he himself made only half that altogether, and it is suggested that Leech should read publicly the lines under his drawings.

The following week—December 18, 1861—the prevailing topic is the death of Prince Albert. Some one says that Sala has received £100 from Smith & Elder for a trip to Genoa to make a " Cornhill " article, and Thackeray adds that it is for the " Genoa-wary number," which is a fair sample of many outrageous puns that I have omitted.

On January 8, 1862, Shirley Brooks tells how he once danced with Grisi: " like waltzing with a whirlwind." Thackeray and Leech recall old Charterhouse songs.

On January 15 Leech describes Manning's execution, which he saw, and tells of Calcraft, the hangman, saying of a hanging, " No, sir, I wasn't altogether pleased with it."

On January 29 Brooks tells of Rossini's being sent for to Louis Napoleon's box and apologizing for his frock coat. " No need of etiquette between sovereigns," was the reply.

On February 5 Silver is asked by Thackeray if he recognizes his daughter in the person of a pineapple from Pernambuco—" *Pinus silvæ filia nobilis.*"

On February 19 there is talk of Bill Jerrold. " He writes well and looks well," says Thackeray. " But his plays have all been damned," says some one. " Yes, he's a damned clever fellow," says Thackeray; " now I could never get a play damned."

On February 26, 1862, Mark Lemon tells that he once dreamed a play, sprang up and sketched it, and got £100 and a violent cold. Keene says that he often dreams usable " Punch " jokes. " Thackeray tells of how he went to Bristol as a boy, with his father, the General, and his mother with her diamonds, and they went gorgeously to the play. And next time he went he was an actor himself, lecturing on the Georges." " Leech piteous in his complaints of the organ men. ' Got up twice the other night to send them away. They're killing me! The only way to get sleep is to get into a train and give the guard half a crown to keep the door locked. Silver laughs and Tenniel laughs, but it's no joke indeed.' "

On March 5 Leech says something lenient about Mormonism. " Aha," Thackeray replies, " I dine with you sometimes, and can tell [your wife] your horrid thought. I'll be your haunting demon." Later, Shirley quotes from " The Shabby Genteel Story " the saying that somebody spoke so satirically that nobody could understand him. " Bless you, Brooks!" says Thackeray.

The next week, March 12, Thackeray brings news. He has left the " Cornhill." Smith, " a noble, generous fellow," says he, but wished to have a co-editor and not a sub. " Fact is, Thackeray doesn't do editor's work, which is to read and judge, not to write. . . . Thackeray has built his house, costing £5,000, out of his two years' savings, nearly. Leigh tries to make him hark back—only a slight difference and might be adjusted. Thackeray says Lucas [editor of " Once a Week "] pitched into him for trying to get ' Once a Week ' artists to work for ' Cornhill.' Keene refused. Thackeray thinks Free Trade is the right policy in literature and art. Man takes his work where he's best paid for it. Thackeray likes his ' Lovel the Widower,' and Smith doesn't. Acted it at Kensington the other night—his daughter Minnie good and Morgan John O'C. as footman." Mark Lemon then discourses of editorship, and says that Thackeray's name made " Cornhill," but Thackeray says it was " Framley Parsonage."

Later Thackeray says that John Forster cuts him, but " he can't be savage because it was Forster who brought Dr. Eliotson to him and saved his life." Envying Brooks his ready pen, Thackeray says it takes him " two days to think of a ' Roundabout,' and one day to write it. Writes best out of his house: anywhere except at home." Elsewhere Silver says that Thackeray writes *currente calamo*, and hardly makes a correction. Dickens, on the contrary, almost rewrites, with interlineations.

On July 9 Thackeray has the staff to dine with him in his new house at Palace Green, Lucas, of " Once a Week," and a nameless young man, a friend of the family, being also present. Thackeray's spoons are much admired, especially a Dutch one, with a chain on a leg, which he bought for £4 at The Hague, and saw one like it in the Strand marked £12. " Gilt foliated mirror frame, £30, very handsome," Silver records. " Queer old pictures—Dutch fighting piece—portraits, etc." Thackeray says they were

all " made out of his inkstand ;" and adds that, when he married, he and his wife looked at a house in Brunswick Square and found it too dear at £80.

On July 16 Lemon tells of a French duelist shooting a young Englishman after 1814. An Englishman in the green-room, hearing the story, goes out and returns in three days, saying, " I've shot that Frenchman." Thackeray says he met the Englishman in Paris. (Silver queries if it were Captain Gronow.)

On September 18 Thackeray is " brimming with bad jokes," but none are quoted. On September 24 Mark Lemon " talks of pawnbrokers dining together and pledging one another." The " Telegraph " has announced in its fashion columns that " Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Leech and the remainder of the Rothschild family " are at Folkestone, and this leads to much chaff.

On October 8 Thackeray says Mrs. Yates (*née* Elizabeth Brunton, the actress, and his enemy's mother) was his " boyish love." Talks of old farces, etc. Mark Lemon says that " Punch " was never so prosperous as now, in spite of the plagiary of " Funch," as Thackeray calls " Fun." Keene thinks that " Punch " some day will be drawn with a nimbus—St. Punch.

On October 29 there is a discussion on life and its pleasures. Mark says that duties are worth living for. There is more happiness in helping others than in living for one's self. Brooks denies this. Thackeray says " that when he was on his deathbed (as he thought) he was perfectly content and happy. He is not deterred from wrong-doing by fear of a future state, but by feelings of present disgrace and dishonor." Later Thackeray " tells how Forster was annoyed by his hit at him in ' Esmond ' as ' Mr. Addison's man,' Dickens being Mr. Addison."

On November 26 Thackeray says " he feels a sort of στοργή [natural affection] when he reads his daughter [now Lady Ritchie]'s ' Story of Elizabeth.' She has all my better parts and none of my worse." Brooks admires her pure English and likens her to Minerva from the brain of Jupiter. Thackeray says his feeling is shared by his mother, who says she can't read his books—" as many others do," he adds. Leech sleeps at his new house at Kensington for the first time to-night. (6, The Terrace, Kensington, which Silver afterwards took. It is now shops.) After Leech has gone Thackeray " writes the Lord's Prayer in the size of a threepenny bit, drawing the crown and 3 in center, and gives it to Mark Lemon with lines around it—

> " ' Dear friend, I've writ this little page
> When one and fifty is my age,
> etc.'

In walking away, I talk of reading John Wilson's ' Life ' (Christopher North), and admire his manliness in turning to work when he lost all his fortune ; also his thrashing the tinker, etc. Thackeray dissents. Says John Wilson did nothing worth record, and the effect of the Life on him [Thackeray] was to make him tell his daughters, ' Mind, no biography '—of himself."

On April 1, 1863, Thackeray says he writes when he sits down to write ; as soon as he gets his nose to the desk his ideas come. Later he defends Colenso and denies the creation in six days. But on this point, as we shall see, he changed his views. " Jonah and sun standing still he views as fables."

On April 15 Leech tells of his rushing out of bed to silence what he thought were Volunteers, who were playing in a public-house near by. " We're Foresters, sir," said one. " Then why the devil don't you go and play in a forest ?" Leech asked.

On May 27, 1863, Thackeray says that he once told his daughters that he wished they'd take the Bear, at Esher, for a home. Breakfasting at Gladstone's a few days before, he met an American lawyer and thanked him for a press which had warned him to change his investments.

It was on June 17, 1863, that Sir Francis Burnand ate his first dinner as a member of the " Punch " staff, on which he was to remain so long, succeeding Tom Taylor as editor in 1880. Thackeray was not present ; but on June 24 he was, and very full of suggestions for a cartoon about sweating in dressmakers' shops. Said that, to avoid any such result, his daughters always ordered their dresses a month in advance.

On July 8 Leech tells how he has had to buy a wheelwright out of his shop at the back of his house, owing to the noise.

On July 22, 1863, the staff are again Thackeray's guests at Palace Green. In addition to Thackeray there is a barrister cousin from Canada named Beacher, and a Southern American named De Leon who had described blockade-running in " Cornhill ;" but nothing much is recorded of the evening, except that there were turtle soup, turbot, curried lobster, venison pie, cold beef, jelly bloat-

ers, and ice-cream after cheese. Thackeray confessed to a fear of burglary and American Share confiscations, and was insisting on £100 for each "Roundabout" in consequence.

On August 12 "the old Yates row crops up and Thackeray fires at Horace Mayhew and says, 'Damn it, you fellows still seem to think it was because of his attack on my nose that I fell foul of him. I don't care a damn for my nose. He imputed dishonorable conduct to me, and for *that* I got him kicked out of the Garrick.' 'With your strength you might have been more generous,' says Horace, and Thackeray blazes up and finally bolts"

On December 2 Thackeray chaffs Mark Lemon about a mistake in his novel "Wait for the End," when he makes term time at Cambridge in September. Lemon tells them that Weaver in the novel is Webster, the actor, and Stella is Mrs. Mellon. Says Mrs. Mellon often used to come to him and say, "I think So-and-So should have those lines to say; they'll be more effective so than if I say them." Never knew any other actor to do this. Rupert Melville he meant for Edmund Kean, who used to attend The Harp by Drury Lane and stand twenty glasses of grog to poorer actors, many of whom drank themselves to death. Later the Table falls again upon a Colenso discussion, Thackeray contending for the six days as stated by the actual Word of God.

On December 9 Thackeray is late, as he "could not resist the tripe at the Reform Club." A week later he is present again, but for the last time, and "pitches into Mayhew because his [Thackeray's] two guineas to the Julian Patch subscription is entered as coming from Arthur Pendennis. Says he particularly begged that his name might not appear: 'They'll be at me again, those damned penny-a-liners.' Horace explains, and says the case is really a deserving one. 'Very well, then, I'll give you a fiver besides, in my own name,' says Thackeray. Tells also of one or two fellows who have extracted fivers and tenners from him at his house, and at his Clubs, and in the streets, and in the Parks. In fact, his purse is never safe." Again Colenso breaks in. Thackeray says: "We have God's own word (in his commandments) that he made the world in six days, and yet geologists tell us it took millions of years to make. *Quien sabe?*" And these are his last recorded words at the Punch-Table.

Thackeray died on Christmas Eve, 1863, and Mayhew brought the news to the "Punch" dinner towards the end of the evening, and, according to the late Frederick Greenwood, they all joined in singing "The Mahogany Tree." The effect must have been overwhelming:

"Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit;
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.
Life is but short—
When we are gone,
Let them sing on
Round the old tree."

Mayhew led the song. I cannot conceive how he ever got through.

"Evenings we knew
Happy as this;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree."

The week following, the day of the funeral, there was no dinner. Silver says: "I never felt a loss so much, except of course those of my relations. And yet I was not privileged to rank myself as more than a casual acquaintance. But his kindliness extended to the smallest of his visitors, and he never snubbed one or ignored their presence. What the loss must be to his old chum and schoolfellow Leech, who can pretend to estimate? . . . The loss is a national one, but the nation cannot judge how his family and his friends feel it."

On January 12, 1864, "Leech says, 'Thank God, we sha'n't have to go round with the hat; his daughters will have £1,000 a year between them.' Says he can't sleep without dreaming of poor Thackeray—been sleeping alone, so disturbed is he." Leech survived his friend only a few months, dying on October 29, 1864, aged forty-six. Both lie at Kensal Green, and Shirley Brooks was buried near them.

On November 7 Leech's successor, George Du Maurier, took his seat at the Table. And so the world goes on.

THE HOUSE IN THE WOODS

BY LOUISE BOYNTON AND GEORGIE BOYNTON CHILD

AT the Housekeeping Experiment Station we are not concerned, except indirectly, with the theory of the housekeeper's problem. Our care is the concrete man or woman whom changing economic conditions have pushed to the wall. Now, to-day, harassed heads of families are forced to ask themselves the pressing question, "What are you going to do about it?" On the spirit in which this question is answered depends the future of these families, of their children—I might almost say the future of America, since the class that is being pushed to the wall is, of all classes, the most numerous and the most characteristically American.

The work of the Station is best described by giving the experience of certain families whom we have been able to aid in working out their housekeeping problems. In all cases the remedy is the same in principle. It involves *mastery* of impossible conditions. The servant problem, the faulty construction of houses, the inadequacy of utensils, are chosen as points of attack merely because, under present economic conditions, it is in this department of life that certainty can be substituted for uncertainty, a sure control for accident.

A physician and his wife were among the first to come to the Experiment Station to inquire into the secrets of housekeeping efficiency. They had ample means for the little family of three, consisting of father, mother, and one child. Yet the wife's strength and the husband's income had been strained to the breaking point by the increasing difficulties of housekeeping.

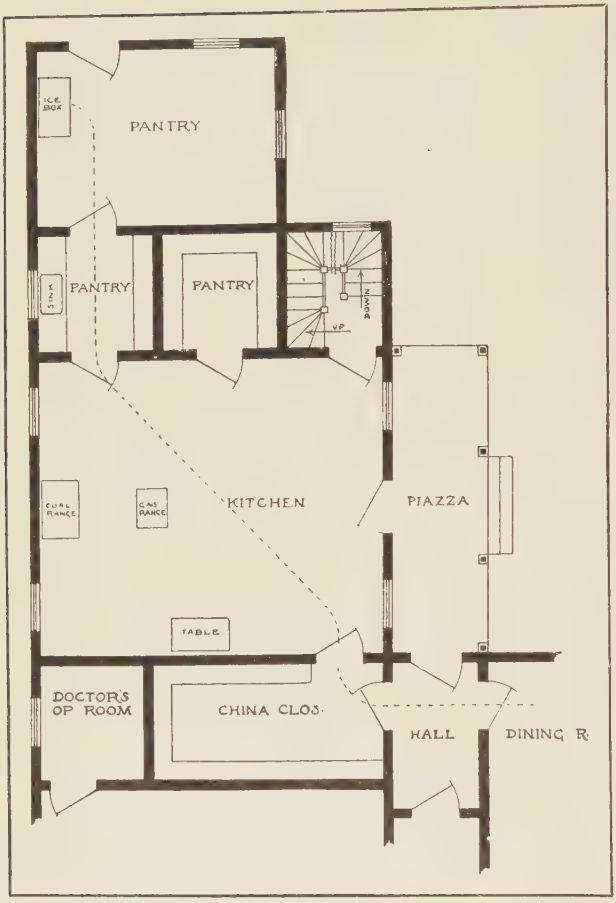
They lived in a New England mill town, in a rambling, badly planned house, which they had been obliged to rent because it was the only one in the neighborhood suited to a physician's needs. It was very expensive to keep up, both from the point of view of repairs, heat, light, and coal, and because of the number of servants required. The doctor's family, living very simply, had kept three—a hired man, a cook, and a second girl. This meant a cost of nearly $2,000 a year in servants' wages and board. To secure good servants and to maintain a spirit of co-operation and mutual helpfulness among the three had always been difficult, but for the past year it had been impossible. Seven cooks had come and gone during the winter. There had been three new housemaids. Finally the man was dismissed and a married man engaged who lived in his own home. This simplified somewhat the daily problem of his board and washing. On the other hand, a certain amount of lifting, fetching, and carrying which the resident hired man had done now fell upon the cook. Whether for this or for some other reason, the difficulties of the cook proposition increased. The most serious feature of the situation was the incompetent and constantly shifting cook.

The accompanying ground plan shows some of the more obvious defects of the doctor's house from the point of view of housekeeping efficiency. The kitchen was separated from the dining-room by a butler's pantry and hall at the west end. Opposite these, at the east end, were three other large pantries, which all had to have a weekly cleaning and daily care. Each of these pantries was in use, with no thought whatever of economizing steps. Flour and meal were kept in one place, utensils in another, the kitchen sink and certain of the cooking dishes in still another, preserves down cellar. The ice-box was in the outer pantry, thirty feet or so from the kitchen table and double that distance from the dining-room.

In addition to a gas range in the kitchen there was an old-fashioned coal range, requiring six hods of coal a day. This was felt to be necessary because the hot water for the house depended on it. There was a second coal stove down cellar in the laundry. All the china was kept in the butler's pantry and had to be carried to the dining-room every time a meal was served.

Owing to the exigencies of the servant problem Mrs. H—— spent the greater part of her life in the kitchen. She was continually obliged to supplement the efforts of an incompetent cook, to break in a new one, or—with such help in saving steps as she could get from the second girl or man—to tide over an interregnum.

"I would often be so tired at night that I could not sleep for hours," she said. "In addition to everything else, the telephone,



OLD ARRANGEMENT

Note the long walk between the ice-box and dining-room, and how many steps that involves six months of the year. The kitchen sink is also very far from the work-table and fifteen feet from the stove. Also the enormous waste space occupied by pantries

which was in the front part of the house, rang four or five times an hour throughout the day. It seemed to me I was always flying from some pie-baking crisis in the kitchen to the telephone, or rushing from the telephone back to the kitchen and my burning pies. And the kitchen was a horror with its bare floors and dilapidated walls. No amount of scrubbing or cleaning ever made the place attractive."

It was evident that most of the trouble of this family resulted from the inconvenient arrangement of the kitchen and pantries. After the doctor and his wife visited the Housekeeping Experiment Station they were able to work out a plan which obviated these serious drawbacks. The butler's pantry, on the west side of the kitchen, was discontinued as a pantry and the larger part of it made into an operating-room for the doctor. The china, which had formerly been kept there, was divided. Platters, pitchers, and serving dishes were moved to the kitchen. A new china closet was bought for the dining-room in which to keep all dishes that did not need to be warmed. The ice-box and kitchen sink were brought in from the outer pantries and placed against the west wall of the kitchen near the dining-room door. A wide drain-board was put on either side of the sink. Above the sink were shelves for the serving dishes and for all kitchen supplies in daily use.

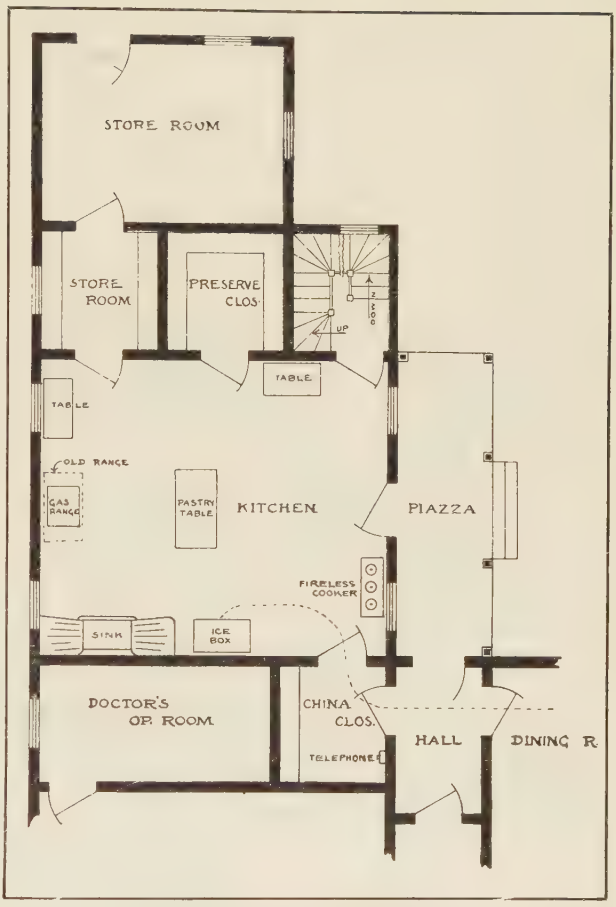
Instead of depending, as before, on both a coal and a gas range for cooking, the coal range was bricked up and discontinued. The hot-water boiler was connected with the laundry stove in the basement, and a radiator was placed in the kitchen to furnish heat in winter. The pastry table and drain-boards were covered with zinc. A clean-looking light-gray linoleum was laid on the kitchen floor. The walls were painted light gray, with a darker gray for trim. The big outer pantry was abandoned and closed up. The two remaining pantries, freshly painted like the kitchen and covered with linoleum, provided ample storage space for all reserve supplies and provisions, including preserves, which were brought up from the cellar. The telephone was placed in the passageway between the dining-room and kitchen, and was made into a desk telephone. Finally, the most essential of the labor-saving devices were bought: a vacuum cleaner, a fireless cooker, an egg-poacher, steamers and casseroles, the new type of handle mops, and a white-enameled hospital wheeled car.

These improvements cost $300. As a result, the family gets on very comfortably with one girl and a laundress hired in by the day. Even without a girl the mother can avoid getting overtired. As the saving amounts to sixty dollars a month, besides an annual saving of sixty dollars a year in coal, she has an ample margin for housekeeping expenses and can make things easier for herself in many ways hitherto undreamed of.

In a word, Mrs. H. no longer lies supine while the Juggernaut rolls over her. She is riding in the car with her hand on the steering-wheel.

Family number two lived in a suburban village an hour's journey from New York. There were two little children, three and five years old. The parents were enthusiastic young people, both college graduates, willing and able to work as well as to think and plan. On the husband's salary of $2,000 a year they were able, with great care, to live in a good village neighborhood, to maintain its standards, and to be well dressed. But they could not save a cent or take any helpful vacation trips. The outlook for the future frightened and discouraged them.

They were advised not to make any change in their standard of living, but to study the expense account. This soon showed a disproportionate outlay for kitchen coal and servant's board and wages—an outlay resulting in no comfort. The girl at $16 a month was not competent enough to perform unaided a single household duty. Yet, as they were living, a maid of some sort was necessary in order to economize the housekeeper's time and strength.



IMPROVED ARRANGEMENT

This plan shows the "business end" of the doctor's house. The ice-box is now near the door leading to the dining-room. It is within easy reach of the pastry table. The sink is within three feet of the range and five feet of the pastry table—an ideal arrangement

A still more important consideration was that these items were beyond the housekeeper's control. In other ways she could be a little lavish or cut down expenses with a corresponding result to the family in comfort or economy. The kitchen expenses varied with the wind, which in different quarters drew more or less heat "up chimney," or with the disposition of the maid, who was more or less destructive and wasteful.

For an initial outlay well within two hundred dollars this family was enabled to dispense with the coal range and the incompetent maid, and thus to put the kitchen on a par with the other departments of household expenditure which are subject to regulation and control.

Changes were made in the arrangement of the kitchen and dining-room in order to concentrate the work and save steps. As there was no gas in the house, an oil stove was substituted for the coal range and a water heater attached in the laundry. Labor-saving devices were bought, also a good outfit of heating utensils for use on the dining-room table.

An itemized list of the cost of improvements and utensils is given on page 201.

These improvements so greatly lightened and facilitated the housekeeping that the young wife can now more easily accomplish single-handed her cooking and the daily care of her home than she could previously do with the help of a girl. She gets her regular work done by noon each day. This includes making a dessert and preparing the vegetables for the night dinner. The husband lunches in town, so she and the children have a light luncheon and rest from one to two. By three o'clock they are all dressed

and ready for a walk. They stay out an hour. The hour from four to five is devoted to sewing or emergency work. At five the children are given their supper and put to bed. By six the mother is ready to prepare dinner, which, with the help of the fireless cooker and steamer, can easily be ready in half an hour. The table is set with doilies, which are attractive, and also save the care of table linen. These as well as the china can be of the finest, since there is

NORTHWEST CORNER OF OUR REMODELED KITCHEN

Note how conveniently arranged this cooking corner is. The sink is only a few steps from the stove and pastry table. The cabinets for the kitchenware are within easy reach. Just beyond this is the refrigerator; above the refrigerator are all the utensils and materials for bread-making. The wheel car stands near the sink waiting for its load of dishes for the dining-room

now no fear of the heavy-handed maid.

Even more impressive are the results obtained by labor-saving equipment in the department of so-called heavy work. A woman is hired two days a week to do the laundry work and cleaning. All these tasks are accomplished by noon of the second day. In the afternoon the woman takes care of the children while the mother goes out calling or into the city for a matinée. Often her husband can join her, for it is always arranged that this respite shall fall on Saturday. These weekly recreations are an important element in the success of the new system.

The financial advantages of the changed plan of living are not imposing, but are sure and satisfactory. The first year our young couple paid for their new equipment, enjoyed their weekly outings, and saved $100 in cash. The saving now amounts to about $300 a year, outside of the modest annual allowance for rec eation. The greatest advantage by far is the greater independence and dignity they now enjoy and an increased sense of the value of their family life.

A third case that came to our notice illustrates the advantage there may be in a complete change of base. Two artists, husband and wife, were struggling ineffectually to live in New York on a joint income of $1,200 a year. They were neither young nor old. They had not "arrived" professionally, but neither had they given up hope of success. Their whole aim was to secure living conditions suitable for work and growth; but in New York they were never able to get any one thing they needed except at the expense of something else equally important. The result was intolerable crowding—crowding in material ways, crowding of the mind and spirit. They were more and more conscious of acting in obedience to some outward pressure rather than to the subjective prompting of will and ambition. This, they fully realized, was the beginning of the end unless they could secure better conditions, could obtain a fresh outlook.

ANOTHER CORNER OF THE KITCHEN

The wheel car is shown on its way to the dining-room. The three-hole fireless cooker has proved one of the most satisfactory aids to the new housekeeping

Their chief necessities were light and air, suitable workrooms, and a quiet neighborhood. They did not need to live in the city, but simply to be within reach of its stimulus and opportunity.

For $25 a month, the price they had paid in New York for one room, they found a small but attractive country house with ample space about it and decided possibilities. The only problem was to make it efficient for purposes of practical living. They were well accustomed to chafing-dish cookery and all the various short cuts of a cramped existence in town. They had excellent taste, and both were uncommonly ingenious and skillful at doing things with their hands.

Fee for altering kitchen	$10.00
Advice in working out problem	10.00
Linoleum, best grade, for kitchen	16.00
Two coats shellac	2.00
Laundry heater and jacket	15.00
Plumbing changes	3.50
Blue flame oil stove to replace range	12.00
Fireless cooker	12.50
Washing machine and wringer	12.00
Vacuum cleaner system run by water power	67.50
Pastry table and shelves	8.00
Electric iron	4.50
One-burner alcohol stove for table use	2.50
Coffee percolator	4.50
Electric heater to heat water on table	3.00
Wheel car	5.50
Dish-dryer	1.50
Good floor mop	1.00
Total	$191.00

WHAT ONE FAMILY SPENT TO SECURE COMFORT

Under these circumstances, after carefully examining the plans of the house, we suggested an outlay of about $400, to be spent as follows: $150 for a simple but satisfactory hot-water heating system, which the husband installed himself; $11 for an alcohol stove and oven for cooking; $14 for alcohol lamps; and $53 for jacketing the laundry stove to connect with a hot-water boiler. The balance of the $400, approximately $150, was spent for necessary furniture and mattings, paint, putty, and stain. By staining their furniture and decorating their walls themselves they got admirable results even with this very small outlay.

They liked their house, and, learning it was for sale at $3,500, arranged to buy it on a building loan basis, the $25 a month to apply on the purchase price. As this involved certain overhead charges not contemplated, and as their budget must include frequent trips to town, their margin was small. It would be truer to say that they had no margin at all at first. And much of their work would have seemed to most of us impossibly laborious. They managed their laundry work, except collars, without outside help, made their garden and cared for the yard, mended and painted the fence, and eventually painted the house itself. These tasks, performed in peace and freedom and the open air, were looked upon as a healthful recreation.

At the end of the third year they were well and happy, had paid for their equipment and furniture, and had an equity of $600 in their house. Best of all, they had regained the feeling of growth and development within themselves. They had substituted for the old bondage a stimulating sense of self-direction.

I offer no apology for these plain and homely details. Common life is apt to be plain and homely. We are all vitally concerned every day of our lives with a thousand petty affairs which do not matter, except that they are ours and we must attend to them. That which greatly matters is the aim, the attitude of mind—whether we live our days in a spirit of bondage or whether we rule our conditions.

Two ships are rocking on the tide. Neither for the moment is getting anywhere. But one is adrift, rudderless. The other is in charge of a captain whose hand is on the helm, who knows why he is there and where he is going. The point I wish to make is this: In times of stress or transition one ship is very like another as far as appearances go. They look alike and behave alike. Much that happens to one will happen equally to the other. The difference between the two—a difference past all calculation—is in their ultimate fate.

HOW HARRY EATS

THE BULL MOOSE

SOME OF HIS AMIABLE QUALITIES

In a recent issue of the New York "Independent" the Rev. W. J. Long published an article on the Bull Moose in which he discusses with somewhat labored sarcasm the adoption of a figure of the bull moose as the emblem of the Progressive party, and incidentally contradicts some alleged misstatements made by Mr. Roosevelt regarding the habits of the bull moose in his forest haunts on this continent.

A correspondent of The Outlook, writing from her camp in the Canadian woods, sends us an interesting account of some of her experiences with bull moose, illustrated by photographs, which we reproduce not only because of their special value to readers interested in natural history, but because they correct some of Mr. Long's misinformation. As a sincere student of natural history we think he ought to be among the first to welcome this correction. Our correspondent writes from New Brunswick, Canada, under the date of August 15. —THE EDITORS.

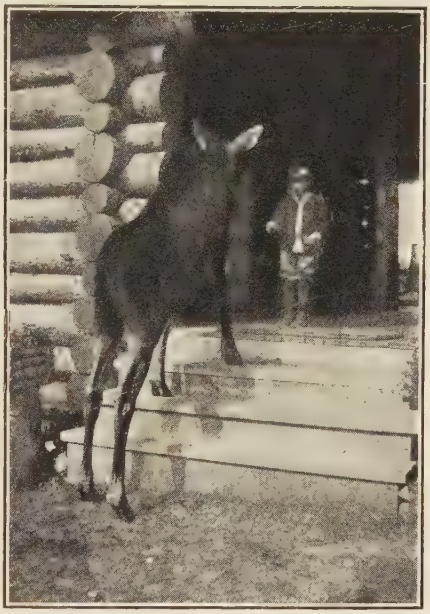
WE see many moose in these forests sixty miles from the nearest town, and our cameras have made a great many records of them.

Mr. Long's article, you may remember, consists largely of contradiction of Mr. Roosevelt's statements in his volume "The Wilderness Hunter" concerning moose. I quote from Mr. Long's article one such charge of inaccuracy:

> Our authority [Mr. Roosevelt] declares that the legs of a bull moose are so long and his neck so short that he must go "down on his knees" to crop the tender grass or to get a mouthful of snow to quench his thirst. This delusion was already hoary when I first found it in the geography. The bull moose does nothing of the kind. If he wants to crop or drink, he simply spreads his fore feet and bends his head, as any one may see who will follow a moose for an hour without trying to kill him.

We, too, have seen bull moose spreading their feet and cropping rather short growths; but we have also seen them *on their knees* very frequently, that they may eat

morsels close to the ground. And they not only kneel, but they walk along on their knees from one bit of food to another, retaining that position quite a long time.



HARRY MAKES US A VISIT

Perhaps we feel especially familiar with the table manners of moose because of one incorrigibly tame specimen which haunts the camp. He is a young bull about as large as a good-sized horse. He has been named Harry. His first appearance at camp occurred last year, during the severe blizzard, when he took shelter upon the porch of the cabin where the guard and his wife slept. He had to be chased away from the door daily, as he prevented exit from the cabin; yet still he lingered near. His curiosity about everything at the camp was quite mule-like, and he has a scar on his nose now from suddenly sniffing at a saw while it was in use. Harry upset many of our moose theories. Mr. Long says: "Perhaps the most noticeable quality of the bull moose is his shyness. He avoids the crowd and eschews excitement of every kind. When you find him, you must be very still, else will his native modesty take him away out of your sight." Surely Harry's characteristic was not "shyness," nor did he "avoid a crowd and eschew excitement." A dog chased him away and he kept to the woods thereafter until summer, when this camp opened to its fullest activity, and Harry then came around again, acting as if he wanted to miss nothing. The sawmill noise attracted him; so did gasoline engines; and he has even looked in at the main camp window to lend an ear to the phonograph.

Another peculiarity of the beast is his unselfishness; for, having discovered this camp and the only other within miles, and having enjoyed the atmosphere of both, he has brought in another bull moose—slightly his senior—and has shown him the sights. This friend we have named Larry; and he visits us occasionally, but he is not nearly as tame as Harry. The latter will eat from one's hand, and grunts with satisfaction if he is patted. There are about twenty people at this camp and the same number at the one near by, so that forty people have had this moose experience and are in possession of photographs illustrating it. I inclose several, thinking possibly that you might like to publish them and thereby confirm Mr. Roosevelt's statement of the kneeling method of eating as well as of the tameness of certain specimens of young moose.

HARRY WAS VERY MUCH PHOTOGRAPHED

Next year this camp may have to be fenced off from the mainland, so that Harry and his friends may not get in, for all realize the cruelty of allowing him to become too tame.

G. S. T.

THE NEW LITERATURE

A MONTHLY REVIEW BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

"Who reads Byron any more?"—
Shut the door,
Momus, for I feel a draught;
Shut it quick, for some one laughed.—
"What's become of
Browning? Some of
Wordsworth lumbers like a raft."

"What are poets to find here?"
Have no fear:
When the stars are shining blue
There will yet be left a few
Themes availing—
And these failing,
Momus, there'll be you.

SO writes Mr. Robinson, a man of New England birth and Harvard education, and sings in his own key and after his own manner with the quiet assurance of one who knows that, although everything has been said, everything still remains to be said.

There is nothing new under the sun, declares the man of the world who sees everything and understands nothing—"the cynic knows the price of everything and the value of nothing"—and the poet, the man for whom the world is part of the universe, calmly goes down the road threading his way through the crowd singing about things that were old ten thousand years ago, and are so new this morning that the poet finds it difficult to keep his feet on the ground. If one were searching for a real synonym for the fresh rush of life in the world, he would find Shakespeare; if he were looking for an example of old, stale, and unprofitable things, he would find it in some morning newspaper.

There is always a new poetry except in those brief periods when society tries to fool itself with things and put ideas under lock and key. Byron's verse was new, and so was the verse of Shelley; and Keats, whose brain hummed with the tunes that made the morning of time beautiful, was as new as Shelley, who stood on old things only long enough to spread his wings for daring flights into the future. It was a very new kind of poetry which found its way to a few readers and later to the heart of the world in the little book, so highly prized by collectors, printed at Kilmarnock in 1786; but it was not newer than the slender book of "Lyrical Ballads" which announced the rebirth of poetry in England.

When "Thanatopsis" appeared in the "North American Review" in 1817, it was so novel in its quality that it marked the beginning of American poetry; and "Israfel" was of a beauty so fresh that it was startling. "The Mystic Trumpeter" and the "Hymns of the Marshes," to say nothing of many later songs, gave the familiar old world a morning air. There is nothing new under the sun until the man of imagination arrives, and then everything has the morning air on it. Sometimes the form is new, but it is not the novel form that makes new poetry. Whitman set great store by his rejection of what he regarded as the conventionalities of verse-making, but whenever the groundswell of the passion of the comradeship of democracy or the surge of the elemental movement of things lifted his long, unrhymed lines to the level of great poetry, he evoked the splendid effects of the oldest rhapsodists in their inspired moments. His professionally new poetry is often a dreary procession of unrelated objects.

Nor does novelty of theme make poetry new; one may write about the telephone, wireless telegraphy, and the aeroplane with realistic accuracy, and be as stale and unprofitable as the latest celebrant at the classic altars; while a song about Endymion may stir the pulse like a cry from the future. Poetry is new by virtue neither of its themes nor of its form, but by reason of its freshness of feeling, its energy of imagination, its vitality of phrase. The newness must be in the heart and brain of the poet, not in his tools. As a rule, the poetry that sets out to be new

is depressing reading, and there is a great deal of it; but the poetry that conveys the surprise of the poet as the new day breaks on his imagination is like a spring in a dry and thirsty land.

It is easy to count fifty poets in the younger group; thirty-seven are represented by selections in the book called "The Younger Choir" (Moods Publishing Company, New York), and several well-known names do not appear; among these are Mr. Percy Mackaye, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Hagedorn, Mr. Neihardt, four of the most promising; and in addition the writers of the poetic drama must be taken into account. If one adds the older poets—Messrs. Woodberry, Van Dyke, Riley, Johnson, Carman, Roberts, Santayana, Miss Thomas, Miss Guiney, Mrs. Van Rensselaer, and others—it is evident that Mr. Viereck was well within the truth when he declared that "American poetry needs missionaries in America no less than in Europe," and that there are half a hundred poets in this country who strike their own notes.

For twenty years the country has been too busy to take account of its poetry; but now that it is learning that wealth without poetry is weariness, and that the divorce of the senses from the imagination is a spiritual scandal, and a breeder of material scandals as well, it may turn again to the singers who have neither feared nor flattered it, but have refused to be blinded by its prosperity or confused by its resounding activities. The new poetry is refreshing reading, not because it is great, but because it keeps the old loyalty to the things of the spirit. It has long been the fashion to classify the American with the Phœnician as a born trader and an ingrained materialist. International judgments, as a rule, are worthless for lack of knowledge; but it is surprising that none of the critics of this temper has taken the trouble to read American poetry, which is one long protest against every form of materialism.

And the younger poets are even more outspoken than the older poets. The sense of the inhumanity of some forms of the social order of the time gives their verse the same quality of passion which swept Whittier and Lowell in their time. The pictures of bitter poverty, of crushing toil, of heart-deadening misery, have been drawn with uncompromising realism by Mr. Masefield, the English poet. No one can read his "The Everlasting Mercy" without flinching a little from the hard literalism of the details; poverty is an old theme with the poets, but even Hood's "Song of the Shirt" does not sound the note of hopeless misery as it is sounded in "The Widow in the Bye Street." Another English writer, Mr. W. W. Gibson, gives us short, dramatic pieces in a different key; they are wholly modern in theme, with an almost journalistic nearness to present conditions; their restraint, their appealing simplicity, their trust in the potency of the fact to tell the story, are the virtues of ancient poetry. It is quite probable that these English poets stand too near their themes, and that their work lacks the element of permanence because it lacks perspective. But if it misses fame and gets only reputation, it does not lack the moving appeal of the great cry of human need:

"All life moving to one measure—
Daily bread, daily bread—
Bread of life, and bread of labor,
Bread of bitterness and sorrow,
Hand-to-mouth and no to-morrow,
Dearth for house-mate, dearth for neighbor.

Yet, when all the babes are fed,
Love, are there not crumbs to treasure?"

Among the younger American poets Mr. James Oppenheim has listened to this cry with a responsive imagination. His work is very uneven; some of it has the air of straining after newness, and discards the old felicities without putting fresh power in their place. He seems to be saying to himself, as do Mr. Kauffman and Mr. Underwood, "Go to; let us make the new poetry out of hand." This attitude brings strange phrases, halting rhythms, unpoetic words, to their service, but neither the inspiration nor the art without which there is no poetry. But Mr. Oppenheim and Mr. Kauffman have other and happier moods when, forgetting theory and thesis, they write with deep feeling and fresh phrase and produce poetry which is new but not strange; which is vital and convincing, without the self-conscious pose which makes the poet a preacher of doctrines rather than a teacher of truth. In Mr. Kauffman's impressive lines entitled "He Shall Rise" there is unmistakable strength:

"Not risen yet, but soon to rise! The world is
sick with hope deferred,
But down the ladder of the stars there comes
the whisper and the word;
The few are deaf, the many hear and silently
make straight the way,
Who toil through all the dreaming nights and
dream throughout the sodden day.

A score of years or but a year; what matter
to their farther gaze,

Wherein, as in their Lord's, an age of years is as a week of days?
And when, in an immortal spring, beneath untroubled Easter skies,
Upon a kindlier earth at last—at last To-morrow's Christ shall rise!"

And there is equal strength in Mr. Oppenheim's "Saturday Night:"

"O Dream-World lights that lift through the ether millions of miles to the Milky Way!
To-night Earth rolls through a golden weather that lights the Pleiades where they play!
Yet . . . God? Does he lead these sons and daughters? Yea, do they feel with a passion that stills,
God on the face of the moving waters, God in the quiet of the hills?

Through one another—through one another—no more the gleam on sea or land,
But so close that we see the Brother—and understand—and understand!
Till, drawn in swift crowd closer, closer, we see the gleam in the human clod,
And clerk and foreman, peddler and grocer, are in our Family of God."

The feeling and vigor of these lines convey a large meaning; but there is, and there always will be, a poetic and a prose vocabulary, and the zeal of the poet must not consume the singer to such a degree that he loses the sense of selection; nor, it may be added, that he loses that saving grace of common sense which is as necessary to the artist as to the man in the street.

The iconoclasm of Mr. Underwood's "Iron Muse" (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York) and of "Americans" has a journalistic rather than a militant ring, and is more suggestive of exploitation than of the far-flung line of battle in the eternal struggle for freedom. Not only have the themes a reportorial up-to-dateness, so to speak, but one gets the feeling that the author has sent his Muse out into the streets and tenement-houses as a city editor gives the reporters on the staff special assignments to "write up" a murder, a fire, or a riot, and the Muse goes forth and does the best she can with such subjects as "The Old Grad," "The Strap-Hanger," "The Commuter," "The Photographer," "The Fan," "The Chauffeur," "The Private Secretary," "Central," "The Typewriter." There is poetry in all occupations if one puts imagination into his work, but the method of minute cataloguing is more suggestive of a business directory than of a register of stars; and if the poetry of "mean streets" is to be written, there must be stars overhead. There is, in a word, too much of petty realism about Mr. Underwood's verse; and, it must be added, there is too little of that humor which, in seeking after realism, saves a man from falling upon mere literalism. There is real descriptive power in many of the lines in "The Strap-Hanger," but the opening is discouraging to those who cordially recognize Mr. Underwood's genuinely human impulse.

"It's the greatest hold-up ever"

gives little promise of the gleam of poetry on the closing verse:

"Through the reek and dust are drifting, heaven while we dream.
For the night is slowly lifting. Somewhere shines the gleam.
Still God's multitudes are marching. Somewhere far away,
Past his Subway's gloom o'erarching, dawns for all His day."

Mr. Underwood believes that poetry must be brought closer to modern life, and that nothing human is alien to it; and this is not only fundamentally true, but precisely what poets in every generation have done. But, in rendering its great service to humanity, poetry must not take on the very prose which it is striving to illumine. Mr. Underwood has too much of the poet in him to ignore this elementary truth; and when he has had his fling, so to speak, he will hearten the marching hosts of his time with real music. He has already finely said of poetry:

"It shall stand as the mountains shall stand
Like the visible stairs of the skies;
All the beauty and breadth of the land
They gather and raise as they rise.

And the fire that in millions of hearts flamed hopeless shall triumph in Thee.
And the choir that in silence departs shall aspire to the soul's symphony.
And the wave of all life and its arts shall leap higher toward its heaven to be."

When Mr. Robert Haven Schauffler's "Scum o' the Earth and Other Poems" (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston) appeared, the poem which gave the slender book its title probably made many people aware for the first time of the picturesqueness of the Bohemian, Polish, and Slovak immigrants as they group themselves on the piers of New York, as Mr. Pennell's etchings made many people see for the first time the striking lines of the great modern business buildings. These strangers at the gate were shown in the large fellowship of humanity for which this country stands, and clothed with the dignity of seekers after that better fortune which lies far more in moral and intellectual opportunity

Photograph by Arnold Genthe

PERCY MACKAYE

HERMANN HAGEDORN

ROBERT H. SCHAUFFLER

JAMES OPPENHEIM

FOUR YOUNGER AMERICAN POETS

than in the chances of money-making. The passion for humanity is in this fresh, unhackneyed verse, but, although there is some crudity, there is no strain after newness. There is something pleasantly familiar in the work of Mr. Robinson and Mr. Hagedorn; but it is the presence of old and lasting elements of human interest, not of old-time ways of speech and points of view. These young poets are both university-bred, and have not discarded the traditions of their art; but they are distinctly of the new age, and life has brought its problems home to their imaginations. They are concerned, however, less with the problems of social condition than with the problems of the soul, and more with individual experience and the ultimate goals than with collective experience and imminent change. Mr. Robinson's "The Town Down the River" is a finely imaginative rendering of an age-old mystery in terms of fresh imagery; and his shorter poems included in the volume having that name, which sometimes give one a faint suggestion of Browning, pay the reader the compliment of assuming that he shares with the poet the power of imagination.

College verse has rarely risen to the level of Mr. Hagedorn's "A Troop of the Guard" (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston), read at Harvard on a recent Commencement day; a poem which has the freshness of the gallantry which pulls rein on the edge of the charge that it may hear for a moment the clamor of cries for help, and feel the fierce passion of young idealism to be up and away. This poem, with its bugle note, recalls Sydney Smith's spirited counsel: "Whenever you hear of a good war, go to it." So long as youth is ready to go to the good wars, there will be good poetry. This ringing note is struck more than once in the verse of this young poet:

"Let the battle be grim and a thousand assail us—
By the sun that has led us, we still will defy!
Though the fight go against us, our hope shall not fail us.
Though we die in the striving, we'll laugh as we die."

Other of Mr. Hagedorn's poems appear with "A Troop of the Guard."

Those who heard Mr. Percy Mackaye read the spirited lines of his ballad "Ticonderoga" at the Tercentenary celebration three years ago will not forget the skill with which the historical background was sketched, nor the picturesque quality of the verses in which the place and the day were celebrated. Like Mr. Robinson and Mr. Hagedorn a man of university training, Mr. Mackaye shows breadth of intellectual interests and a strong historical instinct. His imagination has an epical quality, and he has written poetic drama with lyrical as well as dramatic feeling. There are passages in "The Canterbury Pilgrims," a comedy, which have a Chaucerian freshness and freedom. This young poet gives the impression of possessing larger resources than he has yet used; and his materials are not yet completely mastered. His genius still outruns his art, and lacks organization. But Mr. Mackaye has given ample evidence of large ability and high ideals both personal and artistic, and time and patience will bring the clear and well-knit structural quality which his work sometimes lacks.

Mr. Niehardt was hailed at the beginning of his career as a disciple of Whitman, and there were signs of early intimacy between the two; but the young poet has studied under older and wiser teachers, and his latest book of verses, "The Stranger at the Gate" (Mitchell Kennerley, New York), is a notable advance in artistic power and skill. There is no lack of freshness in the verse; indeed, freshness of feeling and diction is its special quality, but there is less evidence of the pose of professional newness, less striving for effects and far greater success in securing them. The theme of these latest songs is motherhood, and rarely has the ancient mystery of birth been celebrated with such a sense of its universality and such deep and tender feeling for its sanctity.

Those who care to take stock of the new poetry will find it in twoscore slender books and in two or three volumes of selections. It is well worth studying, not because it is great—though some of the poets may grow to greatness—but because it is high-minded, like the poetry which preceded it; because it shows that the soul of the country is awake; and because there are in it both promise and achievement. It is clean poetry; it has not fallen into the slough of eroticism which dulls the senses, blurs the vision, and blights the inspiration. One feels in it the new passion for humanity which heralds a rebirth of freedom in the modern world. Much of it is crude, but so are all beginnings. It must not be over-praised, but it ought to be recognized. The people who do not know their poets have ceased to hear the voices of their own souls.

THE OLD GATE AT MUNICH. PRESERVED BY THE CITY PLANNERS AS A CENTER OF CIVIC BEAUTY

CITY SENSE

BY FREDERIC C. HOWE

AUTHOR OF "THE CITY, THE HOPE OF DEMOCRACY," ETC.

SECOND ARTICLE

CITIES THAT THINK

NO Baedeker is needed to assure the traveler that he has entered a new country as he passes from Holland, Belgium, or France into Germany. If he enters at Cologne, Düsseldorf, or Frankfort, as many wandering Americans do, he comes at once to one of the most finished as well as most highly organized cities of the modern world. Here along the river Rhine cities have sprung up with the rapidity of American growth. Here is industry like that of Cleveland, Detroit, or Pittsburgh; here are iron and steel, machine, tool, silk, woolen, and chemical industries that have made the German name the nightmare of England. Here are cities that might be like our own factory towns. They might be dirty, ugly, and unkempt, in need of a Survey to awaken the people to the horror of their slums, the backwardness of their schools, the poverty of parks and play places, the lack of beauty and charm. These cities might be the breeding-places of millionaires and paupers, breeding-places quickly deserted by the former as soon as some motherly trust relieves the maker of the burden of further care.

But these German towns that have sprung into being since the Franco-Prussian War are not like Pittsburgh, or Cleveland, or Buffalo. Their millionaires do not hasten to Berlin or Paris to escape the dirt and smoke which their mills create. They remain at home, and, if you happen to be a guest of the city, they devote themselves with pride to showing

FROM A STEEL ENGRAVING BY JOHN A. LOWELL
BANKNOTE COMPANY, BOSTON. COPYRIGHT 1906

THE GATEWAY OF WASHINGTON IS PROBABLY THE

you why their city is the most attractive and livable city in Europe. And they do this with every show of reason. For these cities are examples of what can be done with a factory city. Certainly they do more for their people than any cities I know. And they are reaping annual dividends on their investment in the stream of travelers that comes to them, not only for the pleasure they offer, but to remain there and build factories and adopt them as a place of residence.

The railway gateway of a German city is a symbol of the whole. It is like the portal of a cathedral or the towered gate of a mediæval town. It is imposing, commodious, commanding. Millions are spent on stations by the Government. The German city would be ashamed to have its gateway anything else than imposing. The station at Frankfort cost $9,000,000, and it was built when Frankfort had less than half the present population of Cleveland, whose railway station would be a disgrace to a German city one-tenth its size.

In front of the station is the station place, the *Bahnhofplatz*. In the foreground is a garden surrounded with clean, well-paved roadways for traffic. Here street railway lines from all over the city converge. Round about the *Bahnhofplatz* are hotels, restaurants, and shops, all of uniform height and in harmony with the station itself. The open space is usually a half-circle. Out from it, like the ribs of a fan, broad streets radiate to different sections of the city.

Such are the railway stations of Frankfort, Dresden, Düsseldorf, Nuremberg, Hamburg, and Cologne. They are city centers, focal points of traffic. Through them the city's life surges. There is no dirt, little noise, less confusion. There is dignity and comfort. Obviously, the city's gateway, the railway station, is under public control.

The portal of the modern German city is the twentieth-century adaptation of the old city gate that is still preserved in Munich, Düsseldorf, and elsewhere. It is treated with studied care. It is the city's most conspicuous point. Therefore it should be beautiful as well as convenient.

We have made a beginning of building gateways in our cities. The Union Station at Washington is of commanding size and classic design. It opens into a spacious formal plaza, which at night is brilliantly lighted. In the distance the Senate building and Capitol rise on Capitol Hill. The intervening space has been razed of buildings, so as not to obstruct the vista. The transportation system of the city radiates from this center.

MOST MONUMENTAL OF ANY CITY IN THE WORLD

The gateway of Washington is probably the most monumental of any city in the world. It is worthy of the capital of the Nation.

The new Pennsylvania and Grand Central Stations in New York are also of splendid proportions. But, with few exceptions, our railways have permitted the cities to shift as best they can, with unsightly, inconvenient, and inadequate stations.

Cleveland has grouped its public buildings so that the Union Station will open into a mall six hundred feet in width and a fifth of a mile in length, running to the business center of the city. The station is to open on a wide plaza flanked on either side by the Court-House and City Hall. In the foreground is a long formal garden terminating with a vista of the Federal Building and the city Library. Experts have planned similar gateways to Rochester, Buffalo, and other communities.

Germany builds her cities as she builds her stations. They are designed by master builders, by city planners, engineers, and landscape artists. They are planned for people, for business, for convenience, comfort, and beauty. They are consciously designed for people to live in. The city is an extension of the home. Nearly every German city is being built from center to circumference. It has its building director or town planner. This explains the wondrous charm of the Rhine cities, of Charlottenburg, Dresden, and Munich. They are planned as is a great estate, and built as is a modern office building.

This study and control of the physical foundations is what most distinguishes the German city from our own. City planning is Germany's greatest contribution to the municipal problem. It is not the honesty of her officials, not the trained experts who serve as burgomasters; it is the recognition by everybody, from Kaiser to citizen, that the city problem is a physical, not a political, problem; it is this that marks the cities of the Fatherland from those of the rest of the world.

City planning in Germany is an art. There are experts who make it a profession. They go from city to city to confer with local officials on definite problems. They lay out suburbs, plan city centers, locate public buildings, docks, and harbors, and give advice as to building and land restrictions. They compete with plans on some big undertaking, and are recognized as essential aids in the administration of a modern town. There is a permanent school of town planning in Berlin. Another has been opened in Düsseldorf. A large literature has made its appearance. Town planning expositions are held at which

HOHENZOLLERN BRIDGE ACROSS THE RHINE AT COLOGNE

"One stands before the approachcs of some of the bridges crossing the Rhine as before a cathedral"

exhibits are presented from all over the world. Such an exhibition was held in Düsseldorf this summer.

Germany realized before any other country that the city is a permanent thing, realized that the city will grow in the future as it has in the past; and, realizing these facts, it has determined that the city shall be built with an eye to the future.

There is a keen rivalry among German cities. The struggle is not for bank clearings, factories, and business, as it is with us, so much as in city building, in the promotion of the arts, beauty, and comfort. Cities vie with one another for tourists, for residents, for business. They compete by offering advantages of all kinds for living, for industry, for education. The professional expert burgomaster has something to do with this. He wants to make a showing. Mayors are ambitious to be called to other cities. But this competition among cities is, I think, largely due to the community itself, to a quite general appreciation of the personal as well as the commercial value of beauty, convenience, cleanliness, and order. The German people seem to have a vision of the city as an agency of prosperity and welfare for all classes, rich and poor alike.

The city of Düsseldorf is an example of the way German cities view themselves, of how they are developed by their expert professional mayors. Some thirteen years ago Dr. Wilhelm Marx was called to be Mayor of Düsseldorf. It was then a city of about 130,000 people. It lies on the river Rhine, not far from Cologne, in the heart of the industrial region of western Germany. The cities of this section are Cologne, Essen, Duisberg, Barmen, and Elberfeld. All were struggling for position, for wealth. Düsseldorf was not unlike Cleveland, Milwaukee, Detroit, or a score of American cities twelve years ago. It was not unlike a hundred American cities to-day. It might have been as uninteresting, disorderly, dirty, as our own cities. It might have neglected its opportunities. But Dr. Marx appreciated that Düsseldorf could become great, could compete with other cities, only through the action of the city itself. He increased the debt enormously. He acquired the street railways, gas and electric lighting undertakings; he made them as perfect as they could be made. He planned the growth of the city for fifty years by laying out streets, parks, and building sites far in advance of the boundaries. He engaged the city in all kinds of big un-

THE NEW CITY HALL IN DRESDEN
An impressive example of city building

dertakings, in the purchase of land, of great woods and parks, in making a continuous parkway on both sides of the Rhine. In twelve years' time he made Düsseldorf the "garden city" of Germany, probably the most finished city in the world. It now has 325,000 people. The German Steel Trust has made it its home. Other industries have chosen it because of its advantages. People come to Düsseldorf as a place of residence. It is a center of arts, music, and education. It is one of the show cities of Germany to which travelers come from all over Europe and America.

Having done this, Dr. Marx retired at the end of twelve years of service. Dr. Oehler, of the near-by city of Crefeld, was chosen by competition to carry on his programme, to which the city is enthusiastically committed.

Düsseldorf is now one of the most perfectly planned cities of the world. It is a show city, like Mannheim, Charlottenburg, Dresden, and Munich. It has been built as an individual would build a home; as the German princes laid out their capital cities. It was, and is, a factory town. But it is as beautiful as Washington.

When I first knew Düsseldorf, twenty years ago, the banks of the Rhine were low-lying marsh land, uncared for and unsightly. They were like the water-fronts of many American cities. The city reared stone embankments to retain the river. Within the embankments it made land and laid out parks, esplanades, and playgrounds, as is being done along the lake front in Chicago. The Rhine promenade runs for miles along the right bank of the river, while upon the opposite side a long shelving beach was converted into a place of public recreation. At one end of the city the Kaiser Wilhelm Park was planned. Some distance from the river bank the Provincial buildings were erected, commanding a fine uninterrupted view. In front of them are a formal garden and playground. Farther on is a permanent art exposition building in which annual exhibits are held.

Here the Düsseldorf School of Art is encouraged. As a permanent endowment of the Art Exposition the city manages a splendid hotel. From the park the embankment narrows into an esplanade like that of the river Seine at Paris or the Victoria Embankment of London. On the top is a drive and promenade way. Steps lead down to landing-stages for passenger boats and pleasure craft. Business is not permitted to

impair the use and beauty of the river front for pleasure and recreation.

Farther on is the municipal harbor, built at a cost of $3,500,000, in order to encourage river traffic. It trebled the trade of the city in a few years' time. The docks are equipped with the most modern electric and hydraulic devices for the economical handling of freight. There are public warehouses of all kinds connected with the harbor on one side and with railway spurs on the other—all under public control and ownership.

Docks and harbors, railway tracks, promenade ways, and parkways—all are designed as a unit. They are built for commerce, for beauty, for people. There is no dirt, no confusion, no smoke. As in all German cities, the water frontage is prized and protected as one of the most valuable assets of the city.

The water approaches to the average American city are unsightly. They are given over to railway tracks, to shacks, to factories. Rarely are they beautiful. Rarely are they of any value except for limited trade and commerce. With the exception of New York, Baltimore, and New Orleans, none of our cities have made any serious effort to use their water frontage for the community, while along the Great Lakes the harbors are for the most part the private possession of the railways and the Steel Trust. From Duluth to Buffalo the Government has spent tens of millions on harbor improvements which have contributed but little to the development of competitive traffic. It would seem reasonable to insist that, before any expenditure is made by the Government, the city or the State should first make provision for the freedom of the harbor from private monopoly.

Germany owns her steam railways, and operates them to encourage industry, commerce, and export trade. Rates are fixed with these ends in view. There is no conflict between the cities and the railway administration. The railway is not an eyesore, a source of annoyance, dirt, and smoke. It is part of the city plan. Terminals, tracks, and stations are built into the city just as are the streets. They are subordinate to the community. Terminals are located at convenient places. Sidings are built where needed. The railways are connected with the docks, harbors, and waterways so as to encourage traffic and reduce cost. Every possible facility is afforded to industry to make the railways serve.

In Düsseldorf, Cologne, Frankfort, Charlottenburg, and elsewhere, we were shown how these German cities lay out suburbs and build streets; how they study the foundations of the city as an architect studies the foundations of a structure. Cities appreciate that the land of the city's site must be controlled. The land speculator cannot develop his property as he wills. He can only plat it as the city decrees. The city, not the owner, determines the style, width, direction, and place of streets. It does the building itself. It puts in the sewers, pavements, sidewalks, and almost always the water, gas, electric lighting conduits, and street railway tracks when the street is built. The cost of the street is charged back against the owner, to be paid by him in easy installments.

The land around Munich has been planned on paper for fifty years' growth. The street plan is recognized as controlling the life of the city. Streets control the business. They are designed to facilitate traffic by the shortest possible routes. They control comfort, convenience, pleasure. The nature of the territory is studied, and the uses to which it would naturally be put. Streets control the health and housing of the people; so the city plans its streets to prevent the evils with which we are familiar. Streets are the circulatory system of the community, and they are designed accordingly.

This appreciation of the permanence of the city and the necessity for the control of its physical foundations is part of the conscious building of cities. This explains the beauty, charm, and orderliness of the German city. Municipal ordinances decide whether land shall be used for residences or industry. Factories are compelled to locate on that side of the city away from the prevailing winds. Residence districts for workingmen's houses are determined in the same way as are the sites for residential villas. And each district is laid out according to its particular use.

The area of the city is divided into building zones, in each of which the percentage of land that may be covered by buildings is fixed. In Ulm the lot area in the new building sections is distributed as follows: fifty per cent is reserved for front gardens, thirteen per cent for rear gardens, seventeen per cent for streets, while only twenty per cent can be built upon. Mannheim is divided into three zones. In the business section sixty per cent may be covered by buildings, which may be five stories high. In the next

WORKINGMEN'S COLONY, KRUPP WORKS, ESSEN

GARDEN CITY COLONY FOR WORKMEN, NEAR DRESDEN

HERE ARE INDUSTRIES THAT HAVE MADE THE GERMAN NAME THE NIGHTMARE OF ENGLAND. THEY MIGHT LOOK LIKE OUR OWN FACTORY TOWNS—BUT THEY DO NOT. GERMAN CITIES ARE BUILT FOR FIVE SENSES RATHER THAN FOR BUT ONE

outer zone fifty per cent may be built upon, with space between each building; the limit of height is three stories, and the building area is much smaller. In the residence district of Cologne fifty per cent of the land must be free. The building line is also fixed a certain distance back from the lot line. This insures harmony in house frontage. Houses and business blocks may not exceed in height the width of the street. In certain sections houses must be a certain distance apart. This insures light and air. It prevents congestion. It guarantees the city against the disease-breeding conditions of the slums.

This control of the land and streets is the most important feature in city planning. Schools of planners have arisen with very divergent ideas about street styles. All of the planners repudiate the American rectangular block type of streets. They are rarely permitted except in limited business sections. They are monotonous, cold, and uninviting. They are not even suited to traffic. One school urges spacious streets, like those of Washington. It designs thoroughfares with long swinging or serpentine curves, so as to secure vistas to house fronts. Another school breaks up the street arrangement by making the streets very irregular. It tries to reproduce the picturesqueness of the sixteenth-century city, of which Nuremberg and Rothenberg are the best examples. The aim is to make streets cozy and comfortable, to adjust them to living, to domestic use.

Provision is made for broad boulevards and *Ringstrassen* to serve as radial thoroughfares. They are parked in the center as promenade ways. The street car tracks are sodded to keep down the dust and noise. There are bridle-paths and broad sidewalks. These boulevards bring the parkways into every part of the city. At frequent intervals there are gardens and playgrounds. They are designed with great variety. Some of them suggest the Italian, others the English, garden. There are retiring spots for the family to gather, for the pedestrian to rest.

Some German cities lay water, gas, and other service pipes under the sidewalks instead of in the center of the roadway. This is done to protect the pavement from being torn up to get access to the service mains. The pipes are laid in galleries, and, while the initial cost is somewhat heavy, there is ultimate economy in repairs to the streets. Private corporations, of course, are not permitted to interfere with the roadways or to tear them up at all, as is done in this country.

There is beauty in everything. For beauty the city spends generously. Bridges have commanding approaches. They are adorned with statuary. One stands before the approaches of some of the bridges crossing the Rhine as before a cathedral. River banks are laid out with elaborate care. Clock towers are located at street intersections. Along street railway lines are comfortable waiting-rooms. Street signs and electric poles are artistically designed. Telephone and telegraph wires are placed underground. In some cities trolley spans are hung from the sides of buildings by rosettes. Business signs and billboards are controlled or prohibited altogether. Announcements are limited to public kiosks, from which frequently papers are sold. Almost every large German city brings its parks down to the business district by its *Hofgartens*, city centers, or *Ringstrassen*, while the market grounds, city halls, plazas, and station places are made as attractive as possible. Beauty is not an end in itself. It is merely incidental. It is taken as a matter of course in all public work. The German city is built for five senses rather than for but one.

Many expedients are adopted by cities to encourage beauty in private work. Paris abates part of the street tax to owners whose structures receive official approval. In Brussels and Copenhagen medals are awarded to architects for the finest building of the year, while in Paris prizes are given for the best street façades. House fronts are ornamented with window-boxes, and some streets present the appearance of a continuous hanging garden. Good architecture is given public as well as private approval.

There is competition in big city-planning projects. Berlin and Munich have recently awarded substantial money prizes for plans of city rebuilding—for the development of the suburbs and for city centers. The plans of Munich cover an area adequate for fifty years to come.

France and England have caught the spirit of Germany. Town planning has been made compulsory in these countries by legislation enacted in 1909. Now all French cities must be laid out in a comprehensive, far-sighted way. America, too, has felt the inspiration of Germany. We have begun to think in city

terms, to build for beauty, to plan cities. This awakening is, I think, the most encouraging sign in the whole municipal movement. For it is a social awakening, a recognition of the necessity of controlling property. Nearly a hundred American cities have undertaken planning projects of more or less ambitious proportions. A large number of them have employed experts to aid them.

As yet city planning in this country is limited. It is confined to city centers, to the grouping of public buildings, to the opening up of boulevards and parks, to the Haussmannization of old sections of the city. Chicago has planned a much more comprehensive scheme, covering the whole city. Boston is working on a great metropolitan plan. Ohio, Wisconsin, and Michigan have enacted legislation giving cities power to plan suburbs. And the movement is only a few years old.

RAILWAY STATION IN DÜSSELDORF

Düsseldorf might have been as disorderly and dirty as our own cities, but under the guidance of Mayor Wilhelm Marx it became, in twelve years, probably the most finished city in the world

More than a century ago Washington was planned, as all cities should be planned, by Major L'Enfant, who was employed by the Federal Government. It was laid out for a hundred years in advance of its building. With untouched sites to build upon, and with the example of Washington before them, American cities should have been the best-planned cities in the world. Yet not a single American city followed the example of Washington, with its spacious dignity and beauty. Instead of that, our cities adopted the checkerboard street plan of Philadelphia or left the planning wholly to individual landowners. This failure to anticipate the future is the most costly of all our municipal failures. Our neglect of the physical foundations makes our cities ugly, monotonous, and lacking in beauty. Even to-day we are neglecting our suburbs, and permitting ring after ring of mean streets to be laid out by private builders. A little foresight could make our surroundings beautiful. We should appreciate the fact that cities will continue to grow in the future as they have in the past. We could easily prevent the reappearance of old abuses by merely laying out the suburbs as the Germans do, by purchasing open spaces for parks, playgrounds, and sites for public buildings in advance of their need, and by treating city planning as worthy of as much care as the building of our sewers.

City planning is a larger programme than streets, parks, or playgrounds. It is more than the city beautiful. In Germany city planning involves the building of workingmen's homes. Almost all of the larger cities have built municipal or co-operative houses

for the relief of the housing question. Germany, like England, has reached the conclusion that the building of houses to be purchased with safety as an investment by private capital does not meet this problem by the erection of model apartments which rent at from four dollars a month upwards and which contain every convenience as well — the private tenements, moreover, with kindergartens and play places in the open courts in the center. Germany has not solved the housing problem, which is very acute in all her industrial cities, but the cities and municipal organizations aided by the insurance funds of the State have made a beginning and have pointed the way by which it can be solved. The housing of the people is part of the science of town planning. So is the development of steam and street transportation, as well as railway and water terminals. Street railways, gas, electric light, and water are treated as the tools and agents to be owned and operated for service, comfort and convenience. Harbors are planned and waterways used with the same motive. All along the Rhine, as on the Seine, and even inland cities like Berlin and Leipsic, utilize waterways for carrying on a tremendous traffic. The banks of streams in Berlin and Vienna and inland lakes, like the Alster at Hamburg, are jealously preserved and made as beautiful as possible.

Beauty is joined with utility in everything. The ugly is not tolerated. Frankfort found it necessary to improve some of the medieval streets in the center of the city. It did it with reverence. It reproduced the overhanging upper stories of the old houses from which the crooked streets were preserved. Cities mountain the old gates and towns dear with harmonious structures, as in Munich. In Nuremberg and Munich new housing projects in the suburbs are designed to reproduce the old type of houses with projecting upper stories, such portraiture and fantasy like those of mediæval times. Opera houses, theaters, music halls, public gardens, bathhouses, and pleasure places all these are part of a comprehensive plan and are located in the best place. They are maintained by the city as necessary functions of a well ordered municipal life.

In Germany the municipal problem is a personal rather than a material problem. What is believed to be possible with men rather than with instruments. City administration is personal, paternal, political. It does not deal much in things. They have a definite municipal programme of building. They want the individual to give wider latitude to private business, irrespective of its effect on the rest of us. We permit land speculators, builders, and manufacturers to do pretty much as they will and the courts recognize as valid the attempt to control their business.

The German city possesses this. It thinks of all the persons of tomorrow. As well as to-day, of landowners as well as householders, of consumers as well as producers. It seems always to be thinking of the community. The important city is run for certain businesses, each of which has a recognized standing above and superior to the rights of all of us. This is the chief failure of American cities. This is our most serious weakness. The failure to control property in the large is of the community has saddened the American city. Not until we begin to think in new terms and until we appreciate the necessity of controlling [illegible] can we hope for a big municipal life.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

A FIGHTING PROGRESSIVE

THERE are not many public men who evoke both fear and affection. Some men who have great strength of mind and will are leaders because they can drive their opponents before them. Such men, however, usually inspire in their followers no deeper feeling than respect. Other men who have winning qualities of manner and personality are leaders because they inspire in their followers a loyal affection. Such men, however, may even disarm their opponents by their own amiability, but they do not cause their opponents any great concern. The man who commands the affection as well as the respect of his coadjutors and allies, and at the same time can put fear into the heart of the foe, is a rare sort of leader.

This is the kind of man the Progressive party has selected as its nominee for the Vice-Presidency.

He is one of the best-hated men in America. He earned the hatred of some men by the way in which he prosecuted corruption as attorney for the public in a California court room. The man whose place he took, Francis Heney, had been shot down and almost mortally wounded while he was conducting the prosecution before the judge. Hiram Johnson concluded the case successfully. As a consequence Abe Ruef was sent to jail and wealthy corruptionists were forced to loosen their grasp.

Then Hiram Johnson was chosen first as the Progressive Republicans' candidate for the gubernatorial nomination; then, after a struggle of nearly half a year, as the Republican candidate for Governor; and finally, after another bitter fight against the worst forces in the State, as Governor.

Under his administration the State of California experienced the greatest change in the fundamental character of its government that any State of the Union has probably ever undergone in so short a time. Not long ago notorious because of its subservience to one of the worst forms of oligarchy, the rule of a railway corporation, California has now become a pioneer in the development of self-government. This change has involved a renewal of the State Constitution. And through it all Governor Johnson, with a strong hand, has held the State on its course. How he has led his forces of construction was told by Mr. William Kent in The Outlook for the 10th of last February.

At the same time he has made the great majority of the people of California his loyal and affectionate friends. The feeling toward him is that of a body of soldiers to such a general as Sheridan.

At the Republican National Convention last June Mr. Johnson was an effective leader of the forces that were fighting against the group of men in control of that body. The delegation from his State was from beginning to end eager in its defiance of them; and it was one of the delegations to suffer from the methods those men employed. With the rest of the California delegation, Mr. Johnson wished to repudiate the Convention as soon as it was shown to be in the control of that group. Other counsels prevailed; and it was decided by the protesting delegates that the fight for their principles should continue, without an overt act of repudiating the Convention until every resource had been exhausted. Here it was that Mr. Johnson proved his capacity as leader. Without changing his opinion as to what was the wiser course, he accepted the decision of the majority, and with power and effectiveness acted as a field officer in the struggle according to the prevailing plan. And when, in the course of that stubborn parliamentary battle, he appeared before that body, which he regarded as already fraudulent in its very constitution, he made a speech on behalf of

HIRAM W. JOHNSON

the protesting delegates that will never be forgotten by those who heard it. Even the most unfriendly among his auditors could not deny the power of his incisive words, uttered with a voice that expressed in its very tones indignation under control. The next time that he appeared in that place was somewhat more than six weeks later, when he was summoned before another great body of delegates, and, standing beside Theodore Roosevelt, announced his acceptance of the Progressive nomination for the Vice-Presidency.

His power with men can be readily understood by those who heard those two speeches. Whoever hears him, whether he agrees with him or not, cannot doubt for a moment that here is a man who knows what he thinks, who means what he says, who wills what he sets his hand to, and who feels strongly and deeply; who counts as his own foes all whom he recognizes to be the enemies of the people, and who commands the loyalty of others because of his own loyalty to the cause he espouses.

Hiram Johnson has the distinction of being selected for the Vice-Presidency on account of his fitness for the position of President. Ordinarily, in American history the man chosen to be ready to take the President's place has been chosen without regard to his fitness for the Presidency. Each of the two traditional parties has been divided into two factions—the one conservative, the other more radical or liberal. The candidate for the Presidency being chosen by the dominant faction, the candidate for the Vice-Presidency is chosen in order that the other faction may be placated. Thus the candidate for the Vice-Presidency is usually not merely a colorless man, who, though belonging to the minority faction, is tolerably liked by the dominant faction, but also one who, by the nature of the case, cannot be expected to carry on the policies of the man whom he may at any time succeed. The Progressive party, by the very circumstances of its origin being free from this division into two diverse parts, has selected as its Vice-Presidential candidate one who stands for the same principles and policies as its nominee for the Presidency. The Convention that chose Hiram Johnson believed, in the words used at the time, that he was fit not only to be President, but to be a great President.

A BORN DEMOCRAT

The Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency is Thomas Riley Marshall, Governor of Indiana. In some respects Mr. Marshall is a counterpart of Mr. Sherman, the present Vice-President and Republican candidate to succeed himself. Both men

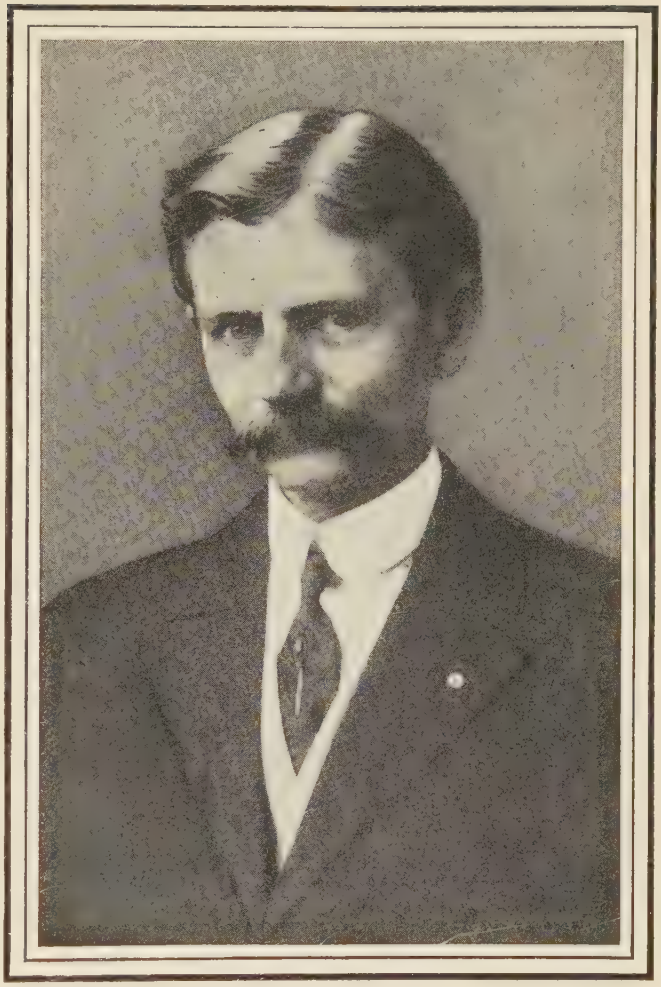
belong to that old-fashioned school of rather rhetorical politicians who are inclined to "point with pride" or "view with alarm."

Of the two, however, Mr. Sherman has a tendency toward being taciturn; Mr. Marshall, on the other hand, is a good deal of a talker. But how epigrammatically he talks! For instance, the other day, in speaking of the tariff as a burden on the many and a benefit to the few, he said: "It is no part of government to boost one man and boot another."

Again, "A dollar is so clean that an infant may cut its teeth upon it."

Again, "Democrats, like poets, are born, not made."

There is also a homely, homespun fervor about Governor Marshall's speeches. Not only has he an unusual capacity for phrase-making, of stating truths concisely and sententiously, but he effectively unites candor with fervidness. Finally, he understands how to "size up" a political situation. For instance:



THOMAS R. MARSHALL

The voter who cannot satisfy himself this year is indeed censorious. Eliminating the verbiage of platforms, taking their substance and viewing the candidates placed on them, the voter who believes that the cost of production at home and abroad should be equalized to the manufacturer of this country, and who wants an oligarchy to rule, may vote the straight Republican ticket.

The voter who believes in a similar protective theory, but who prefers to an oligarchy that the President shall be the state, may vote the Progressive ticket.

The voter who believes this Government should be turned into a socialism may vote the Socialistic ticket.

The voter who thinks that church and state are not separate in America, and that the people have a right to settle religious questions and to determine by ballot what is good and what is bad, may vote the Prohibition ticket.

All those who insist that it is not the business of government to equalize the cost of production at home and abroad to the manufacturer until it equalizes the difference in the purchase price to the consumer at home and abroad, who believe that the only equalization justifiable in our Government is the equalization of opportunity, who think that public office is a public trust, who do not believe that disgruntled and defeated politicians are genuine reformers, and who think that reformers are not born with sore toes, may vote the Democratic ticket.

Politically, Mr. Marshall may be termed a Jeffersonian individualist. But he is something more, for he describes his party's purpose as follows: "To give every man his chance in life, unhampered and unaided by legislative enactment. That means the use of powers never contemplated by Jefferson."

Governor Marshall does not take much stock in the opinion of Progressives that the people do not rule as they should. "The people do rule," declares the Governor, "and

JOSEPH MOORE DIXON

always have, and can have just the kind of government they want"—the view of a political optimist!

Mr. Marshall is a native Indianan. He was born at Manchester, Indiana, in 1854. He is a graduate of Wabash College, an institution of which he is now a trustee. He practiced law at Columbia City, Indiana. Three years ago he was elected Governor. In appearance he is a typical American. Quick, alert, nervous, with all his senses on tap, he seems thoroughly alive to all that is going on; and he inspires those about him, without distinction of political party, with his conscientious conviction of duty and his entire courage in doing it. Despite certain personal and political limitations, the Democratic party might, in its search for a Vice-Presidential candidate, have gone very much farther and fared very much worse.

DIXON OF MONTANA

When, late last winter, Progressive Republicans all over the country had made unmistakable their demand that Mr. Roosevelt should let his name come before the Republican Convention, and Mr. Roosevelt consented, an unprecedented situation was presented. Many of the delegates to that Convention, mainly in Republican States, were, for the first time in American political history, to be chosen by popular vote at Presidential preference primaries. It was therefore necessary that the Progressive Republicans should be organized in some way, and justify their demand by their votes at the primary polls. Committees were formed in various States, and also a National Committee. It was soon made plain that the Progressive leaders of the party would have to initiate and carry through a campaign; and equally plain that in that campaign one speaker was essential in every State—Mr. Roosevelt himself. No such task had ever been undertaken before. All the National party machinery was in the hands of the opponents of the Progressives. On the part of the Progressives it had to be an amateur fight. The very proposal of this campaign elicited from the regular party leaders and from many newspapers all kinds of jokes and jeers.

It was at this time that Senator Joseph M. Dixon, of Montana, was selected as Chairman of the National Roosevelt Committee and manager of the Progressives' campaign. What was accomplished during that campaign is a matter of history and needs not to be rehearsed here.

Then, after the Republican National Committee, in control of the opponents of the Progressives, had done what they could to

frustrate the results accomplished at the primaries, came the Republican Convention. There Senator Dixon again showed his executive power. It is hard to imagine the extent of the labor involved in this whole struggle. Before the Convention was concluded it became evident that the struggle was not yet ended. If the Progressives were to win their fight, they saw that they must form a new party. That meant that the fight would have to be renewed on a larger scale, and that a new organization would have to be built up throughout all the States of the Union. Senator Dixon, who had borne the brunt of the executive work for four months, never wavered. He turned to the task ahead of him as if he did not know what it involved. In less than six weeks he was at the head of a fighting organization that represented every State but one in the Union; and almost exactly seven weeks after the Republican Convention assembled in Chicago, he called to order in the same city and in the same building another—the first National Progressive Convention.

The whole country knows what the spirit of that Convention was—knows of its moral fervor, its earnestness expressed in the singing of the great assemblage, and as much in its willingness to sit silent and listen as in its songs. The whole country does not realize, however, how much the spirit of this Convention is due to the ability of Senator Dixon, not only in calling upon the right sort of men and women to aid in the organization of the new party, but also in the tone which he gave to that Convention by his words as he called the Convention to order and summoned its members to the serious duties before them.

When Senator Dixon has anything to say, he says it in a vigorous Western fashion, and there is no mistaking his meaning. He never says anything, however, unless he has something to say. It is what he does that counts; and he does it in a quiet, resolute way—and then there is no mistaking his determination.

Senator Dixon is forty-six years old—young for a Senator. In the Senate he never has gone to the extremes that two or three of the more impetuous of his colleagues have reached. He has simply followed his convictions. And now that his convictions involve a laborious work promising much sacrifice and no material reward, he keeps following them in his hopeful, engaging, efficient way.

A FIGHTING DISTRICT ATTORNEY

A mere glance at the portrait of Charles S. Whitman will convince any keen observer of human character that the District Attorney of New York County possesses at least one of the essential qualities of an efficient prosecutor of lawbreakers—the fighting quality. There are other essential qualities, too—a thorough knowledge of the law, a familiarity with court procedure, an ability to discriminate between the good and bad in human nature, and the possession of high standards of civic and social morals. These qualities District Attorney Whitman also possesses in a more than ordinary degree; but it is the fighting function of the public prosecutor, the determination to protect the community from the vicious and criminal, not merely by defensive methods, but by offensive methods, which have enabled District Attorney Whitman to do more than any one other single public official to expose and bring to punishment the foul and barbarous group of grafters who have been preying upon New York City through the Police Department. To cope with men of this type, who do not scruple to commit the most dastardly murders, requires the kind of moral and physical courage that will fight and fight hard against overwhelming odds. It is peculiarly fortunate for New York City that it has a man of this type in the office of District Attorney just at this time.

Charles Seymour Whitman was born in 1868, the son of a minister of the Congregational Church. His father was a graduate of Williams College in the class of '54. Judge Whitman was a graduate from Amherst in the class of 1890. On graduating from the law school of New York University in 1894, he immediately began to practice law in the city of New York. After eight years of private practice, he entered the public service in 1902 by becoming Assistant Corporation Counsel of the City of New York, to which position he was appointed by Mayor Low. During Mr. Low's administration he also acted as the Mayor's legal adviser, and he was finally appointed by Mayor Low to be a City Magistrate, an office which had been so often belittled by the character and conduct of some of its incumbents that Judge

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CHARLES SEYMOUR WHITMAN

Whitman's friends regretted his acceptance of the position. But he had the wise judgment to perceive that a city magistrate who regards his office as a public trust can perform both useful and important services for the community. While a city magistrate he originated the Night Court, by means of which those persons who are arrested for alleged misdemeanors at night can be arraigned at once without detention in the police station. The Night Court, which has been very successful in promoting both efficiency and justice, has gone far to destroy the extortion which used to be practiced by professional bondsmen. Judge Whitman's efficiency as a city magistrate is attested by the fact that the Board of City Magistrates, strongly Democratic, elected him as President, although he has always been strongly Republican.

From the Board of City Magistrates Mr. Whitman was promoted by Governor Hughes in 1907 to be a judge of the Court of General Sessions, and his record on the bench was an admirable one. It is this service as a city magistrate and on the bench of the Court of General Sessions that has given him the title of Judge—a title which is in common use among his friends and associates, although his present office is not a judicial one. In 1909 the opponents of Tammany Hall united in a Fusion movement in which Mr. Otto T. Bannard, the well-known Republican banker of this city, was nominated for Mayor. Judge Whitman was named as the Fusion candidate for the office of District Attorney. Mr. Bannard was defeated for the office of Mayor, but Judge Whitman was elected District Attorney by a plurality of about thirty thousand in a county which is normally Democratic by from fifty thousand to seventy-five thousand. The record of his administration has been an admirable one, both as regards the type of men appointed as his assistants and deputies and as regards the spirit which animates their work. He has not only made it his business to prosecute criminal violations of the law with vigor and without fear or favor, but he has undertaken to promote justice as well as to prevent crime. "On the theory that he is a prosecutor and not a persecutor"—we quote from a recent legal publication—"he has determined to correct certain abuses in the police courts of New York City through which impecunious defendants suffer. His plan is to send a representative of his office to each court, with instructions to see that all defendants get a square deal. If the testimony warrants conviction or holding for a trial in higher courts, the District Attorney's representative will serve as a prose-

cutor ; if it is insufficient, or if there are irregularities in court procedure, he will act as counsel for the prisoner."

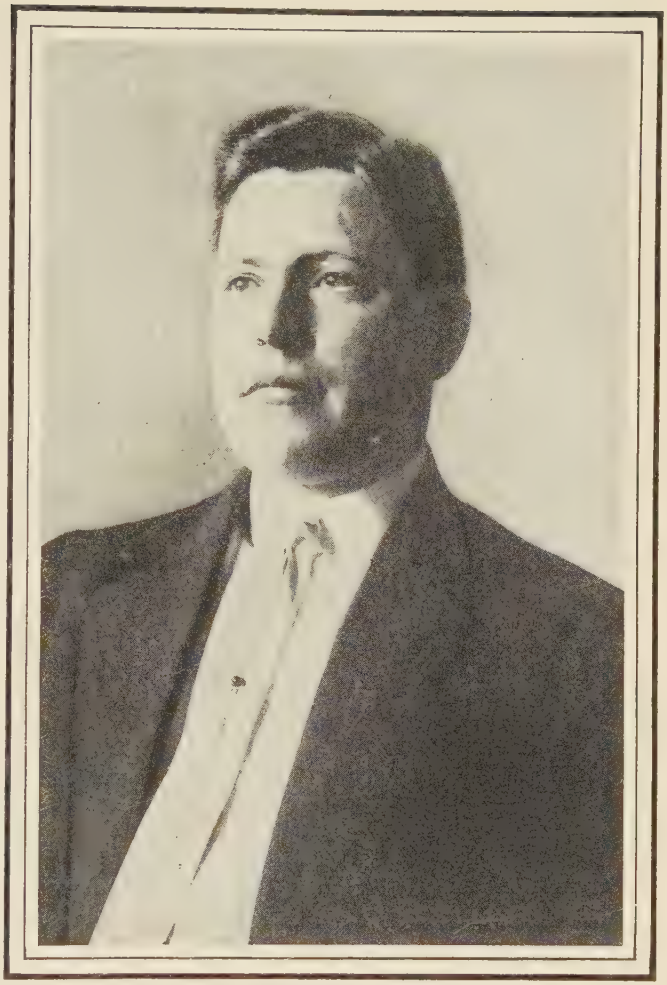
We hope to see Mr. Whitman's term of public service long continue. If the citizens of the city of New York or of the State of New York are wise, they will see to it that a man of his acquirements, character, and experience is not dropped from the public service because of their lack of appreciation.

THE INVESTIGATOR OF THE NEW YORK POLICE

"Tell us of your early struggles, Mr. Buckner."

"No garret story, please. Until I came to the bar I did stenographic and secretarial work—but was well paid and had lots of fun out of it."

In this fashion Emory R. Buckner, who has recently been made chief counsel to the Committee of the New York Board of Aldermen that is investigating New York police conditions, met the newspaper demand for "copy"—one of the great tests of character for public men. His answer discloses a healthiness and honesty and humor which are of the essence of the man. His career through college and professional school was the experience of many men, and he did not propose to capitalize it beyond its true value of good sense and industry and sound ambition, nor yet mar its wholesome enjoyment by retrospective self-pity.



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EMORY R. BUCKNER

At thirty-five Buckner has a big opportunity before him, but only the superficial observer thinks that the capacity and character that are intrusted with the constructive solution of the most far-reaching problem of New York City is a birth, or perhaps even an accident, of the moment. In truth, Buckner is a philosopher and knows that luck, or opportunity, or whatever you call it, is the "x" of a human equation ; but he had prepared himself to meet it when it came. He is a Westerner, is Buck (as his familiars call him), but he has an appreciation of the complexities and subtleties of life that would jar Henry James's simple conception of that traditional gentleman. He has, too, the ardor and effective self-confidence of a Westerner, but to call him breezy would only disclose the ignorant smugness of the critic.

With a rare gift for distinguishing the essential from the immaterial, a telling forensic talent, a mind at once subtle and robust and capable of sound generalization, with a strong joy for battle, the law has claimed him as her rightful own.

Leaving Harvard Law School in 1907, he came to New York largely because life has always seemed to attract him most along the lines of greatest resistance. The professional

opportunities and not merely the occasional heavy professional returns draw so many men of high talent to New York. There, intellectual interests and the play of forces receive their best satisfaction. No one knew better the hazards and cruelties of New York. No place can be more obscuring or isolating; and, as he himself has said, New York is not the least like a slot machine where so much talent and industry are put in in return for compensating reward.

But New York needs the talent of men like Buckner—at least as much as they need its opportunities. He came to New York City just at the time that Henry L. Stimson, the present Secretary of War and then United States Attorney, in his efforts to have the public interests as effectively represented as the large private interests against whom the Government was proceeding, reorganized the District Attorney's office through a group of young men, most of them recent graduates from our law schools, to whom the stimulus of public spirit made an especial appeal. This opportunity for giving his talent the direction of service inevitably attracted Buckner. He is singularly free from cant and untainted by any notions of self-righteousness, but the Government service released both his effectiveness and his enthusiasm. The public service as at present organized naturally devolves great responsibility upon the young and even inexperienced. Buckner was equal to the responsibility and grew under it. He distinguished himself especially in the fraud prosecution against the Sugar Trust. The work he did in the office of the United States District Attorney, confirmed by his subsequent career, led Mr. Stimson, a restrained and conscientious critic, to write to the Aldermanic Board that no better-equipped counsel, for his years or beyond, could be chosen than Buckner.

In 1910 Judge Whitman, the present District Attorney for New York County, took Buckner from the Federal office and made him one of his senior assistants in the County District Attorney's office. The great volume and variety of litigation in that office gave practice to the innate powers of Buckner, and he became widely recognized at the bar as an advocate of power and purpose and a cross-examiner of rare skill. His experience as Assistant District Attorney of the county likewise gave him intimate contact with the various police problems of the city in their relations to the complex question of prostitution, gambling, and the maintenance of public order.

Buckner has been but few years at the bar, but he illustrates anew that, in the growth of strength and insight and power, events and intensity of experience are more important than years. As a lawyer he has burning enthusiasm and consuming devotion to his cause, but marked generosity to his opponent; and he is a partisan only of Truth. His humor, his perspective, a sense of the congruities of things, and sympathy with life's incongruities, add poise and judgment to his effectiveness.

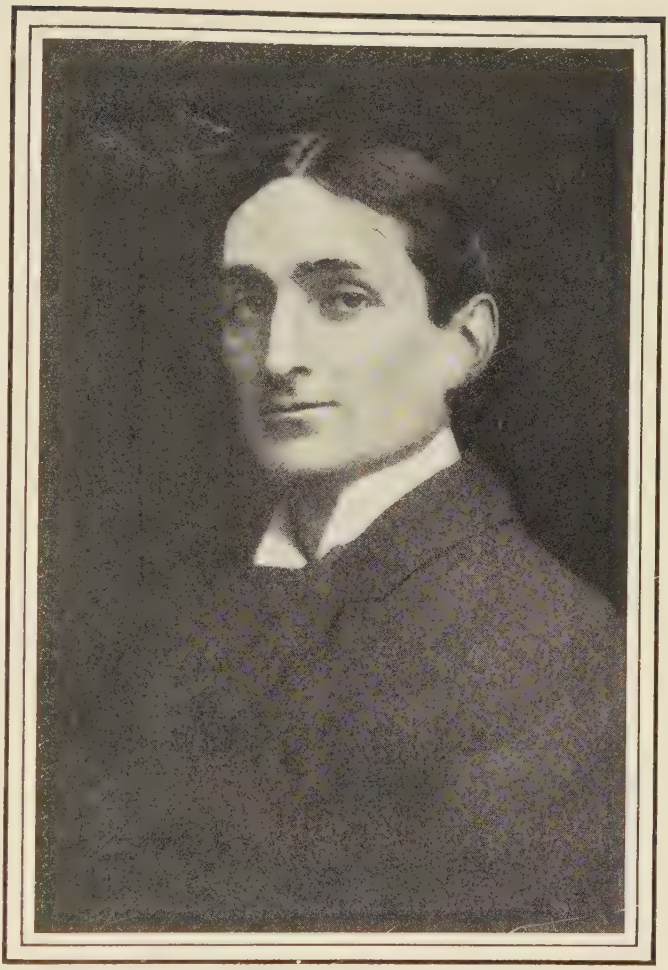
When the Committee of the Board of Aldermen charged with the investigation of the police situation came to select its chief counsel, it was realized that the work called for strong constructive qualities and robust character, and it was only natural that Buckner should be urged upon it on all sides. Relentless in his search for truth, uninfluenced by the insidious and subtle deflectors of purpose, keen in diagnosis and sound in counsel, he is not one to tear down merely to destroy. A gigantic task confronts the Committee, and the greatest burden, of necessity, will fall upon its chief counsel. For the New York police situation, in a word, discloses widespread public disbelief as to the honesty and efficiency of the force. The problem has done much toward the undoing of every Mayor in our time, and since Roosevelt no Police Commissioner except Bingham has added to his reputation in office. Permanent reforms can come only from a patient and thorough ascertainment of the causes underlying the present conditions. Thus the problem far transcends the ephemeral and dramatic features of graft and vicious crimes of violence. These have aroused public interest to a high pitch, which it is natural to expect to spend itself before long. In the meantime the Aldermanic Committee will patiently labor at the task which, largely under the guidance of its counsel, it has mapped out for itself, of presenting to the city of New York a constructive programme of police administration. In this task the Committee and its counsel needs and should have the strength of public support and interest.

Not so long ago, at dead of night—that solvent of truth—two young men were dream ing dreams of youth. The long silence was at last broken by one of them: "Buck, you seem to be thinking hard." "I was think-

ing," replied the other, "of the great fun in conducting a public office solely for the public welfare."

A BUSINESS MAN IN POLITICS

The Democratic campaign is being largely managed by Mr. William Gibbs McAdoo. Hitherto Mr. McAdoo has not been particularly well known in a political capacity. But he has been very well known in his capacity of initiator of a singularly efficient transportation system, namely, the so-called "Hudson Tunnels." He is president and director of the Hudson and Manhattan Railroad Company, which operates the tunnels under the Hudson River and New York City. The first tunnel was completed eight years ago. They were opened for traffic in 1908.

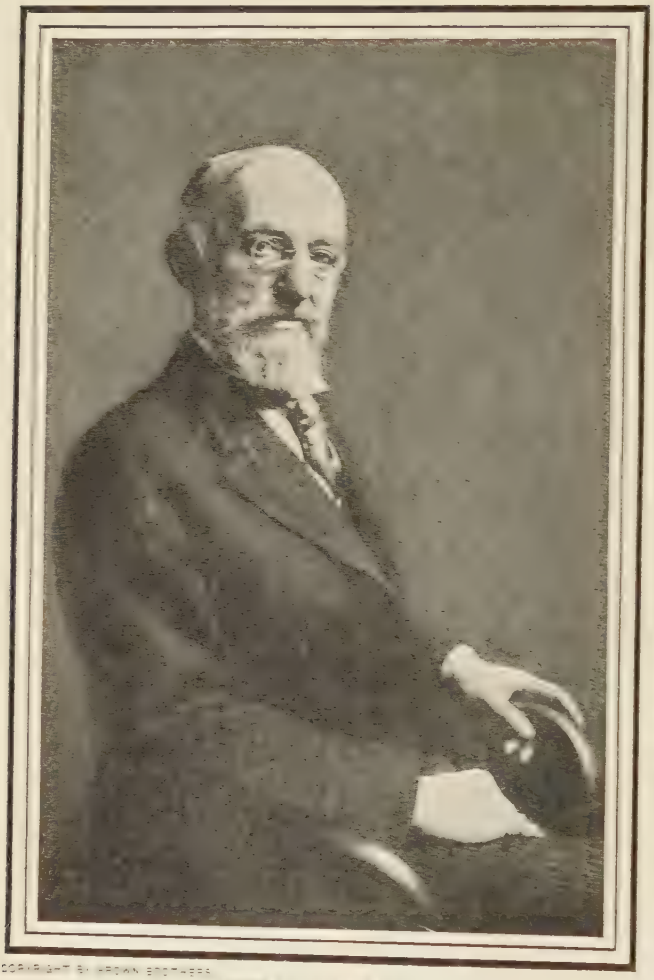


WILLIAM GIBBS McADOO

In 1910 Mr. McAdoo made an offer to undertake the operation of an underground subway system in New York City, and to provide fifty million dollars for its equipment —when it had been built by the city at a cost of a hundred millions—and to divide the profits from the operation of the system equally between the company and the city. This offer, although it was not accepted by the city, resulted in such a breaking down of the walls of monopoly as to bring about the present plan under which the underground system has been financed and operated, for it forced from the Interborough Company a far more advantageous offer than it had ever been willing to make before; and it also showed that private capital was not afraid to undertake the operation of a second subway system.

In the conduct of his own company Mr. McAdoo has made an enviable reputation because of his vigorous assertion that his company will be "run," not along the old brutal lines of "The public be damned," but along the better lines of "The public be pleased." That the public is pleased was conclusively shown recently when the rates of passenger fare were slightly raised without encountering serious opposition.

In his rôle as a political manager Mr. McAdoo has been so far chiefly remarkable for his suggestion that the banks of the country should become agencies for the collection of campaign funds, not only for the campaign expenses of the Democratic party, but also for those of the Republican, Progressive, or any other parties. Many bank and trust company officers still regard this suggestion as rather chimerical, although others profess willingness to accept such subscriptions. The funds contributed in this way would probably go chiefly to the country banks, for the reason that in the large cities practically all the persons who would contribute small sums are members of the various political organizations, and would pay over their



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OSCAR S. STRAUS

money to the treasurers of the local bodies. In addition, it is believed that a good many banks in the smaller communities would take up the scheme for the sake of the advertising and the publicity to be got from it. In his opinions as to political prospects Mr. McAdoo, as a Southerner—he was born at Marietta, Georgia, in 1863—has a native buoyancy and touch-and-go. The New York "Times" correspondent at Indianapolis quotes him as saying there: "I am just an ordinary business man with small knowledge of politics, and have not therefore had time to develop the gift of prophecy. Now, there are Hilles of the Republican Committee and Perkins of the third termers, who are veterans in the game, and will doubtless laugh if I essay the rôle. However I must learn, and I understand that one of the first things to do in politics is to be bold in the alluring field of prophecy; so this is my qualifying round: I prophesy that Wilson and Marshall will carry nearly every State in the Union."

OSCAR S. STRAUS

Whatever course the political campaign in New York State may take, it is safe to assert that the Progressive candidate for the Governorship will hold throughout the respect of all parties and all factions. His worth has been so thoroughly proven in the past and his character is so highly esteemed by men of all races and party affiliations as to make anything else unthinkable. Six years ago, when Mr. Straus entered Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet, The Outlook declared that his most eminent qualities were a generous enthusiasm, a broad spirit of humanity, and practical common sense. Added experience has increased his broad sagacity and his knowledge of men and affairs. The other day at Syracuse, when the Progressive Convention was at an apparent standstill, not because good material was lacking, but because there was an even balance between two excellent candidates, the happy solution of turning to Mr. Straus as to a man whom all knew and trusted had but to be made when the whole body of delegates seized upon it with such unanimity and enthusiasm as have rarely been seen in a public meeting. And the day after, the most bitter anti-Progressive newspaper in New York admitted that the campaign for Mr. Straus was one to be reckoned with seriously, and that in selecting a man with "an honourable record of public service as well as an unblemished character" the Progressives had taken "a position of undeniable strength." Mr. Straus stands pre-eminently for the idea of fraternalism: he is a Jew proud of his race and an American devoted to his country. When the Convention sang "Onward, Christian Soldiers"

after his nomination, it was not a bit of fun, it was a heartfelt recognition of the brotherhood of citizenship.

Oscar S. Straus was the son of a Bavarian merchant who was driven to America because he loved liberty; in his early life as a Columbia College student, a lawyer, and a merchant, Oscar Straus had the spirit of good citizenship always as his guide. Since he came into public life he has served under four Presidents; under Cleveland, McKinley, and Taft as Minister and Ambassador to Turkey, under Roosevelt as Secretary of Commerce and Labor. Only those who are acquainted with the secrets of international diplomacy know fully how great his services were in Constantinople; he stood firm as a rock against the evil Sultan of the old era and for American rights and American dignity. A fine outcome of Mr. Straus's diplomatic career has been his advocacy of international peace and his wide comprehension of the trend of the world's advance in arbitration and mutual effort. Here and in matters of State and city reform Mr. Straus has always shown skill in adapting means to ends, moderation but persistence in urging reform, and a sane, strong desire for the general good. He has a keen sense of humor, is extremely clever in the art of putting things, and is both courageous and courteous. Men both like him and have faith in him.

The latest instance of Mr. Straus's public usefulness is the service he is rendering as a member of the board of arbitration which is considering the claims and counter-claims of the Eastern railway engineers and their employing companies. The fact that the other members of the board have urgently requested him to continue the work without regard to his nomination as Governor, and that he has cheerfully yielded to their request despite the new and onerous responsibilities just undertaken, illustrates both the value of his services and his unostentatious devotion to duty.

That Mr. Straus has qualifications unusually varied in their nature, and such as might superficially be regarded as antithetic, was formerly expressed in these pages in the following sentences: "He belongs socially to the wealthy commercial class, but sympathizes with the democratic movement; he is a reformer and also a sagacious politician; he is a Hebrew and an American of Americans; he has vigorous convictions and tact in maintaining them; he is a defender of American labor and has a hospitable welcome for the immigrant; and he has maintained with a militant courage American rights in Turkey, and yet is a lifelong advocate of universal peace."

THE SPECTATOR

THE Spectator is fond of pageants. If he had lived in "the spacious days of great Elizabeth," when pageants had a popularity resembling those of moving pictures at present, he would have spent all his spare time in going to them. So when, one morning in Salem, he found that Marblehead was advertising a historical pageant for that day and the next, he promptly boarded the trolley car that runs past the wonderful crenelated and castellated Salem station, and began a journey to the past.

The pageant was to be at Hathaway Field—a name to conjure with. But while the Spectator yearned to hie him to Hathaway Field, he had not the faintest idea where it was, nor the hour for the performance. By long experience, he supposed it to be, probably, half-past three in the afternoon or thereabouts, which left ample time for lunch at a well-remembered restaurant on Fort Beach—a restaurant running out over the water, and making a specialty of fish dinners. Filled with joyous anticipations of a delightful day, the Spectator left the trolley in the center of Marblehead and sought out the Lee mansion (where the pageant committee had its headquarters, and tickets were on sale), only to have his pleasant plan receive a solar-plexus jolt. The pageant was not to be in the afternoon. It was an evening affair, with only one matinée, and that the next day. There was not even a dress rehearsal that afternoon—it had been held the day before. Now the Spectator had to be back in Salem by eight that evening, pageant or no pageant.

The situation was hopeless—but the fish dinner was still left. The Spectator turned down the narrow street, and threaded the maze of

ancient houses and modern gift shops which equally allure the summer tourist. Here was an unconscious little old cottage, set among branching gnarled apple trees, with flower beds fenced in by a low board coping from the sand paths, and blossoming riotously with a rainbow of phlox, tiger-lilies, hollyhocks, sweet alyssum, nasturtiums, larkspur, and dahlias. Next to it came a shingled cabin, rustic to an unprecedented degree, and exuding souvenir baskets and china at every pore. "Fern Dale Cabin" it was proudly proclaimed on a rustic sign, and only a step beyond it the "Clam Shell" announced "Sweet Fern Baskets, Postal Cards, and Souvenirs," and the "Sunflower Gift Shop" lay in wait ten paces further on close beside an old white mansion with faded green shutters and dahlia beds framed in circles of whitewashed stones. On the upper doorstep two handsome shells, one on each side, formed a decoration that had been there from time immemorial. Some of the old houses had beautiful tall china jars and settles on their narrow porches. One window bore a modest sign "Sunflower Seed for Parrots 10 cents a Quart." The doors were a study in themselves with their panelings, their fanlights, their fluted columns and pediments, beloved of water-color artists, some of whom were in position, with easel and block, working away happily. What would summer art do without our old New England towns?

The fish dinner turned out better than even remembrance had pictured, beginning with an ambrosial chowder and ending with apple pie, and as the Spectator came out upon the Fort Beach Road he found the Pirate Cottage at his very elbow. True to its traditions, it is now a Tea Room and Gift Shop, and its proprietor makes much of its history. In the early colonial days—it was built in 1650—a man dwelt in it who was secretly a pirate. The neighbors found it out, and the officers of the Crown came riding to Marblehead to investigate. But the pirate was too quick for them. He decamped, leaving a houseful of rich silks and brocades and other plunder, and was never seen again. Close by, in Oakum Bay, as it was once called, a band of pirates brought a beautiful woman on shore, murdered her, and buried her near the scene of the deed. At least, for years the ancient inhabitants, passing this point on dark nights, could hear her ghostly screams, though no grave and no body were ever to be found. It is altogether a thrilling and possible tale, and one more asset for a pageant; for a good reliable ghost has always fitted well into a show, ever since the days of Hamlet.

Speaking of graves is a reminder of Whitefield's question when the great preacher visited Marblehead and was shown the Old Burying Hill—"Where do they bury their dead?" There is no doubt that a more naturally inhospitable graveyard was never selected than this rocky height. But the first settlers had to build on the hill, in order to command both the sea and the wilderness in case of attack. They put their meeting-house there, worshiping weapons in hand, and when the first perilous years were over, they continued to bury the dead around its hallowed walls. The meeting-house has vanished long ago, but on the slopes, wherever the depth of earth is sufficient, the forefathers of Marblehead sleep their last sleep, above the tides they sailed, looking out to sea from their fortress height. On All Saints' Day, if there happens to be a storm, they must feel at home when their spirits come forth and snuff the gale. Life in Marblehead in those pioneer days meant war and fishing. The gay yachting fleet was racing off Fort Sewell Park that afternoon as the Spectator stood on the top of the Burying Hill and read the inscription on the little marble monument erected to mark that historic day of death when, in one storm, off the Grand Banks, ten vessels from Marblehead, with all their crews—sixty-five men and boys—were lost at once. Those were days that called for sterner stuff indeed.

The backbone of the stanch little community was its religion. In a commanding line across one slope run the six headstones of "Ministers' Row." In contrast to the other simple slate slabs, these are large and elaborately carved. The oldest two of the six are all in Latin, with beautiful wavy runes and decorations. Then come two with bas-reliefs of the heads and shoulders of the deceased divines, in Geneva gowns and wide collars. No wonder they were called Roundheads, if these careful portraits are likenesses. The next stone has an intricate and most spirited design of crossbones, skull, scythe, and hour-glass. And the last and largest of all is a rather lackadaisical contrast, with its urn and weeping-willow branch. About them cluster respectfully the lay gravestones, mostly with no decoration at all, or only a round-headed cherub with rudimentary wings. The oldest stone dates back only to 1681. Before that the graves are unmarked. But the settlers were buried here from the first, above the harbor and the tides, looking off to the mother England whence they came.

Marblehead finally bought its site from Winnepewauken, the Indian chieftain, for sixteen pounds, in 1684, but it had been there since 1629. The earliest inhabitant, named Doliber, was hardly a subject for a pageant, for he brought a fish hogshead over from Salem and lived in it, down in the cove, for the first winter of his stay.

But by the time when Edward Dimond, the wizard captain, dwelt in the Old Brig, that quaintest of Marblehead houses, under its grand old willow tree at the foot of Burying Hill, there was plenty of picturesque material. "Old Dimond," so the fishers on his vessel said, would send the crew below decks on a dark night, give orders to invisible helpers, and have a deck-load of fish in the morning, netted and landed by goblin hands. He was an entirely orthodox wizard, however, and when at home in the old house on nights of storm he would climb the Burying Hill and "beat about" among the headstones, using every incantation he knew to save the vessels out at sea from wreck. Wizardry ran in the family, for his daughter, born in the Old Brig, became a noted fortune-teller in Lynn.

Turning a bit to the left and mounting the winding lane, the Spectator found himself at Agnes Surriage's Well—another historic spot, in the grassy yard of an unpretending cottage overlooking the harbor. Once this was part of the garden of the old Fountain Inn, where Agnes Surriage, in 1742, as a barefooted, beautiful lass of sixteen, scrubbed the stairs and caught the eye of the young English baronet, Sir Harry Frankland. From the old well, as she looked off across the ocean, did the Marblehead girl ever see a vision of Portugal, far on the other shore of the Atlantic, and of earthquake shock, falling timbers, a whole stately city rocking in ruin, and only her two slender hands to save the man whom she loved? But why continue—has not a novel been written about her of which all Marblehead is proud? The ancient well is still used, but the Spectator has been too well educated in the lore of the bacillus to drink from any well-head, however romantic, so he did not draw himself a sparkling cupful—no, indeed.

Of course there was Floyd Ireson's house to be looked up—

> "Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart
> Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
> By the women of Marblehead."

And the Spectator turned in at the next gift shop and bought a guide-book, only to find that the Amazonian story was entirely false, and that Skipper Ireson was an innocent man, maligned by his cowardly crew. When the wrecked sailors of the Active in that terrible October gale in 1808 off Cape Cod lighthouse called for help from Ireson's vessel, he endeavored to reach them, but his crew refused to endanger their lives, and insisted on leaving the shipwrecked men to their fate. Upon returning home, fearing the story might get about, they agreed to lay all blame on the skipper. Consequently he was seized, on a bright moonlight night, besmeared with tar and feathers, and ridden through the town in an upturned dory dragged by men and boys—no women. Opposite Workhouse Rocks the bottom of the dory came out, and a cart was secured and the ride went on as far as Salem. Salem refused admittance to the strange procession, and it returned to Marblehead. During the entire ordeal Floyd Ireson said not a word. But at the door of his own house, as his tormentors released him, he turned and said: "I thank you for my ride, gentlemen; but you will live to regret it!" Too late, the truth came out, and Marblehead treasures a letter from Whittier saying that the poet is rejoiced to learn the real facts, and acknowledging that the "narrative of the ballad was pure fancy" founded on an old fragment of rhyme heard when a school-boy from a Marblehead playmate. Behind the plain exterior of the old Ireson house what a tragedy was concealed of cruel and unjust shame domiciled with a brave and silent heart!

One brave man, and good one, Marblehead has never ceased to honor—General John Glover, who recruited his own regiment, called by Washington Irving "the Amphibious Regiment of Marblehead Fishermen," and led it himself in the Revolution through one campaign after another. It was this sailor regiment that rowed George Washington across the Delaware. What were cakes of ice in a mere river to them, who knew the bergs of the Grand Banks? Glover Park, given to the city by a descendant of Colonel Jonathan Glover, John's brother, also a Revolutionary worthy, looks down upon the harbor, a perpetual memorial to these heroic ancestors; and Fort Sewell Park and Fort Washington Park, on their sentinel headlands, and the old Powder House, and the Town Hall, are historic, too.

As the Spectator sped back on the trolley toward Salem again, his next neighbor on the front seat pointed out a tented meadow a mile or so outside the town. "That's Hathaway Field, where they're goin' to have a page-ant tonight," he volunteered. The Spectator felt a pang—and yet, could any pageant have so filled his mind with the past as the old streets of Marblehead themselves had done? The Indian sachems, the little congregation on Burying Hill, the wizard and his crew, Agnes Surriage digging in the ruins of Lisbon to rescue her lover, Floyd Ireson in his cart, the embattled fishermen—not even Hathaway Field could stage all these as the inner eye saw them move and pass, on the very spots they had trod when they lived and toiled, loved and suffered, fought and won, so many years ago.

BY THE WAY

Most men learn to make generalizations in their own business, but few specialists would hazard an induction like that made by a speaker at the National Dentists' Convention in Chicago: "Be sure to marry a girl with pink-tinted teeth. Dull, chalky teeth show insincerity of nature." If it is thus easy to know disposition by the teeth, the dental character-reader should have a booth in the charity bazaar next to that of the professor of chiromancy.

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," after a selling career of more than a decade, has recently gone to a forty-seventh edition. More than half a million copies altogether of this book have been sold in America and England.

A collector of records of centenarianism reports the recent death of an Italian peasant woman at the age of 188. He mentions two other centenarians who have exceeded the age of the noted Dr. Parr, who died at 152; one of these, Thomas Cam, is credited with 207 years, and the other, William Edwards, with 168 years. All these cases of extreme longevity are to be marked with an interrogation point, for parish registers are sometimes altered and tombstones tampered with.

To pass from instances of great age to those of irrepressible youth, we note that the eightieth birthday of the Chairman of the New York Stock Exchange was recently celebrated with much rejoicing by that most active organization, and that Mrs. Rebecca Kissick, of Philadelphia, aged 104, is reported to have challenged any woman more than fifty years old to a race up the 350 steps of the City Hall tower.

An American's humor sometimes saves him from embarrassment when a speaker compliments him in a strange language. At the closing session of the International College of Applied Chemistry a German delegate praised the work of the Chairman, Mr. W. H. Nichols. That gentleman responded by saying that he didn't understand a word of the speech, but that, notwithstanding the sound of some of the words, he took it for granted that nothing bad was said of him, and he would let it go at that!

With the North and South Poles reached, the edge of interest is somewhat taken off of accounts of exploration. And yet there have remained some worlds to conquer, for it is only within the last month that Greenland has ever been crossed from west to east. A Swiss exploring party under Dr. de Quervain accomplished the feat, marching for three months over the icy wastes of the interior.

The British War Office has suspended the use of monoplanes by the Royal Flying Corps, owing to the large number of fatalities that have recently occurred among the army aviators. The biplane is regarded as safer than the monoplane, though not so speedy.

A new railway in Mexico, the Durango-Llano Grande road, is expected to make available the vast quantities of iron ore in the Cerro Mercado, or Iron Mountain, which is estimated to contain 500,000,000 tons of iron ore. This has not been profitable to mine heretofore because of its inaccessibility.

The recent earthquake in Constantinople is said to have damaged the famous Mosque of St. Sophia. The dome, which is one of the largest in the world, is reported to be in danger of collapsing This mosque was originally a Christian church, and as it may some time be restored to its original use it is to be hoped that thorough repairs will be made. The Turks might almost be excused for passing the hat in Christian lands for this purpose.

The Duke of Wellington, according to recently published memoirs, went more than once to an exhibition in London to see a representation of Napoleon on his death-bed. If this is true, it shows an unlooked-for degree of sentiment in the Iron Duke. If the cases had been reversed, and Napoleon had won at Waterloo and had outlived Wellington, one could hardly imagine the Emperor paying a like tribute of veneration to the English general.

Ceremonious forms in correspondence, such as "I have the honor to be," "Your obedient servant," etc., long disused in business but surviving in official letters, are, it is reported, to be abandoned hereafter by the War Department. Even the familiar expressions "Sir" and "Yours respectfully" are to be barred, and letters are simply to bear the name of the person to whom they are addressed and the signature of the sender. Time and typewriting, it is believed, will both be saved by the innovation.

The "Critic," says Miss Gilder in the "Literary Digest," was once issued with its leaves uncut. It was decided finally to have the edges trimmed. But at least one subscriber objected to the new plan, and regularly came to the "Critic's" office himself to get his copy with untrimmed edges! This subscriber must have been a near relative of the stubborn New Englander some one tells of, who, after a new road had been opened and the old one closed, always let down the obstructing bars and drove over the old thoroughfare when he had occasion to pass that way.

Rotterdam and Antwerp are close rivals for the position of second largest port in Europe, as far as tonnage is concerned, Hamburg being the first. From January 1 to August 1 the tonnage that arrived at Rotterdam amounted to 6,794,681, at Antwerp 6,855,677, and at Hamburg 7,939,193.

Within the last twenty years Oriental rugs have become recognized in America as the most desirable floor coverings, and their use has immensely increased; and yet this change of fashion has apparently not lessened the prosperity of our carpet mills. The great factories at Yonkers, New York, employing 3,100 persons, recently distributed to those employees a bonus of $70,000. The country seems to be big enough to absorb the products both of Orient and Occident.

In Germany, says the "Electrical Review," electrical apparatus and wires carrying high-voltage currents are marked by a warning sign consisting of a startlingly realistic lightning-bolt and the German word for "Danger!" The "Review" suggests that it might be well if the same warning emblem were adopted in this country as a safeguard to all who may come near high-voltage circuits or their supports.

The receipts of the New York City post-office for August were $1,905 214.39. Those of the Chicago post-office were $1,932.488.69. Of course civic spirit is a fine thing, but is it worth while for Chicago to lock up so much good money in postage stamps just to "beat New York"?

The Outlook

OCTOBER 5, 1912

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor

The Political Campaign: The Primaries

State primaries and conventions, together with increased activity in the field work of all parties, made last week a notable one in the campaign. The New Jersey primaries present as their most significant feature the smallness of the total vote, which was almost startlingly less than it was in the Presidential primaries of last spring, showing by clear inference the substantial dimensions of the Progressive party of the State, which as a new organization must nominate its candidates by petition, and of course takes no part in primary elections. The Democratic primary vote in the State on the preferential ballot for United States Senator, in which strong interest was felt, was, as the New York "Sun" points out, less than thirty per cent of the vote cast for Woodrow Wilson as Governor two years ago. Small as this vote was, the defeat of the candidacy of James Smith was emphatic—a plurality of between 20,000 and 25,000 in a total vote of some 76,000. This is not only a personal victory for his opponent, Judge William Hughes, but a strong indorsement of Governor Wilson's condemnation of Smith's political character and methods. A singular feature in New Jersey was the election of three avowed Progressives who indorsed Mr. Roosevelt and the principles of the Progressive National platform yet offered themselves as candidates for Congress on the Republican primary tickets. The defeat of the "regular" Republican candidate for Mayor in Newark and the machine disasters in Hudson County are to be added to the evidence of dissatisfaction with the remnant of the great party which last spring recorded its preference for Mr. Roosevelt and the programme of social justice which he represents. In Massachusetts the total primary vote of both parties was less than half the vote for Governor cast in 1911; it was not far below the Presidential preference vote of April, but with this difference, that the Democratic vote rose from about 28,000 in April to about 99,000 in September, while the Republican vote fell from about 172,000 in April to about 97,000 in September—a direct indication that the prevailing immediate interest was as to the re-election of Governor Foss, who received a primary indorsement of about 63,000 as against about 36,000 for his opponent, Mr. Pelletier. The Republicans nominated ex-Speaker Walker by a plurality of 10,000.

Conventions and Speeches

In Connecticut the Progressive Convention was a rousing one. In platform and selection of candidates this convention stood on as high a plane as the New York Syracuse meeting. Herbert Knox Smith, formerly Commissioner of Corporations, as candidate for Governor may be compared for ability and earnestness, if not experience, to Mr. Straus in New York. Equally commendable is the nomination in New Hampshire for Governor by the Progressive Convention of Mr. Winston Churchill, whose fight against political and industrial bossism is notable in the political history of the State. Governor Bass presided at the Convention; one of the strongest features of the occasion, as was also the case in Connecticut, was a stirring, straight-from-the-shoulder speech from Governor Johnson, of California. In fact, all the speeches made by the Progressive candidate for the Vice-Presidency last week in New England were memorable and effective. The New York Republican State Convention at Saratoga nominated Mr. Job E. Hedges, a New York lawyer, as its candidate for Governor, and Mr. James W. Wadsworth, Jr., former Speaker of the Assembly, as its candidate for Lieutenant-Governor. Meanwhile, Mr. Roosevelt in the West and South, and Governor Wilson nearer home, have been talking to many thousands of their fellow-citizens. Mr. Wilson has continued to avow his inability to see

anything definite in the definite proposals of the Progressive platform as to the trusts and the tariff, holding that to control the trusts as the Inter-State Commerce Commission controls the railways would be to enter into partnership with them, and that, as to the tariff, no beneficial results would follow the Progressives' plan of getting the facts from a genuine Tariff Commission and acting on schedule after schedule as these facts show that the needs of industry, the consumer, and the workman require. But we look in vain in Mr. Wilson's speeches for specific recommendations in either case—in his view neither free trade nor tariff for revenue only meets the case as to the tariff, nor does he advocate the abolition of all large corporations instanter. Moreover, he rejects the help of knowledge acquired by skilled commissions of experts, saying, "I have lived with experts all my life, and I know that experts don't see anything except what is under their microscope—under their eyes." He is even reported to have given his opinion of experts by quoting the saying, "plain liars, damn liars, and experts." This is hard to reconcile with his supposed advocacy of public utility commissions. To all this the Progressive party replies that the people must act, but that they must act rationally, after learning the facts and through agents of trained ability; and that administrative work requires the services of expert administrators. In the South Mr. Roosevelt has been greeted with glowing enthusiasm; in Tennessee in particular his presentation of the Progressive ideas evidently made a deep impression, and the press reports such strength of the new party in that State as to insure a probability of a Progressive victory there in November. The waterways question was used in some of Mr. Roosevelt's Southern speeches as an illustration of the need of combined National action in all large matters instead of the "haphazard and piecemeal fashion of the past," and a practical application was his recommendation that, as soon as the Panama Canal is finished, its plant, the expert knowledge, and the trained engineers there employed should be used to solve the waterway problem.

Catholics and Indian Schools

The decision of President Taft with regard to the wearing of religious insignia or ecclesiastical dress in Government Indian schools can hardly be wholly satisfactory to anybody. Devout Catholics who believe it is a function of government to teach religion will not be satisfied, because the President decides that no teachers will hereafter be engaged in such schools who wear ecclesiastical garb; devout Protestants will not be satisfied, because fifty-one teachers formerly connected with Catholic schools now wearing ecclesiastical dress in the Government schools are permitted to continue the practice; the great body of American citizens, without regard to religious creed, who believe in the complete separation of Church and State will not be satisfied with the President's explanation of what is sectarian and what is not sectarian in Government administration. We briefly review the controversy which has resulted in the decision made public last week by the President. In recent years the Federal Government has taken over from various religious bodies Indian mission schools, and has made these schools Government or public schools by harmonious arrangement with the various churches concerned. Complaint having been made to the Indian Commissioner that sectarian practices were still permitted in some of these Government public schools, the Commissioner, last January, issued the following order:

> In Government schools all insignia of any denomination must be removed from all public rooms, and members of any denomination wearing distinctive garb should leave such garb off while engaged at lay duties as Government employees. If any case exists where such an employee cannot conscientiously do this, he will be given a reasonable time, not to extend, however, beyond the opening of the next school year after the date of this order, to make arrangement for employment elsewhere than in Federal schools.

This action of the Indian Commissioner, Mr. Robert G. Valentine, is supported by two important legal precedents. The Court of Appeals of the State of New York, in the cases of O'Connor *versus* Hendrick, decided that the wearing of ecclesiastical garb in the public schools of the State was sectarian enough to justify the exclusion of such garb; and the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, in a similar controversy, has upheld the constitutionality of a law excluding ecclesiastical garb from the public schools. It should be remembered that it is possible to teach by means of symbols as well as by words. But on the complaint of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions the President revoked Commissioner Valentine's order, and, after a hearing, has now approved the decision of Secretary Fisher, of the Department of the Interior, to

make the revocation permanent. The argument of Secretary Fisher and of the President may be substantially condensed as follows: There is nothing in the Federal Constitution or Federal statutes to compel the President to exclude sectarian garb from the Indian schools, therefore in permitting it he is violating no law; there are only fifty-one teachers wearing such garb in the Indian schools; the Government ought not to permit this number to grow, and in so far as we can we will take action to prevent its growing; it is true that the Indian schools are public schools and ought not to be sectarianized; the situation is a difficult and delicate one, but we think the simplest thing to do is to let the teachers now wearing ecclesiastical garb remain, as, after all, there are only fifty-one, and let the practice, even if it is not altogether in harmony with American institutions, die of its own accord. We think Commissioner Valentine was right and that the President is wrong. It would be much better to turn all Indian schools over to private management, letting the Catholic Indians go to Catholic schools and the Protestant Indians to Protestant schools, than to involve the public school system of the United States in any kind of a controversy over what we hope is the irrevocably established policy of a complete separation of Church and State in this country.

President Taft and the Cost of Government

The American Government is the only one of first rank which offers to the public no budget, or proper statement of Governmental income and Governmental expenses. Congress makes appropriations for our Government's expenses. These appropriations are based on estimates submitted by the various departments under a law which makes no provision for executive review. Of course without this review the estimates become grossly inflated. Such a method is, as President Taft says, both "haphazard and wasteful." He adds: "Authority is granted for the expenditure of a billion dollars each year, without any thought as to where the money is coming from. This is done on the theory that there will be no deficit. . . . While the Constitution makes Congress responsible for money-raising as well as for appropriations, responsibility for borrowing has been shifted to the President, by empowering him to procure loans to meet deficits!" No wonder that our Presidents have become restive under this method. Some time ago Mr. Taft sought to correct it by directing the heads of departments to send their estimates to him before they were printed, so that a certain uniformity or standard might be exercised over all of them. This order reduced the initial estimates by millions of dollars. A part of the work of the recently instituted Economy and Efficiency Commission is to summarize such statements, and so to co-ordinate them as to bring about a statement of coming necessary expenses which will not exceed the balance in the Treasury. Such a reform has, of course, blocked the schemes of those who would profit by the wasteful diversion of public moneys. Hence, in the appropriation bills passed at the close of the late session of Congress, the Economy and Efficiency Commission was ruthlessly "trimmed." One bill reduced the salaries of the members of the Commission, while in another bill a paragraph slipped in at the last moment provides that "the regular annual estimates of appropriations and expenses of the Government shall be prepared and submitted to Congress by those charged with the duty of such preparation and submission, only in the forms as at the time are required by law, and in no other form and at no other time." Despite this, the President still plans to send his recommendations to Congress in budget form. He has now directed all the department heads to appoint representatives to confer with the Economy and Efficiency Commission. Indeed, in his opinion, Congress cannot prevent a President from submitting a budget. "It is quite within his duty and power to have prepared, and to submit to Congress and to the country, a statement of resources, obligations, revenues, expenditures, and estimates, in the form he deems advisable. And this power I propose to exercise." The President's position in this is courageous and wise.

President Taft and the Spoils System

Closely following the President's lettter to the heads of departments comes another welcome announcement. It is that all of our fourth-class postmasters are to be taken out of the "spoils system." In other words, they are to be taken out of the old order of things when an appointee owed his position to the influence of some powerful politician—to some "boss" acting by means of a Senator's influence with the President,

if, indeed, the boss and the Senator were not one person. They will henceforth owe their positions, as all under our civil service rules owe theirs, to their own merit in competition with other candidates. Four years ago, by executive order, President Roosevelt placed under civil service rules the fourth-class postmasters of the States north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi Rivers, a total of nearly fourteen thousand. Those still outside of civil service rules numbered over thirty-six thousand. These are now included by President Taft. The reason for the geographical selection in the Roosevelt order was to make the experiment in the more densely populated States. The new order of things has worked well. It appealed to some twenty thousand fourth-class postmasters in the States south of the Ohio and west of the Mississippi, and they recently signed a petition to be transferred to the merit system. They were already assured of the President's approval, for he had put himself on record as advocating the inclusion in that system not only of the fourth-class postmasters but of all postmasters, and not only of all postmasters but of all other Federal officials—collectors of customs, collectors of internal revenue, naval customs officers, surveyors, assayers, receivers, and public land agents. Of course Mr. Taft would have added the first, second, and third class of postmasters to this list if he had authority over them. Legislation by Congress is required to place them under the civil service rules. In spite of the partisan motive that will be attributed to this act, it is to be welcomed. Since the Civil Service Act was passed it has been a pleasant task for The Outlook to chronicle the various events which have occurred in redeeming Governmental agents from the spoils system. The most recent event is appropriately due to a President who believes that *all* Government officers below the grade of Cabinet members should be removed from political influence and placed under the competitive system.

The Secretary of War: A Victim of Fake Journalism

The friends of both Mr. Stimson, the Secretary of War, and Mr. Roosevelt were disturbed by an alleged interview with Mr. Stimson which appeared very widely in the daily press about two or three weeks ago. In this alleged interview Secretary Stimson was not only made to take issue with Mr. Roosevelt's political principles and platform, which of course he had a perfect right to do, but was made to use phraseology in severe personal criticism of Mr. Roosevelt, which the friends of the two men, who knew their former personal relations, greatly regretted. The interview, however, was so specific, and the office of the Secretary of War commands such respect, that it seemed incredible that any decent American newspaper could deliberately lie in such a matter. But the interview was "faked," as will be seen from the following letter which we have received from Mr. Stimson. The letter is dated San Francisco, September 19:

> I should like you to know that the alleged interview with me reported about two weeks ago in one of the San Francisco papers making a personal attack on Mr. Roosevelt is entirely unfounded. The words of personal criticism of Mr. Roosevelt put into my mouth in that interview were never uttered or thought by me, although I am strongly opposed to his candidacy. As soon as the interview was published I repudiated it through the Associated Press, but I find now, on my return from a trip to the Yosemite, that, notwithstanding this, it has found its way into Eastern papers through other channels. I should be glad to have my friends know that it is unfounded.

We welcome the opportunity to print this letter, first, because we desire to aid in the correction of what was a very grave injustice to the Secretary of War, and, second, because it gives us the occasion to repeat the warning often made in these pages that too large a number of American daily newspapers are wholly irresponsible and unreliable. In this case we think, too, that the Associated Press is greatly to blame. That organization disseminated throughout the country the false report of which the Secretary of War justly complained, and, so far as we can discover, did very little to correct the error after attention was called to it.

Ulster and Home Rule

Home Rule in Ireland, now regarded as near its passage by the House of Commons, has entered upon a turbulent period in its history, as everything which relates to Ireland does, sooner or later. A very serious and menacing opposition has been growing in Ireland itself. Ulster, the northernmost of the four counties which constitute Ireland, is the home of nearly one million six hundred thousand people out of a total population of nearly four million four hundred thousand in the island. The differences between the men of

Ulster and the men in the South are much greater than between the men of Piedmont and Lombardy and the men of Naples and of Sicily; and the feeling of antagonism is more intense than the feeling that formerly separated the two extremes of Italy. It is not only political, it is religious and racial. Ulster is aggressively Protestant, the rest of Ireland is Catholic. Ulster is mostly industrial; the rest of Ireland is mostly agricultural. Ulster represents a large infusion of Scotch blood. For many months past Ulster has been protesting that it would not submit to the rule of an Irish Parliament. It has now definitely taken its position that the British Parliament has no right to transfer the allegiance of Ulster from Great Britain to Ireland, and that if the transfer is made Ulster will resist. This feeling has taken many aggressive forms of late, and it has been intensified by a very unpatriotic attitude on the part of some of the Unionist leaders, chief among them Mr. Bonar Law, the Conservative leader, who has used the Ulster feeling as a weapon against the present Liberal Government, and has gone to the very verge, if not over the verge, of justifying the rebellion of Ulster in case the Home Rule Bill is passed. It is to be hoped that calmer counsels will prevail, and that the impossibility of the independence of one county of Ireland as against the rest of that country will be recognized. Ulstermen have a right to demand adequate guarantees under any change of government, but the endeavor to detach the county from the island and make it an independent State would seem to be as impossible as were some of the early fantastic attempts at secession in this country.

Chinese Finances

As is well known, the Chinese Republic is in need of funds. Soldiers must be disbanded and paid and other extraordinary expenses met. But even the ordinary "running expenses" of the Government would be sufficient to demand additional cash resources. Accordingly, last February the Government appealed to four Powers with which it had in the past contracted loans—Great Britain, France, Germany, and America. To these were added later Russia and Japan. These six Powers are the ones chiefly interested in China. They agreed to lend enough money to put the Chinese Government on a sufficiently substantial footing to "start in business" with a clean slate. To this end about three hundred million dollars would be needed. The Powers agreed to lend this amount provided the Chinese Government agreed to certain reported conditions:

1. The purposes for which the funds were required should be stated by the Chinese and approved by the Powers.
2. The Government should adopt an audit system to insure the effective expenditure of the loan for the purposes specified.
3. The salt taxes, agreed upon as a guarantee for the loan, should be administered either by the existing Maritime Customs Organization or by a separate service under foreign protection, thus safeguarding the proper administration of the security.
4. The Chinese Government should not borrow elsewhere until the loan was entirely issued.

At first everything seemed favorable for the conclusion of this six Power loan. But with the advent of the new Government, and the strong sense of nationality which naturally thrilled the Chinese people, a reaction took place. It was felt that, at the very outset of its career, the new Government was being considered not as an equal with the other Powers but rather as their ward. Certain independent financiers, especially in Belgium, took advantage of this and attempted, without demanding such guarantees, to float a small loan with the Chinese Government. Now another independent loan, it is reported, has actually been floated, the moving powers behind which are not yet disclosed. Such a loan would doubtless gratify the Chinese as a demonstration of their financial independence. It would also be regarded by them as indicating a policy of independence in other respects. Now, in its efforts, not only to establish a better government for China, but also to make China occupy a larger place in the world's interests, the new Government has the sympathy of Progressives everywhere. But as unwise and extravagant expenditure has distinguished the native administration of Chinese finances, would not the new Government be acting in its own interest to agree to protect its creditors and itself? Perhaps some plan satisfactory to the lenders and consistent with China's self-respect can be devised.

Dr. Morrison on China

As The Outlook recently stated, Dr. George Ernest Morrison, for fifteen years the correspondent of the London "Times" in China, has been appointed political adviser to the new Chinese Government,

and has accepted the appointment. Long recognized as an authority on China, Dr. Morrison's first published statement after assuming his new office will be read with peculiar interest. It is a protest against the suspicions of some concerning the new Republic. First, as to the frequent statement that China is likely to split in half and that there will be civil war between south and north, Dr. Morrison inquires, "Where is the line of cleavage? Both parts of China are equally republican." Second, those who allege that "President Yuan Shi-kai is aiming at a dictatorship are ignoring the facts of his career." Third, as to the charge that the President's Advisory Council is composed of hostile factions whose quarrels threaten the continuance of the Republic, Dr. Morrison declares: "Nothing could be more misleading. These parties differ in their programmes as political parties do in all countries, but all are equally republican." Fourth, "it is held to be a reproach and a danger that the new men now active in the Government of China are without experience." Dr. Morrison contrasts these new men with the "corrupt princes and degraded eunuchs" who were in power under the Manchu monarchy. The new men are "men of Western training and modern culture. . . . Had such men had a voice in the Government . . . would the position in Manchuria be what it is today? Would China have been involved in the Boxer rebellion? Contrast the treatment of foreigners during this widespread rebellion [of 1912], when foreign life and property were held sacred throughout the twenty-two provinces, with the conditions in China during the Boxer rebellion, when the Throne itself offered money rewards for the heads of foreign men, women, and children. The members of the Cabinet and of the Advisory Council may be inexperienced men, but certainly no body of men who have held rule before in China can be compared with them in intelligence, training, and education." Finally:

> People in England hardly realize the immense change that has had to take place in the administration of the country. Under the old régime no man could hold office in the province of his birth. Now the reverse rule is observed. Most officials in the provinces are now natives of the provinces in which they are serving. Surely the interests of the province are thus better served than under the old system, when officials sent to provinces to which they were not bound by ties of birth had as their main object the amassing of the largest fortune in the shortest time, bleeding the province in the interests of the corrupt Manchu Government in Peking, to whom they owed their office. . . . These changes have involved the recasting of the whole internal machinery of Government.

That the changes have been effected with such comparative smoothness should, we agree with Dr. Morrison, inspire hope in the future of the country.

A Plea for Lake Windermere

There are few places in the world where mountain and water combine so perfectly in perpetual but always changing beauty as they do in the Lake Country of England. There are still fewer places where such peaceful beauty of lake and highland combine to form a setting for literary associations as in this same English Lake Country of Wordsworth. If ownership in real but intangible value is vested in those who know how to appreciate it, this Lake Country is surely a part of the heritage of Americans as well as of Britons. Those Americans, therefore—and there are thousands of them—who have a proprietary right in the beauty and associations of that region will be concerned to know that their property is in some peril, and they will be gratified to know that there is under way an effort to protect it. The peril is to the head of Lake Windermere. The owner of a tract of land there has planned to build a number of "villa residences." The plan to save the lake from this disfigurement—for any buildings there would disfigure the lake—involves the purchase of this strip of land. The owner is not only willing to sell the property, but is ready to contribute, with the consent of his brother, two thousand dollars toward the purchase fund. That is enough to show that he is a sharer in the ownership of the real values in that spot and is a comrade of those who wish to preserve this lake. The Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, Canon of Carlisle, poet and essayist, and Hon. Secretary of the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest and Natural Beauty, in a statement which we have received from him, accompanied by a letter, tells what a great many people may not know, that in the midst of this strip "lie the remains of an important Roman military camp which was spoken of in Camden's 'Britannia' as 'the carcass, if I may so say, of an ancient city, with large ruins or walls, the rubbish of old buildings in many places.'" And he adds:

> What Camden saw in 1590, and what Thomas Braithwaite knew when he was collecting coins

from the ruins in Queen Elizabeth's days, is now a grass field in which the fosse and rampart of Borrans Ring, as it is called, is still distinguishable.

But no excavation has taken place there, and though in the adjacent nursery garden great quantities of Roman pottery and tiles have been found from twelve to eighteen inches below the surface, with the remains of fires, charred oak and bones, the secret of this Roman fortress camp is still hidden close within its grassy bosom. . . .

To the archæologist it is a matter of no small moment that an as yet unexcavated Roman camp should pass into public hands; and when we consider the stream of tourists who pass to Waterhead and Ambleside during each of the summer months, it is clear that their temporary stay at Waterhead, as they wait for the boat, or their sojourn in the town, will have great additional interest added to it by the fact of their being able with their own eyes to see the remains of Roman life here at the head of the lake.

In indorsement of this undertaking there has come to The Outlook the following letter which will be of special interest to all Americans:

August 23, 1912.

Dear Sir:

I have read with great interest, as I am sure all lovers of Wordsworth and of the Wordsworth country must also have learned, of the danger that the head of beautiful Lake Windermere may be injured, and I take the liberty of sending you this line to express my warm sympathy with the project of raising a fund to prevent the region from suffering any such substraction from its exquisite charm. All lovers of the English poet must wish to preserve the Wordsworth country intact.

Sincerely yours,
WOODROW WILSON.

To the Editor, The Outlook,
New York City.

Canon Rawnsley, whose address is Crosthwaite Vicarage, Keswick, England, in the course of his letter writes to us: "Incidentally I may mention that £100 has just come to me in honored memory of the late Holman Hunt, O.M. It is possible that there may be in the States those who, in memory of their beloved ones who were known to care for our English scenery and who have passed away, will wish to follow this example and send a contribution to the national work of preserving for posterity the loveliness of the English Lakeland."

Arctic Discoveries

It is a pity that the serious work done by Professor Stefansson's party in the Arctic was so ludicrously treated by newspaper writers that at first its real significance was hardly appreciated. Absurd talk about the "lost tribes of Israel" and the discovery of Eskimos descended from Sir John Franklin's crew, or descended directly from Leif Ericsson, certainly had a tendency to make sober readers laugh at the reports. In point of fact, Professor Stefansson is a serious and careful observer; and the narrative printed over his signature recently in the New York "Sun" affords no excuse for the absurd stories of his expedition to which we have alluded He has now returned to New York City and to his work in connection with the American Museum of Natural History, after an absence of more than four years employed in exploration. The expedition was sent out jointly by the American Museum of Natural History and the Canadian Government's Geological Survey; and it had as its object the examination of little-known regions on the northeastern boundary of Alaska. It is true that the most interesting object, among several, was the discovery of tribes of Eskimos unknown to white men, whose existence has long been rumored. The expedition followed the Mackenzie River from above Edmonton, in Canada, to the edge of the Arctic Ocean, and thence explored both westward and eastward. A great part of the region traversed had very little in it to sustain life, and this accounts for its avoidance by most of the known Eskimos. The explorers persisted in pressing through this region, and on the coast opposite Victoria Island they found several tribes who were undoubtedly different from any known people of the north. As they are described by Professor Stefansson, it would appear extremely probable that they are, in part at least, of Scandinavian descent; and a few of them had unmistakable traits, such as blue eyes and light hair, which showed European racial connection. Professor Stefansson's explanation of the existence of such a race of people is that the Norse colonists, known to exist in Greenland and supposed to have been exterminated by hostile Eskimos long ago, were only partially destroyed, and that a large portion of them escaped and mingled with the Eskimos of Victoria Land. This theory Professor Stefansson puts forward only as the most probable one. Besides the curious ethnological discovery which has attracted so much attention, it should be noted that this expedition has resulted in added knowledge in the field of zoölogy and archæology, as well as in geographical records of some importance.

Pierre Loti: Impressionist

Louis Marie Julien Viaud, widely known under his nom de plume "Pierre Loti," who is now visiting this country, is a Frenchman of Huguenot ancestry, who entered the French marine service in 1867, visited many parts of the world, and resigned with a rank of lieutenant fourteen years ago. The following year he published his first novel, "Aziyadë." This story has been followed by many others in which the distinguishing feature has been the description of landscape steeped in its own atmosphere. In this way Pierre Loti has pictured Constantinople, Tahiti, Senegal, Brittany, Iceland, Algeria, Japan, India, Palestine. His heroines are all primitive women who represent the native and largely the physical qualities of their race before its modification by modern cosmopolitanism. Pierre Loti is perhaps the most cosmopolitan of writers; but his whole endeavor has been to get away from cosmopolitanism and recreate primitive conditions. His work recalls Flaubert and Lamartine, but he lacks the vigor of the novelist and the poetic quality of the author of "Souvenirs" of the East. His stories best known in America are "Madame Chrysanthème" and "The Iceland Fisherman," the latter a charming piece of atmospheric work, a tender and beautiful picture of the mystery and wonder of the sea and of the tragedy of the people who live by it and upon it. With the possible exception of Lafcadio Hearn, a man of greater penetration and grasp, Pierre Loti is the foremost impressionist of the day. This means that he paints with a sensitive and delicate brush the appearance of things. His work has no rootage in any soil. It is wholly lacking in ethical constructiveness; it floats on light wing over the deeps of life; its meaning lies on the surface as completely as his interpretation of different countries lies on the surface. His diction is remarkable for its descriptive quality; and he has the gift of steeping his stories in elusive melancholy—a melancholy which comes from the passing of older and more picturesque habits, with an entire absence of any sense of the profounder meaning of life. It follows, as a matter of course, that his work is at times offensively sensuous. He is a member of the French Academy. He seems to have received an unusual number of impressions immediately on his arrival in this country; but he ought not to be held responsible for the varying newspaper reports of his moods and views.

A National Capital Made to Order

Australia is to follow America in having a made-to-order, carefully planned capital in a federal district, and comes to this country for the plans. The Australian Constitution, adopted in 1900 by the Federation, provided for a new capital city, separate and distinct from any of the present cities of the several colonies, on a site to be selected within ten years. Early last year the engineers finally selected a locality in the federal district of some nine hundred square miles which the Parliament had cut out of New South Wales. A competition was then formulated under the auspices of the Department of Home Affairs, and invitations and information data sent to all parts of the world calling for ground plans for the proposed city, and such other descriptive and suggestive matter as competitors might include to convey an idea of the scheme for a city, including Capitol, university, military post, other public institutional buildings, and all the necessary structures to take care of the capital municipality, its industries and habitation. Walter Burley Griffin, of Chicago, won this competition, which was world-wide in its scope, and receives a prize of £1,750 ($8,750). He sent ground plans of the central part of the city proper, four miles square, drawings on contour maps provided by the Australian Government; smaller scale plans showing anticipated suburban extensions and the related features of the environment; sectional cuts in two directions through the city showing the elevation at very small scale of public and other buildings, and a perspective view from the top of one of the local mountains of the entire plan. The district is described as being especially favored in physical features. A river runs through the proposed site for the capital, lending itself to decorative effects. The district contains many mountain peaks of moderate height, some covered with perpetual snow. Two peaks of 6,230 and 5,290 feet elevation, respectively, give a background for the monumental government buildings. Lower mountains border closely the site of the new city, so that they may be used as city parks. Still lower hills offer sites for the important buildings. A great circle on the south bank of the river has been selected for the Government buildings. The river is

to be widened into a lake immediately in front of this site, and on the other side there will be elaborate gardens. On another axis of the Government building site is the municipal center, and further away a manufacturing section with a center of its own. It is as though the Government group were the hub, with the other centers located on the radiating spokes at irregular distances from the hub. There is a university center, a market center, a railway center, a residential section. About each of these centers is planned a system of streets all its own, grouped about in polygons.

THE PROGRESSIVE MOVEMENT

IV.—THE TARIFF

In a rural town not a hundred miles from New York City there was, thirty years ago, an abandoned woolen mill. Clustered about it were a dozen empty cottages. No one worked in the mill; no one lived in the cottages. The place was known as "the deserted village," and summer boarders were accustomed to visit it, as the one curiosity in the vicinity. Some English capitalists have bought the mill and established a successful carpet factory which employs five or six hundred men and women. The empty cottages are filled. More than a hundred new cottages have been built. The road, more than a mile in length, from the deserted village to the neighboring village is lined with attractive homes. In the now united villages, which have become practically one village, a local real estate company has been formed to erect cottages for newcomers, and it is difficult to build them fast enough. A local bank has been established. A new schoolhouse has been built, and already the people are beginning to question whether it will not all have to be used for primary and grammar school grades and another be built for high school purposes. One church, which had been standing empty, has been reopened; in another church, where formerly the Sunday-school had possibly twoscore of scholars, the Sunday-school room is crowded. The village stores do a thriving business. A Village Improvement Society has bought an old house with Revolutionary memories and converted it into a social center. A Boys' Scout movement has been initiated. There is no phase of town life which does not show improvement. And this improvement is, not exclusively, but chiefly, due to two causes:

The advent of the carpet mill;

And the simultaneous exclusion of saloons from the town, under a local option law.

The advent of the mill has brought a new market to the butcher, and baker, and grocer, and shoemaker, and tailor—to all that have goods to sell; and the exclusion of the saloon has prevented the money that is now contributing to the general wealth of the community from going where it would contribute to general poverty.

A large proportion of these five or six hundred employees have come to C—— from England and Scotland. They have come because the English capitalists could not import the carpets if they were woven in England without paying America for the privilege of importing them, and they could import the carpet weavers. The workers' families have come with them. They have to be housed, hence the cottages; to be fed, hence the trade for the grocer and butcher and chicken farmer; to be clothed, hence the business of the tailor; their children are to be educated, hence the new school-house; they worship, hence the added prosperity of the churches. It is true that the price of living has increased since the carpet factory came to C——. The villagers pay more for their meats and houses and clothing and rent. There is a good deal of complaint because of the high cost of living. But it would be difficult to find any number of villagers who would wish to go back to the lessened population, the diminished trade, and the smaller schoolhouse, even if these were accompanied with the lower prices of twenty-five years ago.

The object of a protective tariff is to do for the United States what it has done for the town of C——. It creates a diversified industry and brings the producer and the consumer together. Mr. Wilson, in a speech to the farmers, has told them that they get no benefit from the tariff, because America does not import farm products, and therefore the farmer does not need to be protected from foreign competitors. But the benefit to the farmer does not come from the exclusion of foreign competitors. It comes from the fact that the purchasers for his products are brought to his door, and he has not to pay for transportation of his products across the ocean in order to find a purchaser.

Enterprising towns recognize this principle. It is not uncommon for a town to offer to

capitalists a site for their factory free of expense; sometimes the people add a bonus or subscribe for stock, in order to secure for their goods the customers that the factory will bring to the place.

The history of C—— has been repeated all over the United States. The tariff has developed manufactures; the manufacturers have brought an immigrant population; the immigrant population are customers for the farmers and the shopkeepers. If the United States had remained the purely agricultural country that it was a hundred years ago, Americans would be bringing their manufactured articles from abroad and selling their agricultural products to consumers abroad, and the price of transportation across the ocean would have to be added to the price paid by the purchaser or taken from the price received by the producer; or the cost of transportation would have to be divided between the two. The transformation of America from a nation dependent on other nations for its active products into an independent nation developing within itself all the resources necessary for its welfare is not wholly due to the protective system; but this transformation could not have been accomplished without the protective system.

Carelessness in some quarters and corruption in others have produced serious abuses in the tariff. The question as now presented to the American people is this: Shall we abolish the system altogether? Or can we correct the abuses and retain the system?

Three plans for dealing with the tariff are presented to the American people by the three parties.

The Democratic party proposes to abolish the protective system altogether. It even declares that Congress never had the right to establish a protective system. It says:

"*We declare it to be a fundamental principle of the Democratic party that the Federal Government under the Constitution has no right or power to impose or collect tariff duties, except for the purposes of revenue.*"

This position Governor Wilson indorses. He says in his speech of acceptance: "Our one clear conviction as Democrats is that in the last analysis the only safe and legitimate object of tariff, as of taxes of every other kind, is to raise revenue for the support of the Government."

This principle would not only forbid Congress from taking into consideration the effect of the tariff in promoting or hindering industrial development of the country, it would have forbidden the Federal Government from such action as taxing the State banks in order to promote a National bank currency, and imposing a high tax on a poisonous form of sulphur in order to protect the workers in match factories against disease.

The Republican party proposes to retain the protective system; and to prevent favoritism by basing all revision on the report of an expert and non-partisan commission. It also declares its purpose to be "to protect adequately American industries and wages." But it proposes no plan for securing the benefit of protection to the wage-earner, and recent events have made it very clear that in some of the most highly protected industries the wage-earner is getting wholly inadequate wages. On this subject, in his speech of acceptance, Mr. Taft is also ominously silent.

The Progressive party agrees with the Republican party in favoring (1) a protective tariff; (2) based on reports from a non-partisan scientific tariff commission. But it differs from the Republican platform in condemning the Payne-Aldrich Bill, which Mr. Taft approves; in demanding "an immediate downward revision of those schedules wherever duties are shown to be unjust or excessive," which the Republican platform, though recommending the reduction "from time to time" of some import duties, does not demand; and in emphasizing the necessity of clearly defined measures to make the protective system protect both the wage-earner and the consumer. This it is proposed to accomplish through a permanent tariff commission with large power of investigation, following, in some respects, the example set by the German Tariff Commission. The platform of the Progressive party says:

"*Primarily the benefit of any tariff should be disclosed in the pay envelope of the laborer. We declare that no industry deserves protection which is unjust to labor, or which is operating in violation of labor laws. We believe that the presumption is always in favor of the consuming public.*"

And this declaration was founded on Mr. Roosevelt's declaration in his speech preceding the enunciation of the platform: "In my opinion, the American people favor the principle of a protective tariff, but they desire such tariff established primarily in the interest of the wage-worker and the consumer."

The reader who desires to get a clear, concise, and authoritative interpretation of the

difference between the Democratic and the Progressive parties on the tariff question will get it by comparing the paragraphs italicized above, one quoted from the Democratic, the other from the Progressive, platform. The difference may be concisely but unauthoritatively defined as follows:

Democratic party. Abolish the protective system. Throw the American market open to the world. Make a tariff simply to raise money.

Republican party. Retain the protective system. Keep the American market for the American producer. And trust to natural law to secure a just division of the common benefit between the capitalist, the wage-earner, and the consumer.

Progressive party. Retain the protective system: but immediately reduce the present tariff. Keep the American market for the American producer; and take appropriate measures to divide the profit justly between the three parties who should be benefited by it, with a presumption always in favor of the consuming public.

On the tariff question, thus stated, the principles and sympathies of The Outlook are with those of the Progressive party.

THE PANAMA CANAL ACT: IS IT DISHONORABLE?

Last August, before the passage by Congress of the Panama Canal Act, we stated what we believe to be the duties of the United States with regard to the administration of the Panama Canal in the following language:

This Nation should regard itself as a trustee for the benefit of the entire world in its operation of the Panama Canal.

It should not attempt to make a profit out of tolls, and at least a part of the maintenance cost of the Canal should be paid out of the funds of general taxation.

Toll rates should be uniform to all nations, and there should be no discrimination in favor of American ships. An American steamship carrying goods from New York to Tokyo should pay exactly the same toll rate as an English ship carrying goods from Liverpool to Tokyo pays.

If foreign nations endeavor to discriminate in favor of their ships by granting subsidies or by remitting tolls, the President of the United States should be authorized to impose a maximum rate of toll upon the ships of such a nation—instead of a minimum rate fixed for all nations agreeing to abide by the principle of non-discrimination. This will be following the principle upon which the President is given discretion to impose a maximum tariff on those nations which unfairly discriminate against the United States.

American vessels engaged in the coastwise trade may pass through the Canal free without violating the non-discrimination clause, because now no foreign vessels are allowed to engage in trade between American ports.

Canadian vessels voyaging between an Atlantic port in Canada and a Pacific port in Canada or *vice versa*, and American vessels passing between such ports, ought to be regarded as engaged in foreign commerce.

There should be no attempt to discriminate between owners of vessels. Any man or any organization of men who own ships should have common rights with others in using the Canal. Therefore legislation against railway-owned ships would be discrimination. If railway-owned ships are a bad thing for the country, which we do not believe, forbid directly the railways to own them. Do not try to prevent such ownership indirectly by using the Panama Canal as a club.

European critics, chiefly in Great Britain, and Canadian critics, some of whom have sent their personal protests to The Outlook, assert that the Panama Canal Act violates one of the principles outlined above to such an extent as to make the Act an Act of Dishonor. In other words, they assert that in exempting American coastwise vessels from tolls the Government of the United States is grossly discriminating against foreign nations, and therefore violating its solemn treaty.

On the contrary, we assert that the exemption of coastwise vessels from tolls is not a discrimination against foreign nations, since foreign nations cannot engage in any way, shape, or manner in American coastwise trade. We further assert that when an endeavor was made in the American Congress to exempt American foreign commerce as well as American coastwise commerce, the force of American public opinion, which we believe is strongly in favor of the most honorable observance of treaty obligations, compelled the abandonment of such a position, and as the Act now stands, American vessels engaged in foreign commerce will pay the same tolls that the English, the French, the German, or any other nation pays.

The controversy, then, turns upon the question whether the exemption of American coastwise vessels is a discrimination against foreign nations. Our belief is that, after a reasonable lapse of time, which will give our foreign critics an opportunity to consider the matter, they will themselves abandon their

contention. But if they still insist upon it and demand international arbitration, we are in favor of arbitration, provided a court of arbitration can be formed the members of which are not parties in interest.

There is another aspect of this question upon which we want to say a very frank but not unfriendly word. The British press, in its severe and sometimes bitter comment upon the United States in this controversy, has displayed an attitude towards America and Americans that seems to many of us on this side of the water to be apparently prejudiced and irritating. Our British critics have frequently used the word "dishonor" in connection with our building and administration of the Panama Canal. Have they given us in this matter that word of praise which we may be fairly said to deserve? If they have spoken such a word of praise, they certainly have not repeated it often enough to be in danger of over-stimulating our vanity.

What is it that the United States has done? For nearly four hundred years the civilized world entertained the idea of a canal through the Isthmus from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Surveys were made, plans were drawn, treaties were enacted. Finally the French people undertook the work. They failed. The American people assumed the burden. They have fought disease and death. They have struggled with engineering problems incredibly difficult. They have laid upon themselves financially an everlasting burden of over four hundred million dollars. All this has been done not merely for their own benefit, but for the benefit of the entire world. And their final act is to say that the ships of all nations, including their own, engaged in international commerce shall share the benefits of the Canal on equal terms. Not only that, they have legally fixed for the ships of the British people (who are now accusing the Americans of dishonorable practices) a rate of toll which is actually insufficient to pay the cost of the maintenance of the Canal.

The interest on the Canal bonds alone, to say nothing of the cost of operating the Canal and of maintaining order and health in the Canal Zone, will be twelve millions of dollars annually. It is perhaps within bounds to say that the people of the United States will tax themselves twenty million dollars a year for the purpose of opening the Canal to the ships of the world. Professor Emory R. Johnson, one of the leading experts in this country on the canal commerce of the world, estimates that it will not be until 1925 that the traffic through the Canal will reach the point of sixteen million tons annually. The maximum rate fixed by the Panama Canal Act per ton is one dollar and twenty-five cents. It is therefore reasonably probable that for the first ten years of its existence the receipts of the Canal will not pay its fixed charges.

This policy is to be commended. It is a policy recommended by President Taft, and is highly honorable to the American people. Cannot our British critics recognize some of these things, and admit that the American people are possibly honorable?

There are certain advantages and disadvantages to the political development of the United States which are found in the Panama Canal Act, but these we shall wait to point out in a future article.

OUR POLICE DISEASE

New York City has been giving to the country a needed lesson. The Rosenthal murder was a tragic, almost theatrical, exposure of the corrupt partnership between policemen and criminals, between men who make money out of lawless vice and men chosen to enforce the laws, between the shepherd's dog and the wolves. It is this that Mr. Meloney, in the title of his article which appears on another page, calls "our police disease."

That disease is ours; it is epidemic in American cities. It is not confined to New York. If it is at its worst in New York, it is only because there it has most to feed on.

What Mr. Meloney tells about the consequences of this police disease in New York is written not only from the record of the case so far, but also from knowledge gained through his experience as a newspaper man and through his experience in the Mayor's office. His diagnosis of the disease, therefore, is not that of a theorist, but of a man who has had what may be called clinical training.

He has not been content with describing the disease; he proposes a definite method of treatment. It is highly significant that one who sees as clearly as Mr. Meloney how deep-seated the evil is also firmly believes that it can be eradicated. That fact is more important than any specific measure he suggests.

Without discussing his article in detail, except incidentally, we wish to call the attention of the readers of that article to certain matters relating to the police problem which seem to us fundamental.

There are at least three causes of the police disease, and, correspondingly, three points to which the attack upon the disease must be directed.

The first cause lies in the law itself. In the larger part of the Union the State takes an attitude toward the city like that of a parent who issues his commands to his son but takes no measures to secure obedience. This is always demoralizing to the son and humiliating to the parent. It has proved demoralizing to the city and humiliating to the State. If the city is to be regarded as a minor child to be controlled, it should not be left to enforce the laws which the State enacts. The State should assume the responsibility of enforcing its own laws. If, however, as we believe, the city is to be treated as an adult, it should be empowered to make its own charter, decide for itself the questions that chiefly concern its own citizens, and then be called upon to enforce only those laws which it makes for itself. In brief, as The Outlook has said before, the power that makes the law should assume the responsibility of enforcing it; and, conversely, the power that is expected to enforce the law should have the authority to make it. The application of this principle to the police disease is clear. As long as the police of the city are supposed to enforce a law for which the people of the city have no desire and assume no responsibility, the police will continue to exercise that discrimination in enforcing the law which is at the root of all police corruption.

The second cause of the police disease is the existence of corrupt men in places of authority. This cause of evil is not confined to the police—it is a cause of evil in the school, the bank, the private business concern, and even the church. The way to attack this is, of course, the old, obvious method of ferreting out the corruption and dealing with the offenders. This is District Attorney Whitman's distinctive task in the Rosenthal case. It is an essential part of the treatment; but it is not the whole of it.

The third cause is to be found in the perversely wrong organization of the police itself. At present in New York, and in many other cities, the subordinates in the police force have a long and almost unshakable tenure of office, while the commander of those subordinates is in a position of the greatest insecurity. Authority that is subject to removal at any time is no authority at all. The real authority will always reside in a system that is at least comparatively permanent. In the police force, therefore, the authority over the force resides not in the Commissioner, who is here to-day and gone to-morrow, but in an irresponsible organization within the permanent members of the force. It is that irresponsible organization—known as "the system," *par excellence*—that is the real seat of the police disease.

It is for the purpose of reversing the present police organization—making the head permanent and the subordinates easily removable—that Mr. Meloney offers most of his suggestions. With this end we agree; but not with all the means.

The Police Commissioner should have an office of comparative security. We do not believe he should be appointed by the Board of Estimate, because it is never wise to intrust the appointive power to a group except for the selection of subordinates engaged in the service of that group. The appointment of the Police Commissioner by the Mayor, however, might well be made subject to confirmation by the Board. His removal should not be left to judges. The function of the court is not administrative; the removal of a Commissioner of Police is a distinctly administrative duty. It is never well to avoid one evil by creating another. The removal of the Police Commissioner may, we believe, be intrusted to the Mayor, under limitations, provided the Mayor himself is subjected to prompt recall by petition of the people themselves.

The members of the police force, officers and men, on the other hand, should be deprived of their undeserved and injurious grip upon their places in the force that they now have. The view that the policeman has a property right in his office has been fruitful of evil in the police and injustice to the people at large. Mr. Meloney's suggestion that the police enlist for a term instead of being appointed to a permanent office is interesting. Enlistment would emphasize the reversal of the present arrangement. In that respect it is good. Whether it would be practicable or not we cannot judge. It is certain, however, that the members of the police, officers

and men, should be subject to prompt removal by the Commissioner after trial by court martial. The decision should not be subject to review by the civil courts, but only by the Mayor. Whether the lieutenants and inspectors of police be under the command of a chief or not, the men in places of authority on the police force should be subject to the Commissioner, and removable by court martial.

The Rosenthal case should result not merely in the punishment of murderers and corruptionists, but also in the reform of the system under which murderers and corruptionists flourish.

LETTERS TO UNKNOWN FRIENDS

From my Unknown Friends I have received a great many more letters than it has been possible to answer through the columns of The Outlook. Some of them have been answered personally, but this also involves an amount of time and thought which is not always at my disposal. In this and later articles I propose to group a number of these letters, answering them briefly. If the correspondent finds the answer inadequate, as in many cases he probably will, I ask him to accept it as a token of interest and good will, and to regard it as a suggestion which he must amplify by his own reflection.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

How shall I resist temptation? Never is there a time that I fall into temptation but that I am sorry afterwards and promise myself to reform—without avail. How shall I strengthen my will power? H. F.

If you are in company with a person of strong will, you probably find yourself sustained in your purpose by his will. He reinforces your good resolution. It is the teaching of the Bible, and it is the faith of those who believe in it, that there is an invisible Father of our spirits, in whose fellowship we may live, and by whose strength we may strengthen our weak wills and steady our wayward wills. There is no process by which this change in character can be instantly accomplished. But if you seek the companionship of those whose character you wish to emulate, and the companionship of your Father whose service you wish to do, you will find your will gradually strengthened and steadied. But you must expect that your ideal will always be better than your performance, though you may hope that each year will show both a better ideal and a better performance.

Could you speak a helpful word to those who have no inborn sense of the reality of the unseen? To those who possess it—as most great Christians do in very large degree—it may seem incredible that any one can be born without it. But I am convinced that there are many such people. E. T. B.

To this very fundamental question there are two answers.

First, we are not to measure ourselves by the clearness of our vision, but by our obedience to such vision as we have. Only three of Christ's disciples went up into the Mount of Transfiguration and saw him there, but the others could be obedient to him. The private soldier who never saw General Washington could be loyal to his unseen commander, and Benedict Arnold, who had lived in close companionship with Washington, could be a traitor to him. We all have some vision of truth and duty, and we are to test ourselves, not by the excellence of the vision, but by our obedience to such vision as we have.

Second, the clearness of the vision depends partly upon temperament, but we may all cultivate it by obedience to its message of inspiration, and by some fellowship, through literature or otherwise, with the men and women of vision. But our prayers should be chiefly, not for greater gladness and glory in seeing, but for greater patience and courage in obeying.

What is the meaning of the saying, "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings? and not one of them is forgotten by God"? It is supposed that God loves and protects the sparrow, and the application is that in like manner he loves and protects us. Please explain this lovable belief with the inexorable facts.

A. T. M.

What do we most desire for our children? Happiness or character? If God were to protect us from the perils and temptations of life, he would not equip us with character, nor would he furnish us the highest happiness. For the highest happiness comes to the courageous in confronting danger and to the virtuous in overcoming temptation. Peter, in his inventory of the qualities that make up a noble character, describes them as follows: Faith, valor, knowledge, self-control, patience, godliness, brotherly kind-

ness, love. These qualities cannot be given to one ready made; they must be developed in one by life education. It requires courage to develop valor, study to develop knowledge, struggle to develop self-control, burden-bearing to develop patience, battle with one's self to develop loyalty to God—that is, godliness—uncongenial neighbors to develop brotherly kindness, and self-sacrifice to develop, to its highest degree, love. If we regard the purpose of love to be to give present-day happiness, it is impossible to believe that God is love. If we believe the object of love to be the development of the highest form of character and the noblest experiences of life, it is possible to believe that we have in the struggles which make for character the help of a Great Companion who has more hope for us than we have for ourselves, and more faith in us than we have in ourselves.

Will Dr. Abbott give in The Outlook his interpretation of Matthew xvi. 18, 19, and John xx. 23, including a definition of the word church as used in the first passage, and by so doing aid a perplexed reader to a better understanding of the text?

*

There are two views respecting the Church of Christ. One, that he organized a Church to which all his followers should belong; the other, that he taught certain principles and imbues his followers with his own spirit, leaving those who accept those principles and possess that spirit to form their own organizations for carrying on his work—organizations which differ in different communities and at different epochs. The first is the Catholic view, the second is the Protestant view. The second is my view. I understand Christ's meaning in Matthew xvi. 18, 19, to be that whoever has a living faith in Jesus as the Messiah will by that faith be transformed in character, as Simon was transformed from a wave of the sea into a rock, and that on this living, transforming power of faith Christ founds the great invisible body of all his disciples and followers—a body which is more than any one church, but which is interpreted and expressed by all Christian churches. And I understand by his saying in John xx. 23, "Whosesoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained," that he puts upon this invisible body of his disciples and followers the responsibility of purifying the world and perfecting the kingdom of God. If they are faithful to their work, they will succeed in it; but the responsibility is laid upon them, and if they do not take up the work which he has laid upon them the work will not be done.

PROGRESSIVE DEMOCRACY[1]

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

EDITORIAL BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THERE can be no more important question than the high cost of living necessities.

The main purpose of the Progressive movement is to place the American people in possession of their birthright, to secure for all the American people unobstructed access to the fountains of measureless prosperity which their Creator offers them. We in this country are blessed with great natural resources, and our men and women have a very high standard of intelligence and of industrial capacity. Surely, such being the case, we cannot permanently support conditions under which each family finds it increasingly difficult to secure the necessaries of life and a fair share of its comforts through the earnings of its members.

The cost of living in this country has risen during the last few years out of all proportion to the increase in the rate of most salaries and wages; the same situation confronts alike the majority of wage-workers, small business men, small professional men, the clerks, the doctors, clergymen.

Now, grave though the problem is, there is one way to make it graver, and that is to deal with it insincerely, to advance false remedies, to promise the impossible. Our opponents, Republicans and Democrats alike, propose to deal with it in this way. The Republicans in their platform promise an inquiry into the facts. Most certainly there should be such inquiry. But the way the present Administration has failed to keep its

[1] In a series of editorials, of which this is one, Mr. Roosevelt is repeating in essence the statement of his political faith made before the Progressive Convention at Chicago.

promises in the past, and the rank dishonesty of action on the part of the Penrose-Barnes-Guggenheim National Convention, makes their every promise worthless.

The Democratic platform affects to find the entire cause of the high cost of living in the tariff, and promises to remedy it by free trade, especially free trade in the necessaries of life. In the first place, this attitude ignores the patent fact that the problem is world-wide, that everywhere, in England and France, as in Germany and Japan, it appears with greater or less severity; that in England, for instance, it has become a very severe problem, although neither the tariff nor, save to a small degree, the trusts can there have any possible effect upon the situation.

In the second place, the Democratic platform, if it is sincere, must mean that all duties will be taken off the products of the farmer. Yet most certainly we cannot afford to have the farmer struck down. The welfare of the tiller of the soil is as important as the welfare of the wage-worker himself, and we must sedulously guard both. The farmer, the producer of the necessities of life, can himself live only if he raises these necessities for a profit. On the other hand, the consumer who must have that farmer's product in order to live, must be allowed to purchase it at the lowest cost that can give the farmer his profit, and everything possible must be done to eliminate any middleman whose function does not tend to increase the cheapness of distribution of the product; and, moreover, everything must be done to stop all speculating, all gambling with the bread-basket, which has even the slightest deleterious effect upon the producer and the consumer. There must be legislation which will bring about a closer business relationship between the farmer and the consumer. Recently experts in the Agricultural Department have figured that nearly fifty per cent of the price for agricultural products paid by the consumer goes into the pockets, not of the farmer, but of various middlemen; and it is probable that over half of what is thus paid to middlemen is needless, can be saved by wise business methods (introduced through both law and custom), and can therefore be returned to the farmer and the consumer. Through the proposed Inter-State Industrial Commission we can effectively do away with any arbitrary control by combinations of the necessities of life.

Furthermore, the Governments of the Nation and of the several States must combine in doing everything they can to make the farmer's business profitable, so that he shall get more out of the soil, and enjoy better business facilities for marketing what he thus gets. In this manner his return will be increased while the price to the consumer is diminished. The elimination of the middleman by agricultural exchanges and by the use of improved business methods generally, the development of good roads, the reclamation of arid lands and swamp lands, the improvement in the productivity of farms, the encouragement of all agencies which tend to bring people back to the soil and to make country life more interesting as well as more profitable—all these movements will help not only the farmer but the man who consumes the farmer's products.

There is urgent need of non-partisan expert examination into any tariff schedule which seems to increase the cost of living, and, unless the increase thus caused is more than countervailed by the benefit to the class of the community which actually receives the protection, it must of course mean that that particular duty must be reduced. The system of levying a tariff for the protection and encouragement of American industry so as to secure higher wages and better conditions of life for American laborers must never be perverted so as to operate for the impoverishment of those whom it was intended to benefit.

But, in any event, the effect of the tariff on the cost of living is slight; any householder can satisfy himself of this fact by considering the increase in price of articles, like milk and eggs, upon which the influence of both the tariff and the trusts is negligible. No conditions have been shown which warrant us in believing that the abolition of the protective tariff as a whole would bring any substantial benefit to the consumer, while it would certainly cause unheard-of immediate disaster to all wage-workers, all business men, and all farmers, and in all probability would permanently lower the standard of living here.

In order to show the utter futility of the belief that the abolition of the tariff and the establishment of free trade would remedy the condition complained of, all that is necessary is to look at the course of industrial events in England and in Germany during the last thirty years, the former under free trade, the latter under a protective system. During these thirty years it is a matter of common

knowledge that Germany has forged ahead relatively to England, and this not only as regards the employers, but as regards the wage-earners—in short, as regards all members of the industrial classes. Doubtless many causes have combined to produce this result; it is not to be ascribed to the tariff alone, but, on the other hand, it is evident that it could not have come about if a protective tariff were even a chief cause among many other causes of the high cost of living.

It is also asserted that the trusts are responsible for the high cost of living. I have no question that, as regards certain trusts, this is true. I also have no question that it will continue to be true just as long as the country confines itself to acting as the Baltimore platform demands that we act. This demand is, in effect, for the States and National Government to make the futile attempt to exercise forty-nine sovereign and conflicting authorities in the effort jointly to suppress the trusts, while at the same time the National Government refuses to exercise proper control over them. There will be no diminution in the cost of trust-made articles so long as our Government attempts the impossible task of restoring the flint-lock conditions of business sixty years ago by trusting only to a succession of lawsuits under the Anti-Trust Law—a method which it has been definitely shown usually results to the benefit of any big business concern which really ought to be dissolved, but which causes disturbances and distress to multitudes of smaller concerns. Trusts which increase production—unless they do it wastefully, as in certain forms of mining and lumbering—cannot permanently increase the cost of living; it is the trusts which limit production, or which, without limiting production, take advantage of the lack of governmental control, and eliminate competition by combining to control the market, that cause an increase in the cost of living.

There should be established at once, as I have elsewhere said, under the National Government an inter-State Industrial Commission, which should exercise full supervision over the big industrial concerns doing an inter-State business into which an element of monopoly enters. Where these concerns deal with the necessaries of life the Commission should not shrink, if the necessity is proved, of going to the extent of exercising regulatory control over the conditions that create or determine monopoly prices.

By such action we shall certainly be able to remove the element of contributory causation on the part of the trusts and the tariff towards the high cost of living. There will remain many other elements. Wrong taxation, including failure to tax swollen inheritances and unused land and other natural resources held for speculative purposes, is one of these elements.

The modern tendency to leave the country for the town is another element; and exhaustion of the soil and poor methods of raising and marketing the products of the soil make up another element, as I have already shown. Another element is that of waste and extravagance, individual and National. No laws which the wit of man can devise will avail to make the community prosperous if the average individual lives in such fashion that his expenditure always exceeds his income.

National extravagance—that is, the expenditure of money which is not warranted—we can ourselves control; and to some degree we can help in doing away with the extravagance caused by international rivalries.

These are all definite methods by which something can be accomplished in the direction of decreasing the cost of living. All taken together will not fully meet the situation. There are in it elements which as yet we do not understand. We can be certain that the remedy proposed by the Democratic party is a quack remedy. It is just as emphatically a quack remedy as was the quack remedy, the panacea, the universal cure-all which they proposed sixteen years ago. It is instructive to compare what they now say with what they said in 1896. Only sixteen years ago they were telling us that the decrease in prices was fatal to our people, that the fall in the production of gold, and, as a consequence, the fall in the prices of commodities, was responsible for our ills. Now they ascribe these ills to diametrically opposite causes, such as the rise in the price of commodities. It may well be that the immense output of gold during the last few years is partly responsible for certain phases of the present trouble—which is an instructive commentary on the wisdom of those men who sixteen years ago insisted that the remedy for everything was to be found in the mere additional output of coin, silver and gold alike.

There is no more curious delusion than that the Democratic platform is a Progressive platform. The Democratic platform, representing the best thought of the acknowledged Democratic leaders at Baltimore, is purely

retrogressive and reactionary. There is no progress in it. It represents an effort to go back; to put this Nation of a hundred millions, existing under modern conditions, back to where it was as a Nation of twenty-five millions in the days of the stage-coach and canal-boat. Such an attitude is toryism, not Progressivism.

In addition, then, to the remedies that we can begin forthwith, there should be a fearless, intelligent, and searching inquiry into the whole subject, made by an absolutely non-partisan body of experts, with no prejudices to warp their minds, no object to serve, who shall recommend any necessary remedy, heedless of what interest may be helped or hurt thereby, and caring only for the interests of the people as a whole.

FOLLOWING THE CAMPAIGN

A WEEKLY DIGEST OF POLITICAL OPINION AS EXPRESSED BY PEOPLE AND NEWSPAPERS

THE JUDGES AND THE PLAIN PEOPLE

WHY is there dissatisfaction among the people with the courts? That there is dissatisfaction is shown by party platforms in this Presidential campaign. Is this something that concerns the every-day life of the common people?

Mayor Gaynor, in an article on "Bench and Bar," gives an answer. In this article he speaks not only as a public leader but as a man who has served as a judge on the New York Supreme Bench. He says:

> Do the courts . . . stand in the way of social and economic progress? . . . Yes, they do, and have done so for a long time. . . . Nothing is more distressing than to see a bench of judges . . . set themselves against the manifest and enlightened will of the community in matters of social, economic, or commercial progress.

This has chiefly affected the working people. There are many examples. Mr. W. F. Dodd, of the University of Illinois, in a communication to The Outlook, refers to an example in the State of Colorado. There the Legislature passed a law providing an eight-hour working day for the workingmen in mines and smelters. The Supreme Court of that State so interpreted the Constitution that it nullified that law and prevented the working people from having this relief.

What is the result of this sort of thing? In a letter to The Outlook, Mr. Henry N. Starr, of Illinois, expresses a common opinion:

> The American people fancy that they are a free and independent democracy, when, in fact, they are living under a usurping judicial autocracy.
>
> That our judges are mainly wise and pure, and not cruel and wicked men like Jeffreys and his associates under Charles I, is fortunate for us. The system has grown so gradually and so insidiously and has been so taken for granted as correct that the people have failed to take alarm. It is strange, but the judiciary have in fact usurped the power to repeal any law, under the plea that it is unconstitutional.

This dissatisfaction with the courts is nothing new. Mr. William L. Ransom, of the New York bar, in an address delivered not long ago before the Brooklyn Bar Association, has given an account of "the relation of the courts to the people," tracing it from the early days of the Republic. He has shown that in this history there were three periods of popular concern about the courts. The first period came "soon after the founding of the Government." The question then was whether by court decisions the several States could be made to conform to the Constitutional powers of the National Government. Says Mr. Ransom:

> That proposal aroused a very great deal of momentary antagonism. Two Presidents of the United States openly used their power and patronage to enforce a negative answer. Some of the most eminent members of the bench and bar . . . fought long and bitterly against the Progressive standards declared by Chief Justice Marshall in the Supreme Court of the United States; but, in the end, the new trail, blazed by the Nation's courts, became the accepted Constitutional path.

The second period was foreshadowed by the warnings of Alexander Hamilton, who expressed his view in the following question concerning the encroachments of one governmental department on another:

> How are the encroachments of the stronger to be prevented, or the wrongs of the weaker to be redressed, without an appeal to the people themselves, who, as the grantors of the commission, can also declare its true need and enforce its observance?

Thomas Jefferson said in his letter to Thomas Ritchie dated December 25, 1820:

A judiciary independent of a king or executive alone is a good thing, but independence of the will of the nation is a solecism.

Again, in his letter to Judge Roane of September 6, 1819, Jefferson said:

It should be remembered as an axiom of eternal truth in politics that wherever power in any Government is independent it is absolute also. Independence can be trusted nowhere but with the people in mass.

Actual conditions about a decade later were thus reflected by Alexis de Tocqueville:

If I were asked where I place the American aristocracy, I should reply without hesitation that it is not composed of the rich, who are united by no common tie, but that it occupies the judicial bench and the bar. . . .

Armed with the power of declaring the laws to be unconstitutional, the American magistrate perpetually interferes in political affairs.

This second period culminated in a discussion over the Dred Scott decision. In this the Federal Supreme Court put Scott out of court because it held that a slave, or a slave's descendant, could not be an American citizen or have any standing in the Federal courts. Then the question was, as Mr. Ransom says:

Should the Dred Scott decision—a perfectly good decision, doubtless, in law, judged by legal precedents and mainly legal theories of the scope of the Constitution—be permitted to stand permanently in the way of the enlightened public conscience of the time?

Commenting on this, Abraham Lincoln said in his speech of June 26, 1857, at Springfield, Illinois:

We believe as much as Judge Douglas—perhaps more—in obedience to and respect for the judicial department of government.

We think its decisions on Constitutional questions, when fully settled, should control, not only the particular cases decided, but the general policy of the country, subject to be disturbed only by amendments to the Constitution as provided in that instrument itself. More than this would be revolution.

But we think the Dred Scott decision is erroneous. We know the Court that has made it has often overruled its own decisions, and we shall do what we can to have it overrule this.

The comments of Lincoln have been referred to by the advocates of the submission of judicial decisions to a popular vote. But Mr. Herman W. Stillman, a Chicago lawyer, writing to The Outlook, says:

Lincoln never advocated the submission of judicial decisions to popular vote. He stood for a government *by* the people and also for a government *of* the people (which means a government in which the people permit themselves to be governed), both in accordance with the self-imposed restraints of the Constitution.

In their government *by* and *of* the people, in the passage of laws, the people cannot go further than authorized by the limitations of the Constitution; and in their government *by* and *of* the people, in the construction of their laws, they must be content to submit to its restrictions. . . .

They do not repudiate the principles and policies of Abraham Lincoln, but they believe that the Lincoln way is to create an enlightened public sentiment, with which the people, through their judges, will surely fall in line, within the limitations of the Constitution; and that if a law is desirable which the Constitution forbids, its enactment should first be made lawful "by amendments to the Constitution as provided in that instrument. *More than this would be revolution!*"

Now we are in the midst of the third period of especial popular concern with the courts. As Mr. Ransom remarks, "there is undoubtedly less of rancor and resentment, less of hate and haste, and far more of good humor and self-restraint in the present discussion than in the past."

As to this, Senator Root said in recently addressing the New York State Bar Association:

Some of the recent discussions of judicial conduct have been dignified and temperate expressions of reasoned opinion which we must respect although we may not agree with it, such, for instance, as the recent article by Mr. Roosevelt in The Outlook. Some other expressions, however, have been rather exhibitions of violent temper and appeals to prejudice, imputation of sinister motive, and incitements to hatred. Such expressions we may not hesitate to condemn; and I am glad to believe that the condemnation will find a response among the great body of American people.

What is, and what should be, the attitude of the judges? In this connection Mr. Robert S. Wickham, a Binghamton, New York, lawyer, calls our attention to the following quotation from Justice Holmes's "The Common Law:"

The life of the law has not been logic: it has been experience. The felt necessities of the time, the prevalent moral and political theories, the intuitions of public policy, avowed or unconscious, even the prejudices which judges share with their fellow-men, have had a good deal more to do than the syllogism in determining the rules by which men should be governed. The law embodies the story of a nation's development through many centuries, and it cannot be dealt with as if it contained only the axioms and corollaries of a book of mathematics.

With this in view, Mr. Harry L. Kent, director of instruction at the Kansas State

Agricultural College, Manhattan, Kansas, writes to The Outlook as follows:

Where, in the services of our present justices—good men that they are—is the series of experiences that will give sympathy and understanding of the social conditions, requirements, and dues of the laboring and industrial classes? These men have been intimately associated with and employed by the wealthier members of our social body. They have studied, sympathized with, understood, and finally solved problems for this portion of society, favorably and acceptably to their clients.

But wherein lies their fitness to grasp the other side of the questions which come before them? . . . Ought not, could not, there be that other quality or consideration for fitness to sit on the Supreme Bench—the sympathy, experience, and understanding that come from just as intimate contact, study, and struggle with and for the problems and rights of the industrial classes as of the employing classes?

This criticism was most particularly accentuated by a recent decision of the New York State Court of Appeals, holding unconstitutional the Workmen's Compensation Law of that State. There was no possible appeal to the Federal Supreme Court, for there is no such appeal from a State decision adverse to the constitutionality of a statute. Concerning this Mr. Ransom says:

It is hard to explain . . . why beneficial legislation which the Supreme Court of the United States has held to be "Constitutional" when enacted by Kansas or Oregon should be left nugatory in New York on the theory that it violates the very provision of the Federal Constitution which it has been held not to violate.

The New York case directly led to Mr. Roosevelt's proposal in his address last spring at Carnegie Hall, New York City:

I am proposing merely that, in a certain class of cases, involving the police power, when a State court has set aside as unconstitutional a law passed by the Legislature for the general welfare, the question of the validity of the law—which would depend, as Justice Holmes so well phrases it, upon the prevailing morality or preponderant opinion—be submitted for final determination to a vote of the people, taken after due time for consideration.

Mr. Roosevelt styled his proposal "the Recall of Judicial Decisions." But, remonstrates Mr. Ransom, "from a lawyer's point of view, a more unfortunate and misleading characterization could hardly have been made." He adds:

Nearly all of the vigorous denunciation which the proposal has received . . . has been due to this unfortunate phrase. . . . Let us see just what his proposal . . . is not.

1. It has nothing to do with the United States Supreme Court and its decisions. . . .

2. It would in no way weaken or impair the interpretation or enforcement of the guaranties of the Federal Constitution by the Federal courts. . . .

3. It has nothing to do with any "specific" clause of any Constitution. . . .

4. It would not in any way repeal or amend or destroy the "due process" clause of any State Constitution. . . .

5. It has nothing to do with the "recall" of judges. . . .

6. It has nothing to do with the "decision" or "judgment" in any suit.

"If Mr. Roosevelt means," declares Mr. Charles E. Carpenter, of the University of North Dakota, "when he says he is not proposing anything in connection with the Federal Constitution, that the people may review a decision holding a State statute in conflict with a State Constitution, but may not overrule a decision where a statute is held to be in conflict with the Federal Constitution, it is difficult to see how Mr. Roosevelt's proposal could in any way relieve from the admittedly deplorable result reached in the Ives case."

On this point Mr. Walter James Shepard, of the University of Missouri, writes in a letter to The Outlook:

An amendment to the Federal statute permitting appeals in *all* cases where the question of the validity of a State statute is raised on ground of alleged conflict with the Federal Constitution would assure a final decision by the Supreme Court of the United States, and go far towards alleviating the condition.

There has also been some decided dissent. For instance, Mr. Stillman, from whom quotation has already been made, declares:

The American people elect most of their officials. They are trying the experiment in some States of electing their laws. It is now suggested that they choose their Constitutional interpretations by ballots.

It is the opinion of many patriotic citizens, who are part of the people, and who desire their full share in government by the people, that this is not practicable. They honestly believe that the electors have not yet advanced sufficiently in opportunity to know the law, ability to apply it, or freedom from boss rule, especially in our large cities, to make the experiment a safe one.

Mr. William G. Coleman, a Baltimore lawyer, in writing to The Outlook, says:

It is not believed that a theory so destructive of our governmental system under a fixed Constitution, so abhorrent to every thoughtful man's ideas of the proper administration of justice, will be accepted by any but a very negligible and unsafe element of our whole people. . . .

The proposed review of decisions would bring about chaos and injustice instead of the

stability and justice which our Constitution affords.

Mr. E. B. Valentine, of Electra, Texas, writing to The Outlook, points out that "the principal difference between the proposed popular interpretation of State Constitutions and the present power of amendment would seem to lie in the fact that the proposed power would be retroactive, while the present power is not." He explains:

Primary elections are not retroactive. The recall of officers is not retroactive. The popular election of United States Senators would not be retroactive. The initiative and referendum are not retroactive. Constitutional amendments are not retroactive. All the various methods of expressing the popular will by direct vote that are now enforced or that have heretofore been proposed, so far as I am aware, are not retroactive. But the proposed interpretations of Constitutions by popular vote surely would be retroactive, and, to that extent, unwise.

Mr. William R. Burleigh, of Manchester, New Hampshire, asks the following practical questions:

If elected on the platform you publish, what can Mr. Roosevelt legally do to compel the adoption of the direct primary, the short ballot, the initiative, the referendum, the recall, the review of judicial decisions, the reform of the courts, or the government administration of public utilities?

Do not you and he both know that these are all matters exclusively in the control of the individual States?

But we already have a system equivalent to Mr. Roosevelt's, asserts Mr. Albert S. Bard, of New York City, in a letter to The Outlook. "Ordinary decisions," says he, "may be 'recalled' . . . by act of the Legislature. Except so far as Constitutional matters may be involved, the law as declared by the courts can be changed by the next Legislature or Congress, as the case may be." Mr. Bard instances the following illustration:

A milling company had appropriated, without permission, the portrait of a girl for use in its advertisements, and was circulating the portrait over the legend, "The Flour of the Family." The Court of Appeals said, in effect, that because this had never previously been recognized as a breach of personal rights it wouldn't recognize it, and held the girl to be without remedy. This decision was so abhorrent to the general sentiment of the State that the very next Legislature abrogated the decision with a statute.

Where a Constitutional question is involved, comments Mr. Bard, such decision may be "recalled" by amendment to the Constitution. Of this he gives the illustration of the New York decision against the Workmen's Compensation Act, "which, within a short time, will undoubtedly be 'recalled' by an amendment to the State Constitution expressly permitting such acts."

Referring to the assertion that if the people know enough to make a Constitution, they know enough in the last resort to say what it was that they meant when they made it, Mr. Bard asserts that "this seemingly artless sentence . . . may be taken to mean very different things." For instance:

If it means (*a*) that persons capable of drafting a constitution are capable of construing it, I agree. But the people are not competent to draw constitutions, and they never do draw them in fact. The work is done by skilled experts having years of specialized training. All that the people do is to say, in a very rough way, whether the general ideas embodied in the document are acceptable.

If it means (*b*) that a people capable of voting to adopt a constitution may wisely be left to decide whether or not particular amendments which are proposed shall be adopted, again I agree. This is precisely what we do to-day.

But if it is intended to mean (*c*) that a people . . . capable of voting upon the acceptance or rejection of a constitution is capable of reviewing as a court of last resort a question of its construction, or may properly do so, the proposition is laughable. It simply cannot be done.

Mr. Allan F. Westcott, of Annapolis, Maryland, writing to The Outlook, thus concludes:

In most cases, since laws are in the nature of bonds between the individual and society, the people, as a body, are litigants, either as plaintiffs or defendants. To transfer judicial power to them would be to combine the offices of plaintiff or defendant and judge, an anomaly in Anglo-Saxon legal procedure.

In answer to this point Mr. Bernard A. Rosenblatt, a New York City lawyer, in a letter to The Outlook, says:

On a careful examination of the problem, such reasoning must appear weak and unconvincing. If the people were the judge between the minority and the majority, then indeed the decision might justly be viewed with suspicion. But in the case to which the recall of judicial decisions is intended to be applied the Legislature of the State, sworn to defend and sustain the Constitution, has enacted certain laws which it deems Constitutional. The legislators have neither the moral nor legal right to pass any laws but those which they are convinced are Constitutional. . . .

When such a law, approved by the executive and legislative branches of the government, is disapproved by the courts of the States on the ground that the act is in contravention of the State Constitution, we have a situation wherein two branches of the government (law-making and law-enforcing) disagree with the opinion of the third branch (law-interpreting). Is it not

logical to provide for some method whereby the people . . . should decide as between the diverse opinions of their various representatives as to what the Constitution really is?

Another method is proposed by Mr. George L. Burtis, of Marquette, Michigan. Writing to The Outlook, he suggests that a law declared unconstitutional might be submitted to the people; and adds:

If the people of the State or of the Nation, acting as a unit for the purpose, give a majority vote in favor of the law, and thus reenact it, then let it take its place as an *extra-Constitutional law*, having the same force as the Constitution itself and repealable by the people, and by them only.

A . . . plan, also needing for its establishment Constitutional amendment, would be to have every law submitted to the Supreme Court of State or Nation, as the case might require, if during its passage through the Legislature or Congress its constitutionality were brought into serious question, and if two-fifths of the Legislature requested a decision from its Supreme Court as to the constitutionality of the proposed law before it went to the Executive for his signature.

Mr. Dodd, who has already been mentioned, declares himself to be "in hearty agreement with Mr. Roosevelt's arguments," but feels that the end at which Mr. Roosevelt aims may be accomplished more fully and less cumbrously by two measures:

(1) Take from the State Constitutions the broad guaranties of "due process of law" and "equal protection of the laws," leaving all State cases involving such guaranties to be settled by an application of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution. . . .

(2) If these clauses are removed from State Constitutions, contests over the validity of new social and industrial legislation must then be based almost entirely, if not entirely, upon the provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment. An amendment to the Federal Judicial Code . . . would permit all such cases to be brought promptly from State courts to the United States Supreme Court for final settlement.

Mr. Harrison J. Conant, a lawyer of Montpelier, Vermont, writing to The Outlook, declares:

That some of our courts have nullified the will of the people expressed in legislative enactments by an "absurd narrowness" of interpretation of the Constitution "resting on literal distinctions," is too obvious to be denied.

But Mr. Conant asks:

Would it not be in accordance with the true theory of Constitutional interpretation to require decisions of the court to be *unanimous* in order to nullify any act of the Legislature? . . . In a criminal case we resolve a reasonable doubt in favor of the accused, and require that all of the jurors be free from such doubt. Is it unreasonable to require unanimity when the Constitution is on trial?

Ex-Governor Lucius F. C. Garvin, of Lonsdale, Rhode Island, in the course of a letter to The Outlook, says:

The trouble with President Taft, Mr. Root, Mr. Lodge, Mr. McCall, and Secretary Nagel is that no one of them appears to realize that present conditions are extremely bad. President Taft says that, instead of popular review of judicial opinions of the Constitution, let the people amend the Constitution. But he does not recognize the fact that for the people to amend the National Constitution as they wish is an impossibility; nor are most of the State Constitutions open to change at the will of the majority. If the people could change their Constitutions . . . as they can do in the State of Oregon, then they could well afford to do without the other powers to which Mr. Taft objects. They could, and would, create a legislature truly representative. They could, and would, provide machinery for the election of executive officers far superior to that which now exists. As Mr. Roosevelt has just written, setting forth the line of separation between the Progressives and their opponents, "The issue is perfectly simple. Do you believe in the rule of the people? If you do, you are with us. If you do not, you are against us."

That is the truth. If Mr. Taft and his supporters had faith in the American theory of government, they would advocate some method by which a majority could alter the organic law when they so desire. The fact that not one of them proposes the granting of such power to the people indicates that they believe in the aristocratic form of government.

At all events, Mr. Arthur W. Richards, of Yonkers, New York, writing to The Outlook, thus concludes:

I suggest that we let up a while on theoretical judgments as to the ability of the people to rule and give them a trial at it.

This is why the Progressive party adopted the following plank:

The Progressive party demands such restriction of the power of the courts as shall leave to the people the ultimate authority to determine fundamental questions of social welfare and public policy. To secure this end it pledges itself to provide:

1. That when an act, passed under the police power of the State, is held unconstitutional under the State Constitution by the courts, the people, after an ample interval for deliberation, shall have an opportunity to vote on the question whether they desire the act to become a law, notwithstanding such decision.

2. That every decision of the highest appellate court of a State declaring an act of the Legislature unconstitutional on the ground of its violation of the Federal Constitution shall be subject to the same review by the Supreme Court of the United States as is now accorded to decisions sustaining such legislation.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL NOGI

BY GEORGE KENNAN

GENERAL COUNT KITEN NOGI, who committed suicide in Tokyo on the night of September 13, was perhaps the most widely known and best loved of all the great leaders who directed the armies of Japan in the memorable war of 1904–1905. He was born in Choshiu in 1849, and began his military career, at the age of fourteen, as a samurai in the service of the Daimio of Choshiu, one of the most powerful nobles of feudal Japan. His early training on its physical side was that of a Spartan boy, and on its mental and moral side that of a Marcus Aurelius. His whole life showed that he was deeply impressed in his earliest youth with the temper and spirit of Old Japan, and his rules of conduct were based on the ethical code known as Bushido —"the way of the knights." The very foundation of that code, as expounded by a recent Japanese historian, was "loyalty—loyalty to one's lord, or to any man or matter upon which one's heart is set." The code also taught, and Nogi as a boy learned, the importance of fearlessness, modesty, simplicity, sensitiveness to considerations of personal honor, readiness to sacrifice everything in the performance of duty, and complete disregard of mere existence when existence is incompatible with inherited standards of faithfulness and moral obligation.

With these ideas in his mind and with this spirit in his blood, young Nogi began his military career. He served with credit in the civil war of 1877 (the so-called Satsuma Rebellion), and was subsequently promoted two or three times; but he did not see active service again until the outbreak of the Chinese War in 1894, when, after appointment to the command of a brigade, he took part in the capture of Port Arthur—the great fortress which he was destined to attack and capture a second time in 1904. After the Chinese War he was raised to the peerage; received the decoration of the Golden Kite; was made lieutenant-general, and given command of the Second Division of the Japanese army at Sendai. In 1896 he was appointed Governor-General of the newly acquired territory of Formosa; but after a short term of service there he returned to Japan and took command of the Eleventh Division, which was then stationed at Marugame. In 1900 he resigned his post, settled with his wife and his two sons in the country, and became a simple farmer. If his sovereign had not again needed his services, he might have lived the rest of his life as a plain country gentleman in his native province of Choshiu; but when the war with Russia broke out, the Emperor recalled him to Tokyo, promoted him to the rank of full general, and ordered him to command the army that was to operate on the Liaotung peninsula—the very field where he had first won distinction.

Of the crowning achievement of his life, the capture of Port Arthur and the destruction of the Russian fleet lying in the harbor, it is hardly necessary to speak. I wrote twelve articles for The Outlook from the headquarters of the besieging army, and everybody must still remember the bombardments, the night attacks, the sure-death parties, and the tremendous final assaults on Two-Hundred-and-Three-Meter Hill and the central forts. Two incidents of the siege, however, are still worth retrospective attention, on account of the light that they throw upon the character and beliefs of the man who, at the last, did not regard it as weak, dishonorable, or unfaithful to take his own life. The first one is the death of his second and only remaining son in the storming of Two-Hundred-and-Three-Meter Hill. As the social unit in Japan is the family rather than the individual, the continued existence of the family is regarded as a matter of the utmost importance, and the complete extinction of a family line is a calamity of the most serious and deplorable nature.

When the Russo-Japanese War began, Count and Countess Nogi had two surviving children, both sons, and both in the army. At the storming of Nanshan, Shoten, the elder son, perished; and when the siege of Port Arthur began, Hoten, the younger son, was an officer in a regiment that formed a part of General Nogi's attacking force. Ninety-nine Western fathers out of a hundred, when they had given one son to their country and had only one left, when they faced the possibility of a bereavement that would leave them childless in their old age

and bring to an end their family line, would have sheltered a little the one son that remained. It would have been easy for General Nogi, as supreme commander of the Third Army, to assign Hoten to duty on his staff, and thus protect him from some of the dangers incident to regimental service at the extreme front. Nogi, however, was not a father of that type. He and his remaining son might both die; but it was the duty of both to die, if necessary, and each must serve faithfully in the position that he occupied, regardless of death and regardless of the possibility of family extinction. Hoten, therefore, was left to take his chances at the front. His father watched the tremendous struggle for possession of Two-Hundred-and-Three-Meter Hill with a full consciousness that his last son was taking part in it; but during the progress of the battle he showed no signs of emotion. At night, however, when his officers had retired and he believed himself to be alone, he would sit for an hour at a time with his face in his hands and tears trickling through his fingers. Early in December, on the third day, I think, of the assault, Hoten was killed while leading a small storming party in an attack on one of the covered trenches of the Hill. When the father was notified of the son's death, he received the news calmly, and in his subsequent address of congratulation to his victorious troops he made no reference to his own bereavement. As he afterward said to a Russian officer of General Stoessel's staff: "You have lost many dear comrades; so have I; but it is not our custom to express our grief. Our hearts may be full, but our words must be few."

The second incident of the Port Arthur campaign that seems to me worth remembrance at this time is the solemn battlefield address to the spirits of the dead. Toward the close of the siege General Nogi, for the satisfaction apparently of his own inner nature and his own deep feeling of moral responsibility, caused an altar to be erected on a dusty plain between the hills in front of the Russian forts; assembled the officers of his staff and a part of his troops; and, after performing the Shinto rites of reverence and respect, read a written address to the spirits of his dead soldiers. In this address he humbly apologized for the incapacity that he had shown in the conduct of the siege, and begged the forgiveness of the men who had been sent to their death by him, but who might possibly have been saved alive if the siege had been better managed and the assaults more skillfully directed. Such a ceremony and such an address are foreign to all our modes of thought and action; but even if the spirit of Old Japan be strange to us, we can hardly fail to appreciate the touching sincerity of the feeling, and the strength of the conviction that the dead are still in existence, and that the living have in relation to them an unchanged duty and a continuing responsibility.

That General Nogi was deeply conscious of his own limitations and mistakes, and that he was greatly oppressed by a feeling of accountability for them, there can be no doubt. He was not a man to say what he did not sincerely mean, and in a letter written to General Terauchi, the Minister of War, a few days after the surrender of Port Arthur, he said: "I wish you all the compliments of the season" (it was just after New Year's day). "The feeling I have at this moment is solely one of anguish and humiliation that I should have expended so many lives, so much ammunition, and such a long time in the accomplishment of my task. At last General Stoessel's patience has become exhausted and he has surrendered the fortress, so that, in this part of the field, a settlement has been reached. I have no excuse to offer to my sovereign and to my countrymen for this unscientific, unstrategical combat of brute force. . . . Our preparations are now complete, and we are looking forward with great pleasure to tasting the sweets of a field campaign [the reference is to the forced march northward to take part in the battle of Mukden]. . . . I thank you heartily for your kind condolences on the death of my sons, and I beg you to forgive my long display of military unskillfulness."

Again, in an extremely brief report to the Emperor upon the siege of Port Arthur and the battle of Mukden, General Nogi said: "Even with such loyal and gallant officers and men as I had, a long time was spent—more than half a year—in capturing the Port Arthur stronghold; and in the battle of Mukden" (twenty-six words omitted in the report as published) "and we could not find an opportunity to crush a large force of the enemy's horsemen who moved in the rear of our left flank. This gives me the deepest cause of regret in my life." The twenty-six omitted words were probably a self-condemnatory statement of partial failure in the flanking movement on

the Japanese left, which was intended completely to surround Kuropatkin's army. The words were stricken out by the Emperor personally before the report was given to the press, and his object evidently was to prevent historical record of a great injustice done by General Nogi to himself. This deep consciousness of comparative inefficiency, and of moral responsibility therefor, Nogi never ceased to feel. In the later years of his life he often referred to it, and more than once said to his friends that the loss of his two sons seemed "almost a necessity, because only through this terrible bereavement could he answer to the spirits of the many brave men whom it had been his unhappy duty to send to death."

Such an attitude toward the dead and such a feeling of responsibility for personal errors that possibly increased the number of dead are foreign to all our modes of thought and all our standards of moral accountability; but they are quite in harmony with the spirit of Bushido and Old Japan, and Nogi must be judged by the feelings and beliefs of his teachers and contemporaries, not by feelings and beliefs that have been created by a different history and environment, and that prevail in a very different part of the world.

Another noteworthy trait of Nogi's character was his generosity to his enemies. In a recent article in The Outlook I referred to his extraordinary magnanimity in offering, at the unveiling of the Japanese monument to the Russian dead at Port Arthur, to conduct a Shinto religious service in honor of the spirits of the soldiers who, while living, had killed his sons and twenty or thirty thousand of his countrymen. An additional illustration of this trait is to be found in a letter that he wrote to the Governor of Nagasaki just before General Stoessel and his officers were sent to that port at the end of the siege. It was in part as follows:

Sir: It has been arranged to send around by your port the Russian military men and officials who are returning to their country on parole. I do not doubt that you have received some official communication as to their treatment, but I desire to state my own views, for your information. It need hardly be said that persons released on parole are not prisoners, neither are they enemies. They are merely foreigners who have performed loyal service in their country's cause. So long as combat continued, due vigilance, of course, had to be exercised; but I trust that the officials and the people of my country will not now regard these men as prisoners. They should be treated with humanity and the fullest courtesy.

Six years after this letter was written—in 1911—General Nogi spent a day or two in St. Petersburg, on his way to London, where he went to represent his Emperor at the coronation of George V. While in the capital of the Czar's Empire he did not forget, nor neglect, to lay a wreath of fresh flowers on the grave of General Kondratenko, one of the bravest and most skillful of the Russian officers with whom he had fought at Port Arthur. These incidents may seem unimportant; but they help to show what manner of man General Nogi was, and what his attitude was toward the spirits of the dead who died for Japan and the dead who died for Russia.

After the war General Nogi returned to Tokyo, where the great popular ovation that he received showed conclusively the depth and sincerity of the people's respect, sympathy, and love. In 1911 he went to London to attend the coronation of George V, but during the five or six years that followed the war he lived quietly in Tokyo, attending to his duties as military counselor, taking an active interest in affairs of state, but doing nothing to attract particular attention. On the 30th of July the whole Empire was shocked and plunged into the deepest grief by the death of the Emperor Mutsuhito. On the 13th of September—forty-five days later—General Nogi stabbed himself in the throat and the Countess Nogi killed herself by *seppuku* just as the firing of a gun in the palace grounds announced that the body of the Emperor had begun its journey to the grave. No event in recent years has made a more dramatic and tragic impression upon the world, and none has been followed by more inquiry, conjecture, approval, and condemnation. Like Tolstoy's abandonment of his home and death in a railway station at Astapova, it has caused the whole world to ask, "Why?" In the absence of any positive information with regard to the Nogis' intentions and reasons, it is difficult to suggest any adequate psychological explanation of their action; but it may be possible to throw some light upon the history of suicide in Japan, and upon the social and traditional environment which has made self-destruction there a very different thing from self-destruction here.

In order to understand, however, the Japanese attitude toward suicide, we must divest ourselves, as far as possible, of our own inherited and acquired beliefs, and try to look

at the matter from the view-point of a people who have never regarded suicide as essentially, inherently, and in all cases a crime. Suicide in Japan has always and everywhere been regarded as sometimes justifiable. Throughout the feudal period *seppuku*, or self-disembowelment, was enforced in the samurai class as a punishment for certain kinds of offenses; but this association with crime never made it disgraceful *per se*. Death by suicide continued to be honorable and, in certain cases, praiseworthy. When a *bushi*, or knight, was forced to a choice between two lines of conduct, one of which involved the sacrifice of principle and the other the sacrifice of life, he chose the latter without a moment's hesitation, and put himself to death with perfect coolness and dignity. Life, in the West, has almost invariably been put first in the list of desirables. Life, in Japan, has always been regarded as insignificant when balanced against any one of a dozen other things. Loyalty was better than life; the faithful performance of duty was better than life; the sacrifice of one's own interests to the interests of one's lord was better than life; the preservation of personal honor and dignity was better than life. Life was of value only when it was compatible with certain ideals of conduct. It may be said that these ideals of conduct were artificial, unreasonable, or even fantastic; but that does not affect the fundamental difference between the Eastern man and the Western man in the attitude of each toward life.

The Eastern man (I now refer particularly to the samurai) was always ready to die for the thing that seemed to him worth while—and there were many such things. The Western man is also ready to die for the thing that seems to him worth while—but there are few such things. The worth-while things in the East and the West differ as widely as does the attitude of the East and West, respectively, toward suicide as a means of attaining the worth-while things or avoiding the things that seem to be vitally injurious or disgraceful.

Suicide, as a means of attracting attention to what seem to be insupportable evils and exciting public feeling against them, has been practiced in Japan for centuries. As late as 1891 Ohara Takeyoshi, a lieutenant in the Yezo militia, committed suicide in front of the graves of his ancestors in Tokyo as a protest against what he thought was the indifference of the Japanese Government to Russian encroachments in the north. His explanation was that he thought "an appeal from the grave would move men's hearts more surely than any arguments urged by a living voice." After the Japanese-Chinese War, when Japan gave up Port Arthur and allowed it to be occupied by the Russians, no fewer than forty Japanese army officers committed suicide by *seppuku*.

This ideal of conduct may seem strange to us, but it is not incomprehensible, and there have been analogous cases even in the West. I knew a young married woman in Siberia—a political offender—who was condemned to death while pregnant, but who concealed her condition in order that she might be hanged with her unborn child. Her sentence would have been commuted if the authorities had known all the facts, but she was ready to commit what was virtually suicide because she thought that the horror of such an execution would raise a storm of popular indignation and protest against Russian governmental methods. How does this case differ in principle from the suicide of Ohara Takeyoshi and the officers of the Japanese army? And yet it is not an Oriental case. We are undoubtedly right in condemning Japanese suicide; but let us not misunderstand it, nor ignore the fact that the principle which underlies it—the insignificance of life in comparison with certain other things—is not to be condemned without qualification. It is a principle that has given firmness and strength to the Japanese character, and that has produced many men of the Nogi type—the type of Old Japan. How strong devotion to this principle has been in Japan we may see from the action of the lower house of the Japanese Parliament upon a proposal, made as late as 1869, to prohibit *seppuku* and abolish it altogether. Two hundred members out of two hundred and nine voted against the proposal, and six refrained from voting. The speakers who defended *seppuku* declared that it was "the very shrine of the Japanese national spirit and the embodiment in practice of devotion to principle." The spirit of Japan has changed since then, but it still remains unchanged in a few men of the Nogi type.

In very early, almost prehistoric, times the custom of *jun-shi*, or dying with the master, led to the interment of living Japanese retainers with their dead lord. This custom gradually died out, but voluntary suicide as

a means of showing personal devotion or attachment to a master or superior persisted for many centuries. In 1614, for example, three of the retainers of the Prince of Hirado killed themselves by *seppuku*, in order to "bear their dead lord company." There have been hundreds of similar cases in more recent times. General Nogi is said to have left a letter to be given to the new Emperor. When that letter is published, if it ever be published, we shall probably know definitely the reasons for the writer's suicide. Meanwhile I may perhaps venture to express the opinion that Nogi's act was not an act of weakness, nor a result of melancholia, nor an evidence of unbalanced mind. He never was weak in his life; he never allowed himself to be crushed by grief; and in the forty-five days that followed the death of his friend and master he never showed the least sign of mental derangement. So long as the body of the Emperor remained unburied, and so long as Nogi could render any service to his dead lord, he acted with perfect self-possession, calmness, and intelligence. When all was over, when there was nothing more to do, he ended his own life as an expression of his boundless devotion to the man whom he had loved. It was in the spirit of Old Japan, but Nogi was a man of that era, and lived in the mental and moral atmosphere of that time. In order to understand, dimly at least, the underlying principle of the act it is only necessary to imagine that the inherited beliefs and the social order of Old Japan which sanctioned and approved the death of Nogi in Tokyo were just as strong and just as compelling as were the inherited beliefs and the social order which sanctioned and approved the death of Straus, Millet, Astor, and Butt on the sloping decks of the sinking Titanic. It is not so much a difference in men as it is a difference in beliefs, traditions, ideals of conduct, and the social order. We may not approve the spirit of Old Japan, but by putting ourselves mentally in the places of the samurai of Old Japan we may at least understand it.

As for the suicide of the Countess Nogi, it is only a proof that the devotion of a Japanese wife to her husband is just as deep and strong as the devotion of an American wife to her husband. Mrs. Straus, on the Titanic, refused to leave Mr. Straus to die alone; and the Countess Nogi, in the modest little house in Akasaki, determined in the same spirit to share her husband's fate. Both women were faithful and devoted, and both had the strength and the courage that faithfulness and devotion give. The tombstone over the grave of the Nogis should bear the words from Bushido which describe their ideals—Loyalty, Duty, Faithfulness, Courage, Devotion, and Self-sacrifice.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD

Up to the mighty life of God on high
The soul that breathes this immemorial prayer
Is lifted, with its earliest words, to share
Wider horizons and an ampler sky,
To the Eternal Name and Will brought nigh,
Of the Eternal Kingdom child and heir;
And having caught man thus from daily care
To God—behold, God stoops to glorify
The life of man, that life of hard-won bread,
Of trespass and temptation day by day,
So far from peace, by sin beset so sore;—
O Son of Man and Son of God, who shed
Immortal hope upon the human way,
Thy prayer clasps earth to heaven forevermore!

OUR POLICE DISEASE[1]

BY WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY

ONCE more New York City has set the Nation by nose and ears with a scandal of police corruption. This time its noisomeness has reached even beyond the seas. The cities of the Old World, no less than those of the New, are aghast at the revelations concerning blackmailing policemen and toll-paying crime which cable and telegraph have been carrying to them since July 16 last. The *exposé* is as much a part of the daily news of London and Paris as it is of San Francisco and Detroit. London rhymesters are not behind those of Chicago in making it the subject of pertinent and impertinent verse. Berlin and Los Angeles are cartooning it.

To foreigners the revealed coalition between crime and those vested with the authority of suppressing it is but one of the many startling phenomena of which they are accustomed to read in our American life and institutions. To us it has never been a phenomenon. It is, and has been, a problem these past fifty years, whose solution we have, with becoming hypocrisy, sporadically attempted. It is not the problem of New York City alone, but of every city above the third class in the United States.

It is more than a problem. It is a disease. It has been diagnosed times without number, most notably in New York City by the Lexow Committee of 1894, and by the Mazet Committee of 1899. Hardly a day passes without the news carrying evidence of its existence in one or more cities. Hardly a municipal election is held without this disease, in one phase or another, proving the source of a determining "moral" or immoral issue.

The latest manifestation of our police disease, or diseased police, was shot into the world's attention at two o'clock of the morning of July 16, 1912, when the Camorra of the Department of Police of the city of New York assassinated a State's witness who within a few hours was to have given to the public prosecutor proof in corroboration of charges of blackmail and official oppression which he had previously made.

This witness was a gambler named Herman Rosenthal. He was a product of New York's East Side, who began life as a newsboy. According to his own sworn statement, he, as a lad of seventeen, went weekly to a police station and paid $25 for the privilege of running a game without molestation. That was twenty years ago.

In November, 1911, Herman Rosenthal made the acquaintance of Charles Becker, a lieutenant of police, and then commander of the "Strong-Arm Squad," a police body accustomed to lawless acts and practices, which is supposed to deal with the suppression of gambling and disorderly houses and gangs. Oppression and not suppression is the record of this and all similar squads.

New Year's eve last found Rosenthal and his wife, Becker and his wife, who is a public school teacher, and a number of others at a dinner in the club of a fraternal order. This festive occasion seems to have served to seal a friendship, or at least an understanding, between gambler and police officer.

New York had been and was notoriously "wide open." By that it is to be understood that houses of ill fame and gaming were plying their trades successfully, and that crimes of trick, fraud, and device, designed to relieve bucolic strangers and muddle-brained natives of pocket-burning cash, were the order of the day. All of this notwithstanding apparently persistent "raiding"—dust always for the eyes of the gullible—which resulted in no corrective convictions.

Herman Rosenthal was ambitious to be a "big gambler"—one of the "uptown fellows" who may make a fortune in a night. He wished to be of the Tenderloin aristocracy. There are classes even in the underworld. Caste lines are drawn as rigidly there as they are in the *haut monde*.

March saw Herman Rosenthal established as the proprietor of a house in the gamblers' Golconda—New York's Tenderloin. His place was in a block in West Forty-fifth Street where, at that time, one couldn't throw a rock without breaking the window of a gaming den.

On April 15 Becker and his squad "raided" Rosenthal's house, during the proprietor's absence. Among those arrested was a boy, nephew of Rosenthal's wife. Thereafter a policeman was stationed on the premises

[1] See in connection with this article an editorial elsewhere in this issue.—THE EDITORS.

night and day. This is a common and lawless form of police oppression. As the lessee and legal tenant, Rosenthal would have been within his rights to have employed any necessary force to have ejected these police invaders. But Rosenthal did not think of the law any more than his police oppressors thought of the law. The gambler saw all around him carrying on their games. He saw houses "raided" and resume "business" before the echo of the footsteps of the raiders died away. No policemen were stationed in them. By devious ways he sought to have the guards removed, but his place had been singled out as a mark. It was plain that forces were at work to drive him back to the East Side. Nobody wanted his "protection" money. The reason has not yet been demonstrated by evidence. But one should keep the fact in mind that Rosenthal was an alien in the Tenderloin. He was a competitor. He represented an invasion from the East Side. Protection money is paid by gamblers not only to insure freedom from police interference, but also as insurance against competition. The fewer the gambling-houses, the bigger the returns for those who control the traffic. Crime buys privilege just as "big business" buys it.

The arrest of Mrs. Rosenthal's nephew by Becker became an aggravating sore in the situation which confronted the gambler. Why will appear in a moment. Rosenthal went about the Tenderloin contending that it was unjust, illegal, a "frame-up;" that the boy had been neither player nor employee; that he had been simply visiting Mrs. Rosenthal when the raiders entered the house. Debt began to oppress Rosenthal. Cupidity and jealousy became the stokers of the fire which was blazing within him. Of that fire the mighty power of revenge was born. He would pull down the temple though it destroyed him. He had something to tell. He sought the Mayor's ear. He was turned away. He sought the ear of the Commissioner of Police. He was turned away. He sought legal advice. He was counseled to cause the arrest of the precinct police commanders responsible for stationing trespassers upon his premises. He made a complaint of oppression before a police magistrate. Warrants were denied him. Summonses were denied him. He sought the ear of the District Attorney, and at last won an official's attention.

Rosenthal in an affidavit told the prosecutor that he had opened a gambling-house in the Tenderloin by and with the connivance of Lieutenant Becker; that Becker's share of the proceeds was twenty per cent; that Becker had stationed his blackmail collector, "Jack" Rose, in the house as an overseer of the earnings; that Becker had told him shortly before the raid that their friendship had become known at police headquarters and that to save his position he must raid the Rosenthal house; that he told Becker to go ahead; that when he protested against the stationing of a patrolman on the premises following the raid, Becker told him he was helpless to do anything; that forces higher up were behind that oppression; that in order to salve the sting Becker canceled a loan of $1,500, which money he had advanced at the time of the opening of the house; that Becker was a grafter and that the District Attorney could easily substantiate this with the means of investigation at his command; that the prosecutor could establish, so far as the gambling-houses of the city were concerned, that there was a fixed scale of police toll (this is a National fact, with variance only in amount)—$500 to open a house for faro and roulette games and $300 a month to operate it, $500 to open a pool-room for afternoon play and $300 a month to operate, $50 to $250 a month (according to the proceeds) to operate a crap game, and $50 to $100 a month (according to the proceeds) to operate a poker club. In a few words Rosenthal painted Becker as without parallel in the long line of police wolves who had grown rich preying upon crime. The lieutenant's bank accounts would prove what he said. He asserted that he had learned of the amount of graft Becker was collecting from the lieutenant's own lips. He was willing to go before the Grand Jury and tell his story. He was willing to bring other witnesses to the fore to corroborate what he said.

There had been no secrecy about Rosenthal's moves. It was known that he had tried in vain to see the Mayor and the Commissioner of Police. The proceedings covering his application for summonses or warrants for the precinct police commanders had been public. He went forth from the District Attorney boasting that at last he had found somebody in authority who would listen to him. He told the newspapers about it. The issues of July 16 printed most of what he had told the prosecutor, and which I have here summarized. Rosenthal stayed up

until two o'clock that morning to read what the papers had to say about him and his charges. But he did not stay up late enough to read their final editions. He had been murdered by the police Camorra.

The scene of Rosenthal's assassination was the entrance to the Hotel Metropole in West Forty-third Street, only a step from the busiest and most brilliantly lighted section of Broadway. It is in the heart of the Tenderloin. The hour chosen was one when the night life of that district is at its hectic height. The restaurants were crowded. The gaming-houses were pouring forth their patrons, denizens, and keepers. Newsboys were crying their wet, inky wares. It was so bright in front of the Metropole that men and women who bought papers paused to read. The sidewalks were rattling under a traffic of feet. That block of Forty-third Street is a park of night-hawk taxicabs. The curbs were lined with them. Of a sudden the taxis melted away. Somebody had passed a signal. It took but a few minutes to clear the street. Then a gray touring-car, its head pointed toward the east, drew up in front of the Metropole.

The State's witness, but in the eyes of the Camorra the "blab," the "snitch," the "informer," the "traitor," the "squealer," against whom the *omerta* had been pronounced, was in the Metropole's restaurant. He was reading the first fruit of his "squealing" in black headlines and columns of text. The District Attorney had announced publicly that he was convinced that Rosenthal had told some truth, and that subpœnas had been issued in furtherance of investigation. A chattel mortgage record of the $1,500 which the gambler said Becker had lent him had been found. A decoy of the Camorra entered the restaurant and told the State's witness that "a friend" outside wished to speak to him. He did not say that the "friend" was death. There was a fusillade of pistol shots as the Camorra's victim put foot on the sidewalk. A minute later the gray touring-car was speeding to the eastward away from a corpse which the night lights touched with strange hues. A policeman "off duty," who had been in the restaurant with an actress, and who had seen the "squealer" go forth to his doom, gave chase in a taxicab. He was accompanied by two others from the swarm of patrolmen and detectives in the neighborhood. They did not overtake the gray car nor ascertain its license number. A citizen who did observe the number was arrested when he gave it to the police.

It is not my purpose to record all that has happened since that hour. It will suffice to say that New York knows that it has not been due to Police Department activity that nine men stand indicted for the assassination in front of the Hotel Metropole. As I write seven are under arrest—Becker, who is charged with having plotted and procured the commission of the crime, two gangsters out of the four who fired the death shots, and four more underworld rats, of whom three have confessed that they hired the assassins. Of these three, "Jack" Rose has confessed to having been the collector of blackmail levied upon crime by the indicted lieutenant. He has confessed that he procured the assassins to do Becker's bidding. Up to date, August 23, the District Attorney has uncovered bank deposits in the name of Becker and his wife of a total of $50,000. There is a prospect of a total of $125,000. These deposits were made during ten months, coinciding with the period of Becker's unrestrained influence as commander of the "Strong-Arm Squad." The salary of a lieutenant of police of the city of New York is $2,250 a year. If Becker and his wife, even with her school-teacher's salary, had lived on air, they could not have saved this money from their incomes. Perhaps they may explain it. During the Lexow investigation an equally suspicious amount of wealth was discovered in the possession of "Aleck" Williams, an inspector.

"I made it speculating in town lots in Tokyo, Japan," was his answer to the prober's interrogation, "Where did you get it?"

Besides the nine accused murderers of Rosenthal two police subordinates of the lieutenant stand indicted for perjury and oppression. They are accused of having falsely procured the indictment of a notorious gang leader named Zelig, on a charge of carrying concealed weapons. Conviction under this indictment (it was a second offense) meant fourteen years' imprisonment. The State is in a position to charge that the weapon alleged by the two policeman to have been found on the person of the gangster was placed there by them after they had taken him into custody, and that the purpose of their act was the arrest and indictment—steps in a process which would make him amenable to the wishes of their

superior, Becker. In the *argot* of the police and the underworld this is called a "frame-up."

Upon Zelig's arrest it was Rose and the other confessed agents of the lieutenant of police who obtained the gangster's admission to bail in the sum of $10,000, pending trial. Zelig has confessed that it was he who supplied the four assassins who rode to the Hotel Metropole in the gray touring-car. Rose and the accomplices indicted with him have confessed that they obeyed Becker because he threatened to "frame" them into Sing Sing Prison.

Whither the trail of corruption will lead no man can predict. Whether the investigators who follow it finally come to the lair of the "man higher up" depends upon how much more those already in the toils of the law tell in order to save themselves from the electric chair. It is certain there is a "man higher up." If there weren't, there couldn't be grafters lower down. This has been demonstrated again and again, just as it has been demonstrated that there is a police Camorra, and as it will be demonstrated again by the assassination of other Rosenthals or "squealers" unless we deal with the problem efficiently and constructively—unless we excise the cause of the disease.

Herman Rosenthal is not the first victim of the police Camorra in New York. There was McAuliffe, in 1902.

James McAuliffe complained that a house of ill fame had been set up next to his residence. It was a "protected" house. No attention was paid by the precinct police commanders to his complaint. He carried his complaint to police headquarters. The result was that Edward Glennon, who was wardman of the notorious chief Devery, and who had been protecting the house of ill fame, was dismissed from the Department of Police. McAuliffe was not a drinking man. Shortly afterward he left home one evening to visit a sister. He was arrested for "intoxication," and was taken to the West Forty-seventh Street police station. He left it as a corpse or in a dying condition. His dead body, bruised and beaten and skull fractured, was found the following morning in the street, a few blocks from the station. Nobody was brought to justice for that murder.

A few years ago a drunken Brooklyn policeman named Dillon, who grafted food supplies from the small shopkeepers on his beat, became enraged because some duck eggs which he had obtained by blackmail turned out bad. Frenzied with liquor, he entered the delicatessen store where he had obtained the eggs to "get even." Terrorized, the proprietor and his wife told their twelve-year-old boy to telephone to police headquarters for aid. Dillon shot and killed the boy. It was established by competent witnesses that when Dillon was placed under arrest his uniform was whole and unmarked. When he reached the police station where he was locked up, there was an ugly knife-slit in his coat. Dillon pleaded self-defense upon his trial. He claimed that he had been assaulted with a knife by the boy. He pointed to the cut in his coat as corroboration. The prosecutor was able to riddle this story and show that the coat had been cut by a policeman between the scene of the killing and the station-house. Dillon was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to a seven-year term in Sing Sing.

So much for illustration of the Camorra's external exemplifications.

What remains to be revealed as a direct result of the Rosenthal assassination cannot be any blacker than what was dragged into the light by the Lexow and Mazet investigations, and during the meantime. The Lexow investigation lasted ten months. Thirty-one policemen were indicted and dismissed from the Police Department. Six were tried. Two were acquitted by juries. One went free as the result of a jury disagreement. Two were convicted. The Court of Appeals set aside the convictions and granted new trials. The indictments were then dismissed. One captain who was too stingy to employ counsel pleaded guilty. He consented to wear stripes in the penitentiary for thirty days. That was the harvest. Of the entire thirty-one dismissed from the Department, eighteen were restored to their positions by the courts. One of these, William W. McLaughlin, an inspector, after a vacation of three years was rewarded by the city with $25,000 for back pay and counsel fees. Bawds, brothels, saloons, gambling-houses, pickpockets, confidence men, and even steamship companies were shown by that inquiry to be sources of police blackmail. One inspector was shown to be the agent of a whisky house. This was "Aleck" Williams. Saloon proprietors had to buy his goods. Their alternative was to quit business.

The Lexow investigation cost the State $188,000. Nothing constructive resulted. Five years later it cost the State $46,066 more to ascertain that the police Camorra was still in existence. The Mazet Committee sat from April to December of 1899. Two policemen were suspended from duty. There were no prosecutions. Nothing constructive resulted from this inquiry so far as the police were concerned. Thirteen years later, if evidence of unchanged conditions in the meantime were lacking, the Camorra is so bold that it dares to assassinate a State's witness in one of the most public places on earth.

Among the Mazet Committee's findings was this:

"The police laxity toward certain laws [meaning the sumptuary laws and laws aimed at the suppression of vice] inevitably results in laxness toward all criminal offenses."

In that sentence, lame as it is, a big nail is hit squarely on the head. By grace of the people's hypocrisy the police of the country are the interpreters of our laws and not the enforcers thereof. A system of government by men and not by law has reared itself. For fifty years we have been electing executives who, by grace of the same hypocrisy, have been permitted to encroach upon the judicial branch of our system of government. It does not matter what the laws on the books may be, it is what these executives, and through them the police, are given to understand their respective communities would wish them to be. It is forgotten that these laws are general; that they are expressive of the will of the people of a whole State, and not of any particular city or town. But these laws remain on the books and continue to be the screws by which grafting policemen may wring toll from the underworld. They are the means by which official blackmailers are enabled to retire with mysteriously acquired riches. If the laws be obnoxious, then the one way to get rid of them is to enforce them. Only the people who enacted them can repeal them.

Lawlessness begets lawlessness. This popularly permitted usurpation of power on the part of the police in the interpretation of the laws has begotten a power of autonomy among them. As Tacitus, in speaking of obedience, has put it: "They attend to their duties, but still, as preferring rather to discuss the commands of their rulers, than to obey them." It is but a fiction that our police are public servants. They are public masters. They are a law unto themselves. They rule themselves. It may be accepted as an axiom of American municipal politics that the boss who has the police with him is the boss who wins elections. And for these election services and others between times politicians expect to pay, and do pay, with the enactment of laws which the police desire. It is easier to impeach a Supreme Court justice than to oust a grafting policeman from his job.

Nowhere in the United States is there a police department so securely intrenched in the power of its own will as in the city of New York. Its numerical strength as a political factor is primarily responsible for this. Twenty-five thousand votes will determine any close election in the metropolis. There are 10,000 voters in New York's police department. Said a practical politician, discussing the police with me not long ago: "Give me the cops and an issue that will hold them together and I'll swing any election. It's a poor skate of a cop that can't swing three votes. There isn't a beat in New York without three or more 'good citizens' on it breaking some ordinance or law with the cop's connivance. There isn't a cheaper or easier way for them to buy the cop's blindness than by voting for the man or thing the cop wishes to see go through."

A semi-remedy for this has been in force now for several years—the designation of patrolmen to strange posts and districts on election day. But what the department can do, voting with all its strength, was demonstrated in 1905. That was the year William Randolph Hearst was a candidate for Mayor against George Brinton McClellan. Hearst won the police vote principally with a promise of a three-platoon system—an eight-hour-day working law. The result was such a close one that despite an exhaustive recount and the fact that the courts awarded the office to McClellan there are thousands upon thousands of honest, hard-headed New Yorkers who will never believe that Hearst was not elected. Tammany Hall was against Hearst that year.

I think I have made it sufficiently clear why the political bosses desire things to remain as they are. If I have failed, one has but to read the newspapers from day to day. The bosses prevented any constructive treatment of the disease following the Lexow investigation. They prevented treatment

again after the Mazet probe. Lack of efficient leadership as well as hypocrisy on the reform side contributed on both occasions to the bosses' success. Unless strong leadership develops and the righteous indignation of the people is properly ordered, it is more than likely that politics will prevent this latest diagnosis of police disease to pass without remedial results.

What the New York police cannot obtain by political favor it does not hesitate to obtain by purchase. When it is necessary, it can maintain the wealthiest and most powerful lobby in the country, excepting that of the trusts. The department is a nest of internal organizations. They are called "benevolent" associations. They pay benefits for "death, resignation, or *dismissal*." Every rank from inspector down to doorman has its association. They thrive by virtue of a peculiar willingness on the part of the majority of policemen to pay through the nose. Naturally, shrewd men are the leaders of these organizations. You can always find them in positions of power in the department. They are the actual rulers of New York's police. With few exceptions, the long line of Commissioners have been led to believe that by coddling these association heads they could win the "good will" of the force. For the past fifty-five years New York has averaged a new Commissioner every seven and one-half months. This, of course, includes the periods when the rule was by board.

During the commissionership of General Theodore Bingham the Patrolmen's "Benevolent" Association sent out a call to its members for a "mortuary fund" of $150,000. Bingham had pending in the Legislature at the time certain bills by which he hoped to bring the force within control. It was boasted in Albany that the bills would never pass. Bingham heard of the "mortuary fund." He enlisted the aid of the District Attorney, and together they uncovered $74,000 in a safe-deposit box; $8,000 more was found wrapped in a dirty shirt in the home of the head of the association.

The officers of the organization denied that the fund was for legislative corruption. They said it was designed to increase the association's death benefit from $225 to $1,000. When they were asked why they had not put the money in bank, where it might draw interest, their answer was that this perhaps was due to a lack of business instinct. Bingham and the District Attorney broke into the association's secret meeting-place. They found a list of all contributors to the "mortuary fund," but there were no entries in the books of account, no records of receipts given to contributors. However, a document most illuminative of the "system" was brought to light. A patrolman named George Willett had refused to subscribe to the "mortuary fund." This report was made by the collector:

> This man, George Willett, who refused, I am told, has failed to make good for the salary bill, the defeat of the reorganization bill, or for any of the assessments that have been collected from time to time to enable your committee to secure better conditions. In spite of this he is always well taken care of by the superior officers of his precinct. He pleads poverty, but I am told that he has between $800 and $1,000 in bank. (Signed) MARTIN CAHILL.

The then Detective Sergeants' "Benevolent" Association (this rank has been abolished and the association has been merged with the lieutenants') gathered a fund of $20,000 the same year. Neither this sum nor what the patrolmen collected found its way to the State capital. Bingham's bills were passed. The Camorra still exists. Bingham was ousted from office by Mayor McClellan. The men whom Bingham tried to bring within control are still in power in the Police Department.

An instance of the willingness of policemen to be exploited is part of the current Camorra investigation. The Legislature in April last, at the instigation of the municipal administration, enacted a law increasing the salary of doormen (station-house keepers) from $1,000 to $1,400 a year and giving them the rank of patrolmen. The bill had the approval of Governor, Mayor, and Commissioner of Police. There was and is no human reason why any of the men benefited by that law should pay one cent to anybody for its adoption. Yet they are paying. I quote from a report of the Commissioner of Accounts:

"Officer Valentine Brandt testified that at Murphy's demand [Murphy is a former policeman now engaged in the practice of law] he signed a note for $400 payable to Murphy in monthly installments of $25 each. His first payment was made on July 2 [1912]. His receipt which he produced is signed 'William E. Murphy, per M. Johnson.' Brandt understood that the figure $400 was fixed by the amount of the increase in his

annual salary. . . . The police seem to be obsessed with the idea that the passage of any measure beneficial to them cannot be accomplished without the payment of large sums of money. They thus become the easy victims of the unscrupulous."

There is a remarkable psychology involved in the policeman's apparent joy in being exploited. I can only pause to say, however, that the majority of policemen are potentially as honest as the rest of humanity.

Since the reorganization of New York's department of police in 1857 there have been eighty-three Commissioners. Since the reorganization of 1883 there have been thirty-three Commissioners and five Chiefs. Between 1883 and 1900, when the office of Chief was abolished, the five successive incumbents of that office were retired for cause. The last one, Devery, had to be *legislated* out of office. Of the Commissioners only seven have been permitted to serve the term for which they were appointed. One died in office. The rest died politically. Only one has ever successfully submitted himself to the votes of the people after holding the office. That is Theodore Roosevelt. No Commissioner has ever been permitted to occupy the official chair long enough to ascertain whether he has been coming or going. Is it to be wondered that the police are self-willed? Is it to be wondered that there are "benevolent" associations? Is it to be wondered that there is a police Camorra?

Still, if the Police Department has wrecked Commissioners, it has also wrecked the Mayors who have appointed them. Under New York's present system of government the Mayor has the power of appointment and removal. It is a strange fact that in the last analysis the people of the metropolis measure the success or failure of a municipal administration by the way it handles the Police Department. Certainly the existing system of appointment and removal of the Commissioner of Police is at an end of the demonstration of its inefficiency. The responsibility of selecting the leader of 10,000 men is undoubtedly too great to be given to an individual. Political ambition, personal opinion, or perhaps a vision that he may succeed where other men have failed—these are only too likely to be factors in determining the attitude of the appointing power. Then, too, there is the very human liability of mistaking public clamor for public opinion, or public opinion for public clamor.

But to change the system of appointment and removal is by itself no remedy. The police still would remain their own masters. They still would be the interpreters of the law. The temptation of their commander still would be to do what he believed to be in accord with the wishes of the populace of the city rather than to obey the will of the people of the whole State. Commissioners of Police have political ambitions. So far as the present statutes are concerned, they are more than sufficient to shut up every gambling and disorderly house in New York within twenty-four hours. The powers have come up out of the common law. If the police had been actuated by legal and honest motives, they would not have adopted the oppressive proceeding of stationing a patrolman in Herman Rosenthal's gambling-house. After obtaining the proof that the premises were used for gambling purposes, they could have proceeded against the owner of the property and caused him to evict Rosenthal; or they could have arrested him and prosecuted him criminally for leasing his property for such uses as Rosenthal had been making of it. Not only are the operators of gambling and disorderly houses liable under the law criminally, but so also are the owners or lessors thereof. It is buncombe for the police or any other officials to say that the law is inadequate. Nor would any lessor, in the face of his rent-rolls, be able to plead ignorance of the uses to which lessees had been putting his property. Crime and vice pay landlords for accommodations in the same ratio in which they purchase "protection" from the police.

While under the Constitution the metropolis, on account of its population, is, and will continue to be, the dog, and the State the tail that wags the dog, still the enforcement of the laws as they are written cannot help but be the remedy for their alleged obnoxiousness. Only by a rigid enforcement will it be possible to obtain an expression of enlightened public opinion on the subject. As a consequence, hypocrisy must fall and a readjustment of those laws in keeping with that opinion follow. Until such readjustment, however, enforcement of law is the only way by which we may hope to put an end to police corruption. Only a free police can enforce the laws—a police without fear of political vengeance or expectation of political favor. Law enforcement means primarily a regaining of the control of the police by the

people, and to that end the police of the metropolis should be placed on an absolute military basis. It will be necessary as a matter of procedure to do likewise with the police of every city of the first and second class in the State. It is the cities which suffer from police corruption. It is the cities in which our laws for the suppression of vice and crime are employed as levies of police blackmail.

Americans like to shudder at the word "military." In the early history of the Nation it was a habit. Now it is an affectation. Call an organization by any other name and we will let it pass. The theory upon which all American police departments are organized is military. The system is military. But as it stands it is but a shell, for the kernel, discipline, has been stolen by crooked politicians and their ambitious tools.

In an editorial article in the New York "World" of August 18, 1912, I submitted this plan of reorganization of the metropolitan police:

"There are no legal barriers, which may not be breached, against legislating out of existence the entire police department as it stands. Simultaneously it should be re-enlisted as a unit for a three or five year period, with a continuing process of re-enlistment thereafter to be determined by the records and the fitness of individual members. There need be no vital disturbance of existing civil service and pension laws. The power of the Commissioner of Police should be made absolute. Examinations for promotion should be continued as at present instituted. Much is to be said in favor of divorcing the uniform rank from the detective branch of the force. Under a military system trials of departmental offenders would be by court martial, and with the power of punishing by dismissal and imprisonment as well as by fines. Trial by deputy should be abolished. The sole power of review should be in the Commissioner, and there should be no appeal from his decision. He should be absolutely independent of importunity from any source whatsoever. He should be in a position to make the men under him understand that they would rise or fall by merit or demerit alone, and not by the influence of a district leader, pothouse politician, or sentimental busybody.

"To insure stability of character and to command the class of men equipped by experience and skill to fill the position of Commissioner, the tenure of the office should be from ten to twelve years. The salary should be twice what it is at the present time. The power of appointment should be vested in the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. This body is elected by all the people. It comes nearer expressing the will of the whole people than any other body or individual under our present scheme of municipal government. The responsibility of selecting an official as important as a Police Commissioner and the commander of 10,000 men is too great to be given to the judgment of one man, even as the power of vesting the Commissioner's removal in one man is too great. There is always existent under this arrangement the temptation to accord with public clamor or personal whim or ambition or vision. We have had incompetent Police Commissioners and incompetent Mayors. By no means have all of our Commissioners been bad and all of our Mayors good. As the law stands now, no Commissioner can be free of will. Under any and all circumstances he, as a proposition of human nature, must be submissive to the will or the opinions of the appointing power. If he isn't, he must get out, and over his head always hangs the sword that dismissal attaints him from ever holding the office of Police Commissioner again, although it is to be doubted very much whether the Court of Appeals would agree with the Charter's weird provision of attainder. Still, this remains unsettled.

"Having vested the power of appointment in the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, its sole contract with the Police Commissioner should be the rigorous enforcement of all laws and ordinances, and a diligent maintenance of outward order and decency. Violation of that contract in any degree should be cause for removal upon the establishment of proper proof. The power of removal should be by petition originating either with the Mayor, a majority of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, or the people themselves. This petition and its charges should be made answerable by the accused within not less than thirty days at a public hearing before a committee of not less than three judges of the Court of Appeals, the committee to be designated by the presiding judge. That is getting as far away from the realm of politics and political influence as it is possible to get until we change our method of selecting the judiciary. As to a petition originating with the people, it should be provided that it must

be signed by not less than one hundred freeholders, who should be liable under a bond in the event that they present false or frivolous charges. Likewise the city could be made liable for damages on account of false or frivolous charges presented by either the Mayor or the majority of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment."

Since the submission of that plan I have heard this criticism: "Must courts martial displace civil justice?" I have in mind courts martial only so far as dealing with departmental offenses is concerned. The civil laws and the law courts of the State and the Nation are sufficient to deal with assassins or any other class of criminal offenders.

During seventeen years I have enjoyed exceptional opportunities of studying our police disease in all of the larger cities of the country. Out of that experience I have drawn this: Unassailed, police corruption is a marauding, insatiable monster. Attacked, it will slaver and fawn upon the hands which throttle it.

THE CONSERVATIVE LEADER IN ENGLAND[1]

BY H. HAMILTON FYFE

NEVER was there a leader of a great political party with fewer outward signs of leadership about him than Andrew Bonar Law.

When it was known that he had been chosen to succeed Mr. Balfour as general of the Conservative force in the House of Commons, even Englishmen asked themselves if they had caught the name aright. Foreign observers inquired bluntly, "Who is Bonar Law?" The choice amazed them.

Of course it was not a free choice. If the party could have voted by ballot for its new leader, Bonar Law might have received a few votes. The majority would have voted for Austen Chamberlain. Not far behind would have come Walter Long. But those who wanted Long would not have served willingly under Chamberlain. So, in order to avoid splitting the ranks, it was necessary to elect a man to whom nobody had any particular objection. That man was found in Bonar Law.

The situation created by Mr. Balfour's adroit acceptance of the Forward Conservatives' slogan, "B. M. G." (Balfour must go), showed the weakness of the party. He himself was only a nominal leader. For eight years, instead of being in the vanguard, he had walked behind the procession, doing all he could to check its progress. A friend of mine, candidate for a Parliamentary seat in the Midlands, went to talk over with Mr. Balfour the prospects in his constituency. This friend is a sincere and eager Protectionist or "Tariff Reformer," and he talked tariff reform. When he had done, Mr. Balfour passed a hand wearily over his forehead. "My dear fellow," he murmured, "you don't mean to say you believe all that!"

Mr. Balfour, however, in spite of his disbelief in everything, including himself and the chief plank in his party's platform, had two valuable qualities—prestige and personal charm. He is a distinguished man, and it was his distinction alone that kept the party together. Unfortunately, there was no distinguished man to take his place. Mr. Long is an amiable country gentleman, neither an "intellectual" nor an orator, nor indeed anything but an honest man. Mr. Austen Chamberlain would never have had any position in politics if he had not been son to the great "Joe." He speaks moderately well, but has no ideas. He could lead along a road well marked with sign-posts, but in unknown country he would not know which way to turn.

Now, Bonar Law is like these other two in that he lacks distinction, but he is unlike them in being a good speaker and in possessing an exceptional brain. He is a man who has got to the front by force of character. He was a convinced Protectionist (or "Fair Trader," as it was called then) long before "Joe" Chamberlain announced his dramatic conversion in 1903. There are many Conservatives, therefore, both inside and outside the House

[1] The increasingly critical political situation in Great Britain, and particularly the Ulster agitation against Home Rule in Ireland, of which we speak elsewhere in this issue, make this pen picture of the personality of the present Conservative leader of timely interest.—THE EDITORS.

of Commons who welcome his leadership and believe that he will serve the party far more capably than either Mr. Long or Mr. Chamberlain could have done.

Let us see what there is in Bonar Law's record and character to support the hope that he may be the man to re-establish Conservatism in popular favor. First we will hear him speak in the House of Commons. He has been sitting, while others addressed the House, perfectly quiet, to all appearance little interested. Unless you had been told who he was, you would scarcely have noticed this spare figure with the pensive, wide-open. melancholy eyes. His brown hair, getting a little thin, is brushed in an orderly, ordinary way. His lean features are shaven save for a small mustache. He wears a decent black coat. He looks just a decent, ordinary man.

That is, in fact, exactly what he would be but for his one passion, his characteristically Scottish passion—the passion for argument. Now he rises. A light burns in those eyes, no longer pensive or melancholy. He begins to speak, rapidly yet distinctly, with an excellent choice of words. He has seized upon points made by earlier speakers, and he is arguing them with resolute conviction as well as dialectical skill.

He has made no notes. He carries all his material in his head. They say that since Lord Brougham died no one has ever been able to handle a complex argument so clearly and easily as Bonar Law. The pleasant voice, agreeably flavored by a slight Scottish accent, flows on without any of those painful pauses, those "er, er, er's" which usually punctuate an Englishman's speech. Once he does pause. He is flinging arithmetic at his opponents, a ceaseless Maxim gun discharge of statistics. Of some important figures he is not quite sure. He takes from his trousers pocket a little note-book, just a little three-cent note-book it looks like. He turns at once to the right page and reads out, in a tone quivering with triumph, the figures which he declares "destrroy the entirre Frree Trrade case."

Although he uses notes so seldom, he always seems to have concealed somewhere about him just the note he wants. His clothes must surely be made with an extra allowance of pockets, and every pocket holds emergency ammunition. Listen! Some statement of his is questioned. There are shouts of derision from the Liberal benches: "He never said it," "Query," "Quote." Bonar Law looks at the Liberal benches with a grim smile. Then he plunges into a pocket—always the right one. At sight of a slip of blue House of Commons Library paper the Liberal benches are silent. They know what is coming. "Speaking at Birmingham on September ten, nineteen hundred and five. . . ." Another point scored by Bonar Law.

His points are always argumentative, never rhetorical. He appeals to reason, to facts; not to emotions or imagination. He can be bitter in irony. He now and then turns a neat phrase of humor; but he never lifts a debate above the level of logic. He never makes anybody want to cheer.

A queer, dry figure, this Scotsman with the one passion—the passion for proving some one else to be wrong. Even at school he was always wanting to argue. His schoolmaster at Hamilton pronounced him a boy of great mental power, a serious boy, a boy anxious to do well (*i. e.*, to argue other people down). At Glasgow High School the commendation took a different form. His master here declared testily that "he had every kind of sense except common sense." Evidently he had argued his master down! What he was like at Richibucto Grammar School, New Brunswick, no record tells. Although he was only twelve when he left Canada, the land of his birth, for Scotland, the land of his fathers, he had no doubt begun to argue even before then.

As a young man in the Glasgow office of his uncle he argued steadily in the intervals of mastering the iron trade. He joined a Parliamentary debating society, which had Government and Opposition sides and observed all the forms of the House of Commons. Here, like W. S. Gilbert's Sir Macklin, "he argued high, he argued low, he also argued roundabout him." At the same time he "took lectures" at the university, and for wider self-improvement joined a literary discussion club. His seriousness and anxiety to do well drew upon him the notice of a merchant prosperous in the iron trade, who offered him a partnership. The result of this was that by 1900, when he was forty-two years old, he had saved enough money to be able to retire from business.

His idea was to devote his energies to politics. He soon won a seat in Parliament and started for London to argue himself into office. For a while he sat on

back benches unnoticed. Reserved, he made few friends. Self-reliant, he bided his time. His first speech was dismissed by a Conservative newspaper as "dull," but Sir William Harcourt praised it, and the apparently unemotional Scot glowed with gratitude. Soon the House of Commons recognized that he was a man who, when he spoke, had always something to say. His leaders saw that he might be useful, and after only two years in Parliament he was invited to become a junior Minister. The Board of Trade, which concerns itself with matters of industry and commerce, required an Under Secretary. For four years he filled the post with discretion and industry. Then Mr. Balfour's Government went out and Bonar Law found himself one of the leaders of the Opposition.

He had risen with unusual rapidity. Tariff reform gave him his opportunity. He became logician-in-chief to the movement. Very few of its supporters could argue the case for Protection. Bonar Law could and did. The others took refuge in vagueness. He went into detail. He buttressed his arguments with solid figures and facts. He did not try to dazzle his hearers; he tried to make them think. This did not make him popular, for the people do not want to be made to think. They want to be stirred, entertained, hypnotized. They would far rather listen to Lloyd George's emotional abuse of dukes than to a reasoned proof of the necessity of reform. But the reasoned proof has more influence upon them in the long run.

In a play by Somerset Maugham one of the characters bids a young politician "remember that the British people like their leaders dull. Versatility they cannot bear, and wit they utterly abhor." That is true. Even Lloyd George's emotionalism, with its religious flavor, they have begun to distrust as too "sensational." But the duller Bonar Law's speeches were, the more readily was he labeled "serious" and "safe."

Those epithets sum him up. He belongs to the "industrious apprentice" type. He is a teetotaler; after his defeat in the election of 1906 he was discovered calmly sipping a glass of milk. A Presbyterian minister who "preached to him for a quarter of a century" gives him a handsome testimonial: "He was a devout, attentive, and appreciative hearer." He goes little into society. His wife died two years ago, and he felt her loss deeply. But even before that he was seldom seen at parties of any kind. He prefers his own home to the homes of other people; with a book he can be quite happy. His only amusements are chess and golf. To his children he is a friend as well as a father. When he took his place as Leader of the House, there was an Eton boy in the Strangers' Gallery, granted special leave for the occasion. That was young Bonar Law.

Now it is clear, I hope, why I began by saying that there were no outward signs of leadership about this safe, serious, respectable, argumentative Scot who has suddenly become a figure in world politics. Nor does it seem to me likely that he will ever really lead. The British people require of the man whom they will follow that he shall be in some respect a Superman. Leadership is a question of vitality; it demands an excess of life force. A leader must have strong personality. He must be able to influence a crowd by merely standing before them. They must be interested in him before he begins to speak.

Without Gladstone's prophetic dignity, Disraeli's Oriental fervor, "Joe" Chamberlain's businesslike enthusiasm, or Lloyd George's emotional ecstasy (which makes men shed tears at meetings and cry aloud, "Thank God for Lloyd George!")—without any picturesque quality whatever, how is Bonar Law to seize hold of the mass of people as these others have done and swing them in the direction he wants them to take? If success depended upon argument, he would be the most popular leader ever known. But argument has very little place in modern politics. For one voter whom you can convince by reasoning there are ninety-nine who must be appealed to in quite a different way. You must touch their imagination. You must impose your policy upon them by sheer force of will.

Such a leader will arise again among the British Conservatives. He will bring with him the ideas which are to mold the future. He will sweep away the tiresome network of machine-made tactics which cramps Conservative effort to-day. He will draw his following from all classes. He will build his platform upon broad principles, easily grasped. Such a leader the British people are waiting for. But they have not got him in Andrew Bonar Law.

THE ISSUES OF THE CAMPAIGN

BY WILLIAM DE WITT HYDE

PRESIDENT OF BOWDOIN COLLEGE

CANDIDATES

SHALL we have for President a judge?
Or a scholar?
Or a prophet?

Shall we have for Vice-President a reactionary?
Or a moderate?
Or a reformer?

TERM OF OFFICE

Shall we have two terms, with the first a steam roller for the second?

Or, more fearful of evil than hopeful of good, a single term?

Or as many terms as the people's need of leadership demands?

THE TARIFF

Shall we have a tariff which forces the consumer to pay on whatever manufacturers see fit to produce the difference in cost of production here and abroad, approximated by a scientific tariff board; plus a reasonable profit determined by the manufacturers themselves?

Or a tariff reduced steadily downwards toward a system of just charges rather than Governmental patronage, beginning with the schedules which have most obviously been used to kill competition and keep prices here above prices of the same articles sold abroad?

Or shall we have a tariff recommended by a tariff commission with power to inquire into costs of production, conditions of labor and wages, and cost of protection to the consumer; administered with an eye to the workman's pay envelope as well as to the employer's pocket; and with the presumption in favor of the consuming public wherever cost to consumer exceeds benefit to the producing class?

CONTROL OF CORPORATIONS

Shall we have attempted restoration of competition by enforcement of existing and supplementary law; with possibly a trade commission of very limited authority, and voluntary incorporation under a Federal incorporation law?

Or shall we rely largely on State remedies for National evils, enforced by vigorous prosecutions under existing and supplementary Federal law; and valuation, supervision, and rate regulations of railways, express companies, telegraph and telephone lines by the Inter-State Commerce Commission; with prohibition from engaging in business which brings them into competition with their shippers and patrons, and from overissue of stocks and bonds?

Or shall we have National regulation of inter-State corporations by a strong Federal administrative commission, which shall maintain permanent active supervision to enforce complete publicity of such corporate transactions as are of public interest, and prevent unfair competition, false capitalization, special privileges, swindling prospectuses, with a view to security of investment and equality of opportunity for all; and, where necessary, regulatory control over the conditions that create or determine monopoly prices?

LABOR

Shall we regard the hard conditions of labor as mainly inevitable results of natural and moral causes; their substantial improvement by legislation a "Socialistic dream;" waiting for remedies to filter down through the employers' prosperity or work out through agencies and laws already provided?

Or shall we recognize that we are in a new age where life is hard and opportunity embarrassed because privilege and private advantage have interlaced their subtle threads throughout our present law; create a department of labor; provide employees' compensation; limit injunctions in labor disputes to cases in which they would be issued if no industrial dispute were involved; and uphold the right of wage-earners to organize to improve wages and conditions of labor?

Or shall the Government directly protect the worker from accident, occupational disease, child labor, and labor of women at night; provide minimum safety and health standards, a minimum wage for women, and a living wage in all industrial operations; one day of rest in seven for all workers and an eight-hour shift in continuous industries; all under the control of a Department of Labor with a seat in the Cabinet?

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE COURTS

Shall the Constitution and the courts and the self-imposed limitations they embody be left as they are; and the complete inde-

pendence of judges be maintained; with simpler methods of removing derelict judges and reform of judicial procedure?

Or shall we have substantially the same things with a tendency toward States' rights in their interpretation?

Or shall there be easier and more expeditious methods of amending the Constitution; more effective National jurisdiction over those problems which have expanded beyond the reach of the individual States; restriction of courts so as to leave the people the ultimate authority on questions of social welfare; recall, after due deliberation and review by the United States Supreme Court, of decisions on certain Constitutional questions?

THE MACHINERY OF ELECTIONS

Shall we have the old system, modified by publicity of contributions and prohibition of contributions from corporations?

Or publicity before as well as after elections; prohibition of contributions beyond a reasonable maximum from individuals as well as from corporations; Presidential primaries and direct election of United States Senators?

Or strict limitation of campaign contributions and expenditures, with detailed publicity before and after primaries and elections; registration of lobbyists; publicity of committee hearings, and a record of all votes in committee; prohibition of Federal appointees from holding office or taking part in political conventions; direct election of United States Senators; direct primaries for nomination of State and National officers; Nation-wide preferential primaries for candidates for the Presidency; with the initiative, referendum, and recall as a last resort in rare and extreme cases where otherwise the people would be misrepresented; and equal suffrage for men and women?

Of course the platforms and speeches of candidates contain other topics—civil service, pensions, parcels post, navy, merchant marine, conservation, internal improvements, health, immigration, the Philippines, banking and currency reform; but on these points the promises of the parties are so nearly alike, or else so indefinite, as to present no clear-cut issues.

The election will turn on the candidates, the term of office, and the five great issues—the tariff, the control of corporations, labor, the Constitution and the courts, and the machinery of elections. In most general terms, the single issue is—whether we shall have mainly the old things in the old ways?

Or most of the old things and the few new things the old ways slowly and slightly changed permit?

Or several new things in the new ways that are necessary to secure them?

THE SPECTATOR

THERE are country hotels that are but transplanted bits of urbanity, if one may use the word without any suggestion of its derived meaning. There are other mere lodging-places that give life to the adage that there is no place like home. But the one from which the Spectator has just returned to his fairly normal life belongs to neither of these, or else he would not be putting pen to paper (alas that it is fingers to type-levers in these unromantic days!) to give some of the impressions that have been made upon him.

It was a most comfortable hostelry, with a proprietor of purest gold, a table that left no impression save satisfaction, and guests who were as pleasant as any reasonable man would expect of a gathering juxtaposed by the finger of fate and not by choice. Consequently it furnished a most interesting field for a study of what the average American crowd does when it has nothing to do.

There was no distinct and recognized point of attraction or reason for occupation. No lake offered boating in couples, no wonderful view thrust itself pre-eminently upon the attention; there was no social clique to throw apples of discord and incite strife as to the fairest or the most fashionable. The inmates had, for the most part, to depend upon themselves or upon one another for what distraction they desired. There was a tennis court, or an apology for one, and the scenery round about was sufficient to lure out the few adventurous amateurs of the brush and palette; but, excepting for these—a beggarly few—and a solitary mountain climber,

the place was occupationless. So the Spectator gave himself up to his favorite avocation, and observed human nature to learn what it would do under the conditions.

Breakfast, of course, took its place in the routine, and the Spectator counted only free hours in his investigations. Soon, however, the long row of piazza chairs were eclipsed by the more or less fair occupants, and it needed only a glance along the serried row to see why the magazines for women give so many pages to fancy-work. Saxony wool, filoselle, Irish flax, tabourets, French knots, buttonhole stitch, Mexican drawn-work, anything that was known to be useless and thought to be pretty was allowable and kept in evidence. Whatever useful sewing was done in the vacation hours does not fall within the Spectator's province, since it remained invisible during the whole of his sojourn.

There were a few accidental men, but these had no occupation except such as is furnished by cigars and cigarettes, and by what the French students know as *blague* and our children call fooling—the empty, amusing, good-natured talk that comes from nothing and leads back to the home of its origin by a thousand devious routes. It was often bright and clever, but was no more profitable than blowing soap-bubbles. If at any time there was an approach to the serious, there never lacked the "comic relief" to render serious discussion impossible. If the Presidential question came up at all, it was in a quiet side talk of no more than a few moments' duration. This, with a little strolling about, or an occasional call at the village store, took up the time till the coming of the mail agitated the human mill-pond and destroyed what little cohesion had been developed.

After luncheon there was a tacit recognition that no one was going to do anything that was more attractive than playing cards, and the more shameless devotees made up their fours for auction bridge and betook themselves to the afternoon service. The virtuosos sought the music-room, and either rendered or interpreted or murdered the classics, as their taste and skill dictated. Since murder is easier than music, it was far more frequent and lasting. If the spirits of great composers haunt the earth, they will not be found within earshot of most summer hotels.

The Spectator wonders about the modern vacation. He is interested in its origin and evolution. Romans had their hot springs and their country houses, their Italian villas; but there seems to have been only a limited class that expected the change and respite now sought for all but the completely submerged. The modern vacation is a new thing, and one for which so much is claimed that the Spectator begs leave to express wonder at what so many do with it.

The afternoon drifts on to evening, and once dinner is out of the way all feel that any pretense of aught but recreation may be abandoned. Then the true tastes of the guests are allowed to have full sway. The bridge tables are in full swing; the poor piano is run under full steam, while belated children stamp, yell, and pursue one another, themselves often followed by here and there a sensitive mother who is no Bedlamite; a few couples dance, oftenest two girls or women in most incongruous pairs; and outside upon the piazzas the habitually discontented strive to complain of that which hitherto has escaped its meed of grumbling.

Is the Spectator cynical? He hopes not. But this devotion to the game of auction bridge excites suspicion. The Spectator occasionally takes a hand, and for a time enjoys the game. But he confesses that it does not seem worthy of the time and attention given to it. The question will arise and will not down, Is it not talk about bridge rather than bridge itself that makes the game so popular? And why should the few hours we can get out of a hard working-year be so largely devoted to a game that is, as each bridge-player will admit, played so very badly by most of those who attempt it?

The answer is the same as must be given to the question, Why are vacation hours spent so aimlessly? The solution is found in the fact that modern life has destroyed the ability to find relaxation in a change of occupation; most of us have capacity or interest in but a narrow round of activity, and, this coming to an end, we are stranded, bored and disappointed. Is it not true that there is a great dearth of reasonable occupation open to the seeker for rest and renewal? And does not the fault lie in his inability to do anything out of the regular round well enough to enjoy it?

The Spectator thinks that herein lies the explanation of the failure of the average vacation.

THE NEW BOOKS

Miss Wealthy, Deputy Sheriff. By Elizabeth Neff. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.

This lively little book has the double merit of telling an exciting plot story about a mysterious bank robbery and of being a clever and amusing tale of character and humor.

"Charge It." By Irving Bacheller. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.

This is a companion piece to Mr. Bacheller's well-known "Keeping Up with Lizzie." Here our old friend the Hon. Socrates Potter puts a spoke in the wheels of the extravagant young fellows who think they must keep up with Harry. There is a lot of human nature in the book, and it will make people think as well as amuse them.

Marie. By H. Rider Haggard. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1.35.

In his new story Mr. H. Rider Haggard returns to the time and scene of his earliest and most successful romances. One of his old characters, Allan Quatermain, again takes up the narrative after some clumsy introductory machinery which might well have been omitted. The story is centered about the famous and horrible massacre of General Retief and his party of Boers by the Zulu King Dingaan.

Red Cross Girl (The). By Richard Harding Davis. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.25.

A volume of short stories from the pen of Mr. Richard Harding Davis is always welcome, and this is no exception. Mr. Davis must be tired of having reviewers say that he has never equaled his first story, "Gallegher;" certainly, even if that be true, he has to his score an extremely large number of capital tales with novel situations, direct and forcible narratives, and quick action. The half-dozen or more stories here collected answer that description and will have a deserved popularity.

Prelude to Adventure (A). By Hugh Walpole. The Century Company, New York. $1.20.

A Cambridge undergraduate kills a classmate by a blow in sudden wrath. No one for a long time suspects his secret, and he struggles with amazing outward calm against his inward instinct that tells him he must in some way meet and face the debt he feels he owes to society and to his conscience. Here, as in his "The Gods and Mr. Perrin," Mr. Walpole is a searching psychologist and a writer of singular force and clarity. The book is somber, but it is powerful.

Where There's a Will. By Mary R. Rinehart. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $1.25.

A sanitarium on its last legs, two stranded members of a broken-down theater company, an American girl engaged to a real Prince, a newly married couple hidden in a hut in the woods, a bunch of rich dyspeptics compelled to take exercise and proper food by a tyrannical young man who runs the sanitarium in place of the real owner, whom he happens to resemble—these are a few of the queer ingredients which the author has mixed together in an immensely amusing farce of a novel. It is ingenious, surpriseful, and full of fun.

Lovers (The). By Eden Phillpotts. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. $1.30.

The hardships of American prisoners of the Revolution at the Dartmoor prison is a favorite topic of Mr. Phillpotts in short story and novel. The present romance has almost a superabundance of prison incident, not always quite probable—for instance, the complex rescue of the man who is hanged. The earlier part of the book is both thrilling and rich in character study and love interest.

Gate of Horn (The). By Beulah Marie Dix. Duffield & Co., New York. $1.30.

Mystical and hovering around the idea of reincarnation, this story is subtler than most of this author's tales, is stronger in literary art, but is too vague and dreamy to arouse the average novel reader to tense interest.

My Lady's Garter. By Jacques Futrell. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. $1.35.

A melancholy interest attaches to this story as the last from the pen of the brilliant concocter of plots who perished on the Titanic. It is a complicated and not very plausible tale of the crimes of a clever rascal, "The Hawk," and the title refers to the theft from the British Museum of one of the garters supposed to have been presented by royalty to the Countess of Salisbury after the incident which is alleged to have been the origin of the Order of the Garter.

Long Portage (The). By Harold Bindloss. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.25.

Mr. Bindloss again writes of the Northwest, this time with a somewhat elaborate plot story. One feels in all the novels from his pen a full knowledge of *locale* and people, and a true reflection of human endeavor against the obstacles of semi-primitive life, but his literary tread is heavy and his incidents are not always probable.

Courts, Criminals, and the Camorra. By Arthur Train. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.75.

Mr. Train utilizes his experiences as a New York Assistant District Attorney and as a careful and trained observer of the recent extraordinary Camorra trials at Viterbo to put in contrast American and Italian methods of criminal procedure. The fascination of all that has to do with the protection and prosecution of crime is universal, and such topics as those on "The Presumption of Innocence," "Why Do Men Kill?" and "Detectives Who Detect" make good

reading. The book, like Mr. Francis Wellman's "The Art of Cross-Examination," unites professional acumen with popular treatment.

Man Farthest Down (The). By Booker T. Washington. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.50.

Many of the chapters in this volume first appeared in The Outlook. The author, in comparing the conditions of laboring people in Europe with those in America, and more especially the colored people here, is hopeful and cheerful as to American industrial life, and intensely sympathetic with those things in the life of European toilers which are oppressive and sorrowful. The book is the record of an immensely interested and fair-minded observer.

Famous Houses and Literary Shrines of London. By A. St. John Adcock. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

There are still existing in London many houses of literary association—more than is generally supposed. Here, for instance, are some seventy sketches of houses which have direct connection with Dickens, Thackeray, Lamb, Carlyle, and other less famous men. To some extent also the book has to do with the literary associations of the London of the past. The text is written by Mr. A. St. John Adcock, who has made an intimate study of London's streets and houses and their history, while the fine drawings are furnished by Mr. Frederick Adcock.

American Occupation of the Philippines, 1898-1912 (The). By James H. Blount. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $4.

From 1898 to 1901 the author was an officer of the United States Volunteers in the Philippines, and from 1901 to 1905 he was a United States District Judge in the Philippines. He ought, therefore, to know something about the Filipinos, and he does. As he spent a year in Cuba, he knows something about the Cubans too. His contrast of the two races is interesting. He says:

> The Filipinos can run a far better government than the Cubans. In 1898, when Admiral Dewey read in the papers that we were going to give Cuba independence, he wired home from Manila: "These people are far superior in their intelligence and more capable of self-government than the people of Cuba, and I am familiar with both races." After a year in Cuba, and nearly six in the Philippines, two as an officer of the army that subjugated the Filipinos and the remainder as a judge over them, I cordially concur in the opinion of Admiral Dewey, but with this addition, viz., that the people of those islands, whatever of conscious political unity they may have lacked in 1898, were welded into absolute oneness as a people by their original struggle for independence against us, and will remain forever so welded by their incurable aspirations for a national life of their own under a republic framed in imitation of ours. Furthermore, the one great difference between Cuba and the Philippines is that the latter country has no race cancer forever menacing its peace and sapping its self-reliance. The Philippine people are absolutely one people as to race, color, and previous condition.

As a history of the American occupation of the Philippine Islands from 1898 to 1912, and as a book of reference, the merit of Mr. Blount's volume is evident even to the casual reader The work will be practically indispensable to the student of colonial politics.

Work of Wall Street (The). By Sereno S. Pratt. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.75.

Mr. Pratt's book, of which we have already spoken, has been enlarged and revised for the new edition which has become necessary. It is a valuable reference book in that it gives a full exposition of the methods of the money and stock markets. Its explanation of terms used is particularly full and satisfactory, and the arrangement of the volume is notable for its convenience and plainness.

General W. T. Sherman as College President. Collected and Edited by Walter L. Fleming. The Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland, Ohio. $5.

This is the awkward and not entirely descriptive title of a large volume prepared by Dr. Walter L. Fleming, of the Louisiana State University, where Sherman served as President during the two stirring years which preceded the Civil War. What makes the book of live value to-day is that it contains a large number of General Sherman's letters in which appear vividly and fearlessly his views and those of many prominent Southern men on the National problems which were just reaching their crisis. Sherman was by no means always correct or entirely fair in his judgments, but he was always vigorous and always honest, and these letters cast a brilliant light on conditions in the far South at the time.

Life and Letters of John Rickman. By Orlo Williams. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.50.

This title conveys very little to most readers, but fortunately the publishers arouse curiosity and interest by placing on the title-page also the sentence, "Lamb's Friend the Census-Taker." Mr. Orlo Williams, who has prepared this book, was fortunate enough to get hold of a large body of correspondence between Rickman and Lamb, Southey, Coleridge, and others. Rickman, who was the originator of the census in England, and a famous statistician, was intimate with Lamb's circle, and references to him as a pleasant companion appear here and there in the literature of the time, but the existence of the letters now printed and edited was known to few persons. These letters have not a little of personal, literary, and political interest, and are therefore really worth preservation, although for the general reader a smaller volume and a less expensive reproduction of the correspondence might have proved desirable.

Boy (The): How to Help Him Succeed. By Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. $1.25.

A practical man's practical suggestions about boys, good alike for father and son. The sentences are crisp, clear, and often epigrammatic. An original feature is the "Symposium of Success," which includes the replies of 319 "men of mark" to twenty-five questions upon success-making.

LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

JAPANESE MORALS

I object decidedly to Mr. George Kennan's reckless misrepresentation of my opinion of Japanese morals in The Outlook for August 31 (pages 1011 and 1014). He uses the time-worn method of isolating a sentence from its context, and thus makes me out a Japanophobe. Writing in "Young Japan" (whose title Mr. Kennan misquotes), I said of Japanese morals:

> In a previous section of this book attention was directed to five noble qualities of Japanese character: bravery, loyalty, alertness, thoroughness, and self-control. To the superficial, this might seem to be a sufficient moral equipment for any nation. But a little thought convinces otherwise. What is bravery worth without purity? What value has loyalty without honesty? The intellect must not only be alert and thorough, but it must also be sincere. The will must learn not only self-control, it must also learn self-reverence. The two cancers at the core of the Japanese character are deep-set dishonesty and abandoned impurity; either would be sufficient to wreck the life of any nation.
>
> Let it not be said that this is the prejudiced opinion of an unsympathetic outsider. A Japanese journalist recently confessed that "our countrymen have earned an unenviable reputation of being the most untrustworthy people on earth," and admitted that they had earned it justly. As for the other, Japan is the only civilized government that deals in licensed prostitution as a source of revenue, and tolerates the sale of young girls by their parents under guise of a regard for "filial piety."

Mr. Kennan himself gives the correct explanation of the commercial dishonesty of large masses of the Japanese; but the correct explanation of a cause does not annul its effect. Happily, conditions are being rapidly bettered, and no one rejoices in this more than I do. But the plausible arguments of Mr. Kennan regarding the social evil are quite beside the mark with those who have had adequate opportunities for a clear understanding of the unique Japanese treatment of this subject.

I am not a Japanophobe, but neither am I a Japanophile. Nevertheless, I devoted vastly more space in my books to the virtues of the Japanese than to their vices. And I felt so strongly their charm that I said in "Japan To-Day" what I would like to repeat here: "No friends could have been gentler, more considerate, more helpful, than those dusky pagan Southerners, under whose silken vests beat the hearts of as chivalrous gentlemen as ever brake lance in a tourney. Saladin was a pagan. And when I think of those Japanese gentlemen and their gentle deeds in the days when they were true 'friends in need,' I feel like erasing from these pages every sentence which is not a compliment, every criticism that is not a tribute; while their beautiful word of parting has for me an added new meaning: *Sayōnara—If it must be so!*"

JAMES A. B. SCHERER.

Throop Polytechnic Institute,
Pasadena, California.

I should be quite ready to apologize to Mr. Scherer for misquotation or injustice, but I cannot see that, in this case, I have been guilty of either. He admits the accuracy of my quotation, but accuses me of misrepresenting his general attitude toward the Japanese by citing a single sentence, without its context. The context, however, does not modify the assertion. When Mr. A. declares that Mr. B. is a liar and a profligate, and that lying and profligacy will wreck his life, the accusation is not softened or modified by a contextual admission that Mr. B., nevertheless, is brave, loyal, alert, thorough, and self-controlled. If I had been reviewing Mr. Scherer's book, or describing his general attitude toward the Japanese, it would have been misleading and unfair to use a single sentence as the basis for a sweeping generalization. I was dealing, however, not with Mr. Scherer's book, nor with his general estimate of the Japanese people, but with the specific assertion, which he now repeats, that "the two cancers at the core of Japanese character are deep-set dishonesty and abandoned impurity; either would be sufficient to wreck the life of any nation." The first clause of this statement I quoted as an illustration of what seemed to me a general tendency to exaggerate certain Japanese vices that are particularly obnoxious in the West, and to make dogmatic and sweeping assertions upon an insecure foundation of facts. At this particular time, when a general effort is being made to lessen the frequency of wars, it seems to me extremely desirable that racial prejudice and international misunderstanding should not be increased by exaggeration of racial or national defects, and especially by inadequately supported assertions that whole peoples are brave, loyal, alert, thorough, and self-controlled, but are, nevertheless, cancerous with deep-set dishonesty and abandoned impurity.

GEORGE KENNAN.

Baddeck, C. B., Nova Scotia.

THE DANGER OF UNTRAINED AFFECTION

In a recent issue of The Outlook appears a story entitled "The Deserter," a cleverly written bit of human interest fiction, but with what appears to me an unfortunate moral. The writer seeks to show that in a difficult situation a warm-hearted woman with a display of affection and sympathy successfully handled conditions that were beyond the power of a trained charities worker to remedy. It will be remembered that in this story the breadwinner, thrown out of employment, is unable to endure the sight of his suffering family, and, believing that his presence is a barrier against relief for his dear ones, schemes to get himself out of the way. Every social worker knows that this is not an unusual case. The heroine in "The Deserter" is touched by the man's apparent devotion to his family; shares his belief that it would be better

for him to betake himself off, and so provides the means of subsistence for his family. She winks at his desertion as something perhaps to be deplored, but yet as a rather clever thing to do.

The organized charities worker is caricatured as a cold-blooded female, armed with note-book and pencil, devoid of feeling, lacking in insight, and making foolish investigations. The issue is joined between this human iceberg on the one hand, and the man and his family in league with Lady Bountiful on the other, and the writer of the story thinks that the situation was gloriously met when the charities worker was ignominiously put to rout.

Stories of this character hurt and irritate the trained workers in the social field, who have made these problems a life study, and they serve to increase the prejudice that already exists against the work of organized charity. There is a widespread feeling that untrained affection gets better results than do skill and method in the work of social rehabilitation.

Now, a little reflection will show that the impulsive settlement worker by her meddling, as described in the story, defeated the best interests of society. She confesses to making paupers of a wife and babies. She takes the mother from home, where she properly belongs, to become a wage-earner. She suffered the man to be relieved of the strain of caring for his family—a dangerous moral experiment under the best circumstances, while our hero has a weakness for drink. If you go through the lodging-houses of the Bowery in New York City, or South Clark Street, Chicago, you will find men like this by the scores of thousands. She sets a precedent for other men in the community, which they will not be slow to avail themselves of, secure in the belief that society will care for their families. As a matter of fact, Lady Bountiful has set much mischief afoot.

Now the skilled worker would quite properly have held that man would have found employment for him, if he could not find it unaided, and in the meantime would not have suffered any hungry mouths to go unfilled. He would have kept that family together, a self-supporting social unit. He would have canvassed all possible resources of that home, such as kinfolks, friends, church, or lodge, for that was the only purpose of the much-resented investigation.

The prejudice against the trained worker in the field of philanthropy is based on the notion that skillful investigation precludes the free play of natural affection and sympathy. The organized charities worker resents this feeling, for none knows better than he that "though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing." The social game has no attractions for a loveless character, and the affection of those needing help is the biggest asset in the work. As Frederick Almy, the dean of American charities workers, has well said, "Organized Charity is Organized Love."

It is a pretty safe rule to keep hands off when it is known that organized charity is caring for a case. And when one desires the close human touch of himself caring for the needy, he can do no better than to seek the advice and help of people who understand that business and who would be glad of his help. Philanthropy is one of many fields where the amateur and the meddler can do an appalling amount of damage.

JAMES J. COALE.

Lackawanna, New York.

THE IMPORTANCE OF ONE VOTE

In this year of our Lord 1912, when we have three university graduates as candidates for the highest office in the gift of the American people, who knows but that the value of a single vote may prove to be as great a factor in deciding the momentous question as to which one shall take the oath of office March 4, 1913, as has ever been the case in the history of our country? But in order that we may not be led to underestimate the value of one vote, let us recall a case in point, and one that actually occurred, in the State of Indiana between 1840 and 1850.

In De Kalb County, Indiana, when the election day arrived, there was a man who was in doubt whether to go to the mill or to the polls. Finally, after a certain amount of coaxing, he decided that he would exercise his right of franchise and vote. He voted the Democratic ticket, and a Democratic member of the Legislature was elected from his district by a majority of only one vote. That Legislature elected a United States Senator, and by the vote of the one member from that district Mr. Hannegan was chosen.

Mr. Hannegan took his seat in the Senate, and was president of the Senate *pro tem.* when the vote was taken for the annexation of Texas. On the floor the vote was a tie, and Mr. Hannegan's casting vote decided the question in favor of annexation; and this action brought on the Mexican War, which has so shaped the subsequent history of our country.

This illustration certainly brings before us an extreme case, but who knows when another instance may occur proving the same value of one vote?

W. H. VAIL.

PERHAPS BOTH SAID IT

In The Outlook of September 7, 1912, page 14, under caption "The Uses of Repartee," you make Horace Greeley say, "The way to resume is to resume," when it was the Hon. Salmon P. Chase in a letter who said (not Greeley), "The way to resumption is to resume." The above quotation is often attributed to Greeley, which is wrong.

FRANK D. REESE.

Cortland, New York.

BY THE WAY

Only one officer who saw service in the Civil War is, it is announced, left on the active list of the United States army—Colonel John L. Clem, of the Quartermaster's Department. Readers whose memory goes back to war times will remember him as "Johnny Clem, the drummer boy," who became famous for refusing to surrender at Chickamauga. He killed the Confederate colonel who tried to capture him, and after the battle was made a sergeant, though only twelve years old.

Archery is showing signs of revival as a sport. The National Archery Association at its tournament a few weeks ago in Boston had the largest attendance it has had for many years. Several American archers are said to hold records that have not for fifty years been equaled in England, the original home of the sport.

A schooner nearly a hundred years old, the Hiram, built in Biddeford, Maine, in 1820, is to make the voyage around Cape Horn to San Francisco for the Panama-Pacific Exposition. With one exception, this is the oldest vessel of American registry now afloat. She has been in active service ever since she was launched.

"... overcome one man. . . . The fight wrecked nearly all the cars." ... [illegible] ... the police appear on the scene.

That the United States Government can sometimes indulge itself in an act of genuine philanthropy is seen in the recent postoffice order that periodicals issued in ... [illegible] ... to be carried through the mails free.

... [illegible] ... "magnificent block" of this ... [illegible] ...

Purdue University, Indiana, we are informed, has had for two years or more a chair of automobile engineering. Thus the University of Southern California is not the first to recognize the importance of such study.

Sir George Reid, High Commissioner for Australia in London, in a recent interview says that Australia is the ideal country for workingmen. "The climate," he says, "is perfect, wages are high, every workman gets a pension from the State, and"—this for the workingwoman—"the Government now proposes a maternity allowance of $25." And yet with all these blessings Australia has a population smaller than that of New York City!

Housekeeping with denatured alcohol is advocated by a contemporary. It is claimed that for cooking it is cheaper and better than coal at present prices, and that much of the labor involved in caring for oil lamps is saved when alcohol is used as an illuminant. An alcohol radiator may also be used satisfactorily for heating rooms in spring and fall.

... [illegible] ... car shortage to unscientific management on the part of the railways. The shortage, he thinks, is due to the hostile attitude of the public and the labor unions, which has made capital timid and caused the railways to hesitate about future expenditures. But does not really scientific management involve the adoption of con... [illegible] ...

"Insurgent architecture" is the subject of an ... [illegible] ...

... [illegible] ...

The story is told of the late Jules Massenet, the composer, that a bumptious young musician ... [illegible] ... "Monsieur Massenet," he said, "but as long as you are not Molière you will permit me not to be your old woman."

... [illegible] ...

"I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings."

The Outlook

OCTOBER 12, 1912

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor

Trouble in Turkey

There is serious trouble in Turkey. Not only has the war with Italy passed the first year of its existence without any sign of a cessation of its steady success, but it has aroused a danger in Turkey-in-Europe feared from the start and now seen to be increasingly ominous. The ill success of Turkish arms has encouraged the most warlike of the races in Turkey, the Albanians, to insist upon certain reforms which should have been settled long ago. The Young Turks, having compelled the infamous old Sultan to abdicate, and somewhat intoxicated with their own power, would not give sufficient heed to the Albanian requests. The result was that the Young Turk Cabinet was last summer succeeded by another, a Cabinet composed of more moderate men, but not to be regarded as a reactionary body. The Albanians persisted, however, and there has been considerable fighting in the province. The Servians, encouraged by Treaty of Alliance, Bulgaria, Montenegro, and Greece, all Balkan mountains into Turkey in the effort to their brethren—it should be remembered that not half of the population of Turkey-in-Europe is Mohammedan. In Servia the feeling against Turkey is also bitter, especially since the Turks have crossed the Servian frontier. There has also been fighting on the Montenegrin border. The report long by Turkish troops, it is feared, intended that would be more hostile towards Turkey than usual—for the political societies in Turkey are continually agitating for war under favorable circumstances. Therefore, it would seem wise for Turkey to maintain peace with Italy at least as possible, under cover of the necessity to protect the Turkish provinces. Indeed, some suspect that a part of the trouble in Turkey has been fomented by the Turkish Government itself. With the excuse to the jingoes among the six million

The Powers and Turkey

[illegible] come for some Power to have such a position. As Albania [illegible] Albania wants autonomy, but two Powers—Italy and Austria—do not want [illegible] anything which might lead to a break up [illegible] Albania [illegible] Austria and not Italy might be the dominating power in the Adriatic as well as in the Ægean Sea, should it come under Italian influence the Austrian interests might be threatened. The Powers, however, might well afford to risk a war during such an interval as Austria has already demanded for Macedonia, and thus give to the two most disturbed provinces of Turkey-in-Europe their long-coveted local liberty. But Italy and Austria are not the only Powers directly interested in the Balkan situation. Russia,

THE BALKAN PENINSULA

as always, stands ready to see that the provisions of the Treaty of San Stefano with Turkey (1877), which the Powers ruthlessly supplanted by the Treaty of Berlin (1878), are revived for the benefit of the Balkans and the Serbs. Had the San Stefano treaty remained in force, many Macedonian atrocities which have since taken place would have been far less likely, for Macedonia would have been under a Christian governor and would have enjoyed larger liberty. By reason of racial sympathy, Russia stands behind Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro in their attempts to regain rights for their suffering co-nationalists in Turkey proper. But Russia has another desire, one cherished ever since the Crimean War over half a century ago; she means to get the right to send all her ships through the Dardanelles into the Mediterranean. While Italy, Austria, and Russia may be the Powers most directly involved in settling the Balkan question, the other Powers are also interested. Germany of course is behind Austria; for whatever Germany's ally gains in Turkey will redound to Germany's benefit in the ambition to make Austria and Turkey together only a stepping-stone to an immense new German colony in Asia Minor. The interest of England and France has largely to do with Greece. Greek independence could hardly have been won without the support of those nations, and now, though—against the wishes of almost every Cretan—the Powers have kept the autonomous island of Crete from becoming completely Greek, the faint vestige of Turkish sovereignty can hardly be maintained much longer. Out of the present conflict, therefore, whether there be a real war or only the desultory fighting of

last week, we may expect that the provinces of Turkey proper will ultimately enjoy some at least of the autonomy which Crete now enjoys.

The Contending Forces

Turkey shows unexpected resource and readiness in defying the four states—Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, and Greece—which are ready to take arms against her. Their combined force of about half a million men amounts to about the number of men which Turkey is mobilizing. Two of the four kingdoms, however, have already begun to draw upon their compatriots in this country. More than a thousand men—some with the uniforms which they had worn in the Bulgarian army—are ready to set sail from New York City, in response to summons from the Balkans, and a larger number of Greeks are equally ready—all are men belonging to the reserve classes of the two armies. Under orders from the Greek Government—which has the prerogative of seizing for war-time use any ships sailing under the Greek flag—the Greek steamship Macedonia is now taking on ammunition for the Greek army, and will sail immediately. Although the Greek army did not give an altogether flattering account of itself in the war of 1897 with Turkey, it is believed to be now in much better shape; in addition it would have the example of whatever Servia can do and of what Bulgaria would be likely to do. Above all, it would have the example of the Montenegrin forces, which have never been conquered by Turkey. The promptitude with which some weeks ago the Turkish Government ordered the mobilization for autumn maneuvers within striking distance of the Bulgarian frontier now characterizes her summons to all classes of the army—not only the Nizam or first line, and the Redif or second line, but also the final Mustafiz or ultimate reservist line. This, together with the activity of eleven thousand men in the gendarmerie, shows vigor. In addition, the Government has detained a large number of Greek ships in the Sea of Marmora, and has announced its intention of using them as transports in case of war. Thus, though the "Sick Man of Europe" has been sick a long time, he displays great vitality in what many have prophesied will be his dying moments. Yet if, after all, the Balkan Powers are now strong enough to force him to return to Asia, what then? What would be the future of Turkey-in-Europe? Would it be divided among the great Teuton and Slav Powers? Or would it fall to a confederation of Balkan states? The latter would seem to be the more natural and probably the more beneficial event for all concerned. For if the Turks are to return to Asia, why should not the remaining races absorb the country? In other words, why should not Turkey-in-Europe be now split up among the Bulgars, Serbs, Montenegrins, Albanians, and Greeks? And why should not these nations come together for the purposes of common defense in a Balkan union?

Ulster's Covenant

Ulster Day passed with many expressions of the severest determination of Ulster not to accept Home Rule if it should be granted to Ireland, but with no violence. Belfast was preternaturally calm. Shops were closed, a number of religious services were held, and thousands of houses were decorated with the Union Jack. Sir Edward Carson, who has been called the uncrowned King of Ireland, was received with enthusiasm and taken to Ulster Hall in a solemn procession. The flag borne before King William III at the Battle of the Boyne was placed beside him; and when he signed the covenant, followed in turn by men of the standing of the Marquis of Londonderry, Lord Charles Beresford, the Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, Bishops of the Irish Church, great numbers of clergy, and members of Parliament, by the representatives of public business, and then by a host of others, there was what the newspaper reporters described as an avalanche of long-pent-up enthusiasm. The covenant was signed in scores of other places in England, Scotland, and Wales—wherever Ulstermen found themselves. The covenant, which has given to these demonstrations something of the sober determination and religious fervor of other great protests in Scotland, declared, in effect, that, "being convinced that Home Rule would be disastrous to the material well-being of Ulster as well as to the whole of Ireland, subversive of our civil and religious freedom, destructive to our citizenship, and perilous to the unity of the Empire," the signers, loyal subjects of King George, pledged themselves in solemn covenant to stand by one another in defending equal citizenship in the United Kingdom, "using all means which may be found to defeat the present conspiracy to set up Home Rule in Ireland, and in the event of such

Parliament being forced upon us we solemnly and mutually pledge ourselves to refuse to recognize its authority, in the sure confidence that God 'will defend the right.'" Meanwhile the Government has made a contribution to the task by reprinting the latest Ulster population statistics from the blue book; these show that in a population of 1,581,696 there are 690,816 declared Catholics—forty-five per cent of the whole population.

The Political Campaign: New York

Last week political interest centered largely around the Democratic State Convention of New York, held at Saratoga. The nomination of William Sulzer as the candidate for Governor may be described as having been made, not at the behest of Murphy, but by his permission. The issue, in essence, was not whether the boss controlled enough votes to name the candidate, but whether the Convention should accept Tammany domination or resent it. Tacitly, Tammany's power to control was acknowledged, and Tammany's concession in throwing over Governor Dix and allowing the delegates some choice as between other candidates was gratefully accepted as a boon by a majority of those who knew that an out-and-out Murphy candidate would not have even a possibility of winning as against the strong tide of public feeling in favor of Oscar Straus. An eloquent protest against Tammany dominance was made by Thomas Mott Osborne, who said, pointing his finger directly at Murphy, "This man sits here now, surrounded by his satellites, dispensing favors, dictating policies, and granting the nominations of a great party. Look at him well, for you will never look upon his like again. For him the hour will soon strike, and upon the ruins of his fall will arise here the Democracy of the future." As regards Mr. Sulzer himself, opinion seems to differ widely among those who represent what may be called the Wilson, rather than the Tammany, Democracy. Governor Wilson himself indorses Sulzer as a man of high principles devoted to the public interest. But so strong an adherent of Governor Wilson as the New York "Evening Post" declares: "However independent he may have been at times, he is, and has been, essentially a part of Tammany Hall, against whose infamies he has never taken up arms. Nor is there the slightest reason to believe that, if elected, he will really cut loose from the influences which have made him what he is and kept him in public life." As to the Saratoga platform, it has been characterized by a paper which approves of Mr. Sulzer as a candidate, the New York "Sun," in these words: "Three thousand words were naïvely put forth at Syracuse mainly with the purpose of raking in together all the little detached units of public sentiment and of showing by superficial and vague rhetoric that this historic party is behind nobody in its sensitiveness to every ephemeral emotion labeled progress and reform."

Campaign Discussion

Among the platform utterances of the week was President Taft's optimistic declaration at Beverly, which may almost be summarized by saying that in his view everything is so prosperous and everybody so contented that it would be a terrible risk to do anything at all—naturally he therefore regards the new party platform as a "crazy quilt" made up of "new fads and theories, many of which are preposterous and impracticable." A companion picture to this optimism may be found in the crowd of twenty thousand people who, on Sunday night of last week, at the Madison Square Garden in New York City, sang the "Marseillaise" and cheered Mr. Debs's bitter and epigrammatic censure of all parties and all candidates; perhaps his most clever epigram was that in which he described Governor Wilson as "the kid glove on the paw of the Tammany tiger," while of Mr. Roosevelt he asserted that "he stands to-day on the platform he denounced within the last four years," and Mr. Taft he described as "the more or less celebrated jurist who had the honor of issuing the first injunction that paralyzed a railroad strike." And if another companion picture is needed for Mr. Taft's cheerful view of universal prosperity and content, it might be found in the scenes of violence and class hatred at Lawrence, Massachusetts. Mr. Roosevelt's long campaign tour ended with his return to New York on Wednesday of last week after a journey of over 10,500 miles. It will be followed by a second trip of over two weeks to some of the States of the Middle West, by a short campaign in Pennsylvania, and finally by a campaign throughout New York State, to begin with an address at Madison Square Garden and to be continued by several days of

rapid and vigorous campaigning through the State, in part or all of which it is probable that he will be accompanied by the Progressive candidate for Governor, Oscar Straus, who has already increased substantially by his sensible, moderate, and effective speeches the almost universal high regard with which his fellow-citizens in the metropolis and throughout the State already held him. The last two days of Mr. Roosevelt's trip through the South did much, say impartial judges, to convince the South that the Progressive party represents principles of importance to the entire Nation without regard to sectional lines, and there are many predictions that at least two Southern States, Tennessee and North Carolina, are to be put into the Progressive column, while elsewhere throughout the South the Progressive ticket will poll a larger vote by far than any non-Democratic ticket has had since the war. An account of Mr. Roosevelt's appearance before the Senate Committee on Campaign Contributions appears on another page, and that general subject is also discussed editorially.

The Campaign Issues: Ex-President Eliot's View

A valuable addition to campaign discussion has been made by two letters published in the New York "Times:" one by Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University, advocating the election of Governor Wilson; the other a reply by Albert Bushnell Hart, Professor of Government at Harvard, advocating the election of Mr. Roosevelt. The Outlook heartily welcomes the publication of these two letters. The writers have set an example which might worthily be followed by other leaders of thought. It is a great advantage not to have the campaign discussion carried on exclusively by candidates, professional spellbinders, and partisan journals. President Eliot thinks that there are two principal issues in the present campaign: the prompt and effective reduction of the high tariff, and the extent to which the Constitution of the United States ought to be modified by interpretation or in practice in order to enable the National Government to deal with grave measures of social, industrial, and political reform. Governor Wilson and the Democratic party he thinks likely to accomplish a judicious and effective reduction in tariff rates, which he believes is not to be expected either from the Republican party under the leadership of Mr. Taft or from the Progressive party under the leadership of Mr. Roosevelt. The platforms of all three parties he regards as "much alike in promising a large number of social and industrial reforms, many of them long known to be desirable, but some full of difficulties and dangers." The Democratic party's platform and candidates, while less conservative than the Republican, are more promising than the Progressive, partly because "the public sayings of Governor Wilson are much more prudent and measured in regard to the proposed changes than those of ex-President Roosevelt." Mr. Roosevelt is regarded by Mr. Eliot as "an impulsive, self-confident, headstrong man, impatient of restraints and opposition," who "has shown himself capable while in power of taking grave public action—which, of course, seemed to him wise and right—in disregard of Constitutional legal limitations." Finally, Mr. Eliot objects to Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy because it involves "another Constitutional change—the question of a third term in the Presidency."

The Campaign Issues: Professor Hart's View

Professor Hart defines the principal issue thus: "Is the American Government to be really democratic, as democratic as human nature will admit, or the affair of comparatively a small class in the community?" The Progressive movement is the product of a determination to secure the birthright of which we have been deprived. Single reforms in the direction of popular rights, such as commission government for the cities, the Australian ballot, primary laws, popular election of Senators, have been accomplished, in spite of the resistance of the political forces in control of the old parties. "The Progressive party is the first great National organization in our history to commit itself and all its voters to the programme of general reform." The dread of Federal centralization is not justified by National experience. "The Post-Office is one of the largest business enterprises in the world, and, with all its defects, is as superior to the sacred express companies acting under State charters as Theodore Roosevelt is superior to Governor Dix." There is much more danger of usurpation by corporations than by a single President. Some kind of progress is inevitable. If the Government stands still, powerful interests will make progress and create a private system and acquire vested rights difficult to dis-

turb, and Socialism will make progress and in a little while will elect a Socialist President of the United States, "which means that the Socialist National Committee will be President. There is only one way to head off the danger, and that is the formation of a party which will take over the reasonable part of the Socialistic programme." Mr. Eliot's estimate of Theodore Roosevelt is not justified. "Those who know Theodore Roosevelt intimately know how far his head or mind is from acting on impulse, or from acting without consultation and discretion." Mr. Roosevelt's strong language is both justified and beneficial; justified because "it is not easy to be calm and weigh every word when bandits are emptying your pockets;" beneficial because his vigorous representation of the country's need of reform has been one of the factors in creating a National progressive sentiment. "He is the political parent of Governor Hughes and Governor Folk and Governor Johnson and Governor Wilson. Not one of them would have been Governor in our time but for the influence of Theodore Roosevelt." As to the third term, "not one voter in ten to-day is seriously influenced by the fear of the third term *per se*, or will vote against Theodore Roosevelt on that ground." It is probably too much to hope that either of the political parties will publish both letters for general distribution; and the political millennium is not so far advanced that the two parties are likely to combine in such publication. We wish that the New York "Times," which originally published these letters, would print them both in cheap pamphlet form and give them to both the National Democratic and the National Progressive Committees for general distribution. That our own sympathies are wholly with Professor Hart may be taken for granted. That Mr. Eliot does not apparently recognize at all the movement in America to throw off the bosses who have ridden both the political parties like an "old man of the sea," an effort recognized as important both by Mr. Wilson and by Mr. Roosevelt, we can only attribute to the fact that for the last nine or ten months Mr. Eliot has been abroad, and has not yet become acquainted with recent events and political currents.

The Invisible Government

One of the most picturesque and illuminating incidents of the so-called Senatorial investigation of corrupt political conditions was the appearance at Washington last week of Mr. William Flinn, of Pennsylvania, and the giving of his personal testimony before the Committee. Mr. Flinn for many years shared with the late Senator Quay the control of Republican politics in the State of Pennsylvania. It will be remembered that in the West recently Mr. Roosevelt was asked by one of his audience how he explained Mr. Flinn's adherence to him and his policies. Mr. Roosevelt replied that Mr. Flinn had been for many years intimately acquainted with political conditions in Pennsylvania; that he personally knew the corruption that exists in both the old parties, and that for his children's sake he desired to see some effective reforms of these conditions. At the Senatorial investigation, when asked by one of his inquisitors why he was an adherent of the Progressive party in this campaign, he replied as follows:

> I wanted a strong primary law; I wanted a corrupt practices act; I wanted public utility legislation; a law regulating child labor and the employment of women; a law fixing a minimum wage for women; a law preventing the sale of fake securities in Pennsylvania; in short, I wanted to bring into play the things that Theodore Roosevelt stood for, because I believe him to represent a complete plan of government. I still think so, and that is why I engaged so earnestly in this campaign, and I am glad that I did.

When further questioned, Mr. Flinn stated that he "wanted to get rid of the conditions that existed, but was not against the existence of a political organization. I believe in organization." Mr. Flinn's testimony had a frankness that was singularly interesting. He testified that he has contributed so far this year nearly one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to the political campaign, both for the work in the primaries before the Convention and for the Presidential campaign since the Convention. Of this amount, one thousand dollars was contributed to Senator La Follette's campaign early in the winter, before Senator La Follette's leadership collapsed. Some of this money was contributed in behalf of Mr. Roosevelt to States outside of Pennsylvania. One item he testified to was the sum of $29,000 spent in sending postal cards to voters, instructing them how to vote. But the most significant part of his testimony was his acknowledgment that he drafted with his own hand a so-called contract or memorandum of agreement several years ago between "M. S. Quay, of the first part, and J. O. Brown and William Flinn, of the second part, the consideration of this

agreement being the mutual political and business advantages which they receive therefrom." The contract was never signed, and therefore never executed, and Mr. Flinn testified that he never intended to execute it when it was drawn; but nevertheless it is one of the most clear exposures of the political system which Senator Beveridge has called the "Invisible Government." It provided that all nominees, delegates, and legislation in the Republican party in Pennsylvania should be satisfactory to both parties of the contract. One clause reads as follows: "It being distinctly understood that at the approaching National Convention to be held at St. Louis the delegates from the Twenty-second Congressional District shall neither by choice nor by vote do other than what is satisfactory to the party of the first part"—that is to say, Senator Quay. Mr. Flinn stated that this document was a fair example of the political conditions prevailing in the Republican party of Pennsylvania under the control of Senator Quay, and it was his disgust at this condition of things that led him to espouse the policies of Mr. Roosevelt, which promised, for the first time, to provide effective reform in Pennsylvania. He added that his conversion from Quayism to Rooseveltism took place five or six years ago. Those voters who wish to eradicate from our Government the methods of political management which were typified by Senator Quay in Pennsylvania, and are typified in the State of New York by Mr. Barnes in the Republican party and Mr. Murphy in the Democratic party, will share with us the belief that Mr. Flinn has performed a real public service in giving his testimony before the Senatorial Investigating Committee.

The New School of Journalism

The Pulitzer School of Journalism, Columbia University, New York City, was formally opened on Tuesday of last week with addresses by Bishop Greer, President Butler, and Dr. Talcott Williams, the Director. One hundred students were in attendance. Dr. Williams, upon whose unusual equipment for the position, both on the theoretical and the practical side, The Outlook made comment at the time of his appointment last spring, called attention to the fact that twenty-one countries and States, including China and New Zealand, were represented in the student body; and that one-half of the men who had entered for the first year had had newspaper experience and had left wage-earning positions to enter the school. One-fifth of the students with whom the school begins hold college degrees, and nine are women. Many journalists have been slow to accept the utility of special training for journalism, precisely as old-fashioned lawyers were skeptical of the utility of the law schools. They had known no other preparation than the reading of the law in the office of some practicing lawyer. In the same way the commercial community, with few exceptions, once regarded special courses for business; now young men are eager to take advantage of technical training for commercial work. Dr. Williams defined the purpose of the training and writing in the school to be to secure accuracy and individuality of style; and called attention to the emphasis laid on actual work under conditions as nearly approximating those in newspaper offices as possible. This training in accuracy of expression, however, rests on a foundation of knowledge of history, economics, and literature, the aim being not to make men who will write "smart" articles in the shortest possible time, but men thoroughly prepared to do both apprentice work and the higher class of work which lies beyond for men of ability and ambition. The newspapers of the country have in their employ a large number of college-trained men; they also have, unfortunately, far too many men who have very little regard for the English language, and very little knowledge of it, except for purposes of sensational writing, and whose ambition is not to report the facts, but to make what is technically called a story. The diminishing influence of newspapers in this country has been due to the fact that many of them are in the service of special interests. A newspaper is a large enterprise, requiring very heavy investment of capital; and in many cases the man who furnishes the capital very naturally desires to serve his own business interests, and the opinions of some newspapers are more or less deflected from independence by the influence, not so much of the advertisers, as of the owners of the papers. For this reason journalistic opinion does not weigh as much in this country as it did two decades ago; nor do newspaper readers attach as much importance to the reports of events and the accounts of people. In the endeavor to make a good story facts are so constantly distorted and speeches are so often misre-

ported that a general skepticism of the trustworthiness of the news pages has taken possession of the mind of the country. There are many journals whose work is on a high ethical as well as intellectual plane; but journalism as a profession stands in sore need of greater independence and of greater accuracy. In these ways, as well as in the work of technical preparation, schools of journalism may be, and doubtless will be, of very great service.

For Health and Cleanliness

To the average layman there is a formidable sound in the very title of a Congress on Hygiene and Demography, and when he reads the names of a dozen or more eminent medical scientists in whose presence at the Congress the professional medical journals exult because they have been in the foreground in attacking the problem of *poliomyelitis*, he may be inclined to think that the interest of such a meeting is for experts and not for common folk. He will see his mistake, however, if he will read the dictionary definition of demography, which relates to vital and social statistics and their application to the comparative study of races and of nations; and, again, when he realizes that the popular rendering of *poliomyelitis* is simply the dreaded disease commonly known as infantile paralysis. So with other topics. If the severity of scientific nomenclature is laid aside, it will be found that the recent Congress at Washington had to do with those things in which the citizen, for himself and those near to him, is intensely interested. For instance, lately The Outlook spoke of the subject of mental hygiene, of the importance it is constantly assuming, and of its fundamental value in human life and activity. Now, one of the most attractive and interesting features of the Congress at Washington was the mental hygiene exhibit, and we are glad to learn that after attracting the closest attention from both foreign and American delegates to the Congress, it is to be brought to New York, and may be seen at the College of the City of New York. This may be cited as only one instance of the innumerable ways in which, through exhibits, through addresses, and through the reports in the daily papers of important discussions, the Congress of Hygiene and Demography has excited interest in many branches of hygiene, sanitation, and moral as well as physical health. One day's session, for instance, took up the possibility of a vaccine for tuberculosis (Dr. Vaughan, of the University of Michigan, declared that its discovery was not only possible but probable), the question of pasteurized milk (with Nathan Straus, of New York, as the chief speaker), and the conservation of woman in industrial life (with a leading paper by Dr. Friedrich Zahn, of Munich). To give a list of the delegates present would be almost to make a directory of the great medical and sanitary authorities of the world; to report or to sum up their addresses would be to compile a work which would be as valuable as it would be voluminous, one which we hope will, in point of fact, be prepared and made available for the reading of the layman as well as of the scientist. What can be done by such a Congress is shown by the fact that the preceding session, which took place in Berlin five years ago, was followed by legislation in several of the great nations of Europe having to do with the hygiene of industry, and the passing of these laws was the direct result of the work of that Congress. It is evident that the Congress just held will, even more than its predecessor, make evident the need of co-operation between the Government and science in guarding the health of the people. How wide was the scope of the discussions at Washington is indicated by the fact that the "Medical Record" points out that they "ranged all the way from the control of rabies to the hygiene of the engine-room; from the education of immigrants to the training of health officers; from the causes of mortality in the professions to the statistics of appendicitis in the German navy."

The Situation in Lawrence

Trouble has broken out again in Lawrence. The threat was definitely made last spring by leaders of the Industrial Workers of the World that if Ettor and Giovanetti were convicted there would be "hell in New England." The beginning, at Salem, of the trial of the two men, who as accessories before the fact are charged with responsibility for the murder of Anna Lopezzi last January, has been celebrated with a foretaste of the threatened inferno. On Sunday, September 29, there were riots in connection with the commemoration of the death of Anna Lopezzi; on Monday, the day of the trial's beginning, a one day's strike of protest was called. Thousands of laborers, largely

members of the Industrial Workers of the World, marched through the streets of Lawrence. They waved their banners in the eyes of the police; they forcibly prevented willing laborers from entering the factories; they violently insisted on proceeding with unauthorized parades. Frequent clashes, bloody although not fatal, ensued. Such is the story which the newspapers unanimously tell. In spite of the regrettable and unjustifiable violence of the strikers, if indeed the press reports in this regard are true, the reasons for the indignant protest of the laborers are easily discernible. The foreign workers in the mills at Lawrence (only about seven per cent of the operatives there are of American-born parentage) have been subjected to unhumanized conditions of labor—on that the evidence is clear. They regard their strike last spring not only as a justifiable but as a necessary revolt of outraged human nature against personal abuse from their foremen and needlessly low wages from their employers. They are devoted to Ettor and Giovanetti. They insist that the two men always counseled against violence, not for it. They are passionately indignant at the arrest and indictment of the two leaders on a charge which, not to their partisan vision alone, but to the unprejudiced thought of one reading the evidence before the Grand Jury, seems to amount to this: that during the two or three weeks before Anna Lopezzi was shot, Ettor and Giovanetti uttered sentiments which can be interpreted, not always without difficulty, as encouraging a riotous spirit; that this general spirit of disturbance was responsible for a particular riot on January 29, at which neither Ettor nor Giovanetti was present; that in this riot Anna Lopezzi was shot, some say by one Coruso, some say by Officer Benoit, all admit without direct intent; and that Ettor and Giovanetti are therefore to be held as accessories before the fact of murder! It is not surprising, although not entirely reasonable, that the resentment of the strikers should be rendered bitter by the fact that while President Wood of the American Woolen Company, indicted on an accusation of plotting the alleged planting of the dynamite in the Syrian colony, is enjoying his liberty and ease, Ettor and Giovanetti have been in prison seven months, without bail, pending trial. If it is true, as has been alleged, that the delay has been in accordance with the wishes of the counsel for Ettor and Giovannetti, they personally have no right to complain, but the people of Lawrence and of Massachusetts have emphatically a right to protest against the holding back of trial on charges of this unusual nature and of this wide public importance, no matter at whose request the delay was permitted. The Industrial Workers of the World have in the whole situation an immense leverage of natural resentment on which to rely. On the other hand, it is easy to understand the attitude of the authorities in Lawrence—that Ettor and Giovanetti were arrested, indicted, and confined by due process of law; that their guilt or innocence is a matter for courts to settle, not for mobs; that parades and banners are incentives to violence, and must be repressed; and that property, at all hazards, shall be protected. The two parties to the conflict cannot easily understand each other. It is to be hoped that the soberer minds among the laborers, who evidently lost control of the men on Monday of last week, will regain their dominance and keep it steadily. "Go back and wait a while. See if Ettor and Giovanetti get a fair trial at Salem," is the good advice given by a strike leader to the laborers. The principle which a distinguished member of the British Parliament recently voiced in Ulster, the workers in Lawrence are, unhappily, finding it easy to act upon: "The crisis has called into existence one of those supreme issues of conscience, amid which the ordinary landmarks of permissible resistance to technical law are submerged."

The Pope and Peru

Pius X has addressed an Encyclical or letter to the archbishops and bishops of Latin America on the subject of the Peruvian Indians. Of course, like the rest of the civilized world, his Holiness stands aghast at the revelations made by the official statement to Parliament of Sir Roger Casement, the British agent sent to investigate the reports of the atrocities committed in the Putumayo region of the upper Amazon country in eastern Peru. The Outlook has already described these outrages, and has recommended the establishment of religious missions throughout the region. They must apparently be Roman Catholic missions, as Roman Catholicism is the only recognized religion in Peru. It is a satisfaction that the head of the Roman Catholic Church has put himself on record as follows: "Our mind is stricken with horror, and we feel the deepest pity for that unhappy race [the Indians in the Putumayo

district]. What, indeed, is so cruel and so barbarous as, for reasons often trivial and not rarely for the mere pleasure of inflicting torture, to put men to death by scourging or with red-hot irons, or constantly attacking them to massacre them, killing hundreds and thousands of them by murder; or to sack towns and villages, slaughtering the natives, of whom within these past few years some tribes have, we learn, been almost exterminated?" Thus does Pius X, in the twentieth century, as the New York "Freeman's Journal" points out, re-echo the words of Benedict XIV in the eighteenth century, a Pontiff who also interposed the weight of his authority to put a stop to the wrongs done to South American Indians in his day (1741). The publication of Pius X's latest Encyclical has been followed by the despatch of a number of Franciscan missionaries to the unhappy district.

THE PROGRESSIVE MOVEMENT

V—MONOPOLY

There are two parallel railways running from New York to Buffalo, one going to Albany on the west bank, the other on the east bank, of the Hudson River. A through express train from the West to New York on the west bank of the Hudson was, a year or two ago, almost habitually behind time. The people residing on the west bank who depended on this railway for their transportation to New York found themselves greatly inconvenienced. They presented a complaint to the New York State Railway Commission. It investigated; ascertained, we judge from the results, that there was local traffic enough to pay for the running of a local train; and directed the railway company, when the train was seriously late—the maximum lateness allowed was half an hour—to put on a local express to serve the local needs. This was forthwith done; and now the citizens living on the west bank of the Hudson almost invariably get their train within half an hour of the schedule time. This has been accomplished for the advantage of the citizens by the regulation of what is necessarily a monopoly. And it has been accomplished without lawsuit, without delay, and without any other expense to the citizens than the insignificant expense involved in the maintenance of a Railway Commission.

If there had been no Railway Commission, what remedy would the citizens have had? None. The West Shore Railroad is controlled and operated by the New York Central Railroad, which runs on the east bank of the river. The citizens could have made up a purse and brought suit, or they could have united in an appeal to the Attorney-General to bring suit, to dissolve the combination existing between the West Shore and the New York Central, on the ground that it is a combination in restraint of trade. Some years would have elapsed before this suit could have been decided. If it should have been decided in favor of the prosecution, and the combination between the West Shore and the New York Central had been annulled, still the citizens would have had no relief, for, as a great river separates these two roads, there is no competition between them in the carriage of local traffic.

The Standard Oil Company had secured by 1898 a practical monopoly of the oil traffic. There was still some attempt by independent companies to do business in competition with the Standard Oil. To destroy this competition, the Standard Oil was accustomed to undersell its competitor in his own field by selling, if necessary, at less than cost until he had been driven out of business, and recouping itself for the loss by the profits which it made in other districts. Independent dealers in not a few instances were by this method thrown into bankruptcy. If there had been a Government Commission with authority to regulate the Standard Oil business, as there is a Railway Commission with authority to regulate the railway business, the independent dealer could have complained to this Commission, the Commission could have investigated and forbidden the Standard Oil Company to continue its practice and have arrested any driver or agent who sold under a legitimate price and for the purpose of driving a competitor out of business. There was no such Commission. The independent competitor had no remedy. After more than a dozen years of litigation conducted by the United States Government, the Supreme Court of the United States has decided that the Standard Oil Company is by its very organization a violation of the Anti-Trust Law, and has ordered its dissolution. Meanwhile the independent dealer has been bankrupted. A remedy which it takes twelve years to put into operation is no remedy.

These two instances may serve to illustrate in a concrete way to our readers the difference between the Democratic and the Progressive method of dealing with trusts. It is

the difference between dissolution and regulation.

No one proposes that the Government shall legalize, justify, protect, or enter into partnership with monopoly, Mr. Wilson's naïve misunderstanding of the Progressive proposals to the contrary notwithstanding. The Democratic party proposes to destroy monopoly by dissolving into its constituent elements any combination which has obtained a monopoly, and to do this by legal proceedings before the courts. The Progressive party proposes to destroy monopoly by taking from any person or corporation the powers which make it a monopoly, and to do this by administrative action.

A person, whether individual or corporate, has a monopoly when he has such control of the production of a commodity as to render it possible for him to fix the price and determine the quality of the article. The Democratic party proposes, when the corporation acquires such power, to dissolve the corporation. The Progressive party proposes, before the person acquires such power, to put him under Government regulation and prevent his exercising the power. The Democratic party favors "the vigorous enforcement of the criminal as well as the civil law against trusts and trust officials." The Progressive party proposes "the establishment of a strong Federal administrative commission of high standing which shall maintain permanent active supervision over industrial corporations engaged in inter-State commerce, or such of them as are of public importance."

Theory and experience combine to demonstrate the futility of the Democratic plan and the practicability and efficiency of the Progressive plan.

There are several ways in which a monopoly may be obtained.

Government may grant a monopoly. If in a liquor license State the Excise Commissioners license only one hotel to sell liquor in a village, that hotel has a monopoly of the liquor traffic in that village. If a city grants a franchise to a railway company to run a track through its streets, that company has a monopoly of street railway traffic in that city. If the United States Government grants a patent to the Bell Telephone Company to operate a telephone, the Bell Telephone Company has a monopoly of the telephone so long as that patent lasts. In these cases the monopoly is obtained by direct Government action.

The monopoly may be obtained by private ownership acquired through purchase. The anthracite region of the United States is a comparatively small region. Some half a dozen corporations have obtained the ownership of this kind of coal. Through this ownership the very small body of gentlemen who practically control these corporations control the anthracite of the United States, and therefore the chief fuel of the Eastern section of the United States. A comparatively small body of men, by processes which need not be here described and are not very well understood by the public, have obtained control of a large proportion of the oil-wells of the United States, and so have obtained a control of the product on which the great majority of the people of the United States depend for light. In these two cases, and there are others analogous, the monopoly has been obtained by a combination organized for the purpose of securing such monopoly; that is, for the purpose of securing power to limit output, control prices, and determine quality. The purchaser of oil must take such oil as the Standard Oil Company chooses to give him, and pay such prices as the Standard Oil Company chooses to charge. The purchaser of anthracite must purchase such coal as the coal companies choose to give him, and pay such prices as the coal companies choose to charge. Thus the people of the United States in the one case, the people of the Eastern States in the other, are dependent for their light and their fuel on the almost despotic power of a small body of men whose authority to determine quality and fix prices is practically unlimited. The Democratic party proposes to meet this condition of affairs by dissolving the combination; the Progressive party proposes to meet this condition of affairs by testing the quality of the coal and oil which these combinations may sell and by controlling the conditions under which they are produced, and, if necessary, by determining the prices which the combinations may charge; and to do this it proposes that these and all other analogous concerns shall be subject to supervision and regulation by an administrative bureau, which shall always have access to their books and accounts, always have an opportunity to investigate and understand the way in which their business is carried on, and which shall also have power to regulate wages and conditions of employees.

These are the two methods between which

the country has to choose in the approaching election: dissolution or regulation. Dissolution affords no remedy, and does not pretend to afford any remedy, for monopoly obtained by grant from the Government, whether that grant is given by license, franchise, or patent. And experience has proved that it also furnishes no remedy for monopoly obtained by combination.

The dissolution of the Standard Oil Company has done nothing whatever to decrease the commercial power of the men who control the Standard Oil Company. Nor is this the fault of the Company. That Company has literally complied with the order of the Court. It has broken itself up into thirty-four separate companies. It has assigned to each stockholder of the former united Company his proportion of the stock of each one of the thirty-four companies, with the result that a stockholder who formerly had one share of stock worth nearly seven hundred dollars has now thirty-four shares of stock in thirty-four separate companies and receives his dividends thereon in fragmentary payments, collectively considerable, separately insignificant. The reader interested to understand this division in detail will find it recorded in "McClure's Magazine" for August, one passage of which quoted here will suffice for our purposes:

> The Galena Signal Oil Company, sending out its dividends, had twelve hundred separate checks of less than ten cents each—six hundred of them for three cents. It cost a two-cent stamp and an envelope to send each one of these and a two-cent stamped envelope for returning a receipt; and, after that, in many cases the cost of following up and mailing out requests for a return of the receipts. A single three-cent dividend cost in postage charges as high as eight and ten cents. The three-cent dividend checks were not cashed; their holders tore them up or tacked them on the wall as souvenirs. And more and more the disgust of the small stockholders grew; and more and more they let their holdings go.

In consequence of the dissolution of the Standard Oil Company many of the small stockholders have sold out their fragments of stock; the large stockholders have bought them in; the price of stock first fell, then rose in value; as a result Mr. Rockefeller is reported to have added $100,000,000 to his pocketbook, and the power of the men who manage the Standard Oil has been increased rather than diminished. This is what the Democratic and Republican parties—for the two parties agree in their trust policy—have accomplished in the case of the greatest voluntarily formed monopoly in the world. This is the policy which Mr. Taft, Mr. Wilson, and, we believe, Mr. La Follette also, are urging on the country.

What would the Progressive party have accomplished?

It would have put the Standard Oil Company under the direction of a Government Industrial Bureau. It would have required the Standard Oil Company to submit all its books and all its business to Government inspection, as the books and business of the banks are submitted to Government inspection. It would have required the Standard Oil Company to keep its books in such fashion that they could be understood by Government inspectors. It would have required the Standard Oil Company to issue to the public understandable reports of its business, with its values and its profits. It would have inspected all the output of the Standard Oil Works, and required its commercial oils to come up to a specified standard. It would have prevented the Standard Oil Company from underselling competitors in one district and recouping itself by high prices in another district. And it would have required a reduction of the prices of Standard Oil wherever the prices were found, by the inspection of the values and the profits of the Company, to be unreasonably high, and therefore burdensome to the public. It is not at all strange that those great trusts which have been organized for the purpose of creating a monopoly, and their organs, journalistic and political, are bitterly opposed to the Progressive plan and heartily in favor of the Democratic-Republican plan of dealing with the great trusts.

There are two objections urged against the policy of regulation as thus described:

First, it is asserted that this policy would destroy commercial liberty. Would you deny, it is asked, the right of men to sell what they will, at what price they choose? The Outlook answers unhesitatingly, Yes. The Government has already deprived men of the right to sell tainted meats, rotten fruits, adulterated foods. It already requires men to submit the things they sell to Government inspection and conform them also to a Government standard. It already fixes the price which railways may charge shippers and travelers, and the price which trolley lines and hacks may charge passengers. We would extend the authority of Government and give

it the power to determine the quality of goods produced and the prices charged for them by any person or corporation which had obtained or was apparently likely to obtain a monopoly; that is, such control of its commodity as would enable it to control prices and determine quality. And we would bring the monopoly under such Government control, whether the monopoly was obtained by license, franchise, patent, or combination.

The other objection, or perhaps we should rather say another form of the same objection, is thus stated by Mr. Taft in an apparently authorized interview:

> What do you think, Mr. President, of the proposal of the third term party to control the trusts through Federal incorporation and regulation?
>
> It would create the most monstrous monopoly of power in the history of the world—a power as much greater, as much more autocratic, than that of a Cæsar or a Napoleon as the business interests of the twentieth century are greater, more dominant and far-reaching than were those of two thousand or two hundred years ago. An unprincipled man with such power in his grasp could perpetuate his authority, perhaps under legitimate forms, and become a dictator until his hold could be shaken loose only by revolution.

This objection is founded upon that inherent distrust of the people which seems to The Outlook characteristic of Mr. Taft and his party, and in a less degree characteristic of Mr. Wilson and his party. We think it was Alexander Hamilton who a hundred years ago pointed out the fact that men who control the necessaries of life control the people. Let a small body of men control the fuel, and another small body of men control the lights, and a third small body of men control the food products, and a fourth small body of men control the currency, and a fifth small body of men control the National highways, and these men, by controlling the absolute conditions of life, control the country. That there is danger of such control is patent to every student of present-day conditions in America. It is obscurely felt by hundreds of thousands of men and women who have not studied present conditions, but who feel the pinch which those present conditions produce. This control of the necessaries of life is now possessed by irresponsible men who cannot be called to an account by the people except through the long, slow, hazardous, and expensive process of lawsuits; we wish to see that control transferred to the direct representatives of the people, elected by them, acting for them, and answerable in frequent accountings to them.

The Outlook suggests nothing startling, nothing new, in this demand. For not less than a quarter of a century we have been urging upon our readers the alternative which modern commercial organization presents to them: The people must control the great corporations or the great corporations will control the people.

CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTIONS

The proceedings of the Senatorial Investigating Committee at Washington have not been those of a non-partisan and impartial body acting for the general public good. The animus of the Committee is too clearly indicated by the fact that it has devoted its time and attention almost exclusively to Mr. Roosevelt, and that it has so far given no attention whatever to the political campaigns of Mr. Wilson, Mr. Bryan, Judge Parker, or Mr. Taft, although the Committee states that it will take up their campaigns later. Nevertheless, every Progressive whose main purpose is to destroy the germs of invisible government by exposing them to the antiseptic sunlight of public opinion must welcome the results of even the one-sided efforts of the Committee.

In view of these results it is worth while to survey briefly the recent history of campaign contributions. In 1896 financial men were very much alarmed by the Silver Campaign initiated by Mr. Bryan. If he had been elected, the country would have gone at once on a silver basis without any legislation, since, under the law as it then existed, it was within the power of the Executive Department to pay the debts of the United States, or most of them, in silver or gold at its option. The contributions made by Wall Street in 1896 to Mr. McKinley's campaign fund were not made to secure any special favors. Mr. Herbert Croly, in his admirable and illuminative biography of Senator Hanna, says that on August 15, 1896, Mr. James J. Hill found Senator Hanna trying to raise money in New York City for the Republican campaign, but with only small success.

> The financiers of New York would not contribute. It looked as if he [Mr. Hanna] might have to curtail his plan of campaign, and he was so disheartened that he talked about quitting. Mr. Hill immediately offered to accompany

Mr. Hanna on a tour through the high places of Wall Street, and during the next five days they succeeded in collecting as much money as was immediately necessary. Thereafter Mr. Hanna did not need any further personal introduction to the leading American financiers. Once they knew him, he gained their confidence. They could contribute money to his war chest with none of the qualms which they suffered when "giving up" to the regular political "bosses." They knew that the money would be honestly and efficiently expended in order to secure the victory of Republican candidates.

In the second McKinley campaign in 1900 there was still the same anxiety in financial circles, because Mr. Bryan was still running. Mr. Roosevelt was forced upon the ticket in spite of the opposition of both Mr. Hanna and Mr. McKinley; "although," says Mr. Croly, "he had behaved as a loyal Republican, he was regarded as erratic and 'unsafe,' as, indeed, he undoubtedly was from the point of view of an administration of the affairs of the country chiefly in the interest of business." Mr. Croly sums up the situation in these words:

> Against their own will Mr. McKinley and Mr. Hanna had called to their support the only man who could most effectively supplement their strength with the American people—the one man who could make the ticket represent the Nationalism of the future as well as of the past and of the present.

In 1904 Mr. Roosevelt's nomination was still opposed by Mr. Hanna, and was accepted finally by him and by the business interests which he represented only because the popular demand was one that could not be resisted. The Democrats, by their nomination of Judge Parker, sought to conciliate, if not to obtain favor with, the conservative business interests, but without success. The financial interests were afraid of a party which had twice nominated Mr. Bryan and which seemed to them erratic and unsafe. They contributed, therefore, to the success of the Republican party, as they had done before when Mr. McKinley was a candidate, in spite of their justifiable fear that they might have some difficulty in getting Mr. Roosevelt to take their point of view regarding corporation legislation.

There was at that time neither law nor public sentiment against corporation contributions to political campaigns. With a very few pronounced exceptions, the corporations made their contributions, not by the way of purchasing special and specific favors, but because they believed they would share in the general prosperity resulting from the policy pursued by the party to which they contributed. Thus the silver interests, such as the mine owners and smelters, contributed to Mr. Bryan's campaign fund, not because he made specific promises in return, but because they believed free silver would promote the general prosperity of the silver industry. Mr. Roosevelt never denied, nor does he now deny, that contributions were made by corporations to the Republican campaign fund when he was a candidate for President. What he does deny is that these contributions involved any promise or understanding of any kind, save that every man would have a square deal, no less and no more, under his Administration. This promise he carried out, and the hostility of certain special interests to him now is simply an increase of the opposition which the same interests made to his nomination as Vice-President in 1900 and to his nomination as President in 1904.

Mr. Roosevelt, as President and since his Presidency, has certainly done as much as, if not more than, any other one man to stimulate public opinion against the corrupt alliance of "business" and politics. He has advocated the law which now stands on the statute books forbidding political contributions by corporations; he has advocated publicity of all campaign contributions; and the Progressive party under his leadership has to-day made a fuller and more detailed statement to the public of its receipts and expenditures than any of the other parties in the field. Mr. Taft's managers have made no public statement of any kind; Mr. Wilson's managers have made a statement so far only of receipts; Mr. Roosevelt's managers have made a full statement of both receipts and expenditures.

There is one more phase of this matter which deserves careful consideration. The legitimate expenses of any organized campaign on a Nation-wide scale, whether political, educational, or religious, are large. If the people of the country do not wish secret contributions to be made by the "special interests," with the sinister influences which such contributions exert, they must make the contributions themselves. Printing cannot be done, halls cannot be hired, envelopes cannot be addressed, postage cannot be paid, traveling expenses cannot be met, literature cannot be circulated, and therefore the voter cannot obtain the information which he ought to have in order to vote correctly, without the expenditure of money. As we have already

said, we have no means of getting at the expenditures made thus far in the campaign by the Taft or the Wilson managers, but there lies before us the complete statement of the expenditures of the National Committee of the Progressive party, both in the primary campaign preceding its Convention and its Presidential campaign since the Convention. We find, for example, that the Progressive National Committee has spent on the items of printing and stationery alone the sum of $60,000, and the total sum which the Progressive National Committee has been able so far to expend in both primary and Presidential campaigns has been less than $325,000. This expenditure has been made to promote the right of the citizens of the United States to a really free, popular government. This is the purpose and the effect of the Progressive party, as indicated by the fact that since the formation of this party almost every candidate in the other political parties of the country has called himself a Progressive. Even Mr. Taft is now claimed by his managers to be the only true Progressive candidate before the country.

Money is needed to carry on the work of political education and to make corrupt financial control of American politics permanently a thing of the past. As our readers know, we believe that the most effective agency for this great political and social reform is the Progressive party under the leadership of Mr. Roosevelt. Those who agree with us are urged to send their contributions, small or great, to Mr. Elon Huntington Hooker, Treasurer, the Progressive National Committee, Hotel Manhattan, New York City. Those who give money to the cause of popular government in this campaign are really helping to lay the only foundation upon which other philanthropic and humane reforms can securely rest.

THE KNOWLEDGE OF LIFE

"I know I shall never know so much that I cannot learn more; and I hope I shall never live so long as till I be too old to learn," are the quaint words in which Bishop Hall puts the aspiration of a devout soul. His "Meditations" were always in the hands of General Gordon, a soldier to whom action was always the expression of high purpose.

There are those who learn through study, those who learn through meditation, and those who learn through action; and in the education which alone makes life intelligible all these methods have their place, and it is a blessed fact about this education that those who cannot use one method can use another. The happiest people are those who are teachable. In life, as in all the lesser schools, there are many who sit on the benches and go away knowing little more than when they came. The stream of knowledge flows past them, but they never drink of the life-giving current. The wonderful process which enriches others beyond the dreams of avarice leaves them as poor at the end as at the beginning; for it is possible to live in such a state of self-absorption that the knowledge of life never finds access to the soul to correct and interpret the knowledge of self.

There is no surer way of missing that knowledge of self which the Greeks held of such high importance than shutting one's self off from the knowledge which comes through the open door of sympathy with others and fellowship with that larger world in which we all find our homes. No man knows his own garden unless he knows something of the infinite forms of growth in the landscape which enfolds him; as no one intelligently loves those who sit at his own hearth unless he cares for those who sit in other homes. He who pursues himself never overtakes wisdom, and goes out of life as ignorant as when he entered.

They are fortunate who find large room for thought, for it is by meditation that what happens in us and to us is transformed into experience. For manifold incidents, much travel, wide contact, do not of themselves constitute experience. There are those to whom all manner of things happen, but to whom nothing becomes experience; outward happenings become experience only when we discover what they mean to us, and that which comes to us stays with us in wider knowledge and deeper insight. One may see a splendid procession and get nothing from it but a glimpse of men moving and banners waving; while to another it stirs a host of memories and gives wings to the imagination. The wonder of life may be a passing show to us; or it may be rich with suggestion and impulse. It may be like the idle turning of the pages of a book of marvels which mean nothing to us, or it may be a great revelation.

There are those, too, to whom action is only a form of external energy; a tireless

going to and fro on the earth which brings nothing but fatigue. Action is sometimes a turning of wheels which grind no grain, a rush of wings which never move in flight, a hurrying of feet which travel to no goal; for action does not count in the making of character or the gaining of knowledge unless it is the servant of purpose, the outward expression of spirit trying to realize its possibilities of creative power or of useful service. We learn nothing unless we hold ourselves in fellowship with others, unless we seek for the meaning of the happenings of our lives, unless action is the forcible language through which we put forth the energy of our spirits. It is the reflex influence of outward happenings and activity that gives life its inexhaustible interest and its immortal value.

HOW I BECAME A PROGRESSIVE

EDITORIAL BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

I SUPPOSE I had a natural tendency to become a Progressive, anyhow. That is, I was naturally a democrat, in believing in fair play for everybody. But I grew toward my present position, not so much as the result of study in the library or the reading of books—although I have been very much helped by such study and by such reading—as by actually living and working with men under many different conditions and seeing their needs from many different points of view.

The first set of our people with whom I associated so intimately as to get on thoroughly sympathetic terms with them were cow-punchers, then on the ranges in the West. I was so impressed with them that in doing them justice I did injustice to equally good citizens elsewhere whom I did not know; and it was a number of years before I grew to understand, first by associating with railway men, then with farmers, then with mechanics, and so on, that the things that I specially liked about my cow-puncher friends were, after all, to be found fundamentally in railway men, in farmers, in blacksmiths, carpenters—in fact, generally among my fellow American citizens.

Before I began to go with the cow-punchers, I had already, as the result of experience in the Legislature at Albany, begun rather timidly to strive for social and industrial justice. But at that time my attitude was that of giving justice from above. It was the experience on the range that first taught me to try to get justice for all of us by working on the same level with the rest of my fellow-citizens.

It was the conviction that there was much social and industrial injustice and the effort to secure social and industrial justice that first led me to taking so keen an interest in popular rule.

For years I accepted the theory, as most of the rest of us then accepted it, that we already had popular government; that this was a government by the people. I believed the power of the boss was due only to the indifference and short-sightedness of the average decent citizen. Gradually it came over me that while this was half the truth, it was only half the truth, and that while the boss owed part of his power to the fact that the average man did not do his duty, yet that there was the further fact to be considered, that for the average man it had already been made very difficult instead of very easy for him to do his duty. I grew to feel a keen interest in the machinery for getting adequate and genuine popular rule, chiefly because I found that we could not get social and industrial justice without popular rule, and that it was immensely easier to get such popular rule by the means of machinery of the type of direct nominations at primaries, the short ballot, the initiative, referendum, and the like.

I usually found that my interest in any given side of a question of justice was aroused by some concrete case. It was the examination I made into the miseries attendant upon the manufacture of cigars in tenement-houses that first opened my eyes to the need of legislation on such subjects. My friends come from many walks of life. The need for a workmen's compensation act was driven home to me by my knowing a brakeman who had lost his legs in an accident, and whose family was thereby at once reduced from self-respecting comfort to conditions that at one time became very dreadful. Of course, after coming across various concrete instances of this kind, I would begin to read up on the subject, and then I would get in touch with social workers and others who were experts

and could acquaint me with what was vital in the matter. Looking back, it seems to me that I made my greatest strides forward while I was Police Commissioner, and this largely through my intimacy with Jacob Riis, for he opened all kinds of windows into the matter for me.

The Conservation movement I approached from slightly different lines. I have always been fond of history and of science, and what has occurred to Spain, to Palestine, to China, and to North Africa from the destruction of natural resources is familiar to me. I have always been deeply impressed with Liebig's statement that it was the decrease of soil fertility, and not either peace or war, which was fundamental in bringing about the decadence of nations. While unquestionably nations have been destroyed by other causes, I have become convinced that it was the destruction of the soil itself which was perhaps the most fatal of all causes. But when, at the beginning of my term of service as President, under the influence of Mr. Pinchot and Mr. Newell, I took up the cause of Conservation, I was already fairly well awake to the need of social and industrial justice; and from the outset we had in view, not only the preservation of natural resources, but the prevention of monopoly in natural resources, so that they should inhere in the people as a whole. There were plenty of newspapers, the New York "Times," "Sun," and "Evening Post," for instance, which cordially supported our policy of Conservation as long as we did not try to combine it with a movement against monopolization of resources, and which promptly abandoned us when it became evident that we wished to conserve the resources not for a part of the people but for all of the people.

The country life movement was simply another side of this movement for a better and juster life. From Mary E. Wilkins to Sarah O. Jewett, in story after story which I would read for mere enjoyment, I would come upon things that not merely pleased me but gave me instruction—I have always thought that a good novel or a good story could teach quite as much as a more solemnly pretentious work, if it was written in the right way and read in the right way—and then my experience on farms, my knowledge of farmers, the way I followed what happened to the sons and daughters of the farmers I knew, all joined to make me feel the need of arousing the public interest and the public conscience as regards the conditions of life in the country.

Here again I have been fortunate enough to live with my own people, and not to live as an outsider, but as a man doing his share of the work. I know what the work and what the loneliness of a farmer's life too often are. I do not want to help the farmer or to help his wife in ways that will soften either, but I do want to join with both, and try to help them and help myself and help all of us, not by doing away with the need of work, but by trying to create a situation in which work will be more fruitful, and in which the work shall produce and go hand in hand with opportunities for self-development.

Very early I learned through my reading of history, and I found through my association with reformers, that one of the prime difficulties was to get the man who wished reform within a nation also to pay heed to the needs of the nation from the international standpoint. Every little city or republic of antiquity was continually torn between factions which wished to do justice at home but were weak abroad, and other factions which secured justice abroad by the loss of personal liberty at home. So here at home I too often found that men who were ardent for social and industrial reform would be ignorant of the needs of this Nation as a nation, would be ignorant of what the navy meant to the Nation, of what it meant to the Nation to have and to fortify and protect the Panama Canal, of what it meant to the Nation to get from the other nations of mankind the respect which comes only to the just, and which is denied to the weaker nation far more quickly than it is denied to the stronger.

It ought not to be necessary to insist upon a point like this, with China before our very eyes offering the most woeful example of the ruin that comes to a nation which cannot defend itself against aggression—and China, by the way, offers the further proof that centuries of complete absence of militarism may yet result in the development of all the worst vices and all the deepest misery that grow up in nations that suffer from over-much militarism. Here again I learn from books, I learn from study, and I learn most by dealing with men.

I feel that the Progressive party owes no small part of its strength to the fact that it not only stands for the most far-reaching measures of social and industrial reform, but

in sane and temperate fashion stands also for the right and duty of this Nation to take a position of self-respecting strength among the nations of the world, to take such a position as will do injustice to no foreign power, strong or weak, and yet will show that it has both the spirit and the strength to repel injustice from abroad.

MR. ROOSEVELT AND THE SENATE COMMITTEE

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM WASHINGTON

BY ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

AT ten o'clock Friday morning, October 4, a crowd stood on the sidewalk in front of the Senate Office Building at Washington, and on the steps leading up to the entrance. An automobile drew up to the curb. From it stepped out a half-dozen men. Among them was a man of stocky build, in face and action decisive. There was a cheer from the crowd. Lifting his black felt slouch hat, this man, surrounded by his companions, passed through the midst of the people, then up the flight of steps, and, entering the building, walked along one of the corridors. Inside there was another crowd of people who cheered him as he went by.

After having served as Vice-President for a few months, he had been President of the Republic for seven years. During that time he had created a new movement in American public life. Now, after a lapse of four years, he was a leader and Presidential candidate of a new party, the outgrowth of that movement. The Senate, under the control of the two old parties, had created a Committee which had heard Senator Penrose and Mr. Archbold, both implacable enemies of the new movement and its leader, testify against him, and had then scattered without hearing his reply. He had sent a letter in reply to the Chairman of the Committee, Senator Clapp, a political friend; but it was a month before he was given a chance to make a sworn reply. What those charges were and what his letter said The Outlook has in substance reported.

Theodore Roosevelt's appearance finally last week in Washington was to enforce and supplement his letter, giving the letter as well as his oral statements the sanction of his oath as a witness.

When he took his seat before the table at which the Committee sat, it was not easy to believe, from his appearance, that he had just returned from a journey of over ten thousand miles, in which on almost every day he had been continually engaged in campaign speaking. There was no sign of weariness. Toward him the attitude of the members of the Committee, all but one being political opponents, was, in every outward sign of speech and manner, entirely such as Americans would wish any group of men to assume toward one who has been President of the United States.

After brief formal questions, to which he replied tersely, Mr. Roosevelt, with the permission of the Committee, first placed his letter to Senator Clapp under his oath as witness, and then began a statement of the evidence and testimony he desired to place before the Committee. As he proceeded, supplementing the documents contained in the "Clapp letter" with an additional letter and telegram he had found in his files among the hundred thousand letters he had written and signed in the past fourteen years, both the Committee and the audience were silent with attention. They listened with obvious interest to his statement that all the evidence brought forward against him consisted of merely hearsay statements of men who are dead; they listened with evident approval to his assertion with respect to the letter purporting to have been written by Congressman Sibley, and alleging an arrangement to have Mr. Archbold come to see him, that he was always ready to see any man, trust magnate, labor leader, Socialist, prize-fighter, lawyer, clergyman, who had any real business with him, and that he would send for any man when there was anything to be gained from the point of view of the public; they listened with amusement, which he shared with them, to his reference to the visits of two pugilists on "some questions of public policy"—one of which had to do with Mr. John L. Sullivan's nephew in the Marine Corps; they listened with evident understanding to his exposition of his relations with Mr. Harriman in the summer and fall of

1904, by which he showed, through reference to several letters and a telegram, that Mr. Harriman had come to see him with regard to certain political matters on his own initiative, to get Mr. Roosevelt's aid in inducing the National Committee to help the campaign in New York State, and not to render aid on behalf of Mr. Roosevelt's campaign; they listened with continued attention and interest as Mr. Roosevelt denied in general terms and specifically, citing evidence to support his statements, the often reiterated but never substantiated charge, first notably made by Mr. Parker, the Democratic candidate in 1904, that the financial side of Mr. Roosevelt's campaign in that year was conducted on a basis of blackmail, by means of promises and threats. It was then that the most dramatic moment of the day arrived, for it was then that Mr. Roosevelt, speaking to this Senate Committee, called upon the Senate to expel Mr. Penrose.

Reminding his hearers that Mr. Archbold testified that Cornelius Bliss, who is now dead, attempted to blackmail him—an allegation that he, Mr. Roosevelt, declared that he did not for a moment believe—Mr. Roosevelt said:

> Mr. Penrose testifies that he advised Mr. Archbold to have the Standard Oil Company submit to the blackmail, and that he did it for fear they should incur hostility in certain quarters. They could only incur hostility of myself, the President, of the Attorney-General, and of the Commissioner of Corporations, with, I suppose, his superior, the Secretary of Commerce and Labor.
>
> Now I want to call your attention to the fact that they could incur my hostility only if they violated the law.

Then, turning directly to Senator Oliver, Mr. Penrose's colleague from the State of Pennsylvania, he continued:

> I have been Police Commissioner. If it were proved to me when I was Police Commissioner that any policeman had done in reference to a law-breaking liquor-seller or gambler what Senator Penrose admits he did—he, a Senator of the United States—in connection with the Standard Oil Company, I would have thrown that policeman off the force; and I hold that the Senate of the United States should throw Mr. Penrose out of the Senate on the admission that he has himself made before this Committee.

As he had turned toward Senator Oliver, Mr. Roosevelt had moved forward in his chair. "Now, for Mr. Archbold," and he drew himself back to his former position, "he testifies that Mr. Bliss tried to blackmail him, and yet he testifies that he regarded Mr. Bliss as an excellent fellow. He evidently does not see that there is anything objectionable in what he alleges Mr. Bliss did. . . . His complaint is that nothing improper was done for him by the Administration." Mr. Roosevelt declared that if any company acted in the way the Standard Oil had acted he would, if he were elected President again, repeat the "Abyssinian" treatment, with probably more success because of the likelihood of getting a better law for the real control of such corporations.

Mr. Roosevelt then supplemented this testimony from his opponents as to the lack of favoritism toward corporations by not only explicitly denying that any promise had been given to any interest that improper action would be taken on its behalf, but by noting that all those who had hoped for improper influence and were then disappointed are now hostile to him.

Turning, on the other hand, to the testimony of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. Roosevelt expressed surprise at learning—as he had for the first time learned that day—that Mr. Morgan had contributed to his campaign fund in 1904, inasmuch as he knew that Mr. Morgan had not been pleased over the bringing of the Northern Securities suit or the method of settling the anthracite strike; and he confirmed Mr. Morgan's statement that neither directly nor indirectly had Mr. Morgan suggested that any consideration was due him because of his contributions.

After a detailed tribute to Mr. Bliss for his disinterested public service, Mr. Roosevelt turned to more recent history, and put in evidence a letter from himself, and a reply from Mr. Ormsby McHarg denying charges of the use of improper methods in securing Roosevelt delegates in the South.

Continuing his defense on the lines of attack, he called to the notice of the Commission the fact that Mr. Hilles, the Republican National Chairman, and Mr. Bartholdt, a Republican Congressman, had stated in the public prints that the Progressives had spent three million dollars in their primary. With the assertion that bearing false witness is infamous as truly as stealing, Mr. Roosevelt continued: "If Mr. Hilles and Mr. Bartholdt can prove their assertion, I want to know it. If they cannot, they should not only be required to apologize, but they should both of them be immediately driven out of public life."

The Committee explained through its Chairman that it thought it was fair that Mr.

Roosevelt should have an opportunity to deny such a charge; but Mr. Roosevelt pointed out that that was not the right procedure. "It ought not to be necessary for us to answer them until they have shown good faith. . . . I think that Hilles and Bartholdt the minute they made such accusations should have been brought right up here and should have been told, 'Now, prove what you have said or stand shamed before the entire country.'" Mr. Roosevelt also called for the appearance of men like Mr. McKinley and Mr. Charles P. Taft for the Republicans, and like Mr. McCombs and Mr. McAdoo, representing the Democrats, and also Mr. Crane, of Chicago, who had contributed to both Mr. La Follette's and Mr. Wilson's primary campaign fund. As to the latter, he pointed out that such contributions to both sides—though in this case done undoubtedly with honorable intention—were very productive of corruption, as shown by the bi-partisan habits of corporations in the past. In concluding his general statement Mr. Roosevelt expressed his opinion that it was not quite fair to have postponed until this late day in the campaign the opportunity for the Progressives to meet the charges made, so that attention is riveted upon the contributions alleged to have been made to their cause.

For two hours Mr. Roosevelt was before the Committee making this statement. For two hours and a half longer in the afternoon Mr. Roosevelt was answering the questions of two committeemen. Most of these questions were in the nature of an argument, in the endeavor to prove that Mr. Roosevelt did not mean what he said he meant in his letters to Mr. Harriman, and to persuade him that he really knew about matters of which he had no knowledge. The first point referred to Judge Parker's old charge of campaigning by blackmail. In some questions about this, Senator Pomerene quoted from a speech of Judge Parker in which he argued that the Roosevelt campaign was based on what amounted to blackmail from the fact that the Republican National Chairman in charge of the campaign had been at the head of the Department in which one of the bureaus had certain powers of investigating corporations. Senator Pomerene declared that the charge was "rather by inference." "It is," said Mr. Roosevelt, "one by innuendo. 'And, Senator, I object more to a charge by innuendo than I do to one directly. I like a man to be game and say what he means. I do not like him to sneak around." And Senator Pomerene answered, "That is true."

In connection with this subject, and in answer to questions, Mr. Roosevelt also pointed out the change in public opinion that had taken place in regard to campaign contributions from corporations. And he recalled how a similar change had taken place with regard to the ballot, so that whereas once it was all right to go in a polling booth with a voter, now to do so would bring upon one moral obloquy. On another occasion reference was made to Mr. Roosevelt's phrase "practical men" used in a letter to Mr. Harriman. Mr. Roosevelt had said while testifying that he believed it was essential to have in public life men who were not only idealists but also practical men. In the course of his questioning Senator Pomerene asked: "As a practical man, would you naturally think that some of these people might be expecting favors?" "As a practical man of high ideals," replied Mr. Roosevelt, "who has always endeavored to put his high ideals into practice, I think any man who would believe that he would get any consideration from making any contribution to me was either a crook or a fool." The audience liked that.

The audience was somewhat amused once at the fact that Mr. Roosevelt found it difficult either to affirm or deny that he was acquainted with a certain man named. In one instance Mr. Roosevelt, on learning that a man whose name he did not recognize had contributed liberally to the Progressive primary campaign, promised to make his acquaintance at once. And he capped the climax with regard to campaign contributions by the story he told of Mr. Hooker, who had put into the treasury a newspaper clipping stating that the Progressives had raised $900,000! "I have in the treasury $1.67," Mr. Hooker had said, "and I have put this clipping in because it makes me feel opulent."

With this story Mr. Roosevelt's testimony came to an end, and he was excused. Gossip says that some of the correspondents of hostile newspapers were uneasy for the rest of the afternoon and evening over their task of trying to show that the Colonel was deeper, as it were, in the mire. This, however, is mere gossip, and gossip has no place in any account that has to deal with newspapers or political campaign charges, as everybody knows.

FOLLOWING THE CAMPAIGN

A WEEKLY DIGEST OF POLITICAL OPINION
AS EXPRESSED BY PEOPLE AND NEWSPAPERS

WILSON VERSUS ROOSEVELT

IN his recent speeches Governor Wilson has especially attacked two Progressive planks, namely, the proposal to regulate the trusts by a Federal Industrial Commission and the proposal to regulate the tariff by a scientific commission.

THE TRUSTS

"The trusts . . . have not grown," said Governor Wilson, speaking at Springfield, Massachusetts :

They have been manufactured, and not by natural processes but by the will, the deliberate planning, of men who were more powerful than their neighbors in the business world.

"We have got to see that the little fellows are protected," said Mr. Wilson, speaking at Minneapolis, "and that means that we have got to meet the just criticism of the old unrestricted competitive system." Mr. Wilson continued, as reported :

Men who have built up these great monopolistic enterprises, for they virtually are such, have been right in saying that the whole system was of a character to be destructive. . . . The only way to stop that is not by legalizing the enterprises that have done the destroying, but by seeing that no more destroying is done. And that is what I call regulated competition.

The Springfield, Massachusetts, "Republican" (Ind.) thus voices the comment of Governor Wilson's newspaper supporters :

Rooseveltism now means regulated monopoly and industrial centralization so far flung as to menace not only the liberty of the individual wage-earner, but the freedom of the labor unions themselves. . . . We do not say that experience may not in time demonstrate that, in certain lines, great industrial combinations will not so far consolidate and fortify their positions as to compel the Government to take them under its active supervision and control, but, in the present period, that stage in our experience has not arrived. The immediate future calls for a fair and sufficient test of regulated competition, for which Governor Wilson stands. His attack on regulated monopoly is, therefore, justified, and it is difficult to believe that the country is ready to move faster in this respect than his policy contemplates.

In his Detroit speech, as reported, Mr. Wilson thus defines Mr. Roosevelt's attitude:

I understand that his conclusion was (he does not say this, but this must be the inference) that the trusts had come to stay and that it was not possible to put them out of business, that it was not possible to check their supremacy.

Later, in Kansas, Mr. Roosevelt remarked :

Mr. Wilson states in rather disingenuous form—for he says it is a matter of inference from what I say—that I had said it was not possible to check the supremacy of the trusts. Now if Mr. Wilson does not know that this is an absolute misstatement, it is due to his deliberate refusal to read what I have said and what the platform has said. My statement is the direct reverse of that which Mr. Wilson alleges. I stated that *his* plan . . . would leave the supremacy of the trusts unchallenged, but that . . . *our* plan for an extension of Governmental power will establish the Government in absolute and complete supremacy over the trusts.

The Chicago "Tribune" (Prog.), in agreement with Mr. Roosevelt, says :

The trusts arose because in this great Nation it is more economical to do certain kinds of business on a Nation-wide scale than in any other way. As long as this remains true, the trusts will remain here. The trusts cannot and should not be "busted;" but they can and should be regulated by the Nation as a whole for the Nation as a whole.

Not all Democratic journals subscribe to Governor Wilson's programme. The New York "American" (Dem.) is one of the few exceptions. It remarks :

Just two remedies are proposed for checking the oppression of monopoly as it exists to-day—the regulation of monopoly by the Government, or, as Governor Wilson suggests, the regulation of competition.

To the regulation of monopoly he objects on the ground that Government must thereby "recognize monopoly" and enter into partnership with it.

Governor Wilson's alternative plan for regulating competition has been tried but once, and that was when the Supreme Court of the United States undertook to regulate competition by ordering the dissolution of the Standard Oil Company. . . . The result in that particular instance was not satisfactory. Competition was regulated by specific order to the competitors, forbidding them to do all sorts of things which were in unreasonable restraint of trade. The monopoly was left unregulated. The price of oil has been increased to the consumer and the value of the securities of the Standard Oil Com-

pany has been swollen by five hundred million dollars. . . .

Governor Wilson has yet to explain his plan for the regulation of competition. . . .

Mr. Hearst has said that an industrial commission, like the Inter-State Commerce Commission, the judges to serve for limited terms, is an immediate and effective method. What is Governor Wilson's method?

In his Detroit speech Governor Wilson remarked that during Mr. Roosevelt's Presidential term "trusts grew faster and more numerously than in any other administration." "Undoubtedly Governor Wilson knows as well as any other intelligent citizen," remarks the Philadelphia "North American" (Prog.), "that the trusts formed and the flotations consummated during Roosevelt's Presidency really had their origin years before. . . . But, as Governor Wilson also knows, it was Theodore Roosevelt who, as President, first grappled with this menace." This paper adds:

If, however, the formation of trusts during the Roosevelt term is counted by Governor Wilson a legitimate weapon of argument, he will not object to a further inquiry into the subject as it affects his own career.

He is Governor of New Jersey; has been for two years. Is he aware of the fact that that State is notorious throughout the Union as the spawning-ground of the most odious and flagrantly criminal trusts the world has ever seen? What has he to say to the notorious fact, perfectly familiar to him, that New Jersey has deliberately doctored its laws so as to attract to it for incorporation the predatory interests of the entire country? . . . We shall cite a few of the more notorious instances of the policy pursued in Governor Wilson's State.

The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, with $98,000,000 of stock, boasts a New Jersey license to prey. The Woolen Trust, with $69,000,000 of stock, hails from Trenton. The Shoe Machinery Trust ($38,000,000), the special target of Louis D. Brandeis, one of Wilson's ablest supporters, flies the flag of New Jersey. The Glucose Trust ($88,000,000) had New Jersey's license to flood Pennsylvania with the doped stuff which Cassidy forced it to withdraw. The Sugar Trust, with its $90,000,000 of stock and its thieving propensities, was incorporated in New Jersey. Yea, the billion-and-a-half-dollar Steel Trust itself is the corporate product of that State's system.

Not to weary the reader, we shall merely mention a few others: The Beet Sugar Trust, $20,000,000; the Guggenheim Smelting Trust, $100,000,000; the Leather Trust, $113,000,000; the Powder Trust, $61,000,000, which found New Jersey even more generous than Delaware; the Tobacco and Snuff Trusts, $75,000,000; the Distillery Trust, $48,000,000; the Rubber Trust, $94,000,000; J. P. Morgan's Shipping Trust, $179,000,000; the Lead Trust, $25,000,000—all of them operating from the shelter of New Jersey's hospitable laws.

And these, by the way, are the very trusts which Governor Wilson speciously seeks to charge upon the Roosevelt administration!

AN INDUSTRIAL COMMISSION

Speaking at Minneapolis, Governor Wilson said, as reported, that the leaders of the third party started out with this proposition:

That the big combinations which now control business are inevitable, and that the best we can do is to establish an industrial commission which will take charge of them and see that they are good to us.

At Buffalo Mr. Wilson defined the matter as follows:

As to the monopolies which Mr. Roosevelt proposes to legalize and to welcome, I know that they are so many cars of Juggernaut, and I do not look forward with pleasure to the time when the Juggernauts are licensed and driven by commissioners of the United States.

The Louisville "Evening Post" (Ind. Dem.) thus summarizes the opinion of other Democratic papers on the Progressive plank:

"Our commission must attack unfair competition." Well, that is far less than the Sherman Anti-Trust Law says. Mr. Roosevelt's platform does not say what is "unfair competition," nor does it say what methods of attack are to be used.

"Our platform says explicitly that our commission must attack false capitalization and political privileges." Well, what is false capitalization, and what is political privilege? From whom does it come? On whom does it fall?

"Our platform says our commission must by continued, trained watchfulness guard and keep open all the highways of American commerce." Mr. Roosevelt cannot expect the country to attach any real importance to such expressions as these. It is difficult to read in them any meaning and purpose whatever.

But let Mr. Roosevelt himself speak. In his Helena, Montana, speech he remarked:

A couple of days ago Mr. Wilson in a speech in New York said that a body of men would not have the wisdom necessary to enable them to regulate the industrial progress of the country. There is no more difficulty in regulating the Standard Oil or the Steel corporation than in regulating a big railway.

We have actually made the Inter-State Commerce Law work. We have found by the test of actual work that the way to control the railways is by increasing the power of the Inter-State Commerce Commission—by regulating and controlling those railways, and not by any development of the Anti-Trust Law.

What I want to see done with our industrial concerns is to see an inter-State industrial commission and board which shall handle the Standard Oil, the Steel Trust, the Tobacco Trust, and every big trust through administrative action, just as the Inter-State Commerce Com-

mission handles the railways, and with a power extended beyond that of the Inter-State Commerce Commission.

Mr. Wilson need not bother himself finding men to administer such a law. If he cannot find them, I will.

Speaking of the Progressives in connection with the control of the trusts by an industrial commission, Governor Wilson remarked, as reported:

They even propose to remedy the results by the very means by which they were produced, namely, the partnership of the Government in the management of big business. I, for my part, can never bring myself to accept the proposal that the Government, by regulation, shall act through the trusts for the people.

To this Mr. Roosevelt later replied:

It is sheer nonsense to say that there has ever been any partnership of the Government in the management of such great typical trusts of the day as the Standard Oil Trust. . . . A Federal examiner can go into a bank at any time and make the most minute examination and can issue orders as to what the bank is to do as regards the vital features of its business.

Now we propose to do with Standard Oil, for instance, practically what is now done with the banks. Mr. Wilson's proposal is to do nothing with the Standard Oil Company, but merely to continue the utterly inefficient type of action prevalent under the Taft Administration, for no amendment of detail will ever make this effort at regulation by lawsuits successful.

The Progressive proposition is to give to a Governmental Commission substantially such power over the Standard Oil Company as that which the Comptroller of the Currency now exercises over the National banks.

As to Mr. Wilson's statement that under the Progressives corporations would control the labor market, Mr. Roosevelt replied:

There is a very simple way of testing the worth of this statement. Has the Inter-State Commerce Law put the workingman more in the power of the railways? Let Mr. Wilson answer this question.

As to the industrial commission's development into an enginery of oppression, the Gloversville, New York, "Herald" (Prog.) declares:

The Progressives do not propose to put such a weapon into the hands of a ruling class. They propose that there shall be no ruling class; that the people shall rule; that the people shall be the Government.

MR. GARY AND MR. PERKINS

In his Minneapolis speech Governor Wilson asserted that the plan of trust regulation by commission really originated with Judge Elbert H. Gary and Mr. George W. Perkins, of the Steel and Harvester Companies, and added, as reported:

Carry out the plan of Mr. Gary and Mr. Perkins and you will have given a control in the market for labor which will suit these gentlemen perfectly. They don't want competitors in the market for labor.

In his speech at Trinidad, Colorado, Mr. Roosevelt replied as follows:

Not once only, but again and again, in Messages to Congress and speech after speech, while I was President I advocated the method proposed by the Progressives for handling the trust question, which is practically the principle applied in the Inter-State Commerce Commission.

I wish to call attention at this time to the fact that, as far as I know, the overwhelming majority of men who control both the Steel Corporation and the Harvester Trust are supporting either Mr. Taft or Mr. Wilson.

The New York "Globe" (Rep.) concludes thus:

It is increasingly difficult to pump up enthusiasm for Governor Wilson and Mr. Brandeis as they warm over and restate propositions that have so often and so vainly been proclaimed—namely, that monopoly must be prevented and competition restored. . . .

The campaign has gone on far enough to suggest that, whether Mr. Taft is re-elected or Governor Wilson is elected, there is to be four years more of what we have had for twenty years—that is, nothing except futile lawsuits and disturbing prosecutions that reduce no prices and open no new opportunities to the many.

THE TRUSTS AND THE TARIFF

Says the Washington "Times" (Prog.): "It seems to be Governor Wilson's impression that the trusts must be reached through a drastic downward revision of the tariff. Certainly, Mr. Wilson declared at Hartford: "The chief seat of privilege in the United States is the tariff." In his Columbus speech Mr. Wilson also asserted, as reported:

Prices have risen all over the world, but much faster and very much higher in high tariff countries, where monopoly was protected, than in low tariff countries, where competition excluded monopoly. And the chief cause of high prices in America is that the markets are controlled. They can be controlled because the tariff screens them from the economic forces which establish prices in the markets of the world at large.

To this Mr. Roosevelt later replied:

Mr. Wilson has said that prices have risen all over the world much faster and very much higher in high tariff than in free trade countries. This statement is incorrect, and the slightest

study of the conditions of Germany and England will show that it is incorrect. The strain of living has increased more in England during the last forty years than in Germany during the last forty years, and yet England is a free trade and Germany a protective tariff country. The same holds true as between free trade England and protected France.

Mr. Frank A. Munsey comments as follows in "Munsey's Magazine:"

That the cost of living is high is certain; that it is very much higher than it was a dozen years ago is equally certain.

If the tariff had increased correspondingly in this same period we might well assume that it is, as the Democratic party asserts, responsible for the high cost of living. But the fact is that the tariff is no higher now than it was a dozen years ago; is no higher than it was under McKinley and Roosevelt, and yet the price of living has greatly advanced.

Queries the Milwaukee "Journal" (Rep.): "Can any man honestly say he knows where Governor Wilson stands on the tariff or what he proposes to do if elected?" It says:

The incredibly fatuous tariff plank in his party platform actually "demands" the elimination of the protective principle from our tariff. Governor Wilson made haste to disclaim personally that delirious nonsense in his acceptance speech. But shortly thereafter he threw a line to the huffed free-traders by declaring that protective duties are a drag on industry and an injury to the wage-earners.

A few weeks later, lo, he beams on the protectionist Democrats and proclaims that he is for protecting American industries!

A more prominent Republican paper, the New York "Tribune," gives this account:

Within the last three weeks the Democratic nominee has taken three absolutely inconsistent attitudes toward tariff revision. He has said at one time that tariff duties are a restraint on American productivity, and injure not only the community at large but even the workman and the manufacturer in industries directly affected by the tariff. . . . Governor Wilson has said that it is furthest from his ideas to modify the existing protective system, except with the greatest deliberation and caution. . . . Finally, he has said that since the Government needs revenue from a tariff on imports it is useless to talk about abolishing import taxes.

The Des Moines, Iowa, "Register and Leader" (Rep.) says:

The second visit of Governor Wilson to Iowa will serve to bring out much more plainly than the first visit the essentially doctrinaire nature of his campaign against the tariff.

Behind Governor Wilson the cultured scholar, the pleasing public speaker, and the genial gentleman, is Governor Wilson the inbred and ingrained strict construction Democrat, hostile to a protective tariff on academic grounds, coming to the consideration of the business interests of the country not as a practical man of affairs, but as a closet economist.

As to the Democratic tariff plank, Mr. Roosevelt said at Minneapolis:

If the tariff plank of the Democrats is not telling the truth, of course I need not discuss it with them. If it is telling the truth and should be put into effect, it would plunge this country into a period of commercial disasters such as we have not seen in a lifetime.

Later, at McAlester, Oklahoma, Mr. Roosevelt remarked;

Mr. Wilson said that, while he was a free-trader, he was not enough of a free-trader to hurt. He said: "You do not suppose that Democrats are engaged in any kind of enterprise that is going to cut their own throats?"

Why didn't he think of that in 1896? He took the view then that, if the programme of the Democratic party could be put into effect, it would cut the throats of the people. Either what he said then was not true or what he says now is not true. He cannot be consistent with both parts of his own record.

THE TARIFF COMMISSION

In his speech at Sioux City, Iowa, Governor Wilson said, as reported: "I want to warn the people of this country to beware of commissions of experts. I have lived with experts all my life and I know that experts do not see anything except what is under the microscopes under their eyes."

The Buffalo "Express" (Ind. Rep.) defines the necessity for a tariff commission as follows:

The average man, even though he be well educated, has neither the time nor facilities to go into abstruse studies of law and history and statistics. He must depend for the information by which he reaches his conclusions on the researches of experts of some kind. The plan . . . is not to substitute government by experts for public opinion, but to supply to public opinion the information and advice of experts.

Thus the Chicago "Evening Post" summarizes the opinion of the Progressive press by calling Governor Wilson's view "reactionary."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AS I SEE HIM

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

AS a necessary and, I hope, not altogether unprofitable moral discipline, I have been reading this summer the editorials in certain New York City newspapers. Experience has convinced me that it is both pleasanter and more profitable to be amused than to be irritated. The attacks of these journals on Mr. Roosevelt have reminded me of the scene between Quilp and Sampson Brass, which all lovers of Dickens will easily recall—may their number never be less!

All this time Sampson was rubbing his hands and staring, with ludicrous surprise and dismay, at a great, goggle-eyed, blunt-nosed figurehead of some old ship which was reared up against the wall in a corner near the stove, looking like a goblin or hideous idol whom the dwarf worshiped. A mass of timber on its head, carved into the dim and distant semblance of a cocked hat, together with a representation of a star on the left breast and epaulettes on the shoulders, denoted that it was intended for the effigy of some famous admiral; but, without those helps, any observer might have supposed it the authentic portrait of a distinguished merman or great sea monster. Being originally much too large for the apartment which it was now employed to decorate, it had been sawn short off at the waist. Even in this state it reached from floor to ceiling; and thrusting itself forward, with that excessively wide-awake aspect and air of somewhat obtrusive politeness by which figureheads are usually characterized, seemed to reduce everything else to mere pygmy proportions.

"Do you know it?" said the dwarf, watching Sampson's eyes. "Do you see the likeness?"

"Eh?" said Brass, holding his head on one side and throwing it a little back as connoisseurs do. "Now I look at it again, I fancy I see a—yes, there certainly is something in the smile that reminds me of—and yet upon my word I—"

Now the fact was that Sampson, having never seen anything in the smallest degree resembling this substantial phantom, was much perplexed, being uncertain whether Mr. Quilp considered it like himself, and had therefore bought it for a family portrait, or whether he was pleased to consider it as the likeness of some enemy. He was not very long in doubt, for while he was surveying it with that knowing look which people assume when they are contemplating for the first time portraits which they ought to recognize but don't, the dwarf threw down the newspaper from which he had been chanting the words already quoted, and, seizing a rusty iron bar which he used in lieu of a poker, dealt the figure such a stroke on the nose that it rocked again.

"Is it like Kit—is it his picture, his image, his very self?" cried the dwarf, aiming a shower of blows at the insensible countenance and covering it with deep dimples. "Is it the exact model and counterpart of the dog—is it—is it—is it?" And with every repetition of the question he battered the great image, until the perspiration streamed down his face with the violence of the exercise.

The portraits of Mr. Roosevelt painted by the editors of some of these New York newspapers no more resemble the real Roosevelt than does the figurehead in Quilp's wharf-house represent the honest-hearted Kit. Their malignant misrepresentations are, curiously enough, sometimes corrected in the same issue by the report of the facts from their better-informed and more honest correspondents. The best answer to such malignancy is silence, an answer which I frankly confess I wish Mr. Roosevelt would oftener give to them.

But falsehood, however baseless, if repeated with sufficient frequency, finally produces an impression on the public mind, and even high-minded and thoughtful men get conceptions which, because the men are thoughtful and high-minded, they ought not to be unwilling to correct. Thus, in his recent letter, elsewhere reported in this issue of The Outlook, Mr. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University, writes of Mr. Roosevelt: "The candidate of the Progressive party has shown himself capable while in power of taking grave public action—which, of course, seemed to him wise and right—in disregard of Constitutional and legal limitations." This charge has been often made, and the friends of Mr. Roosevelt have often called for specifications of it; but the specifications have never been given. We have never been told what specific clause of the Constitution or what specific provision of law any act of his has ever disregarded.

For the last thirty years I have been a somewhat careful student of current American history, and I hope conscientious in an endeavor to report and interpret it to my readers. During the nearly nine years of his executive life as Governor of New York State and President of the United States, no executive act of Mr. Roosevelt's, and no

legislation which he has recommended, has ever been declared unconstitutional by the courts; and I think it is equally true, though on this subject I do not speak with equal certainty, that no administrative act of his in the preceding years, as Civil Service Commissioner, Police Commissioner, and Assistant Secretary of the Navy, was ever set aside by his superior officers because by it he transcended the limits of his legal authority. Those who charge him with disregarding legal and Constitutional limitations should be able to specify the legal and Constitutional limitations which he has disregarded and the act in which he has disregarded them.

In fact, while he has been courageous in fulfilling all the responsibilities laid upon him by the Constitution and the laws, he has been scrupulous in not assuming responsibilities which are not laid upon him. His regard for the Constitution is in curious contrast with the proposal of the Presidential candidate who is his chief opponent. Governor Wilson has explicitly declared his agreement with the Democratic platform that it is unconstitutional to maintain a tariff for any purpose but raising revenue; and yet he declares himself opposed to making any sudden and radical changes in the tariff; that is, he proposes to go on in an unconstitutional course because he thinks obedience to the Constitution would produce commercial disaster. One may search the acts and speeches of Mr. Roosevelt in vain to find therein any proposal to violate the Constitution because to obey it would produce results injurious to the country.

I have not only been a careful student of current events, but for more than thirteen years I have been in intimate relations with Theodore Roosevelt, and for the last three years have been very intimately associated with him in editorial labors. We have met together in editorial conference and at luncheon once a week. I have seen him in his office at work, and I have seen him in his home at play.

In temperament we are very different. Mr. Roosevelt physically is an electric battery of inexhaustible energy I have been compelled all my life carefully to conserve such physical energy as I possess, and to do my work within the limits which a not naturally strong constitution has imposed upon me. Mr. Roosevelt is by temperament a soldier; in phrenological language, his combativeness is large. I am by temperament a teacher, and avoid battle of every description when it can be avoided without cowardice or dishonor. Mr. Roosevelt has, either by inheritance or by long training, great decision of character. My decision of character—and I do not think I am wholly without it—has been laboriously built up by conscious, deliberate effort persistently continued ever since the days when as a boy I read Foster's "Essay on Decision of Character" and discovered my own native weakness. Mr. Roosevelt acts upon questions presented to him with a celerity of judgment which takes one's breath away. I am accustomed to follow my grandfather's advice and, when a difficult question is presented to me, to sleep on it. Mr. Roosevelt always goes to his goal as directly and as swiftly as one of his rifle balls. Sinuous ways are abhorrent to him, and ways of indirection distasteful. I am always more inclined to persuade an opponent than to vanquish him, and in conflict recognize, as I do not think Mr. Roosevelt often does, the advantage of sometimes resorting to a flank movement rather than to a direct attack.

I think, therefore, I can understand the reason why Mr. Roosevelt is *persona non grata* to men of certain temperaments. Those who think that caution is the sum of all the virtues are afraid of his courage. Those who are unwilling to sacrifice peace to obtain righteousness dread his militant character. Those who are accustomed to reach their conclusions in the quiet of the study, after careful deliberation of the pros and cons, attribute his quick executive action to a rash and heedless temper. Mr. Roosevelt abhors that which is evil. He hates, as David did the enemies of Jehovah, with a perfect hatred, impurities, meannesses, falsehoods, shams, dishonesties of every description. He is fighting honest. Easy-going good nature is a natural American vice, and Mr. Roosevelt's hearty, and in the main healthy, hatred of wrong-doing and wrong-doers, always vigorously but not always temperately expressed, offends the taste of gentle natures.

It is not true, however, that Mr. Roosevelt acts from impulse, or that he is rash, heedless, or impetuous. I am accustomed to play solitaire, sometimes with a companion whose eyes are much quicker than mine. The cards are laid out on the table. I have to look at them one by one. My companion sees at a glance their relations to each other and what can be done with them. Present any problem to Mr. Roosevelt, and he instantly sees

all the conditions of the problem, and forms his judgment, not without careful thought, but without the delay involved in deliberation. I have not always at first agreed with him, but when I have given to the problem the deliberate study which my temper requires, I have come either to the conclusion that Mr. Roosevelt was correct or that the difference between us was less than I had thought it to be. When he ordered the discharge of the Brownsville soldiers, I thought he had acted rashly. I went to the Law Library, spent a morning in investigation of the authorities, and came to the conclusion that he had acted fully within his Constitutional and legal powers, and was fully sustained by military precedents. Later, taking up the official reports, I could come to no other conclusion than that he was equally sustained by the facts; and this was the result, as the reader will remember, reached by the United States Senate after three or four official investigations. He opposed the Arbitration Treaty negotiated by the Taft Administration. I supported that treaty. His views and mine were both given to the readers of The Outlook in its pages. But when our views were compared, we found the difference amounted simply to this: We both agreed that the new treaty could accomplish nothing more for peace than the treaty which it supplanted. He was opposed to it because it assumed to do what it could not do. I should have opposed negotiating it; but, as it had been negotiated, I thought its adoption could do no harm and might do a little good, and that its rejection could do no good and might do a little harm. I do not recall a single important instance in which my slowly formed opinion has differed from his almost instantaneous decision more widely than in the case of the Arbitration Treaty.

Most enigmatical men cease to be enigmas if you can get the key to their character. The key to Mr. Roosevelt's character is his vital interest in his fellow-men. All problems that directly concern humanity concern him. Problems that do not directly concern humanity he is not interested in. Philosophical questions, theological questions, economic questions, legal questions, scientific questions, interest him as they touch life, and only as they touch life. Wide as are his interests—and I know no man whose horizon is wider or whose life is filled with more multifarious interests—they are all practical. Whatever the circumference of the circle may seem to be, the center of it is always life—mainly human life.

He is interested in the minds of men, but not in the philosophical theories of the schools; in practical righteousness, but not in theological theories; in the maintenance of social justice, but not in legal formularies and fictions; in the protection of the home, but not in ecclesiastical theories about marriage and divorce; in improving the condition of the workingmen and their wives and children, but not in economic theories about labor and capital. It is partly because the tariff question and the currency question have been presented as economic problems, not as human problems, that they have but slightly interested him, and partly because other human problems have seemed to him, as they do to me, of greater immediate importance.

This spirit of interest in humanity makes him the fellow of all sorts and conditions of men, equally at home in a royal Court and in a mining camp, at once a cultivated gentleman and a thoroughgoing democrat. It leads him to measure all men, not by their dress, their station, their manners, their conversation, but by their inherent vital qualities—their integrity, truthfulness, sincerity, fidelity. He carries out in life the principle to which Professor Royce has given such eloquent expression in his volume on loyalty as the sum of all virtues.

This regard for his fellow-men is far removed from any spirit of patronage. It is a spirit not only of interest in his fellow-men, but of respect for them. His belief in the common people is not merely a political principle, it is a fundamental faith. This faith in his fellow-men makes him the reverse of opinionated or headstrong.

Every week the staff of The Outlook meets for conference. We spend between two and three hours in discussing the questions which are to be treated editorially in the next issue of the paper. Every member of the staff is free to express his own opinion and to urge it with all the arguments at his command. The discussion ended, the Editor-in-Chief decides what position The Outlook shall take on the question under discussion, and assigns the treatment to some member of the staff who is in sympathy with that view.

In this conference Mr. Roosevelt habitually joins. He shares in the arguments with the other members of the staff; he presents his opinions, but he never attempts to force

them. He is a good listener no less than an effective speaker. He asks advice as well as gives it, and is the more influential because he is perfectly ready to be influenced. It is true that, when he has considered a subject and reached his decision upon it, he does not easily change his decision. He is as far from being vacillating as he is from being headstrong. But it is also true that he is always ready to consider and to take counsel upon the question how best to interpret persuasively to others the conviction which he has formed, and he is always ready to weigh considerations which are offered for the modification of the conviction which he has himself reached. Of course upon political and international questions his counsels have had a great weight in our conference, but they have not been the final factor in determining the policy of the paper, and he has never desired that they should be. He has always wished, and acted upon the wish, that his conclusions should have the weight which his reasons would give to them, and no other weight. And he has always recognized the principle, and acted upon that principle, that the final editorial authority in The Outlook is in the Editor-in-Chief.

What the author of "Ecce Homo" has called the "enthusiasm of humanity" is the controlling characteristic in Mr. Roosevelt's character and conduct.

In the interval which elapsed between his return from Africa in June, 1910, and his consent given to the seven Governors to become a candidate for the Presidential nomination we were in constant and intimate companionship. I saw letters which he wrote, I consulted with him on actions which he took, I was present in conferences which he held with leading public men from various parts of the country. I say with confident assurance that he did not desire to enter again into political campaigning. He had no political ambition to assume the duties of the Presidency. He wished to avoid these duties if he could do so with honor. His answer in letters and conferences, reiterated in literally hundreds of cases, was always the same: "I do not wish to be a candidate." So long as there was any prospect that Mr. La Follette could and would be accepted as a leader of the Progressive party movement Mr. Roosevelt abstained from political activity. So far as he could conscientiously do so, he gave his support to Mr. Taft's Administration. During all that time I never heard from him, and my associates never heard from him, any word of unkindness or hostility toward Mr. Taft, though undoubtedly he shared with the great majority throughout the country their disappointment in Mr. Taft's Administration. Not until Mr. La Follette had broken down nervously in his Philadelphia speech, and his own friends had counseled him to withdraw, and it became apparent to those who were interested in the Progressive principles and the Progressive movement that the movement was in danger of utter failure for want of a National leader, did Mr. Roosevelt reluctantly consent to accept the leadership which was urged upon him.

I recall, as I write these lines, the day when that decision was apparently finally reached. It was about the time when the seven Governors presented to Mr. Roosevelt their united request that he become a candidate. He submitted to us, his associates on the Outlook staff, the question, Could he with honor decline? Each member of the staff was asked by him to give his opinion on that question. One of our number recalled the pledge that Mr. Roosevelt had given to the American people when he landed at the Battery, New York City, on his return from Europe: "I am ready and eager to do my part, so far as I am able, in helping solve problems which must be solved if we of this, the greatest democratic Republic upon which the sun has ever shone, are to see its destinies rise to the limit of our hopes and its opportunities." We all believed in the Progressive principles. We all thought that the campaign for them at that time would be a forlorn hope. We all believed that could Mr. Roosevelt remain in retirement for four years, in 1916 Progressive principles would be certain of victory. But we all agreed that he had no option but to accede to the apparently unanimous request of those who had faith in Progressive principles, and accept their proffered leadership, whatever the immediate political results might be. He entered on the campaign in February, 1912, at the call of honor, when ambition, ease, and personal inclinations all combined in urging him to resist that call.

I am not so innocent as to suppose that this personal testimony respecting Mr. Roosevelt will have any effect upon his political enemies, except, perhaps, to increase their scorn, and to make me as well as my friend the subject of that scorn. Nor do I

anticipate that it will have any material effect upon those who are temperamentally hostile, critical, or suspicious. But I think that among the readers of The Outlook there are not a few men and women who have sufficient faith in me to believe that I at least attempt to see life accurately and to tell truly what I see. To them I bear this testimony: Thirteen years of increasingly intimate acquaintance with Theodore Roosevelt has steadily deepened my affection for him personally, my esteem for his character, and my admiration for his political genius and his public services.

THE KITCHEN—THE HOME-MAKER'S LABORATORY

IN THE SERIES ON HOME-MAKING THE WOMAN'S PROFESSION

BY ELIZABETH McCRACKEN

HOWEVER home-makers may diverge in other matters relating to their profession, they are all in entire unity on one point, namely, that the most serious problem the housekeeper has to solve is that of domestic service. Furthermore, they are apt to agree that the knottiest part of that particular problem is the part that centers in the kitchen.

"Three meals a day!" Under a banner bearing this familiar device all women who are home-makers march. The problem of spreading a table three times a day confronts them all, and confronts them with equal portentousness. It would seem to matter little whether the table be in an apartment in a city, or in a house in a small town, or in a ranch on a prairie. The conditions may vary, the problem remains the same. Each and every home-maker must meet it, wrestle with it, and, in some sort, solve it. All home-makers unite, too, in the discontent with which they view their several solutions. They all desire to get better "answers" to the problem.

Naturally, no one so feels the pressure of this problem as the housekeeper who has two servants, the housekeeper who has only one servant, and the housekeeper who has no servant at all. In America such home-makers are in the large majority. The kitchen is their laboratory. They especially need help in equipping it and in using it according to scientific methods.

"The Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Rooms have been my *greatest* help in making a laboratory of *my* kitchen," said one home-maker to me when I asked her who or what had aided her to her present signal proficiency as a housekeeper. "They are a big boon to the business world; but my interest in them is on another account—they have been a big boon to my home world!"

Of course I asked her to tell me just how; and she did. "You know," she said, "I was always interested in the subject of diet. When the agitation for pure food started, no one was more absorbed in it than I. Everything I could learn about it I learned; in every way in which I could use my knowledge I did use it. But the Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Rooms taught me more than anything else. I discovered, from inquiring into the principles underlying them, the foundation upon which a proper diet rests; namely, that food to be good must be pure, *and* clean, *and* nourishing. I found out that food may be perfectly *pure* without being perfectly *clean;* and that it may be pure and clean, and even nutritious, and still not be *nourishing.*"

"For instance?" I interposed.

"Well, for instance: take a luncheon of lamb chops, rice, and asparagus, with cocoa for a beverage and baked apples for dessert. All these articles of food may be pure, yet if they are prepared with soiled hands or exposed to dust and flies they will not be clean. They are all nutritious, but unless they are properly cooked none of them will be nour-

ishing. Do you see? I didn't until the Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Rooms helped me. I was never so engrossed in anything as I am in combining purity, cleanliness, and nourishment in my daily menus."

This home-maker was in the habit of keeping two servants. Remembering this, I asked: "How about your maids? Are they engrossed in it too? Do they co-operate with you?"

"Yes, they really do!" the home-maker replied. "About two years ago I got a new cook. When she came, I said to her: 'I think of my kitchen as a laboratory—a place in which experiments are tried. The cook, the experimenter, takes so much pure food, and, making and keeping it clean, combines it in such proportions and cooks it in just such a way and to just such a point. The result is a nourishing meal.'"

"And was she interested?" I queried.

"Immensely interested," the home-maker assured me. "She considered a moment, then she said, 'That's a new-fangled way of lookin' at kitchen wu'k, but it has its p'ints.' My 'second girl' has been with me only one year. I didn't have to explain to her when she came; the cook did it. 'Keep ev'rythin' in the dinin'-room awful clean and neat,' I heard her say; 'there ain't no use havin' a kitchen and ev'rythin' in it right if the dinin'-room ain't jest so. This here kitchen is a place where the best meals is cooked—pure, clean, nourishin'. Don't you spile 'em by slippin' up on the dinin'-room end of it!' And the 'second girl' saw! 'It's a notiony way of talkin', but it's all right for doin',' she said. Yes," concluded the home-maker, "my servants certainly do co-operate with me in my laboratory kitchen methods."

Another housekeeper of my acquaintance had an experience that was rather a severe strain upon her sense of humor when she introduced the kitchen as a laboratory to her servant—a "general housework girl" who had been in her service for six years. She told me about it with praiseworthy laughter.

"My dear," she began, "don't say a word to *me* about laboratory-kitchens-in-the-home. I know more things about them than are dreamt of in your philosophy! I had often been to that lovely Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Room—the one that has waitresses, and tables, and napkins, and oh! *such* good food! I had heard all about what it stood for—pure food, clean food, nourishing food. I had loaded my mind with all its ideas about diet—combinations of proteids, carbohydrates, fats, and all the rest. So I thought I'd try to make my kitchen into a laboratory kitchen. 'Minnie,' I said to my maid, 'this kitchen is a chemical laboratory, a place in which experiments are tried. What we try for is a perfect meal. Just as they never know in any other chemical laboratory how experiments are going to turn out, so we never know here. When you start to make a cake, for example, you are trying a chemical experiment. If you get just the correct mixture of just the proper ingredients and apply just the needed degree of heat, the chemical experiment will turn out a success. If you fall into the least error, it will be a failure.'"

My friend paused for breath, and I remarked, "You were rather chemical in your terms, but—"

"Exactly," she interrupted. "Minnie listened with a gleam in her eye. You know, she went one year to evening high school, and she had a smattering of chemistry. Laboratory! Chemical experiments! Minnie became a chemical investigator. My kitchen literally was a laboratory. Such things as she tried! One day she made a cake and 'raised' it with yeast! When I spoke to her about it, she said she 'was experimentin' with leavens'! Another time she put olive oil in the bread instead of lard. She explained that 'both of 'em was fats,' and she was 'tryin' experiments with fats'! Well, I almost went out of my mind for a while. We never knew *what* would appear on the table. Minnie was *so* interested; and besides, she had been with me so long, and was so devoted, that I *couldn't* say anything to her. Then the family teased me so! They said I'd brought it on myself. After a while I saw that it was funny. And after a much longer while Minnie saw that original experimenting had its limits."

"How did she come to see that?" I questioned.

"She took to sending to the United States Department of Agriculture for their Food Bulletins, and reading them. She has become an expert on the subject of food!"

"So it turned out happily, your home laboratory kitchen?" I commented.

"Oh, yes, indeed it did," that home-maker agreed; "but," she added, whimsically, "it took it a long time *to* turn!"

Another housekeeper whom I know re-

ceived a suggestion of a different kind from the Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Rooms. She had no servant, and the allowance she could command for household expenses was not large. "I used to try to buy *inexpensive* food," she told me, "thinking more of *quantity* and *variety* than of *quality*. I knew nothing about the relative nutritive values of food materials, nor of the proportions in which they should be eaten. Of course, in a vague way I knew, as most persons know, that certain articles of diet 'went together'—potatoes with meat, cheese with macaroni, butter with bread. I realized that vegetables and fruit were especially appetizing in warm weather, and that bacon and eggs were particularly acceptable in cold weather. I didn't know the whys and wherefores of any of these facts. The Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Room that interests me most is the one that has counters and stools; because there *one* thing on the menu is often an entire meal. For example, they serve a hot roast-beef sandwich. One gets, complete, a mid-day meal—meat, bread, gravy which has butter in it—and it is hot! A person who requires a 'hot lunch at noon' has it in that simple and inexpensive sandwich."

"But in a private house would there be available at noon a hot roast of beef from which to make the sandwich?" I asked.

"On some days there would," my friend replied. "And always," she added, "there would be apt to be on *some* day of the week at noon a piece of *cold* left-over roast beef. That could be heated in the left-over gravy, and the sandwich made. I know," she observed; "I do it all the time on Mondays, with the remnants of the Sunday roast."

One summer morning, much later, I happened to pass her home, which is a pleasant little house in a pretty suburb. Seeing me from a window, she hailed me and invited me to come in to luncheon. "I have just put it on the table," she said.

The luncheon consisted of tea, thin bread and butter, and a salad. The salad was made of nuts and raisins and fruits, arranged on lettuce leaves, and covered with a creamy dressing.

"It sounds rather diaphanous," remarked one of my neighbors to whom I described that luncheon. But it was not; it was amply sufficient and satisfying on a warm summer day. And, on investigation, I think it would have been found to contain the "proteids and carbohydrates and fats and all the rest" to which my other acquaintance had referred.

My friend who prepared that simple meal has become very well informed on the subject of diet. She has read a surprising number of books, magazine articles, and Government Bulletins concerning it. I am confident that any meal planned by her would combine the nutritive elements in the proportions advised by the best authorities. The knowledge she has acquired has helped her in more than one direction. Through it she has been able to cut down the household expenses in her own home. Also she has seen her family improve in health by reason of her greater skill in selecting and using food materials. Lately another result of her home laboratory kitchen has shown itself.

A summer camp for girls near her home town desired a dietary director, her duties to be the ordering of the meals and the overseeing of the cook and the kitchen. My friend saw in this need of the summer camp a threefold opportunity—a chance to add a little extra money to her husband's income, a chance to give her two little children a whole summer in the "real country," and a chance to put into further practice the theories she had gathered from her studying. She applied for the position, and obtained it. It proved to be, in truth, the opportunity she had expected it to be.

"And to think," she said at the end of a happy, busy summer, "it all came out of the Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Rooms! It was through them that I first learned that diet was a science; and an inexhaustibly interesting science at that."

"And what *are* the Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Rooms?" is some reader asking. "And *where* are they?" They are four lunch-rooms of slightly varying kinds known collectively as the Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Rooms, which have grown up in Boston within the past ten years. These places are under the management and control of a little group of educated women. The aim of those women is to supply to business men and women who lunch in town pure food, clean food, nourishing food, properly prepared, fittingly served, at a reasonable cost. In any one of the Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Rooms one may obtain an excellent luncheon; its cost depends upon the particular lunch-room of the four that one selects.

One of them, situated in the shopping district of the city, is similar in its appointments

to the usual lunch-room. It is furnished with numerous small tables, covered with brown holland cloths, which are matched by brown holland napkins; and it is amply provided with waitresses, who bring the food directly from the kitchen. This is the most expensive of the four places.

The second lunch-room, which is on a business street, is equipped with counters and stools. The food is sent up from the basement kitchen on dumb-waiters. One server is allotted each counter. She takes the food from the dumb-waiter and puts it before the customer. The scale of prices at this place is a little lower than at the first.

The third place, a cafetaria, is more inexpensive still. One gets one's tray, and the food is served over a counter from the enormous receptacles containing it. The tables are larger, the general plan is a bit simpler. This diminishes the expense of a luncheon.

In the fourth place there is an ingenious mechanism by means of which the food is not only kept hot or cold, as the case may be, but is also prearranged in individual "orders." This mechanical device is in appearance like a post-office; in each box is an order—of soup, fish, meat, salad, or ice-cream. On a tray, which one gets for one's self from a pile, one puts whatever one chooses, drawing it one's self from its box; collects the necessary knife, fork, and spoon, and paper napkin from a convenient ledge; and, pausing at a desk near the railing which divides those about to lunch from those lunching, has an inventory taken of one's luncheon and receives a check. Going on to the filter, one fills one's own water glass. Then one seats one's self at an uncovered table. Luncheon over, one carries one's tray of empty dishes to the "slide;" and, at another desk, pays one's bill. It is a smaller bill than at either of the three previously described places. The cost of service is almost nothing. One has served one's self.

The food in each and every one of the four Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Rooms is the same. It is of the same quality; an order in all the places is the same in quantity. The difference in price is due simply and solely to the difference in service and in accessories. Service and table linen, with the consequent laundry bills—the very same luncheon without these two items of expense costs just about half what it costs with them.

These housekeepers of whose home laboratory kitchens I have told were especially interested in the selection and the cooking of food; the Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Rooms had helped them to accomplish these things in a less complicated manner and according to a more scientific method. All of them required accurate and ordered knowledge of dietary values, and the Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Rooms had given them the needed impetus in the direction of obtaining it. Moreover, they discovered that it is a comparatively easy thing to obtain. The number of excellent books, magazine articles, and pamphlets on the subject of diet is exceptionally large; the Food Bulletins issued free by the Office of Experiment Stations of the United States Department of Agriculture are among the finest of their kind. Any housekeeper who desires to become a food expert may become one by reading in her "spare time" all this so easily available "printed matter." The Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Rooms have helped a few women to become food experts; may not the experiences of these few help many more?

But the question of serving food is as seriously considered a part of the Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Rooms as the cooking of food. In two of the lunch-rooms the customers serve themselves. In homes the housekeeper's problem is not completely solved when she has succeeded in choosing and in cooking (or in superintending the cooking of) a meal. How is that meal to be served? Even if she has two servants, the question is not very easily answered; if she keeps only one servant, a "general housework girl," the solution is still less simple; and if she has no servant at all, it is decidedly difficult. What housekeeper with two servants has not learned to hope that no unexpected guest will drop in to a meal on Monday or Tuesday, when both the maids are washing or ironing, and neither of them can wait on the table? What home-maker with but one servant invites the neighbors in to tea on that maid's "day out"? And what home-maker who has no servant at all but feels the lack of one most, not when she is cooking a meal, but when she is serving it in courses? "It isn't getting a meal," a friend of mine who does her own work said to me recently; "it isn't *that* which disturbs me; it is the serving of it! I often am tempted to fall into the old-fashioned habit of putting everything on the table at once in order to

do away with the leaving of my place at the table that the serving of it even in two courses involves."

"Why don't you try the cafetaria method?" a new acquaintance who was present asked. "It is just what you want! I know, because I have tried it. Of course for dinner it isn't exactly the thing, but for breakfast and luncheon it is ideal. It is a regular custom in my house. I assure you that for housekeepers, like ourselves, who have no servants it is the greatest labor-saving device ever invented!"

"What is it?" my friend inquired, eagerly. "Where did you get it? How do you use it?"

Our new acquaintance laughed. "It is a system by means of which persons serve themselves at meal-time, instead of being served," she answered. "I got it from one of the Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Rooms—the Cafetaria. The way to use it is: Cook the breakfast or luncheon for the family; have it ready at a certain hour. Provide a tray for each person. Let him or her take it, come with it to the kitchen, having first 'set' it with such dishes and silver as may be necessary, and receive on it an 'order' of each article of food on the menu. Then let him or her go to the dining-room with it, eat the meal, and afterward, bringing the tray back to the kitchen, place the dishes in the sink or the dishpan. In my house breakfast and luncheon are served according to this plan. It saves time, work, and waste."

"It sounds pleasant, but queer," my friend commented.

"I'd like to see it in operation," I found myself saying.

"Spend a week-end with me, and you will," my new acquaintance said.

It was not long before I did spend a week-end with her. In the serving of dinner on the Saturday evening there was no hint of a cafetaria. My acquaintance—by this time a friend—and her husband took turns in serving the courses and removing the dishes between courses. Their two children, a girl of five and a boy of six, were in bed. "When they are old enough to sit up for dinner," my hostess remarked, "they will be a great help with the serving of the meal. I am really impatient for that time to come."

I confessed that I was "really impatient" for the next morning to come. I had often seen the Laboratory Kitchen Cafetaria, but I had never seen a home cafetaria. "You will see one to-morrow at breakfast," said my friend. And I did.

I was downstairs in advance of any one excepting my hostess. I found her in the kitchen, making toast, steaming cereal, boiling eggs, cutting grapefruit, and doing the numerous other things attendant upon the preparation of even the simplest family breakfast. "Where are the children—and the trays?" I inquired as soon as we had exchanged good-mornings.

"The children are dressing, with the help of their father," she replied. "They will all be here in a moment. The trays are in the china closet."

I peeped into the china closet. There I saw a pile of six or seven pretty Japanese trays. Near by were the dishes in ordinary daily use; in a drawer, already opened, lay the silver, each of the various articles in a separate division. In another drawer were paper napkins. (At dinner the night before we had had linen napkins.)

While I was still standing in the china closet, admiring the skill with which my friend had arranged it for the purposes of a cafetaria, my host and the two children appeared in the kitchen. Shortly afterward my hostess announced that "breakfast would be served to all whose trays were presented."

With the exception of herself, we all went into the china closet, took our respective trays, furnished them forth with china and silver and a paper napkin, and returned to the kitchen. My friend would have attended to me first, but I besought her to allow me to be served last, that I might see all that happened in her home cafetaria. "Certainly," she acquiesced. "You won't have long to wait, in any case; what happens happens quickly."

It surely did. The little girl put her tray on the kitchen table, and her mother rapidly served her with the cup of cocoa, the bowl of cereal, and the other things that made up her breakfast. Then her father carried the tray into the dining-room, tied her bib, and pulled out her chair. The boy proudly held his tray in his hands while his mother served him, and as pridefully bore it himself to his place at the dining-room table. "I am too big to spill anything," he said. Then my friend served me and my host, and then my host served his wife, and we three went together into the dining-room. The children had bided our coming. When we were all

ready to seat ourselves at the table, the little girl said Herrick's quaint "Child's Grace:"

> "Here, a little child, I stand
> Heaving up my either hand;
> Cold as paddocks though they be,
> Here I lift them up to Thee,
> For a benison to fall
> On our meat and on us all."

The cafetaria method was indeed a boon to that family. It saved my friend's vitality by saving her steps. Her husband liked the simplicity of it. As for the children, they regarded it as a game, and delighted in it.

Another acquaintance of mine has established in her home a cafetaria which is even more in accord with the Laboratory Kitchen Cafetaria. It is designed to save not only her steps, but also the money of the members of her family. Her home is a boarding-house. Most of her boarders are professional women whose meal hours are uncertain—trained nurses and social workers. She employs only one servant. The only meal served at a fixed time and set forth on the table in the customary way is breakfast. "Every one in the house can come to breakfast at the same time," she said; "so I serve that. No two of the family can be sure of being here at any specified time for luncheon and dinner, so I make the kitchen into a cafetaria for those meals."

"Where did you get the inspiration to do it?" I interrogated, as a mere matter of form. I felt very sure that she would reply as she did:

"From one of the Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Rooms," she said.

"And how do you manage it?" I next asked.

"Very simply," she answered. "The same kind of luncheon and dinner that I used to have prepared in the kitchen and served on the dining-room table I have made ready in the kitchen and kept there. In the pantry there are trays, and china and silver are in the adjoining closet. Any member of the household who wants luncheon or dinner goes out into the kitchen, gets her tray, dishes, and silver, and is served by the cook. Then she goes into the dining-room. When she has finished her meal, she takes her tray back to the kitchen and drops her 'fee' into a box in the pantry provided for that purpose. If she has had luncheon, it is one amount; if the meal has been dinner, it is another. The rates are invariable."

"And do your boarders like this arrangement?" I queried.

"Very much," said my friend. "It is easy, quick; and, besides, it is cheaper for them. Before I tried the cafetaria plan I kept two servants. Now I have only one. So I deduct from my charges a proportionate amount for service, just as the Laboratory Kitchen Cafetaria does."

She invited me to luncheon one day that I might see her home cafetaria in operation. Excepting for the fact that one was served in the kitchen by the cook, instead of being served over a counter by a waitress, it was little different, otherwise than in size, from the Laboratory Kitchen Cafetaria. There was not quite so great a variety as to food as in the public lunch-room, and the lunchers were housemates and friends. The cook, who was "new," confided to me that this method of serving meals she considered "powerful odd;" but she granted that it saved both time and strength. The boarders, too, were inclined to smile at their home cafetaria; but the smiles were friendly ones.

Not a great while after that luncheon I went to spend a summer's vacation on a Connecticut farm. I was regaining my strength after an illness according to a scheme that included the consuming of oranges, milk, and raw eggs between meals. These refreshments came at frequent intervals. One day I overheard my hostess saying that "summer boarders who had to have so many snacks kept one person running all the time." The next time she "ran" in my direction with a "snack," I said to her, "Why don't you try a Laboratory Kitchen plan with my lunches?"

"What's that?" she questioned.

When I had told her, I suggested: "You might show me where the eggs and milk and oranges are kept, and when I need them I can get them myself. If you put my share in a separate place in the ice-chest, you can easily keep an account of what I use. It would save your time."

She reflected for a moment. "I believe it would," she said, emphatically; "I'll try it, anyway."

She did. At the end of my visit she said to me: "I think I'll see how else I can copy that Laboratory Kitchen you told me about. Maybe I could save time and steps along some other lines than serving snacks."

I have not seen her since, but not long ago I received a letter from her. "I haven't got any 'mechanical device' like the one you write me the newest Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-

Room has, for keeping things either hot or cold," she said, among other things; "but I do it, just the same, in an old-timey way. In the morning I make the coffee and set it on the back of the stove where it will keep hot. I do the same with the rest of the breakfast. As the different ones in the family get ready, they come downstairs and serve themselves with breakfast. I happened to have three old trays—not enough to go around, but everybody isn't ever down at once. The cold things I leave in the ice-chest; those who want them get them. It is such a relief to me not to have to set a table in the morning; and the family like this new way of doing better, too. It's a great thing on a farm to be able to save time and strength."

It has not been my purpose in this article to write the history of the Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Rooms; nor to describe in detail the methods according to which they are operated; nor to comment upon the great public importance of the work done in them. My aim has been to give a brief account of the effect they have had upon the methods by which the home kitchens in the community have been managed, to tell a little about the private significance of their work—in short, to show the "side lights" of their history.

All the home-makers and housekeepers of whom I have written have learned from these Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Rooms to conserve time, or strength, or money, or health. They have found out how to provide good food, pure, clean, and nourishing; and to provide it on the most economical basis as regards time, work, and money. The Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Rooms have accomplished many large and excellent things; but of them, this thing that they have done seems to me to be greatest and best.

OVERCOMING BUSINESS FOOZLES

BY HERBERT G. STOCKWELL

IN golf, a foozle is a missed stroke, one so bad that, when committed, you feel keenly the censuring eyes of those standing around. I know of few things more humiliating than the complete disclosure in a foozle of one's entire lack of preparation in a game demanding the most intense preliminary study and practice.

The seasoned player who knows the game never completely misses the ball. He may not always execute the perfect shot planned, but when he addresses a ball the idea of missing it never enters his head. His mind is entirely occupied with the problem of placing the ball in the spot most favorable for the next stroke.

How closely games requiring courage, strength, and skill resemble business! Yet, when we pause to think, it is not strange that similar character qualities should be brought out in both spheres of activity.

Business transactions, as in golf, if undertaken by the inexperienced or careless, may be badly bungled. We say of such a blunderer, "He made a fizzle of it." To prevent the occurrence of these fizzles we must obtain instruction in the art of handling the tools of the occupation in which we are engaged. Underlying all of the surface peculiarities and eccentricities of various forms of business are certain methods which, when found and adopted, render the performance of business acts more pleasurable. When we learn the proper swing, and attune our faculties to it, we find that even dull business is full of possibilities hitherto unsuspected. When we have acquired the technique of business, we feel in the very performance of it a sense of superiority. Moreover, we feel free from the danger of making a fizzle of it.

SEARCHING YOUR BUSINESS RECORDS

I overheard a conversation between two merchants which, though quite ordinary in tone, shows so well a striving toward that knowledge which prevents costly mistakes that I feel impelled to repeat it.

"Jacob, have you ever had an audit?"

"No," replied Jacob.

"You're a chump!"

Jacob gesticulated aggrievedly: "Why should I have an audit? I have a bookkeeper now for twelve years! I trust him."

"If you never had an audit, there are things

in your books you never dreamed of. I never knew my business at all until I had an audit. Your bookkeeper can make mistakes —honest mistakes, understand me—the which will stand you on your head until you get straightened out."

Small as a business is, homely or beautiful as it outlines, the proprietor should not rest satisfied until he has completely mastered his own books of account.

Until he is able to read from his business records his financial position with respect to the world and to analyze his goings forward or backward, he is in danger of committing most grievous errors.

SAVING OUTLAY BY INQUIRY

On approaching a factory, a friend of the superintendent saw a large pile of broken castings, some of which contained marked evidences of expensive machining. It struck him that for mere scrap this pile of broken parts appeared very new. It was learned that extensive experiments had been and were being conducted in efforts to effect improvements in a certain machine to enable it to produce, if possible, more perfect articles than could be made on the machine then in use. "Have you ever tried to buy such a machine as you want in the market?" was asked. "No, I haven't; but we know there is nothing of that sort now made, because we would have heard of it."

Without seeking information regarding the effect he desired most earnestly to attain, the superintendent had gone blindly ahead, spending large amounts of money which, as was found later, would have been saved by a little intelligent research. An inquiry or two suggested by his friend produced the information that the very mechanical contrivance which he was trying to create had recently been patented, and was to be had in a supply store within a few squares of his factory.

FEW MEN ARE MENTALLY AMBIDEXTROUS

We may play golf in the afternoon and bridge at night, but we cannot do both well at the same time. Failure to succeed often follows attempts to do too many things at the same time. Anything worth the doing demands concentrated effort—the best effort.

A firm manufacturing a form of wearing apparel is now being dissolved because one of the members "is tired of his partner's blunders." In consultation with his lawyer, he said: "My partner is continually going at another thing before the first is finished. He goes and gets an idea started in the factory, where he belongs, then he rushes off on the road, thinking he can sell goods. He cannot get orders enough to pay his carfare. In the meantime, when he comes home he abandons the idea he first had and starts all over again on another one. In the factory we are constantly upset. I am tired of trying to follow his ideas that never amount to anything."

Why is it that almost to a man every one at times imagines that he could create grand successes in fields other than those in which he is at work? The unpossessed seems to many of us more attractive than the thing in hand. Exalted as our occupations seem to others, at times we would gladly exchange, or think we would, with those who have petty tasks. The wisest of us are those who try to ascertain for which occupation they are best fitted, and confine their principal efforts to learn to the last letter all that may be known of one occupation. We know that to be the only way of overcoming humiliating mistakes.

FACING THE MUSIC IN BUSINESS

When a novice commits just enough foozles to become seriously impressed with his own unimportance, he does not throw down his clubs. No. He seeks ways and means of preventing the recurrence of the blunders. It is no crime to make a mistake, but when made it is almost criminal to neglect or refuse to correct it.

Last summer I required a canvas cover for a small motor boat. The man recommended to me came, took the measure, and promised that the cover would be ready within a few days. When delivered, it could not by the most strenuous stretching be made to cover the boat. Did this young business man quickly attempt to correct his error and regain my confidence? No. He began with promises which ended in nothing, and finally abandoned his job entirely. He had run away from the duty of repairing his blunder, preferring to lose the cost of the unfinished job than to stick resolutely to it until completed.

Now, I know of no quicker road to the failure class than that which leads away from business duties. And I know beyond any doubt that to face the music is one of the most effective ways of overcoming fizzles in business.

Do you think that your prosperous neigh-

bor has had an easy career? Let him tell you of the times when he has had to grit his teeth to prevent crying out in his distress at deserved censure. He will tell you that more than once he has all but run away from the consequences of careless or ill-timed acts. But, knowing that courage is just as essential in business as elsewhere, he has assumed full responsibility and acquitted himself to the best of his aroused ability.

BUSINESS CONTESTS INCREASE STRENGTH

A man who overcomes a defect creates, in the very act, a strength to resist other tendencies to slip. His capital against visible blunder grows at compound interest. When a man clutches his mental fists and approaches the business in which he is engaged with a determination to conquer, he has already passed thousands of his companions who listlessly await success or fizzle, unduly elated by the one and unreasonably discouraged by the other, as they occur in turn.

It is said that law is a jealous mistress, one who will not brook any neglect on the part of practitioners. If a lawyer does not by constant reading consistently maintain his working knowledge of the law, she will desert him unceremoniously. Business is a sister of law in that respect. When once mastered, we must keep in practice. Few sights are more pitiful than the retired merchant who, after years of inactivity, having lost his all, attempts to resume business. He is out of touch with everything, and the task of returning to the ordinary contest is too much for the average man.

PREPARING FOR STRUGGLE

Just as helpless is the young man who fails to prepare for the expected. I heard the president of a local business club make two speeches, perfectly illustrating the necessity for careful preparation in all that we are about to undertake. His first speech was read from carefully written notes filled with thoughts right on the point of his topic. At the next dinner he arose and said:

"Gentlemen, as you know, I have been accustomed to speak from notes—I have heretofore used notes in speaking—I feel that a good speech should be delivered without notes—should come from the heart—without notes"—and that was as far as he could go. The men began to applaud and inquire concerning his "notes," whereupon he sat down in considerable discomfiture.

To know when one is not prepared and to refrain from utterance is often just as valuable as the ability to deliver a charming address. In business life it is as important to know when to keep silent as when to put forth one's best efforts.

Many things that one learns in the course of a day's contact with his fellows should be buried deep in the memory. I once heard a young friend deliver a scathing rebuke to a fellow-salesman who had improperly told of a private business incident.

"When you stumble across anything like that, you want to keep it under your own hat," said he.

How few of us carefully select and weigh our words! How many blunders are committed which hesitation for even a fraction of a second would have prevented!

The tip of the tongue is small indeed, but nevertheless a powerful instrument for the unmaking or the forwarding of business relationships.

Across the aisle in a crowded train sat a young merchant who, when he saw me, called out a boisterous salutation. To my matter-of-fact inquiry concerning business, he bawled out: "Rotten—the banks are watching me. I can't do anything." The seat beside me becoming vacant, he came over and explained further what proved to be an ordinary credit procedure on the part of the one bank with which he did business. Unfortunately, one of his largest creditors happened to overhear the totally unnecessary remark, and he subsequently caused the merchant some exceedingly unpleasant days.

LOYALTY TO EMPLOYERS

What wrecks are created by the craving for sympathy! Walk along the crowded thoroughfare behind chatting clerks out for luncheon. You will not be compelled to listen to the conversation of many before you will be astonished at the reckless divulgence of the private affairs of their employers in incidents supposed to prove unjust treatment received. Sudden dismissals may sometimes be traced to just such thoughtlessness.

To get on in the world, clerks should rank loyalty to their employer as first in the list of memorized self-regulations. Is it hard to have respect for him? If impossible, rather than labor in poisoned surroundings it would be better to seek other employment. But before one severs relationship with the

source of his income it would be well for him to rub up his glasses and take a new glance at things. Perhaps he will see that some of the dissatisfaction is attributable to his own defective vision.

If we seek irritating evidences, we may be assured that our search will not be in vain. It is so easy to feel abused that the faintest semblance of a fancied grievance is mushroom to thought.

Let us overcome our false notions of our relation to business, realize our shortcomings, and seek in every way to improve our ability, and we may be sure that our strength and skill in business will increase until no one can truthfully say, "He made a fizzle of it."

THE PENNY PIPER OF SARANAC

BY STEPHEN CHALMERS

HE called himself the Penny Piper, and apologized to his friends because sometimes his whistle exploded with strange noises and had to be patched with sticking-plaster. Yet when he played on his pipe the whole world listened, fascinated even by the strange noises; and the army of earth's children that followed him—that is following him still—was greater than the Pied Piper of Hamelin ever enthralled.

He was an odd fellow to look at, as, of course, a magic piper should be. Eagle-beaked and eagle-eyed, his face was ever touched with a Pan-like humor, "a deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck." Whimsical, purposeful, quick-tempered, generous, selfish, lovable, fierce, forgiving—a human paradox.

This was the Penny Piper of Saranac, and he was something of a mystery to all who knew him in the little Adirondack village. They did not know he was a great man, for he never happened to mention the fact himself, and even the beginnings of the world were away on the other side of forty miles of tangled forest.

He did not fish. He did not hunt. He lacked the principal virtue of man in the wilderness—physical strength; and for a living he seemed only to tootle upon a penny whistle and cut a fantastic figure on skates on the lake behind the cottage where he lived.

The cottage was "a hat-box on a hill," as the Penny Piper himself said. All the winds of heaven blew around it. Below, the Saranac River snarled and guggled under its piled-up jam of ice. Beyond, Mount Pisgah glowered under icicled brows at Mount Baker behind the cottage. The Penny Piper said the only redeeming feature of the place was that it reminded him of some place else.

Most of all was he a mystery to his landlady and her lord. The Penny Piper burned holes in Mrs. Baker's sitting-room mantelpiece with the live ends of his cigarettes. In the evenings he would play Ancient Mariner to Andrew Baker's Wedding Guest. The Piper would talk to the woodsman, uttering strange matters, until Andrew's eyes grew heavy and his head nodded, and he was lulled to sleep in his chair by the magic words of a genius.

In the daytime, when the blizzard piled snow-drifts window-high, the Penny Piper made "big medicine" in the little room under the eastern gable of the "hat-box." In this room there was a single cot, also a plain table adorned with pens, ink, and paper; also a piano—and the penny whistle.

"He tootles the whistle better 'n he plays the piano!" said Mrs. Baker to her spouse.

"And a sight oftener," said the woodsman.

Of course he did! Who ever heard of Ariel, or Puck, or Pan playing a piano? True, there were times when the Penny Piper's hands grew numb with cold. Then he would get up from the table and make a fierce attack upon Beethoven with a heavy bunch of rusty keys. But he would usually wind up with a Jacobite air upon the penny whistle, after which he would resume with the pen. You remember his words: "To earn a little and to spend a little less; to make, upon the whole, a family happier for his presence."

Yet in this little cottage in the Adirondack wilderness, during the bitter winter of 1887–8, the Penny Piper played some of his sweetest

melodies; his notes reached their purest and clearest heights; and to-day what he wrote under that little eastern gable, where the drift-snow piled up against the window, is bound in morocco and gold, is scrolled on vellum and hung as mottoes in garret and mansion alike, in the offices of commerce and in the waiting-rooms of pain, in the temples of wisdom and in the heart of humanity, for it brings strength to the strong and cheer to the sick.

These but conspired with his genius and the keen air of the hills to such results as "Pulvis et Umbra," "The Lantern-Bearers," "Gentlemen," "Beggars," "A Christmas Sermon," and last (perhaps least) "The Master of Ballantrae," which ends in story where it was begun in fact—in the frozen forest under the shadow of Mount Baker, hard by Saranac Lake in the Adirondacks.

When Robert Louis Stevenson lived there, Saranac Lake village was but a backwoods hamlet. The first locomotive had not yet startled the buck and the bear.

The community which is now the metropolis of the Adirondacks had in 1887 less than a handful of the thousands who have since followed the trail first blazed in that region by Dr. Edward L. Trudeau, himself a victim of tuberculosis. Everybody knows why Stevenson went to Saranac, and everybody knows that Dr. Trudeau was his physician.

It has been said, upon hearsay, that Dr. Trudeau, the famous head of the Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium, and Robert Louis Stevenson did not get along together very well. This is without foundation in fact. Stevenson himself wrote on a leaf of the "Jekyll and Hyde" of "Dr. Trudeau's Complete Set, from the Author:"

"Trudeau was all the Winter at my side.
I never spied the nose of Mr. Hyde."

Dr. Trudeau was probably one of the few in the village at that time who appreciated what manner of man had come to it; and it is clear that Stevenson was quick to appreciate the intellectual qualities of the man who came to see him, first with a cold stethoscope, then with the warm hand of friendship.

This friendship was spontaneous. The nature of it may be judged from the fact that, when they did not agree, they did not agree to disagree—after the manner of the lukewarm—but quarreled!

But the quarrels! They were of the kind indulged in by brothers who part with black murder in their hearts and burst out laughing next time they meet. They were quarrels of the kind in which one holds it a private, personal privilege to criticise the other, but woe unto the third person who ventures to criticise either to the other!

On the really great things of life they were in perfect accord; so they chose the most trivial matters upon which to differ.

The best illustration of this is, perhaps, the "check story," which Dr. Trudeau sometimes relates, and always with immense delight. There was no stenographer present, and Dr. Trudeau himself does not undertake to repeat the exact dialogue, but from the facts and from a knowledge of the two personalities this is how it was:

Stevenson. My dear Trudeau! I have the greatest respect for your intelligence. For that reason it distresses me—distresses me!—to hear you utter such fallacy. How *can* the American baggage system be superior to the British luggage system?

Trudeau. But, my dear Stevenson, we are dealing with facts! I know that, as a Britisher, you are naturally prejudiced—

Stevenson (interrupting). I beg your pardon, Dr. Trudeau. I would never allow racial prejudice to warp my judgment in the matter of a ten-and-sixpenny trunk. The British system *is* the best. You hire a porter. You look after your own luggage. At your destination you claim it in person. It is not at all necessary to put your head out of the compartment at every stop and cry, like the Irishman: "Gyard! Is me tronk all right?"

Trudeau (who has been waiting with fortitude for a chance to continue). Of course not. Now, then—the American system! You are bound, say, from New York to San Francisco. You buy your railway ticket, indicate your baggage to a baggage-master with a pencil stuck in his ear and a bunch of tags in his hands. He gives you a brass check. In a week you are in San Francisco. You haven't seen or heard of your blessed trunk since you left New York; yet there it is, safe and sound. And all that is required of you in San Francisco is that brass check. *Now* what have you to say?

Stevenson (who is cornered, but hates to admit it). We-ell . . . *(He puffs great clouds of cigarette smoke and walks up and down greatly agitated. Then, with a burst of exasperation).* That is just you Americans all over! Checks! Checks! Checks!! You eat on the check system. You hang your hat on the check system. Why, an American can't even speak of *dying* without saying that he "hands in his checks"!

Trudeau (twenty-five years later). He had me that time.

After such an animated discussion one may picture Dr. Trudeau as he tramps down

the road to his own house, a muffled figure in coonskin cap and coat, his thick moccasins crunching on the frozen snow under the clear, snapping stars of the Adirondack midwinter, and vowing never to darken the Penny Piper's door again!

But next day Dr. Trudeau would remember that Stevenson was a sick man, that he was his physician, and that it was his duty to go and see his patient even if he could never meet him again as a friend. If he didn't go, no doubt the Penny Piper would be sitting in that eight-by-ten room with the piano and the cot and the table and the penny whistle, and with all the air excluded through the keyhole by cigarette smoke and sideward displacement.

Probably about the same time Stevenson would be blowing from his whistle that mournful Jacobite air to which he fitted "Sing me a song of a lad that is gone," and wondering whether he ought not to put on his buffalo coat and Indian moccasins and carry the hatchet to the Doctor for burial.

If it happened that he did not go, the Doctor would come sooner or later—professionally, of course! Robert Louis would receive him like a prince. Each would admit that the other was possibly right about the baggage system, except, perhaps, that—

And as like as not they would start in just where they had left off; or, if that subject were exhausted, take up another for argument, such as whether, according to Trudeau's theory, it were not wiser to conserve the health by observing moderation (say in the use of cigarettes), or, according to Stevenson's theory, regard ill health as something altogether outside a man and death merely a possibility of any minute and from any of a number of unexpected causes.

In this connection it is interesting to hear what Dr. Trudeau has to say about Stevenson's death in Samoa in 1894. It has been said that he died of tuberculosis. It has been said that he died of apoplexy.

"He did not die of tuberculosis," says Dr. Trudeau, "as I made a point of finding out. I have no documentary evidence that he died of anything else, but all the despatches from Samoa agreed that it was cerebral apoplexy.

"Yet it is a mistake to say that he never had tuberculosis. Although, while I took care of him, he had none of the active symptoms, such as hemorrhage, or fever, or tubercle bacilli, present, yet he undoubtedly had had tuberculosis. It may have become active again after he left Saranac, so there is no telling just how much that disease may have contributed to his mortal illness at Samoa."

Regarding a theory brought forward some months ago in a prominent medical publication, and copied extensively in the newspapers, that the morbid phase of Stevenson's genius was caused by tubercular toxin in his blood, Dr. Trudeau laughs heartily. If anything could be named to account for the production of such strange or morbid tales as "Jekyll and Hyde," "Olalla," and "The Merry Men," it would be the Celtic corpuscles in his blood!

The horrible fascination of the supernatural for the Scot is well known. The fearful fascination of the sea, as exploited in "The Merry Men," is also a characteristic of the high northern races, especially of the Scottish Highlanders, who in ancient days drew an infusion of blood from the Vikings. There was evidence of the Viking strain in Stevenson and his seagoing forefathers. Race toxin is the only influence his blood may have brought to his writings.

While on the subject, it is hardly necessary to state that Stevenson was much interested in the admirable work Dr. Trudeau was even then doing in tuberculosis research. Unfortunately, while on paper the Penny Piper could deal so beautifully with the philosophy of illness and death, his own physical weakness, and that personal sensitiveness which he so ably embodied in young Weir of Hermiston, compelled in him a horror of the material facts. He did not fish or hunt, because he could not bear the sight of suffering and death, even in animals that are regarded as fair game.

Imagine, then, what happened when, in a heroic moment, Stevenson ventured into Dr. Trudeau's laboratory, where the little guinea-pigs were being immortalized for the ultimate benefit of humanity and humaneness. Had Stevenson lived to hear the anti-vivisection uproar of recent years, the zoöphiles might have offered him their permanent chairmanship. But if we know anything of the Penny Piper's spirit, we fancy he would have refused it. The fact that he himself suffered imaginative agonies of sympathy for the guinea-pigs did not in the least becloud his vision of the end toward which sacrifice of some sort, not necessarily of blood, is ever the only means.

Here is the guinea-pig story, which illustrates the theory.

One day the Penny Piper's genius was deeply stirred. The whistle had been silent all morning, for it was a great thought he had seized upon. It was that of the lantern-bearers, the playful Scottish boys who carried bull's-eyes under their jackets and occasionally flashed them upon astonished passers-by. You could not see the lanterns, but it was a secret joy to each lad to know that he had his under cover, even if his whole being did reek of oil.

Ah! it was a grand thought, this of the light under the bushel that smelled of oil, and in his little room the Penny Piper's pen moved slowly and steadily over the paper.

> . . . Not a ray escaping, whether to conduct your footsteps or to make your glory public; a mere pillar of darkness in the dark, and all the while deep down in the privacy of your fool's heart, to know you had a bull's-eye at your belt, and to exult and sing over the knowledge.

When it was finished, the Penny Piper remembered that Dr. Trudeau had promised to show him the mysteries of his laboratory. Still aglow with the high thoughts of "The Lantern-Bearers," Stevenson put on his buffalo coat and hurried away through the snow.

The sight of the grave scientist bending over his work in that strange place of crucibles and tubes stirred the dreamer's enthusiasm afresh. Here was the thought materialized—the man with the bull's-eye, thinking less of fame than of the moment's task allotted. The Penny Piper told his friend of the day's work, talking as only he talked, every muscle and facial expression in action, his eyes aglow, and his long arms gesturing in illustration. But suddenly he remembered why he had come to the laboratory.

"Now, Trudeau," said he, "let me see *your* light!"

Dr. Trudeau picked up a tube containing a sickly-looking liquid.

"The scum you see in this tube," said he, "is consumption. It is the cause of more human suffering than anything else in the world. We can *produce* tuberculosis in the guinea-pig with it, and if we could *cure* tuberculosis in the guinea-pig, this great burden of human suffering might be lifted from the world."

Then he told of his own experiments upon guinea-pigs with cultures of tubercle bacilli, and produced charts showing results that made similar symptoms in the human case comprehensible, and more combatable. He pointed to a row of large stoppered bottles containing tuberculous organs of guinea-pigs, ghastly evidences of the destroyer's poison. With a bottle in his hand, Trudeau turned to his very silent companion and—found that Robert Louis Stevenson had vanished!

Astonished and puzzled, the medical scientist laid down his charts and went in search of the Penny Piper. He found him in the open air, leaning against a veranda post and looking very pale.

Trudeau (rushing to his side). Stevenson, are you ill?

Stevenson (swallowing hard). N-no.

Trudeau. You don't look well. How do you feel?

Stevenson (with a brave but sickly smile). Trudeau, I know—I know your lamp is very bright, but—to me it smells of oil like the devil!

The Penny Piper was fair above all things, however, and he generously admitted that the fact of an oil smell upsetting a particular stomach did not dim the luster of a particular light.

Seven years after Stevenson's death, Thomas Bailey Aldrich came to Saranac Lake on account of the illness of his son Charles. He lived in a cottage on the side of Mount Pisgah that overlooked the "hat-box" where the Penny Piper lived thirteen years before.

In a letter to William Dean Howells at this time (December, 1901) Aldrich wrote:

"We are very literary up here. Why did Hutton go to Jerusalem for 'Literary Landmarks' when he might have found plenty of them in the Adirondacks? Among others who have left footprints on the sands of time are Stillman, Emerson, and Stevenson."

Referring to Mr. Howells's admission that up to that time he had never read a novel of Stevenson's, Mr. Aldrich wrote in the same letter:

"You have missed an entertaining writer, though not a great one."

In passing, it may be mentioned that that dear fiction about Richard Mansfield visiting the Baker cottage and acting "Jekyll and Hyde" for the author's benefit is without foundation. Our talkative Penny Piper would surely have mentioned such an event in his letters to Henry James, or J. A. Symonds, or Sidney Colvin. Certainly he could hardly have helped doing so had the incident occurred to his collaborator in dramas, W. E.

Henley. But he did not. Dr. Trudeau has no knowledge of such a visit. Andrew Baker, Stevenson's landlord, thinks that the persistent tale grew out of the visit of a dramatic agent of Boston, who came to Saranac Lake in the hope of procuring certain dramatic rights from Stevenson.

As to Stevenson's being "not very popular," to revert to a suggestion in one of Mr. Aldrich's letters, he had little in common coin with the "natives" of that time, and the social, literary, and intellectual circle was limited. He was highly popular among those in the little colony who could appreciate him; and interesting, though few, are the *true* stories touching his social intercourse at this time.

One dinner of unusual ceremony may have suggested to Stevenson the sentence, "I have learned to move among pompous menials without much terror, never without much respect."

At this particular dinner Stevenson was not in evening dress. The Penny Piper was notoriously unconventional in attire. Besides, as Aldrich mentioned later, "the Saranackers don't dress for dinner, they dress for breakfast," and did not Stevenson assure Will H. Low that he was "a rank Saranacker, a wild man of the woods"?

Anyway, the dinner was a fine affair. The butler appeared at an appropriate moment and elevated a single eyebrow to convey that madam was served. As there were more gentlemen present than ladies, Dr. Trudeau "took in" Stevenson. As the Doctor playfully offered his arm, the Penny Piper clutched it in a kind of panic.

Trudeau. What's the matter?
Stevenson. Honest, now—aren't you scared?
Trudeau. Well, not exactly scared; impressed, perhaps.
Stevenson (shaking his head). Trudeau, this sort of thing always gives me stage-fright. I'm scared to death!

It was after one less imposing dinner that Stevenson expressed his terror of a hero-worshiping admirer. She was of the type that qualifies everything with superlatives. All through the evening she kept assuring the Penny Piper that "Jekyll and Hyde" was the "weirdest," "Treasure Island" the "loveliest," and "Will o' the Mill" the "sweetest"—ever!

The moment Stevenson escaped, he sought Dr. Trudeau's protection.

"I don't mind the Great Unwashed," he whispered tragically. "It's the Great *Washed* I dread!"

From the literary standpoint the most interesting story of the Penny Piper and his friends in Saranac has to do with the genesis of "The Master of Ballantrae" and the beginning of the real Stevenson woman in fiction.

Up to this time the women in his books, excepting Jim Hawkins's mother in "Treasure Island," had been somewhat of stage types. Jim Hawkins's mother was true, but Stevenson had his own deeply honest and just mother to draw from. There was an elusive girl in "The Merry Men," but she was shadowy; and in "Prince Otto" Seraphina and Madame von Rosen were incased in court artifice. He had not yet touched the deep springs of natural womanhood.

To appreciate the far-reaching effects of the incident that brought the Penny Piper's magic pen to the true delineation of women in his later works, it is necessary to begin at Saranac with "The Master of Ballantrae" and to show how General Custer's widow injected a failure into that book. But it was a failure upon which success was to be built.

Even as at Saranac the plot of "The White Feather" flashed upon Thomas Bailey Aldrich "out of a blue sky of idleness," so came the genesis of "Ballantrae" to the Penny Piper. In Stevenson's own words, this is how it was:

I was walking one night on the veranda of a small house in which I lived, outside the hamlet of Saranac. It was winter; the night was very dark; the air extraordinarily clear and cold, and sweet with the purity of forests. From a good way below, the river was to be heard contending with ice and boulders; a few lights appeared, scattered unevenly in the darkness, but so far away as not to lessen the sense of isolation. For the making of a story here were fine conditions. . . .

"Come," said I to my engine, "let us make a tale, a story of many years and countries, of the sea and the land, savagery and civilization. . . ."

Shortly after that December night he was again at a dinner-party. Most of the little colony were present, but for my purposes it is only needful to mention Mrs. Custer, Dr. Trudeau, and Robert Louis Stevenson. After the soup, Mrs. Custer opened fire upon the Penny Piper.

Mrs. Custer. Now why is it, Mr. Stevenson, that you never put a *real* woman in any of your stories?

Stevenson (with twinkling gravity). Madam, I have little knowledge of Greek.

Mrs. Custer. But you have *some* knowledge of women, surely! Why, you have been a married man these seven years!

Stevenson. With the result, Mrs. Custer, that I have forgotten all the Greek I ever knew.

Mrs. Custer. But the public expects it of you, and the feminine portion demands it. Come! When are we to be introduced to the Stevenson woman in fiction?

Stevenson (with sudden enthusiasm). Mrs. Custer! I promise you there shall be a woman in my next book!

The Penny Piper regretted his rash gallantry before the close of the evening. Later he confided his fears to Dr. Trudeau.

Trudeau. I've often wondered, Stevenson, but never thought to ask: Why *do* you never put a real woman in a story?

Stevenson. Good heavens! Trudeau, when I have tried I find she talks like a grenadier!

Nevertheless, he kept his promise to Mrs. Custer, and the result is that wooden effigy in "The Master of Ballantrae," who is called, for identification's sake, Clementina Durie.

But the ice was broken, and from this point the evolution of the real Stevenson woman in fiction is interesting to trace. Jim Pinkerton's wife in "The Wrecker" is true, but dim. Catriona in "David Balfour" is better—much; but both are girls. It is not until we meet Uma in "The Beach of Falesa" and a full-grown heroine in "St. Ives" that we begin to find boldness and accuracy in his strokes.

For this, as for many other reasons, what a pity that death stayed his hand in "Weir of Hermiston," for in the elder Kirstie he was etching a masterpiece of deep womanhood—"a severe case of middle age." But the work had progressed far enough to indicate beyond cavil that "Greek" might safely be added to his accomplishments.

Stevenson's place in the memory of Saranac Lake is unique. The people have forgotten the actual face of the man; and the record of his life there—of the many little things not down on the page of conventional literary history—is becoming obliterated by time.

Seldom does a visitor make pilgrimage to that little room under the eastern gable where the Penny Piper tootled on his whistle and penned golden letters in the intervals. And a stuffed coon mounted on a block of wood hides the holes burned in Mrs. Baker's mantelpiece.

But the echo of the magic pipe is still in the air, although the Penny Piper has vanished. There is no place where his works are more popular for their own sake, aside from their author's having lived there; for in all the world there is no place that needs and benefits by his brave creed of living more than Saranac Lake. It is a place of patient suffering, of ships that sometimes pass in the night. It is, like Stevenson personally, something of a tragedy, but, as in the case of the Penny Piper, none would ever know it except from acute contact and observation.

There are over one thousand persons in that Adirondack village, brought there by the same chance that led Robert Louis Stevenson to the hills; and if they would keep their courage strong and their faith in the world's goodness intact, their view-point must of necessity be that which Stevenson engraved upon the rocks of Mount Baker. It was indeed "big medicine" for the after-comers that the Penny Piper made in the little house up the road.

No one asserts that the brief passage of Stevenson through one Saranac winter is wholly responsible for that atmosphere of peace and good will which is a peculiar and seemingly unchangeable characteristic of that mountain village. But what he wrote while there has a tremendous application there, and Dr. Trudeau has pressed the application with that of his own broad humanity. The result is startling to the newcomer—a place with an atmosphere distinctively its own.

It would take a genius to define this atmosphere, but the genius of Thomas Bailey Aldrich did it when, the shadow of his son's doom hanging heavily upon him, he could yet write to William Dean Howells:

"There's a charm about the place. There's something in the air to heal the heart of sorrow."

The works of the Penny Piper are ever in demand at the village library, but there is one book in that institution which none may borrow, or even touch. It is "Morley Ernstein," by G. P. R. James.

A few months ago the librarian was looking over Stevenson's "Letters," when he came upon one to Mr. E. L. Burlingame. In it the Penny Piper feverishly asked for certain works of "dear old G. P. R."

"This return to an ancient favorite," wrote the Piper, "hangs upon an accident. The Franklin County Library contains two works of his, 'The Cavalier' and 'Morley Ernstein.' I read the first with indescribable

amusement—it was worse than I feared, and yet somehow engaging; the second (to my surprise) was better than I dared hope; a good, honest, dull, interesting tale."

The librarian laid down the volume of letters, and walked to the shelf where the remaining tatters of G. P. R. should be. "The Cavalier" was gone—long since defunct; but there was the "Morley Ernstein," yellowed and falling to pieces with age, for none had thought it fit to read since the days of the Penny Piper.

There followed a sudden demand for "Morley Ernstein," by G. P. R. James, but the librarian was firm. Morley is now an honored pensioner, withdrawn from common traffic.

The creed of the Penny Piper is almost a rule of mental conduct laid down for patients, not only by specialists of Saranac Lake but by many of the medical fraternity elsewhere. There is a case on record of a young man who arrived in the village with the usual excuse for arriving. He was examined by the physician, who presently asked the new patient whether his New York physician had prescribed anything.

"Yes," said the patient, and he produced this prescription:

℞ Fresh air.
" eggs.
Read Robert Louis Stevenson.
POTTER, M.D.

"Continue to take!" said Dr. Allen.

The influence of Dr. Trudeau upon the methods of anti-tuberculosis fighters is not without a suggestion of the influence of Stevenson upon Trudeau. When, as President of the Eighth Congress of American Physicians and Surgeons, Dr. Trudeau addressed his fellows at Washington, he thus paid tribute to the Penny Piper of Saranac, who had seen the light in his laboratory away back in the dark days:

> Let us not, therefore, quench the faith nor turn from the vision which, whether we own it or not, we carry, as Stevenson's lantern-bearers their lanterns, hidden from the outer world, and, thus inspired, many will reach the goal; and if for most of us our achievements inevitably fall short of our ideals, if when age and infirmity overtake us "we come not within sight of the castle of our dream," nevertheless all will be well with us; for, as Stevenson tells us rightly, "to travel *hopefully* is better than to arrive, and the true success is in labor."

THE NEW BOOKS

Cahusac Mystery (The). By K. and Hesketh Prichard. The Sturgis & Walton Company, New York. $1.25.

A murder mystery, a little on the model set by Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim's stories in that it has international politics in the background. The tale has more literary merit and is more carefully written than most books of its class.

Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol (The). By W. J. Locke. The John Lane Company, New York. $1.25.

Not strictly a novel, but, as the title foreshadows, a series of narratives of the odd and amusing things that happened to one Aristide, courier, traveling salesman, picture-dealer, wanderer—a scamp without any meanness or wickedness in him, resourceful as a Yankee, and as clever in getting out of scrapes as he is reckless in getting into them. Withal, Aristide has a warm heart and a generous hand. The book is lively in invention, rapid in action, and full of fun.

Smoke Bellew. By Jack London. The Century Company, New York. $1.30.

"Smoke" is a cultivated young man and a bit of a *dilettante*. He gets pitchforked into the hard life of the Klondike, and his adventures there are both stirring and amusing; they range from breaking the bank at roulette to an elopement with the beauteous daughter of the Scottish chief of a tribe of Indians in an unknown and inaccessible country; the girl practically starves herself to death that he may survive, and dies in his arms—so in a page or two he marries the other girl! It cannot be said that the incidents are probable, but the picture of Klondike life is obviously true and the grip of the story-telling is so strong that the book is likely to have a large number of readers.

Memories of James McNeill Whistler. By Thomas R. Way. The John Lane Company, New York. $3.

This is the latest contribution to Whistleriana. The author is the son of the English lithographer who had to do with Whistler's lithographic attempts. As is natural, then, the emphasis in the present volume is laid upon that form of art. And in this lies its chief interest—a real interest. As to its biographic merits, however, the less said the better.

My Love and I. By Martin Redfield. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

Distinctly superior to the average run of fiction in that the author evidently cares greatly to

make his story reflect life truly. The events recorded in the lives of the novelist Martin and the impractical, high-visioned poet Blake are unusual and the love interest is strong in itself and subtle also in its treatment. The problems of Martin's marriage failure are presented delicately but vividly, and his love for another woman than his sordid wife is made to strengthen his character instead of weakening it. The novel has quiet humor.

Boy's Playbook of Science (The). By John Henry Pepper. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

Physics in popular form, with hundreds of pictures and an immense number of directions for experiments in electricity, the wireless, air navigation, chemistry, and so on. The idea is to give boys the how and why of science in a way to attract them by the simple treatment.

Switzerland in Sunshine and Snow. By Edmund B. d'Auvergne. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $3.

This is a suggestive volume, and yet it is unsatisfactory. In truth, any book about mountains is rather unsatisfactory. For there are certain things which must be felt; they cannot be described. When the author tries to describe the Swiss towns he is more successful. But even here the text seems trite. It is useful, nevertheless, as has been said, because of its suggestiveness.

With Dante in Modern Florence. By Mary E. Lacy. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.60.

The Dante lover will welcome this book. But why modern Florence? Because this is the Florence we know. To find Dante there we must regard Florence as a kind of manuscript which has been covered over with new writing by later scribes. Underneath lies the original manuscript. If we search for traces of the Divine Poet, we may find them. And if we take this author as our guide, we may easily find them.

Story of Santiago de Compostela. By C. Gasquoine Hartley (Mrs. Walter M. Gallichan). E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.75.

To the well-known series of little books about "Mediæval Towns," which now includes something like thirty volumes, has been added one on the ancient Spanish town of Santiago. Historically this story reaches back more than a thousand years, and it has interesting legends and traditions relating to the early Church, to the invasion by the Moors, and to the enormous pilgrimages in the Middle Ages, and even in the seventeenth century, which were made to the shrines of Compostela. The book, like its companion volumes, is charmingly illustrated.

Fresh Air and How to Use It. By Thomas Spees Carrington, M.D. National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, New York. $1.

A practical volume has been prepared by Dr. Thomas S. Carrington, and it has the indorsement of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. Through its photographs and descriptions it tells how to make temporary and permanent sleeping porches, roof bungalows, tents, and loggias, as well as how to plan for open-air apartments in building new houses. The popular interest in this subject has been very great for the last two or three years. The book meets a real demand for advice and information.

Rambles in the Pyrenees. By F. Hamilton Jackson, R.B.A. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $6.

Readers of Mr. Hamilton Jackson's two volumes "On the Shores of the Adriatic" will welcome a new book by him. It is similar in size and binding to the others. But let intending readers have a care. From the title of the present volume they might expect a comprehensive description of the Pyrenees. Mr. Jackson, however, describes only one side of the mountains—the French. Nor is his description comprehensive. It is almost entirely restricted to the architectural monuments—and the most notable architectural monuments in that part of the world are almost exclusively ecclesiastical. If one consults the volume for information on this particular topic, he will be well repaid; but the book's title should certainly be changed; it should really be "The Plans, Drawings, and Elevations of Pyrenean Churches, with a Commentary on the Same."

Montessori System in Theory and Practice (The). By Dr. Theodate L. Smith. Harper & Brothers, New York. 60 cents.

This book by Professor Smith, of Clark University, is to be commended to the attention of those who feel an interest in the much-talked-of educational methods of Maria Montessori. It is a simple description of what is actually done by Dr. Montessori herself, and is illustrated by excellent photographs. The author adds an interesting account of educational experiments carried on in an American open-air kindergarten.

Footprints of Famous Americans in Paris. By John Joseph Conway, M.A. The John Lane Company, New York. $3.50.

The present year has brought forth a great field of "gossipy" books about French history in general, and Paris in particular. The latest is Mr. John Joseph Conway's. In this volume Paris and France take second place; our interest is almost wholly centered upon the compatriots described by Mr. Conway—Franklin, Jefferson, Gouverneur Morris, Monroe, Tom Paine, Paul Jones, Fulton, Samuel F. B. Morse, William Morris Hunt, Longfellow, Margaret Fuller, Saint-Gaudens, Dr. Evans, Whistler.

Men and Manners of Modern China. By J. MacGowan. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $3.50.

Mr. MacGowan has lived in China for more than half a century. He declares that the Chinese are both a lovable and a great people, and he has written this volume to show the reasons for his convictions.

BY THE WAY

During the past twelve months, says the "American Agriculturist," the farmer has received for a list of ten staple products from 38 to 68 per cent more than the average price during a period of forty-three years. Farmers will not complain, the "Agriculturist" thinks, if the abundant crops of this year result in somewhat lower prices.

An odd kind of cure for insanity is illustrated in "Collier's." It consists of a sham battle, in which several hundred patients of an institution in California are reported to have participated. The picture shows the blowing up of an imitation blockhouse. Five patients are said to have been sent home cured after the battle! Of course amusements are a good thing for the insane, but are the intensely exciting scenes of war likely permanently to help minds that have been deranged by overexcitement?

That persistent yachtsman Sir Thomas Lipton is coming to America, it is reported, to try to make arrangements for another attempt to "lift the cup." We wish him success—in making the arrangements.

Brazil, according to a lecturer at the International Rubber Conference in New York City, was the original rubber-producing country of the world, but was slow to appreciate the value of her vast rubber forests. Seeds from her rubber trees have been used to grow trees in many other countries, but now it is forbidden to export these seeds. Cultivated rubber sells to-day for twenty-two cents a pound more than wild rubber, and Brazil herself is beginning to cultivate the rubber tree.

The recent typhoon in Japan is reported to have been the worst in fifty years. In some respects it was the worst in a thousand years, for it caused the collapse of the noted shrine of Kasuga, erected in Nara, the ancient capital of Japan, probably in the eighth century.

Record-breaking enterprise is scarcely to be looked for in a newspaper with the placid name of the "Christian Science Monitor," but, so the September number of the "Linotype Bulletin" declares, this distinction was fairly earned by that paper at the Chicago Republican Convention. The "Monitor," whose home is in Boston, installed at Chicago a complete daily newspaper plant for issuing a facsimile of its home edition, and its issue of extras was "practically a continuous performance." A circulation of 60,000 copies a day was attained for this paper during its life of one week.

A poster with the words "No hunting or shooting allowed within city limits," lately put up in certain districts of New York City, may some day be of great interest to the antiquarian, as showing conditions of life in that metropolis in the year 1912. The League of American Sportsmen has put up the posters to protect quail and other birds that are still found occasionally in the Bronx.

Should words be pronounced according to the dictionaries or according to custom? a Western subscriber asks. Ought an American to say bäth or bath? gläss or glass? The best usage, it is admitted, determines English pronunciation; but is it the usage of one's neighbors or of the London literati? It would seem natural to give more weight to the practice of the nearer body of experts. In case, however, one's neighbors say *mu*-seum and *ly*-ceum, the courageous orthoepist will try to change the practice by fighting it out for mu-*se*-um and ly-*ce*-um.

The Hon. Hosea W. Parker, of Claremont, New Hampshire, so a subscriber writes, has an even longer record for attendance at Sunday-school than Mr. S. W. Winterton, of Keyport, New Jersey. Mr. Parker has been superintendent of the Universalist Sunday-school in Claremont, our informant states, for over fifty-one years. And Mr. Thomas Fitton, of Hamilton, Ohio, has attended the First Methodist Sunday-school for sixty-eight years!

A curious desert plant is described by Captain Haywood, of the British army, in his recently published book "Across the Great Sahara." This is called by the Arabs "acheb," and its peculiar characteristic is that it springs up only in a year when rain falls in the desert. The seed seems never to die. It merely rests in the ground, waiting for the requisite fall of rain. The locality may have no rain for ten years, yet the seed germinates when rain does eventually come. "Acheb" is very nourishing, and is eagerly devoured by camels. Why not import some of it for our own dry regions?

The Half Moon, the replica of Hudson's ship which was presented to this country by Holland for the Hudson-Fulton celebration, has now been given a permanent anchorage in the Hudson River near Yonkers. It will prove an interesting sight to all travelers and excursionists on this splendid river, which the most widely traveled Americans never cease to regard with enthusiasm.

While prices for meat in America are abnormally high, they have not reached the level of prices in Germany. A correspondent of the New York "Evening Post" says that in Berlin during August beef was forty-five cents a pound and mutton forty-seven. We have not yet had recourse to the German substitute for these meats, horseflesh; in Berlin during the first half of the year 5,924 horses were slaughtered for food.

An automobile air spring has now been placed on the market, says a mechanical contemporary, after three years of experimentation. "The object of the inventor was to make possible thoroughly comfortable and fast riding over the roughest pavements and roads." It is to be hoped that the announced success of the new device will not dampen the ardor of the good roads movement, for the sake of those who still must ride in last year's cars, or even in horse-drawn vehicles.

A prism glass bulb for tungsten electric lamps has been patented. It is said to diffuse the dazzling light from the tungsten filament without incurring the loss of illumination which accompanies the use of shades or ground glass bulbs, and thus to furnish a more agreeable as well as more economical light.

One of the largest estates ever administered without a will was that of the late John Arbuckle, of Brooklyn, New York, who left $30,000,000, which will go to his next of kin. The size of the estate shows that a pretty good business man is sometimes careless or indifferent about what becomes of his property after his decease.

The Outlook

OCTOBER 19, 1912

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor

The Opening of Parliament

The British Liberal Ministry again faces Parliament with at least three difficult matters on its hands, but Mr. Asquith and his confrères are accustomed to delicate and difficult situations, and so far they have been successful in dealing with them. They have been able to hold the support of the Labor party; that support is now, however, seriously menaced, and the loss of the forty-two Labor votes might at any time make the position of the Ministry critical. The loss to the Liberal party during the past few months of six or eight seats is interpreted as due to the dissatisfaction of the Labor element. So far the Government has been able to hold the vote of the Irish Nationalists; but the continued loyalty of this group of members depends on the energy and success with which the Home Rule Bill is pushed in the House. It is sufficiently advanced to be passed within a few weeks, and the Ministry are determined to give it precedence. The Nationalists' support depends on their confidence in the determination of the Ministry to send this bill to the House of Lords. The discussion, sufficiently rancorous from the start, has had additional bitterness injected by the determined opposition of Ulster, which has gone to the length of pledging itself to resist Home Rule by force if necessary. But here, too, the situation is likely to clear up by the adoption of some expedient which will protect Ulster against its fear of the domination of the other provinces. The Ministry is also confronted by very difficult questions of foreign policy. There is a very strong feeling that England has been made a cat's-paw by Russia in Persia, and many Englishmen of all parties resent what they regard as the betrayal of Persian rights. This criticism comes more from the Radical members of the Liberal party than from the opposing party, and is therefore the more dangerous. The Ministry also faces the difficulties presented by the Balkan situation, which is rapidly developing, and which involves international relations of great delicacy. Altogether the outlook for a comfortable session for Mr. Asquith is not promising; but Mr. Asquith is too much of a fighter not to welcome the struggles that await his Ministry. The three great measures before the present Parliament are the Irish Home Rule Bill, the bill for the disestablishment of the Church of England in Wales, and the Election Reform Bill, the last named an answer to the charge that the aristocracy has multiplied the number of its own votes about ten times, and deprived the working classes of approximately a million votes. In case the Home Rule Bill becomes law, it will be interesting to see whether the Irish members stand by the Government with regard to Welsh disestablishment and election reform. With the Irish votes and the Labor members the Government has a substantial majority. With a possible Irish defection, the Liberal tenure of office would be precarious. Under these circumstances, in order to retain the Labor members, it would seem to be the part of wisdom to introduce a new land reform bill to equalize the unjust conditions of land holdings in England.

A Modern David and Goliath

The story of David and Goliath was repeated last week when Montenegro attacked Turkey. A State less than the size of Connecticut against an Empire stretching into three continents! A population of 250,000 against a population of 25,000,000! An army of 50,000 against an army of 400,000 in peace strength and several times that number in war strength. Why all this? Because the Montenegrins are the most independent and warlike of all the Balkan peoples. Because the Montenegrins have never been subjugated by the Turks and are not afraid of them. Because the Montenegrins have reached the limit of their patience with Turk-

ish promises. Those promises, extending over many years, have generally related to frontier reforms demanded by the sturdy mountaineers, Turkey's interpretation of boundary rights having been grossly unfair. But the Turkish promises also relate to reforms demanded by the neighbors of the Montenegrins, the Albanians. They inhabit the Turkish province of Albania, to the south of Montenegro (the Black Mountain), and, like it, a mountainous country. There are five times as many Albanians as Montenegrins. While the Montenegrins have always been free of the Turkish yoke, some of the Albanians have long chafed under it. The Albanians, like the Montenegrins, are a proud race, and they demand satisfaction for their racial aspirations. Many of them want entire independence of the Turkish yoke; others would be satisfied by a grant of the following demands:

1. The fusion of all Albania under one local government.
2. Only Albanians to be employed in that government.
3. Only the Albanian language to be used in the schools.
4. Only the Albanian language to be used in the courts.
5. Substitution of Latin characters for the present Arabo-Turkish script.
6. Reduction of taxation.

None of these demands has been granted. And not only this; little has been done in the school and road building promised to the Albanians by the Young Turks when the latter came into power. Indeed, the Young Turks actually attempted to disarm a people among whom, like the Montenegrins, it is an offense for any man to go unarmed or to be inexpert in the use of arms. Finally, the Young Turks attempted to enforce the Turkish language as the official tongue. The natural result of all these things was that many Albanians rose in revolt. Now they have the aid of their kinsmen and neighbors.

Montenegro, Italy, and Austria

Behind Montenegro and Albania stands Italy. The old Italian fear that Albania might fall under Austrian domination and that the Adriatic might thus possibly become an Austrian sea has for years been emphasized by many patriotic declarations in Italy, and never more so than during this year of Italian "imperialism." The increasing bonds of amity and interest between Italy and Albania were, in 1896, strengthened by a bond between Italy and Montenegro, namely, the marriage of the Italian Crown Prince, Victor Emmanuel, now King, to Princess Helen, daughter of the Montenegrin monarch. The Italian jingos, having annexed Tripoli, now want to annex Albania. But, failing this, an arrangement which would doubtless please them would be, in the event of a successful war by Montenegro, the annexation to Montenegro of a part of Albania. But how about Austria? As Albania would not be Italian, the arrangement might possibly suit Austria too. It should be remembered that if the Ottoman Empire should be in danger of breaking up, Austria expects to seize the Turkish territory lying directly between the Austrian southern frontier and the Ægean Sea. Albania is not on the direct line, no matter how pleasant it might be to have that country as a "side issue." The other great Power most directly interested in the matter is Russia, but her ambitions could be fully met elsewhere. With regard to the events of last week, however, the query arises: Was not the signal for the break-up of Turkey-in-Europe given at Podgoritza, on the Albanian border, when Prince Peter of Montenegro fired the first shot of a thirty-hour battle which resulted in the rout of the Turks and a complete Montenegrin victory?

The Declaration of War

The King of Montenegro dismissed the Turkish Minister at Cettinje, the Montenegrin capital, and the Montenegrin Chargé d'Affaires at Constantinople demanded his own passports on the morning of the day in which, later, the King and his sons left for the Albanian frontier. Thereupon the Turkish Prime Minister cleverly complained that the declaration was made in a manner contrary to the practice of civilized countries, and in especial that it violated the rules laid down by the second international Peace Conference at The Hague (1907), to which Montenegro subscribed. The final act of that Conference provides:

> In case of serious disagreement or dispute, before an appeal to arms, the contracting Powers agree to have recourse, as far as circumstances allow, to the good offices or mediation of one or more friendly Powers. . . .
>
> The contracting Powers recognize that hostilities . . . must not commence without previous and explicit warning in the form either of a

reasoned declaration of war, or of an ultimatum, with conditional declaration of war.

Hence the Minister stated three points in which Montenegro violated the international treaty: (1) that no attempt was made to seek the good offices of a third party in an effort to find a means of avoiding war; (2) that the declaration did not set forth any real or tangible cause for war; (3) that the Montenegrins began hostilities without granting the usual preliminaries. The question now arises, Will Bulgaria, Servia, and Greece follow Montenegro? Not if the Powers can help it. The aim of the Powers has been to prevent war; but, if war should arise, to localize it. As far as Montenegro is concerned, of course there would be little difficulty in localizing her war with Turkey; indeed, Montenegro would wish to have it localized among her practically impregnable mountains, where she has always waged successful warfare. If, however, the grievances of Bulgaria, Servia, and Greece are as keenly felt as are those of the Montenegrins, it would be natural for those states to join Montenegro. But this is with the supposition that they have Montenegro's independent, courageous, and aggressive spirit, and that, man for man, they are as soldierly. This is not the case. In addition, the jealousies which have divided Bulgars, Serbs, and Greeks may still be counted on as a disintegrating force, even in face of the common enemy. The task of the Powers is thus proportionately lightened.

Nicaragua

Last week American intervention in Nicaragua was sadly marked by the death of several of our marines—so far as we know, the first occasion when any have been killed doing police duty in Latin America. The event occurred at Masaya, a city half-way between Managua, the capital of Nicaragua, and Granada, the principal city on Lake Nicaragua. Granada has been a great stronghold in the recent revolution. With its capture and the surrender of General Mena, the rebel leader, with hundreds of his men, the remaining revolutionists fell under the leadership of General Zeledon, Mena's ally, famous—or rather infamous—as the man who, in the face of an armistice, had bombarded Managua and wounded more than a hundred defenseless women and children. Zeledon was still interfering with the communication between the cities, especially with the movement of supplies, thus preventing famine sufferers from escaping to places of comparative safety. Admiral Southerland, sent by our Government in command of the bluejackets and marines who were landed to protect the lives and property of Americans, demanded that Zeledon evacuate his position or cease interfering with communication. Zeledon replied defiantly, and, after commanding his troops in an attack on our forces, fled from the scene, only to fall into the hands of the Government forces, by whom he was killed. The Americans drove the rebels back and succeeded in getting into the towns in which there is a large foreign element. Many persons were found on the verge of starvation. While our Government could hardly be afflicted with a worse misfortune than to be compelled to assume any responsibility for government in Nicaragua, the situation has amply justified the repeated requests for our intervention by the Nicaraguan Government, which admitted itself unable to afford the necessary protection to foreign life and property. The rebels had already killed two of our citizens, had seized and sacked our property, and bombarded our Legation at Managua. The Legation had received appeals from the European Ministers and Consuls for American protection for all foreign life and property—thus indicating our natural responsibility; in especial, to restore communication along the railway between the towns where foreigners were isolated and in extremity. Thus, when our marines arrived, they did not take sides as between the warring factions, but humanely operated as a body of police to protect foreigners.

Intervention, Not Aggression

Now that the main purpose has been achieved—the checking of the revolution—the purpose of our forces will be to restore normal conditions in a country where two months of disorder has caused a neglect of the crops and a stopping of business. If our effort in Nicaragua can be shown to be an act of aggression, then so were our acts in Cuba. Our intervention in Nicaragua will not have been in vain if it brings to the inhabitants of Central America some sense of the healthful, restraining influence which has operated towards the spread of whatever law and order now obtains in Cuba, Porto Rico, and Santo Domingo. With regard to all Latin America there are but two courses open to us. The first

would be to abandon the Monroe Doctrine and to cease to exercise the moral influence over the countries south of us which we undertook when the Monroe Doctrine was first pronounced. The second would be to adhere to the position then undertaken. It involves not only the announcement to European Powers that we deprecate their acquirement of territory in the Western Hemisphere; it involves on our own part practically a moral protectorate for the Western Hemisphere. When we said to the foreign Powers, "Hands off!" we took upon ourselves the responsibility of seeing that the Latin nations of the South behave themselves so that the European nations *could* take their hands off—in other words, that the Central and South American states should act according to the laws of civilization. Moreover, in taking this responsibility, we have always realized, and never more so than now, that it must not be for our own aggrandizement. It has not been. This is the only condition on which we can retain the world's respect.

The Political Campaign: A Double Misstatement of Fact

The country has a right to expect, when a Presidential candidate is stating the issues of the campaign, that he shall deal with facts fairly and with exactness. He may properly draw his own deductions from the facts, but he must not state that which does not exist at all as being common knowledge. A public man who has in the past earned such a reputation for political sincerity as Governor Wilson has possessed should not violate this rule, and, when his error is pointed out, he certainly should not violate it a second time in his attempted explanation. In his speech at Gary Governor Wilson, as stenographically reported by papers which support him, said, speaking of corporations of a monopolistic character in general and of the United States Steel Corporation in particular: "It is to the interest of these gentlemen that monopoly be maintained, and they are supporting the Bull Moose party because the Bull Moose party expects to maintain monopoly." Later, at Pueblo, he said: "It is a very interesting circumstance that the United States Steel Corporation is behind the third party programme as regards the regulation of the trusts." These declarations, coupled with his remarks about the trusts "joining the hallelujah chorus," were, so far as we have noted, universally regarded as meaning that the trusts, and one trust in particular, were backing and supporting the Progressive party. Whether financial support was implied or not is immaterial; the statement, even without that natural inference, is absolutely without foundation. Interpreting the allegation as every one else did, Mr. Roosevelt at once challenged its correctness and called upon Governor Wilson to adduce his proof or retract the assertion. What followed may be told in the words of Mr. Roosevelt's speech at Duluth:

> Mr. Wilson had no proof; he had not a particle of evidence, corroborative or otherwise. He could not make his statements good, and he would not manfully retract them; so he made public an explanation in which he said in reference to the United States Steel Corporation: "What I meant was that they are supporting him with their thought."
>
> Mr. Wilson is not a mind reader. I have not the slightest interest in his belief as to what the "thought" of a trust magnate is. It is sheer nonsense to treat such an accusation as that Mr. Wilson made in Gary, Indiana, as being meant merely to imply that the Steel Corporation was supporting me with its "thought."

Even if one regards the charge as being in effect that the capitalists of the Steel Corporation individually gave Mr. Roosevelt their moral support, the assertion falls to the ground. A Wall Street news agency, in its reports, remarks that the Progressive candidate would be lucky if three of the corporation's twenty-three directors voted for him—upon which Mr. Roosevelt remarked that three would be three times as many as he expected. Laying aside the phrasing of Governor Wilson's statement, we think that it would be perfectly fair to state the meaning which he finally settled upon as his own to be this: Mr. Roosevelt and the trusts believe in the same way of dealing with monopoly; this way would make the Nation a partner with the trusts and would perpetuate monopoly; naturally, therefore, the trusts "in thought," if not by purse and votes, are behind that plan. This is going from bad to worse; if Governor Wilson thinks it credible, well and good; one may be astonished at such a belief, but we may allow every statesman his own vagary of opinion. But when he alleges that partnership with monopoly and perpetuation of it are to be found in the Progressive platform and the utterances of its leaders, he makes as direct a misstatement of fact as when he stated that the monopolistic corporations are backing the

Progressive party. The truth may be here stated once more in Mr. Roosevelt's words:

> What is needed is the application, to all industrial concerns and all co-operating interests engaged in inter-State commerce in which there is either monopoly or control of the market, of the principles on which we have gone in regulating transportation concerns engaged in such commerce. The Anti-Trust Law should be kept on the statute-books and strengthened so as to make it genuinely and thoroughly effective against every big concern tending to monopoly or guilty of anti-social practices. At the same time, a National Industrial Commission should be created which should have complete power to regulate and control all the great industrial concerns engaged in inter-State business—which practically means all of them in this country. This Commission should exercise over these industrial concerns like powers to those exercised over the railways by the Inter-State Commerce Commission, and over the National banks by the Comptroller of the Currency, and additional powers if found necessary. . . . This Commission should deal with all the abuses of the trusts—all the abuses such as those developed by the Government suit against the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trusts—as the Inter-State Commerce Commission now deals with rebates. . . . *It should prohibit and effectually punish monopoly achieved through wrong*, and also actual wrongs done by industrial corporations which are not monopolies, such as the artificial raising of prices, the artificial restriction on productivity, the elimination of competition by unfair or predatory practices, and the like.

We leave it to the reader to judge whether this definite programme in the least corresponds to Governor Wilson's description.

Campaign Contributions

Charles D. Hilles, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, who declared that millions of dollars of Harvester Trust money had been used in the effort to nominate Mr. Roosevelt, was called before the Committee of the Senate now sitting in Washington, and failed to offer a shred of evidence to support the statement. All he could do was to submit to the Committee a letter he had written to Mr. Perkins, a director of the Harvester Company, who had called him to account. In this letter, which occupies about a newspaper column of fine type, he deals in inferences and rumors and irrelevant matter. He speaks about what is "freely reported," uses such vague phrases as "enormous sums," and attacks Mr. Perkins's motives; but absolutely fails in any particular to support his statement by evidence or anything even remotely resembling evidence. The humiliating position in which Mr. Hilles has allowed himself to be placed is the most striking consequence of last week's hearings. Referring to this charge of Mr. Hilles's, Mr. Roosevelt, week before last, said that, if true, he wished to know it, but if it could not be substantiated Mr. Hilles and Mr. Bartholdt, the Republican Congressman who had made a similar statement, should be driven from public life. A great deal of the "testimony," as it is termed, before this Committee has been, and continues to be, mere hearsay reports. There was, however, some direct evidence submitted. Mr. Crane, of Chicago, confirmed the statement that he had contributed to both the Wilson and La Follette primary campaigns, though not to such amounts as had been alleged. Mr. Charles P. Taft, a brother of the President, testified that he had given $125,000 to the National campaign for the President's renomination in addition to nearly $90,000 to local committees and organizations. Other members of President Taft's family contributed large sums. There is nothing discreditable about this. Indeed, the effort of some newspapers to make it appear that the existence of campaign funds is evidence of corruption and public evil is as stupid as it is wrong. The fact that a man contributes a large sum to one party or on behalf of one candidate is no evidence whatever that he is doing it as a result of an agreement to get any special privilege, or that what he has given is to be used for evil purposes. Political campaigns cannot be carried on without the expenditure of money, and money cannot be expended unless it is received. Indefinite statements with regard to the expenditure of these funds seem common in the testmony before the Committee. Thus Mr. Ogden Mills, the New York County Republican Treasurer, could only estimate what was spent in the primary campaign in the county. Mr. Mills submitted polling lists which he said tended to show illegal voting on behalf of Roosevelt delegates. This was his only answer, apparently, to the charges of illegal voting on behalf of Taft delegates. Likewise Mr. McKinley, the Taft manager in the primary campaign, was vague with regard to expenditures. When asked to substantiate charges given out in his name, Mr. McKinley said that many of the interviews in the pre-Convention campaign were put out without his knowing what they contained—another example of irresponsible campaigning. Mr. John D. Archbold, of the

Standard Oil Company, was again on the stand during the week, and testified that the receipt of the alleged Standard Oil contribution in 1904 had been destroyed. Apparently there will be no further pretense to prove this part of the Archbold-Penrose charge against the late Mr. Bliss. Mr. McHarg (now a Taft man) testified that he had made his tour in the South on behalf of the Roosevelt delegates at the solicitation of William L. Ward (now a Taft man also), and without remuneration. The principal effect of all these hearings has been to make clear how unsubstantial are the sort of charges that one is likely to hear from political bosses and managers during a campaign. The practice of making about political opponents reckless statements which cannot be substantiated has been the bane of American politics. Mr. Parker indulged in it in 1904. Messrs. McKinley and Hilles have been indulging in it in this year's campaigns. Mr. Wilson has allowed himself to do so lately in what he has said about the trusts and the Progressive party. We do not believe that this practice is any more desirable from the point of view of practical politics than commendable from the point of view of public morals.

The Conservation Congress: A Congress of Humanity

Last week, at Indianapolis, the fourth National Conservation Congress—a clearing-house for conservation ideas—held its sessions, with a large attendance of delegates from every section of the country. Governor Wilson's address on Conservation in general was carefully prepared, well delivered, and well received. Secretary Stimson, representing President Taft, called the attention of the delegates to the very pressing question of our waterways, as referred to in several of Mr. Roosevelt's recent speeches. The Secretary paid tribute to Mr. Roosevelt, who, as President, had frequently used his veto powers in preventing the damming up of streams by private individuals and corporations without proper compensation to the public. Mr. Stimson prophesied that the time will come when artificial means of producing power will be exhausted; for this reason he urged more effort in the preservation of waterways. While the waste of our natural resources was thus the keynote of many speeches, the waste of human life was brought forward in others, especially by Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, the famous food expert, and by Miss Julia Lathrop, the Chief of the new Children's Bureau at Washington. The resolutions adopted by the Congress indicated the increasing emphasis now laid upon the conservation of human life and its protection from injury and vice. The new President of the Congress is Mr. Charles Lathrop Pack, of Lakewood, New Jersey, the well-known authority on forests, and head of the Forestry Commission of that State. Since its inception, Mr. Pack has been intimately connected with the National Conservation Association, giving to it not only of his means, but, what is of even greater value, his expert counsel. In accord with this year's prominence of women in public affairs, the Congress chose as its Vice-President Mrs. Philip N. Moore, the former President of the General Association of Women's Clubs.

The Associated Press and Fake Journalism

The following letter which we have received from Mr. Melville E. Stone, General Manager of the Associated Press, explains itself:

October 10, 1912.

The Editor of The Outlook:

My attention is directed to an editorial which appeared in The Outlook of October 5, under the title "The Secretary of War: A Victim of Fake Journalism." In this editorial you sharply criticise the Associated Press for disseminating "throughout the country the false report of which the Secretary of War justly complained, and, so far as we can discover, did very little to correct the error after attention was called to it."

Let me say to you that the Associated Press did not disseminate the alleged interview at all, nor did we ever refer to it in any of our despatches. It appeared in a San Francisco paper, and if it was printed in other papers it was copied or sent to them by special correspondents.

It occurs to me that a publication which professes to be conducted upon decent lines ought at least to make some investigation before printing the sort of accusation contained in your editorial.

It is true we did not correct the error, because it was not our error, and in my judgment it would have been no kindness to Secretary Stimson if we had attempted to do so.

I shall expect you to make a prompt and ample correction.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) MELVILLE E. STONE,
General Manager.

We regret that we made the error of saying that the Associated Press "disseminated throughout the country the false report of

which the Secretary of War justly complained." With apologies to the Associated Press for this error, we still wish to assert that its course in this matter is open to criticism. Secretary Stimson, in writing to The Outlook, used the following language: "As soon as the interview was published I repudiated it through the Associated Press." The Associated Press did not accede to Secretary Stimson's very natural request because Mr. Stone preferred to decide, rather than let the Secretary himself decide, what was best for the Secretary to do under the circumstances. What are the facts? The Secretary of War by the practice of fake journalism is made, without any basis of truth, to criticise personally an ex-President of the United States. These personal criticisms appeared in papers which take the Associated Press service. The Associated Press is requested by the Secretary of War to correct their falsity, made by journals taking its service, and the Associated Press declines. The Secretary of War endeavored to employ the only avenue that any public man has at his command for reaching the public with an important piece of news, and that avenue is closed to him by the manager of the Associated Press. This seems to us to be neither "kindness" to the Secretary of War nor justice to the public.

The National Game

There is perhaps no better index of the American enthusiasm for baseball than the fact that for a week a considerable part of the popular interest in the Presidential campaign has actually been diverted to the series of games between the New York "Giants" and the Boston "Red Sox," which are being played to determine what is called the baseball championship of the world. Although no teams from any other part of the world are competing for this championship, it is of course a fact that the champions of the United States are the champions of the world in this particular form of athletics. For the uninitiated we may explain briefly what has led to this series of games played on alternate days in New York and Boston—games which attract many thousands of people, descriptions of which fill every newspaper in the country, and the results of which are eagerly watched for at every telegraph and telephone office in every village and hamlet in the United States. The game of American baseball is about fifty years old. It began as an amateur pastime, and spread into every school and community of the country. Experts were soon developed, and these experts became paid professionals, and thus the professional side of baseball was developed. Finally leagues of professional teams were formed in order to regulate the rules and conduct of the games. The two largest leagues are known as the American League and the National League. The clubs composing these leagues are regular stock companies which are managed like theatrical companies. The country is scoured for the most skillful players, who are employed sometimes at very large salaries by the different clubs. The Boston club, popularly known as the "Red Sox," has won the championship of the American League. The New York club, popularly known as the "Giants," has won the championship of the National League. These two teams have now met in a specially arranged series of contests to determine who are the champions of the country. To win the championship, one or the other of these teams must win four games.

Is Professional Baseball Wholesome?

To play baseball of the character which these men play requires not only great physical stamina, great manual skill, and a temperate and regular life, but it requires a high degree of a certain kind of intelligence which is known professionally as "head work." It is undeniably a wonderful and sometimes a thrilling sight to see the technical skill displayed in a great baseball game, not only by the individual players, but by the entire group of players working together like a great machine. Strength of muscle, rapidity of action, grace of movement, quickness of decision, courage in adversity, coolness in perplexity, self-control amid great excitement, are manifested in a very marked degree by these professional players. It is not surprising that forty thousand people will gather, as they did at the first game of this series last week, and will pay an average of two dollars apiece to see this kind of display of athletic skill. The strain upon the men engaged in such a contest is very great. Each player knows that his slightest mistake, or "error," as it is technically called in the game, will be telegraphed over the country. The pitcher who permits an opponent to get a base hit which

brings in a winning run knows that a groan of despair will go up from the thousands of supporters of his team. At the first game between the "Red Sox" and the "Giants" in New York on Tuesday of last week, for example, in the last half of the last inning the score stood four to three in favor of the "Red Sox." The "Giants," by timely batting, got a man on second base and third base, with only one man out. A base hit by one of the two "Giants" who had their turn at the bat would have won victory for their team. A second "Giant" was put out. Their third and last batter came to the home plate. The Boston pitcher pitched five balls, two of which were called strikes and three of which were not over the plate and are known technically simply as "balls." He had only one more ball to pitch. If at the incredible speed which this particular pitcher possessed the ball did not get over the plate, the batter, by the rules, could take his base. If it did go over the plate, the batter might get the needed base hit, which meant victory for New York and defeat for Boston. The game was practically to be decided by that one pitched ball. Imagine what the feelings of that pitcher must have been! And yet, with great coolness and deliberation, although with the most intricate gyrations which modern pitching demands, he put the ball over the plate with such a curve and with such speed that the batter struck out and the game was ended. It was really a dramatic moment, and one which will be remembered for a long time in the annals of baseball. There are many who criticise American professional baseball because only eighteen men engage in it and forty thousand men and women sit on the grand stands and watch the play. As a matter of fact, the influence of modern professional baseball is, on the whole, thoroughly wholesome. Not only is rigorous fairness promoted and enforced by the management, but the professional skill displayed stimulates throughout the country an interest in baseball which leads American boys of every age and type to play the game as efficiently as possible, and therefore really promotes outdoor life under strict regulation. What public opinion now accomplishes, and ought to continue to accomplish, is the playing of clean baseball—that is to say, contests in which the players shall represent fair and skillful sportsmanship free from brutality, trickery, and organized betting.

Two American Scientists

The names of two American scientists stand prominently in the news of last week—of one because of his premature death, of the other because of the honor bestowed upon him. Dr. Morris Loeb belonged to that group of American scientists who are contributing to the advancement of pure science. America has been rich in that particular form of genius which applies scientific knowledge to the use of mankind, but not as rich as some other countries in that form of genius which by patient research increases the knowledge of man concerning the universe in which he lives. At the time of his death Dr. Loeb was devoting himself to chemical research in his private laboratory. Before that time he had been successively on the teaching staff of Harvard University, Clark University, and the New York University. His work was of the sort not fully appreciated by the man without technical training. It concerned such subjects as the speed of chemical reactions and the electro-conductivity of liquids, which do not appeal to the popular mind like the phonograph and aeroplane. The value of such work, however, is no less because it brings no reward in the form of popular acclaim. Dr. Loeb was only forty-nine years old. He was far from being a recluse. His services in behalf of wise philanthropy and social service were multifarious. He was very prominent in several Jewish organizations devoted to good causes. Dr. Alexis Carrel, who is not yet quite forty years old, has just been made the recipient of the Nobel prize for Medicine. Although not an American by birth, it is Dr. Carrel's seven years of work at the Rockefeller Institute in New York that has brought him this distinction. Dr. Carrel's work has attracted wide attention outside of medical, or even general scientific, circles, because of the nature of his achievements. Some of these achievements, though not in the popular field of applied science, have been of the sort that may rightly be called sensational. He has, for example, taken the organs of animals out of the body and has not only kept them alive but proved that the tissues can be made to develop. An account of his work was given in The Outlook of July 13. Such work as this not only has an interest for everybody, regardless of technical training, but is a manifest contribution to the practical arts of surgery and medicine, and thus to human welfare.

THE PROGRESSIVE MOVEMENT

VI—THE TWO DEMOCRACIES

In a series of lectures delivered before the Brooklyn Institute in 1909–10 the editor-in-chief of The Outlook thus characterized the epoch on which we had then already entered: "This ideal of self-government has been undergoing a change which is none the less revolutionary because it has been growth, and hence unconscious—a change from a government of self-governing individuals into a self-governing community. We have learned that the interest of the whole is more than the sum of interests of all individuals; and that the interests of all individuals can be secured only by their common recognition of the interest of the whole. . . . A self-governing community is something very different from a community of self-governing individuals." The realization of this truth and its organization in a great National movement has produced the Progressive party. The platform of that party is the organized expression of a faith in the democracy which is a self-governing community. The difference between the Progressive platform and the Democratic platform is the difference between the democracy of a self-governing community and the democracy of self-governing individuals.

To say that the Progressive platform is a patchwork of individual reforms contributed by individual reformers; that it lacks unity, coherence, definiteness of purpose; that it has been borrowed from Mr. Bryan, or from the Socialistic organization, or part of it from the one and part of it from the other; to say that it is the old Republicanism with some new and incongruous elements added, is not only to ignore the course and current of American history, it is to argue a curious ignorance of the great classics of political literature. The fundamental principle underlying the Progressive party and determining its purpose has been often expressed by prophetic writers, though never before so coherently and consistently by an effective political organization. It has been interpreted to the world in Plato's "Republic," in Aristotle's "Politics," in Augustine's "City of God," and in other less famous visions furnished to the world by its great thinkers. One of the latest and clearest interpretations is furnished by "The Nation: The Foundations of Civil Order and Political Life in the United States," by E. Mulford, published in 1870. Without quotation from any of these authors, we set forth the principle in our own words.

The nation is a person; none the less a person because a corporate person. It has a consciousness of its own, an opinion of its own, a conscience of its own, a will of its own. This consciousness is something more than the sum of all the individual consciousnesses; this opinion is something more than the sum of all the individual opinions; this conscience is something more than the sum of all the individual consciences; this will is something more than the sum of all the individual wills. Each modifies the taste of the other. A painting is composed of different pigments put upon the canvas by the artist; but the painting is something more than the sum of all the pigments. It has a life of its own. A symphony is composed of all the notes of the fifty or sixty instruments which constitute the orchestra, but the symphony is something other than the sum of all the sounds of all the various instruments added together, for the sound of each instrument modifies the sound of its neighbor and produces by the combination a sound unlike either of them. A home is something other than a man, a woman, and some children living within the four walls and under the roof of a single house. The home has a character of its own, and this character is distinguished from and more than the character of the individuals who compose the home. It is a composite character. So the American Nation is something more than the ninety millions of heterogeneous people who live upon its territory and under its flag. Its public opinion is something other than the sum of their opinions. Their opinions, intermingling, combining, colliding with each other, make a composite opinion different from that of any one, different from that of the sum of them all. The consciences of its various members, combined, produce a moral sentiment different from the moral sentiment of any one or of all taken separately. The wills of this ninety millions of people strive with one another in a political campaign. In the conflict each individual will is modified by the wills of the neighbors.

Thus this Nation is seen to be something more than a heterogeneous population leagued together to protect the rights and promote the interests of the individual members. It is an intellectual and moral person; it thinks,

feels, resolves; it has opinions, emotions, purposes; and these opinions, emotions, and purposes are something more and something other than those of the individuals who compose the Nation.

This Nation has National interests which are distinct from the interest of any individual or class of individuals.

There are certain National highways, on the right use of which the life of this Nation depends, as the life of the individual man depends on the free currents of the blood. Anæmia on the one hand, congestion on the other, are injurious to its health, and may even be perilous to its life. These highways must be administered, not merely in the interest of the owners, nor merely in the interest of the passengers who are traveling on the highways, nor merely in the interest of the shippers who are sending goods on these highways. These National highways must be administered in the interest of the Nation as a Nation; and because the Nation is tardily coming to the consciousness of this fact it has established a Railway Commission to compel the owners to administer the railways in the interests of the Nation. And this Railway Commission represents something more than the stockholders, or than the travelers, or than the shippers; it represents the Nation in its totality.

In the competitions of our complex civilization some men have got control of articles necessary to the welfare of the people. Whether this control has been obtained by Government license or franchise or patent, or whether it has been obtained by skillful combination and large purchase, is immaterial. That the Nation may live and thrive, the control of the necessaries of life must not be allowed to pass into private hands. Hence the proposal to establish a Commission which shall regulate and supervise the production and distribution of the articles which are necessary to the life of the Nation. The object is not merely to protect individuals from monopolies which are oppressive; the object is to make the resources of the Nation serve the interests of the Nation.

The children are the children of the Nation; they belong to the Nation. It is to the interest and it is the duty of the Nation to see that they are educated. It is to the interest and it is the duty of the Nation to see that they are not deprived of their childhood by being set to work in mines and factories before the time for work has come. The Child Labor Law is not merely a philanthropic endeavor to protect individual children from individual acts of oppression. The Child Labor Law is an act of the Nation protecting its own children, because the life and well-being of those children are necessary to the life and well-being of the Nation.

The wives and mothers are parts of the Nation; they belong to the Nation, as the hand or the head belong to the individual, and are to be protected by the Nation, because the Nation must protect itself from injury. When, therefore, it awakes to the fact that the employment of women in mines and factories for ten or twelve hours a day is robbing the Nation of its wives and its mothers and is sapping the foundations of the Nation, because it is sapping the foundations of the home, the Nation says, This must stop. Its laws for the prevention of excessive hours of labor of women are not merely a philanthropic endeavor to protect women who are not able to protect themselves; they are a resolve of the Nation to protect itself, as a Nation, from conduct which is destructive of the National health.

The men of this Nation, no less than the women of the Nation, belong to the Nation, because they are parts of the Nation. The Nation has a right to take whatever action may be necessary to prevent these men from being driven into courses of conduct or enticed into courses of conduct which are inconsistent with the very best service to the Nation as its citizens. When it finds men working twelve hours a day and seven days in the week, or other men working for a pittance so small that efficient, capable life cannot be sustained upon it, the Nation has a right to interfere and to prescribe maximum hours of labor and minimum wages for labor. It interferes not merely as an act of philanthropy to protect individuals from either the rapacity of others or from their own folly; it interferes to protect itself from social conditions which are robbing it of its wealth, for the wealth of the Nation is in its citizens. It has the same right to emancipate laboring men and women from intolerable conditions of labor that it had to emancipate the slaves from equally intolerable conditions of labor. The Nation has a right to exist. It has a right to healthful, vigorous, efficient existence. And this right to a healthful, vigorous, efficient existence gives it the right to see to it that all its citizens are able to live healthfully, vigorously, efficiently. When lawyers

cry out against interference with the right of private contract, the Nation replies, No member of this Nation has a right to make contracts which are destructive of the National well-being; such contracts the Nation will not permit to be made, and if they are made the courts shall not enforce them.

There are private properties which it is the duty of the Nation to protect. There are also public properties which it is the duty of the Nation to protect. The mines, the forests, the water powers, belong to the people of the United States. In the past the Nation has allowed these public properties to become private properties. It now proposes not to allow such public properties as it still possesses to become private properties. It proposes to retain the ownership and the control of them, and to see that they are so administered that the Nation shall not by their administration be impoverished in order that a few individuals may be enriched. The wealth of the Nation is something other than the wealth of individuals in the Nation, and the Nation has a right and a duty to protect its public domain from private spoliation, that it may hand down to future generations unspoiled the inheritance which it has received not as an absolute gift but as a trust.

The Nation is a great industrial organization. The interest of one is the interest of all. An injury to one is an injury to all. The Nation, as a great industrial organization, has a right to make whatever laws are necessary to make sure that the industries of the individual shall be so carried on as to promote the wealth of the whole. It has a right, therefore, to make laws which will promote American industry and protect it from destructive competition from servile or semi-servile labor in other lands. It has a right to enact such legislation as will keep the American market for the American producer, and will bring the producer and the consumer together on American soil, and will promote variety of employment and therefore variety of individual character in the development of a true National life. It has a right to impose taxes on foreign imports for the purpose of promoting this industrial life and this material welfare of the entire Nation. And it has a right to take whatever action may be necessary to see to it that this protection of the Nation from injurious foreign competition serves also to protect the individual from injurious native combination. The Nation has a right, by the tariff system, to promote the National prosperity, and it has also a right, in connection with that system, to provide for passing that prosperity around. It has a right to make a system which will protect the manufacturer and the farmer, the capitalist and the workingman, the producer and the consumer. The Progressive party affirms that right; the Democratic party denies that right; and the Republican party affirms the right only to protect the people from foreign competition, not the right to protect the workingman and the consumer from native combination.

The courts of this Nation are not mere arbitrators between individual suitors. They are constituted not merely to protect one individual against wrong-doing by another individual. This is one part, and an important part, of their function, but it is not their whole function. They are interpreters of the conscience of the Nation. They officially declare what the conscience of the Nation affirms to be just and right in the life of the Nation. They are not to be mere interpreters of law; they are to be interpreters of social justice. When they make traditions of the past, which were fitted to ancient conditions, bind the Nation in the present in conditions for which those traditions are unfitted, they mistake their function. Tradition is a wise guide in determining what is social justice, but it is a poor substitute for social justice.

Neither the courts, nor the Congress, nor the President, constitute the Nation. The people constitute the Nation. The courts, the Congress, the President, are instruments for interpreting the public conscience to the Nation. The courts represent the public conscience; the Congress represents the public judgment; the President represents the public will. It was the people, not President Lincoln, who pronounced the emancipation of the slave; it was the people, not the Congress, who declared war against Spain; it was the people, not Chief Justice Marshall, who affirmed the right of the Supreme Court to interpret with authority the Constitution of the United States. When the Supreme Court disregarded the consciences of the people, as it did in the Dred Scott decision, the decision went for naught. When the Congress disregarded the will of the people, as it did in abolishing the Missouri Compromise, its action went for naught. When the President disregarded the will of the people,

as President Johnson did in his attempted prosecution of the leaders of the secession movement, the attempted prosecution went for naught. Neither Court, Congress, nor President has any real and permanent power, except as they respectively represent the conscience, the judgment, and the will of the people. The review of a certain class of judicial decisions by popular appeal, the recall of administrative officers, the direct primary, the short ballot, the initiative and the referendum, are simple methods to make it easier for the people to exercise this power and so make the courts, Congress, and the Executive more responsive to the popular will.

If these representatives of the people are directly responsible to the people; if, either by the system of recall or by the system of short terms, those who represent the people can be called to account by the people for their administration, there is no danger in making the National Government a strong government. It is not true that history shows that strong governments are dangerous to the people. What history shows is that irresponsible governments are dangerous to the people. There is no danger that the President of the United States will become a dictator so long as he must give account of himself every four years to the people and the people have the opportunity to decide whether they wish him for another four years. Neither legislator nor executive has any prescriptive right to a second term because he has had a first term. To affirm, even by implication, such a right is to regard the office as a privilege to be possessed, not as an opportunity for rendering service. On the other hand, there is no reason why, because either a legislator or an executive has had two terms, the people should be denied the right to continue his service for a third term. The Nation has a right to select its own representatives. They are selected, not to govern the Nation, but to act as the Nation's representatives in the Government; not to impose their judgment or their will on the Nation, but to carry out the will and the judgment of the Nation in their action. Whenever they and the Nation part company, whenever they cease from any cause adequately and efficiently to represent the will and the judgment of the Nation, the Nation should have the right to retire them. So long as they do truly represent the Nation, so long as they do carry out the judgment and the will of the Nation, the Nation should be at liberty to retain them in office. They have no right to remain in office against the will of the Nation. There is no reason why the Nation should be prohibited from retaining them in office so long as they do carry out the will of the Nation.

The Old Guard believes in government by representatives of the people. It believes in a strong government by a select few over the many. It opposes, as perilous to the Republic, every change which increases the power of the people and makes the representatives more directly responsible to the people. It believes in a wisely governed Nation, but not in self-government. It believes neither in a government over self-governing individuals nor in a self-governing community.

The Democratic party believes in a government of limited powers, and that the function so far as possible should be confined to the protection of persons and property. It dreads every increase of government's administrative powers, because it dreads a bureaucracy. It believes in a government of self-governing individuals, but it does not believe in a self-governing community.

The Progressive party believes in a strong government representing the people and made directly responsible to the people. It recognizes the difference between a self-governing community and a community of self-governing individuals. It believes in a self-governing community, and the political reforms which it advocates—preferential primaries, direct election of United States Senators, the short ballot, the initiative, referendum, and recall, a more expeditious method of amending the Federal Constitution, effective legislation for limiting the hours and improving the wages and conditions of labor and for the protection of the Nation's health, the National regulation of the great inter-State corporations, the conservation of the National wealth, a protective tariff organization to protect the consumer and the workingman as well as the employer—are all applications of this fundamental principle: the solidarity of the Nation as a self-governing person. They are all based on faith in the capacity of the people to shape the policies and direct the destinies of a great Nation. They are all phases of the belief that the American Republic must be, not merely a government of self-governing individuals, but a self-governing community.

THE PANAMA CANAL AGAIN

In the issue of The Outlook for October 5 we stated our reasons for the belief that the Panama Canal Act embodies a successful and honorable endeavor to provide for the administration of the Panama Canal in full harmony with the spirit of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. In that article we promised to consider later the advantages and disadvantages of the Act to the domestic policy of the United States. Such a consideration is the purpose of the present article.

The domestic disadvantages of the Act are that certain clauses endeavor to regulate indirectly railway transportation. The Act forbids American railways or other common carriers to own, directly or indirectly, any steamships passing through the Panama Canal. The Act also provides for the regulation of railway freight rates from interior points in the United States upon goods to be shipped to foreign points on vessels owned by American railways. These two provisions seem to us entirely out of place in the Panama Canal Act. We do not believe that this is the proper way in which to regulate or control American railway rates. If there are evils connected with the freight rates of American railways, such evils should be abolished directly by giving the Inter-State Commerce Commission more authority over railways, and not indirectly by using the Panama Canal as a kind of club to be held over the heads of railway managers. The kind of railway legislation injected into the Panama Canal Act is generally known as "rider" legislation, the influence of which is always bad on the economic, political, and social life of the country. "Rider" legislation is generally, if not always, the result of an attempt to dodge an issue, and dodging an issue in politics is not only bad for the issue, but is bad for the dodgers.

The advantages of the Panama Act to the domestic policy of the United States are found in one fundamental and deep-reaching principle adopted in the Act—namely, the principle which gives the President of the United States almost supreme authority over the administration of the Canal. No single piece of National legislation that we are familiar with recognizes the executive authority of the President so completely as the Panama Canal Act. We welcome this recognition, because it is in harmony with the doctrine which The Outlook has held and advocated for many years. We have been surprised that public interest through the press and other channels of public discussion has not been more aroused with regard to this feature of the Panama Canal Act.

Those who examine the text of the Act carefully cannot fail to be struck by the extraordinary way in which Congress has given the President almost complete responsibility for the administration of the Canal. It almost seems as if Congress had said: "This problem is too big for us to handle; let the President do it." By the specific terms of the Act the President is authorized to acquire any additional land "that he may deem necessary for the operation, maintenance, sanitation, or protection of the Panama Canal." Congress ratifies *in advance* any change "of laws, orders, regulations, and ordinances adopted and promulgated in the Canal Zone by order of the President for the government and sanitation of the Canal Zone." The President is authorized "to extinguish by agreement, when advisable, all claims and titles of adverse claimants and occupants" of land, and land under water, necessary to the Canal; the President is authorized to discontinue the present Isthmian Canal Commission when he thinks wise, and thereafter to govern the Canal through a Governor or other person whom he may deem competent; the President is authorized to appoint the Governor of the Panama Canal with the advice and consent of the Senate, and, further, to appoint all other persons whose service is necessary for the completion and administration of the Canal, and such appointees shall be removable at his pleasure; the President is authorized to change the tolls to be levied for the use of the Panama Canal at his discretion on six months' notice; "the President shall provide a method for the determination and adjustment of all claims arising out of personal injury to employees;" the President is authorized to decide all the details regarding wireless telegraphy along the Panama Canal; the President is authorized to maintain and operate dry docks, repair shops, warehouses, etc., "for the purpose of providing coal and other materials, labor, repairs, and supplies, for Government vessels," and for supplying the same "at reasonable prices to passing vessels;" the rules of practice in the District Court of the Canal Zone "shall be prescribed or amended by order of the President;" when the United States is engaged in war, or

"when in the opinion of the President war is imminent," the President shall designate an officer of the army who shall have "exclusive authority and jurisdiction over the operation of the Panama Canal"—that is to say, as Commander-in-Chief of the army, the President in time of war shall be the sole administrator of the Canal.

This brief résumé of the Panama Canal Act discloses the fact that the real Governor-General of the Panama Canal is the President of the United States. Congress, in our judgment, has shown great wisdom in conferring this power upon the President. The Act does not in any way encroach upon the rights of Congress to repeal or modify the terms of the Act by future legislation. And so the people of the United States, so long as they have a free ballot and the intelligence to use it, can protect themselves and the Canal from any dangers of despotism or incompetency on the part of the Executive.

The great and fundamental advantage of this increase of the executive power of the President is that it places the responsibility upon the shoulders of one man whose position is such that he can be carefully watched by all the people of the United States. This may rightly be called true representative government.

Congress has given the Chief Representative of the American people the authority and power to manage this great enterprise. To use the vernacular of the street, it is now "up to" the American people to elect Presidents who are competent to manage this great international highway in a manner that will promote the people's best interests.

ART AND THE PEOPLE

The growing interest of Americans in art affords a gratifying sign that idealism in America is keeping pace with growth in material prosperity and in scientific scholarship. We perceive and respect this growing appreciation of art, not merely because "the finest Romney ever painted" is brought to this country, nor because our wealthy patrons of art have been able to get other masterpieces for their collections; nor because art schools and academies are springing up here and there with ever-increasing membership and enthusiasm; nor because in Minneapolis, New Orleans, Los Angeles, and many other places spacious and monumental buildings are being erected to house art treasures.

American appreciation of art is evident chiefly because Americans of all classes and in great numbers go to the galleries. In a single year over eight hundred thousand people visit the Metropolitan Museum in New York City and a like number the Art Institute of Chicago. The interest is proportionate in other communities. About a quarter of a million people visited the Boston Museum of Fine Arts last year, and nearly two hundred thousand visited the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts at Philadelphia; about a hundred and seventy-five thousand persons visited the Detroit Museum of Art last year, and a hundred and fifty thousand persons the Albright Gallery at Buffalo, while since the new Museum at Toledo was opened last January it has been visited by over a hundred thousand persons—and this in a town with a population of a hundred and fifty thousand!

The Toledo Museum directors have set an example worthy to be followed in other places. When they started the movement towards getting the present sumptuous building, they wanted not dollars so much as popular interest. They went to the Toledo shops and factories at noon and talked on art. They brought public school children every day to their temporary museum and talked there on art. Once a week they sought out the club women and told them something about art. They organized the poor boys and girls of the factories, and society men and women alike, into classes for the study of art history. And now these study clubs and all school-children go to the new five-hundred-thousand-dollar museum freely every day—fourteen thousand school-children have already so visited it—while for the general public there are free days each week. Now that the Museum is opened, the directors from time to time give "special evenings"—inviting on one evening a church society, on another the employees of a large factory, on another the employees of a department store. Two large receptions were devoted entirely to the colored people of the city. On these evenings there is a little music, a little talk, and a little refreshment. More than this, all conventions and congresses coming to town are invited to spend an hour or so at the Museum.

In this total attendance the greatest factor and indicator of popular interest is the Sun-

day attendance. Last year in New York City nearly two hundred and eighty thousand persons visited the Metropolitan Museum on Sundays and nearly two hundred and forty thousand the Chicago Museum—about a third of the total attendance; and at Buffalo over a hundred thousand, or two-thirds of the annual attendance. Detroit shows the same number. We wonder whether there are any left who would have our museums closed on Sunday!

In the midst of a strenuous political campaign and in a year which unprecedentedly reflects America's commercial and industrial leadership, we may remember with satisfaction that popular interest is not confined to these things, and that, as to art, America is really forging to the fore.

LETTERS TO UNKNOWN FRIENDS

Instead of a single letter, The Outlook printed week before last several inquiries from Unknown Friends with an answer to each from the Editor-in-Chief. There is here given another installment of these queries and answers. For the sake of clearness, the prefatory paragraph is repeated.—THE EDITORS.

From my Unknown Friends I have received a great many more letters than it has been possible to answer through the columns of The Outlook. Some of them have been answered personally, but this also involves an amount of time and thought which is not always at my disposal. In this and later articles I propose to group a number of these letters, answering them briefly. If the correspondent finds the answer inadequate, as in many cases he probably will, I ask him to accept it as a token of interest and good will, and to regard it as a suggestion which he must amplify by his own reflection.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

Please write a little more at length on the Atonement. A friend of mine argues: "If it were not necessary for the saving of the world, Christ would not have died." Without knowing how to answer this, I feel nevertheless that the sacrifice of Christ lay in his life and not in his death. J. M. C.

The word "atonement" occurs only once in the New Testament (Romans v. 11), and in the Revised Version it is there rendered "reconciliation," which is undoubtedly the more accurate translation. "Through our Lord Jesus Christ," says Paul, ". . . we have now received the reconciliation." We are reconciled to God or made one with God when our lives and characters are Godlike. Salvation is character. If mankind had accepted Jesus Christ as their ideal of character, if they had accepted the life he offered to them, if they had begun to live the divine life of faith and hope and love, if under his leadership they had proceeded to organize society on the basis of righteousness and peace and joy in holiness of spirit, it is evident that the world would have been saved. Christ's death was necessary because mankind would not accept Christ as their ideal, nor the life which he offered to them. It was made necessary by the sin of men, not by the love of God. Christ's whole life was a self-sacrifice for humanity; his death was simply the consummation of that sacrifice due to the wickedness of men. If men had not been wicked, or had accepted Christ, still his life would have been a sacrifice, but the death by crucifixion would not have taken place.

Do you confine your belief in immortality to the invisible but lasting impressions we make and leave behind, either by direct or indirect association, on the minds of those who survive us? Do we become immortal in so far as we dwell invisibly in the minds of those who remain and those who come after us? I gleaned this from your able article, whereas others find an intimation of a future state of the soul surviving the body.

I am sorry if my articles on "Immortality" have left room for any doubt on the question you present. I believe that the body is simply an instrument or tool which the invisible spirit of man employs, and that the decay of the tool no more indicates the decay of the spirit than the destruction of the violin indicates the death of the violinist. By immortality I mean not merely that the influence of man will survive his death, nor *merely* that the spirit will live after the body decays and mingles with the dust, but that the invisible spirit which dwells in the body is itself not subject to decay. Immortality is not merely a future hope; it is a present possession.

Is absolute truthfulness possible? Can we, for example, eliminate the element of falsehood from our work of obtaining the necessary evidence for the prosecution of evil-doers? Did

not Mr. Burns resort to falsehood? Was it justifiable? P. L. B.

Paul intimates the principle by which we are to determine the answer to your question. "Put away lying," he says, "because we are members one of another." The evil of lying is that it destroys confidence, and confidence is the bond which unites society and makes co-operation, fellowship, unity of action for a common end, possible. In general terms, it may be said that any falsehood which tends thus to dissolve confidence, and so to destroy community of life, is wrong. The deceits practiced in war and the deceits practiced and the falsehoods told by detectives in the discovery and prosecution of crime have no such tendency.

In your "Confession of Faith," in The Outlook of August 17, you say: "The dogma that it is only in this life that man can repent . . . I repudiate as unscriptural. . . . I refuse to believe that the accident of death transmutes God's mercy into wrath." Do you mean by this that there is no hell and that there is a chance to repent after death? If this is what you mean, and the Scriptures bear out this idea, will you please cite references?

The word "hell" in our English New Testament is used to translate two Greek words, one *Hades*, the other *Gehenna*. Hades means simply the abode of the dead, and might not inappropriately be rendered by the simple word *death*. Gehenna was a valley outside of Jerusalem to which the refuse of the city was carried and where it was cast upon a fire kept always burning for the purpose of consuming this refuse. By the term "hell fire" Jesus meant, and would have been understood by his hearers to mean, the fire burning in this valley. It was a symbol, not of torture, but of destruction. When he says to the Pharisees who devoured widows' houses and for a pretense made long prayers, "How can ye escape the damnation of hell?" what he meant, and what he would have been understood by his hearers to mean, was, How can you, false pretenders, who pride yourselves on your religion, escape being cast out as the refuse of the universe, to be destroyed? It is the fundamental teaching of the Old Testament, repeated again and again, that God's mercy endureth forever. It is the fundamental teaching of the New Testament that Jesus Christ is God manifest in the flesh, the revelation and interpretation of his character. There is nothing in the Scriptures, properly interpreted, to justify the assertion that this mercy of God, affirmed in the Old Testament to be everlasting, and manifested as unfailing and infinite by the life and character of Jesus Christ in the New Testament, ceases for any man at that man's death. It is the eternal quality of God to be sorry for the wrong-doer and to save him from himself if, by repentance and abandonment of his wrong-doing and coming to the Father, he seeks to be saved.

What do you think of prayers for the dead?

I see no reason why I should not express to my Father my affection, love, and desire for those who have gone from my vision into the other life; but my prayers for them would be rather a committing of them to him than an entreaty for them or on their behalf. So far as I can see, the answer to my prayer for any one comes in suggestion to me of something I can do for the one for whom I am praying. If no such suggestion comes, then my prayer is a committal of that one to the Father's care and keeping.

Why did Jesus send his Apostles first to the Jews, since his omniscient mind knew that not through the Jews would the world hear the Gospel?

But it was through the Jews that the world heard the Gospel; they heard it through the Apostles, all of whom were Jews; most of all through Paul, who describes himself as a Hebrew of the Hebrews. In fact, history shows that the religion of Jesus Christ is not a separate religion from the religion of the Old Testament prophets, but a continuation, development, and perfection of that religion. This is what Jesus Christ meant when he said, "I have come, not to destroy the law or the prophets, but to fulfill."

What is your interpretation of "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil"?

It is the expression to our Father of the desire not to be led into temptation, and of our trust and confidence in him that if temptations assail us he will give us the strength with which to resist them. Directly contrary to the spirit of this prayer is the temper which courts trial in order to display to others or to one's self the strength of resistance; the temper which led Peter into great temptation and through that great temptation into flagrant sin.

FOLLOWING THE CAMPAIGN

A WEEKLY DIGEST OF POLITICAL OPINION
AS EXPRESSED BY PEOPLE AND NEWSPAPERS

POSSIBLE GOVERNORS

NEW YORK

GOVERNOR WILSON remarked, when Mr. Oscar Straus was chosen by the New York Progressives to lead the fight against the Murphy and Barnes machines, "This has put us on our mettle."

Progressive, Democratic, Republican, and Independent newspapers agree.

"It even put Boss Barnes on his mettle," says the New York "Press" (Prog.) . . . "Hedges was the compromise with Progressive sentiment. . . . Boss Murphy, . . . forced to choose between a Progressive Democratic candidate for Governor and disaster to his boss-ship, surrendered to the demand for Representative Sulzer."

Says the New York "American" (Dem.):

When the Progressive Convention made its spontaneous choice of Oscar Straus, the "American" declared that the naming "of that able, accomplished, and stainless citizen would raise the level of State politics." The "American's" prophecy is already fulfilled. The Republicans at Saratoga . . . nominated the honest and independent Job Hedges. Democracy has learned the splendid lesson of the hour, and the value and glory of its free Convention is indicated in its admirable and winning ticket.

Says the New York "Globe" (Rep.):

Mr. Hedges and Mr. Sulzer are both under great obligations to Oscar Straus and to the Progressive State Convention. Neither would have had the ghost of a chance of getting the honor they sought had it not been for the Straus nomination.

Says the New York "Sun" (Ind.):

This State has seldom seen three unbossed political conventions like the three just ended. It is no more than fair to say that the Progressives set the good example. But Republicans and Democrats alike rose to the occasion. . . . The Democratic candidate may lack the distinction of Mr. Straus and the political philosophy of Mr. Hedges, but he possesses a sturdy courage and vigor of his own that will make the three-cornered contest a very fair and even battle.

"The nomination of a man like Mr. Straus is a complete answer to the question frequently asked. 'What is the need of a third party?'" avers the Baltimore "News" (Prog.), and adds:

In this very instance the third party has struck a bad blow at politicians of the type of Barnes, the Republican leader, and Murphy, the Democratic leader. We count it a tremendous gain for good government that within so short a time after its organization the National Progressive party has forced the Democratic and Republican parties of New York to be on their good behavior.

The Washington "Herald" (Ind.) declares:

Mr. Straus is as admirably fitted in character, nobility, in broad public experience, and in the respect which he enjoys among the people, for the Governorship of New York as any man who could be named by any party.

The Boston "Daily Globe" (Ind.) says that "in naming Mr. Straus the Progressives have put forth one of the strongest men in the Empire State, one sure to attract the attention of the country and the support of Independents." The paper adds:

The Democrats of New York cannot expect to defeat such a man with a Tammany candidate, or the Republicans with a Barnes stool-pigeon.

Says the New York "World" (Ind. Dem.):

Oscar Straus is a very popular candidate for Governor, who will admittedly run far ahead of his ticket, . . . but, unless all previous election statistics are hopelessly misleading, the real fight is between Mr. Sulzer and Mr. Hedges.

Of Mr. Hedges the New York "Evening Post" (Ind.) says:

Job E. Hedges has toiled long in the Republican vineyard, and at last has received his reward—the nomination of his party for Governor of New York. Like his namesake of the Bible, he has been patient, though not afflicted nor humbled in the dust. Indeed, he might have held high office before this had he said the word, but he has preferred to work in the ranks and wait until the turn of the wheel should bring him within reasonable distance of the executive chair at Albany. . . .

Now he sits in a three-cornered political game with fairly good cards in his hands, and a clean, wholesome public record as an asset. His contact with voters in past campaigns has made him well known to the people up-State, and here in his home city he needs no introduction. To be sure, Republican stock is at low ebb this year, and the outward signs are against the election of its ticket, but strange things happen in politics, and it is safe to say that Hedges won't throw up his hands until the ballots are counted against him.

The New York "Press" (Prog.) says that "hardly any man nominated for Gov-

ernor of any State ever won so fine a tribute of personal esteem as was paid from all partisan sources to Job E. Hedges." The "Press" adds:

> This testimony to the manhood and individual worth of the Republican candidate must be all the more like gold to him, since it is given by men whose consciences will not allow them to vote for him.

Nevertheless the "Press" concludes as follows:

> The citizen who can get himself generally liked by gentlemen who boss conventions in these New York days is far too amiable to be a resolute and unflagging advocate of the people's interests against special privilege.

The Democratic candidates are thus described by the Brooklyn "Eagle" (Ind.Dem.):

> It was natural and not unfitting that William Sulzer should be named for Governor by a freed Convention, and Martin H. Glynn for Lieutenant-Governor by the same body.
>
> Both men have invariably and consistently led the demand for free action in Democratic nominating conventions. Both have illustrated it in their conduct, in the offices which they have wrung from the rank and file of their party in districts and from the representatives of the rank and file in public tribunals.

As to the so-called "unbossed" Convention, the New York "World" (Ind. Dem.) remarked, before it convened, "Unless the State Convention nominates a candidate for Governor who is publicly known to be an anti-Murphy Democrat, the next Governor of New York will be Oscar S. Straus or Job E. Hedges." The "World" now supports the Democratic candidate, despite such statements as this from the New York "Globe" (Rep.):

> Murphy is in control of the machinery of his party more than ever. The candidate for Governor, during all of his adult life, has been an avowed Tammany man, for twenty-three years a Tammany officeholder, and has opposed every movement within the Democratic party looking to the overthrow of boss control.

To this the New York "Evening Post" (Ind.) adds: "We hope . . . that . . . we shall hear less about the Syracuse Convention as being unbossed. A letter before us . . . reads as follows:"

> The Convention was absolutely in the hands of Murphy. . . . It was all arranged beforehand, and "Sulzer on the fourth ballot" perfectly understood among the initiated.

This is from the Voters' Directories of the "Evening Post:"

> 1892. William Sulzer—Lawyer; has been a member for three terms; is personally honest, but is trammeled by Tammany orders, which he obeys implicitly; voted for many bad bills; defended Judge Maynard, and was Tammany's leader on the floor.
>
> 1893. William Sulzer—Lawyer; Speaker of the last Assembly; thoroughly subservient to Croker in all things, allowing him to select the Assembly committees in the café of the Hoffman House; he was literally Tammany's agent in the Speaker's chair, being one of the most unfair and unscrupulous occupants it has ever had.
>
> 1894. William Sulzer—Lawyer; was a member of the State Assembly for several terms, and Speaker in 1893; he was at all times the personal agent in the Assembly of Croker and Tammany, and used his office entirely for Tammany ends; is a man of ordinary ability and extraordinary self-conceit.
>
> 1896. William Sulzer—Lawyer; has been an office-seeker and office-holder practically ever since he was admitted to the bar; was member of State Assembly for several terms, and Speaker in 1893; was the personal agent in the Assembly of Tammany and Croker; elected to Congress in 1894, and has been a worthless member; has posed as one of the first to grasp Bryan's hand.
>
> 1898. William Sulzer—Lawyer; has been an office-seeker and office-holder practically ever since he was admitted to the bar; was elected to Congress in 1894 and 1896, and previously was a member of the Assembly for several terms, and Speaker in 1893; was the personal agent there of Croker and Tammany; has been a worthless member of Congress; was an ardent and spectacular supporter of Bryan, and has attempted to be the representative of the silver element of his party in this State; is frankly for free silver, and all that the Chicago platform stands for.

This is the more effective since it comes from a paper which is supporting Mr. Wilson, who has expressed his gratification at Mr. Sulzer's nomination. As to Mr. Sulzer's later services in Congress there are two opinions. One is reflected by the New York "American" (Dem.):

> William Sulzer for honest service was given the Committee on Foreign Affairs—a world committee, in which statesmen have failed, but in which William Sulzer won new laurels for judgment, vigilance, and discretion in his country's interests. There is scarcely a piece of progressive Democratic legislation within this decade with which William Sulzer has not been prominently connected.

The other opinion we find in the Chicago "Evening Post's" (Prog.) quotation from Representative Kent's epitome of his fellow-Congressman:

> The statesman who insults a foreign nation is not, as he may suppose himself, the fourteenth stripe and the forty-ninth star in our flag; he is a public nuisance.

MASSACHUSETTS

In Massachusetts the Republican candidate for Governor is ex-Speaker Joseph

Walker. He is a Progressive Republican. He says :

If the Republican party is to return to the confidence of the people, it must get rid of Penrose and Penroseism. In fact, it must get rid of bossism and machine rule of every kind.

If the Democratic party is to gain the confidence of the people, it, too, must get rid of Murphyism and Taggartism.

But the Boston "Journal" (Prog.) thus reminds him :

The Republican party had its great opportunity at Chicago, in June, to cast off bossism. It had the mandate of millions of Republicans in open, unbossed caucus to do so. And this was thrown contemptuously into the wastebasket by . . . Penrose, Barnes, Crane, Guggenheim, and the rest.

Now the man who accepts the work of that Convention accepts the bossism and shares its responsibility. . . .

Men, like Walker, who see the evil, even if they have not the courage of their convictions to combat it, help point the way.

The Democratic candidate is Governor Foss—to succeed himself. Mr. Foss is well known. Not so well known is the Progressive candidate, thus described by the Topeka "Capital" (Rep.) :

In Massachusetts the Progressive party nominee for Governor is a man who has never been actively in politics, a manufacturer who has been a pioneer in recognizing the rights of labor in the modern sense, a millionaire by his own efforts, a man of public spirit known from one end of his State to the other as a model citizen, of extremely progressive views politically—Charles S. Bird, the paper manufacturer. Mr. Bird, like Mr. Straus, wanted no office, but accepted nomination because he regarded it as a duty to stand up for his progressive convictions.

Of Charles S. Bird "Life" (Ind.) says :

Mr. Bird is so energetic and comprehensive in shooing bad persons—Taft and Wilson voters—away from his ticket that it looks as if he could not get votes enough to win. Which is a pity, but he is a better man than Massachusetts needs for Governor, and Mr. Foss will do.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

For Governor of New Hampshire the Republicans have named Franklin Worcester, of Hollis. The Democratic candidate is Samuel D. Folker, of Rochester. The Progressive candidate is the popular novelist and publicist Winston Churchill, of Cornish.

"Collier's" (Ind.), though advocating Mr. Wilson's election to the Presidency, advocates the Progressive ticket in certain States. It says :

In New Hampshire the Democrats have put up a fairly good ticket, but the fine movement headed by Governor Bass and Winston Churchill has deserved well of the people, and it has thrown in its fortunes with the Moose. A Democratic victory in New Hampshire would probably mean a continuation of this progressive work, but not certainly. A victory for the regular Republicans would mean putting the State back into the hands of the Gallinger-Boston and Maine machine. . . .

Years ago, when the Boston and Maine owned New Hampshire and the Gallinger political machine was the agent through which the railroad ran the State, Winston Churchill was the first leader in the effort to shake off the bondage. That effort was successful, and Governor Bass has given a splendid administration. . . . The Gallinger crowd and the railroad crowd are now struggling to get back. They are using their usual tools. . . . The citizens of New Hampshire owe it to themselves to make Mr. Churchill their next Governor.

In his letter of acceptance Mr. Churchill says :

The Progressive party embodies for me a cause both sacred and inspiring. It is the party of the future. As with all great movements, the motive power behind it is religion—the longing of a people for social justice, the determination at last to bring into government Christianity.

CONNECTICUT

As was anticipated, Governor Baldwin has had the honor of a renomination without opposition for the Governorship of Connecticut on the Democratic ticket. The Republican nominee is Judge John P. Studley, also of New Haven. The Progressive nominee is the Hon. Herbert Knox Smith, the efficient Commissioner of Corporations in the Department of Commerce under two Administrations.

As reported by the Waterbury "American" (Rep.), ex-Mayor Studley thus defines his attitude towards the present problems before the State :

Questions of humanity are coming to the front as never before. . . . The party platform this year is unequivocally in favor of a Workingmen's Compensation Act. . . . And I favor, with every lover of Connecticut, the extension of the work of our State Agricultural College and our Agricultural Experiment Station.

Despite this, "Connecticut has long needed such a revolt ; the pity of it is that an uprising of Republicans, of the sort who gathered in Hartford this week, did not take place years ago," exclaims the Springfield, Massachusetts, "Republican" (Ind.). As to the platform on which Mr. Smith stands, the "Republican" adds :

The Progressive platform of Connecticut merits cordial approval for the most part. . . .

The greater portions of its proposals are such that the "Republican" could heartily support them.

OHIO

In Ohio the Republican nominee for Governor is General R. B. Brown; the Democratic, Congressman James M. Cox; and the Progressive, Arthur L. Garford.

The Louisville "Evening Post" (Dem.) thus comments on these three candidates:

The election of Mr. Cox does not at this date appear to admit of doubt. The real fight is for second place between Brown and Garford.

As to the last named, the Topeka "Capital" (Rep.) describes him as "probably the most popular man in Ohio," and adds:

He has never been an office-seeker. He is an "advanced" employer of labor, a millionaire, but a public-spirited citizen of very progressive political views. So strong in Ohio is Garford that it had been the intention in this critical year to nominate him for Governor on the Republican ticket, and it was believed that he would sweep Taft through. . . . After the Chicago Convention he withdrew as a candidate for the Republican nomination of Governor of Ohio. . . . The Convention then turned to another candidate. Garford was later nominated for Governor by the Progressive party.

The Cleveland "Plain Dealer" (Dem.) is forced to admit that "the Ohio Progressives have selected in Mr. A. L. Garford as their candidate for Governor one of the strongest men that has made the race for that important office in Ohio in many years."

INDIANA

The Louisville "Evening Post" (Dem.) also admits that "in the matter of nominations for State offices in the big States the Progressives are playing the game everywhere with great shrewdness." As an example the Louisville paper instances Indiana:

The Progressive nominee for Governor is former Senator Beveridge, under normal circumstances the strongest man politically in Indiana, and certainly one of the best nominations that has been made for Governor in that State in years.

In the Indianapolis "Star" Mr. J. M. Maxwell thus describes the candidate:

I have never met a man in public life with superior intellectual attainments and capacity than Mr. Beveridge. There may be such men in public life—only I have never met them. Moreover, the man is sincere as to his public avowals. There need not be the slightest doubt that he will try to put through to the letter just exactly what he says he will do. So, if Indiana people want that kind of a Governor, now is the chance to get one.

ILLINOIS

In Illinois Governor Deneen is a candidate for re-election on the Republican ticket. The Democratic candidate is Judge Edward F. Dunne, the well-known ex-Mayor of Chicago. The Progressive candidate is State Senator Frank H. Funk, a farmer of Bloomington. The popularity of Mr. Funk may be gathered from the following prophecy printed in the Chicago "Tribune" (Ind. Rep.) and issued by the Progressive headquarters in Chicago:

Theodore Roosevelt for President and Frank H. Funk for Governor will sweep Illinois, from Chicago to Cairo, in one of the greatest political landslides that has ever been known in this State. . . . Hundreds of down-State polls show that Funk for Governor is running along closely with Roosevelt and in some counties is even ahead of the Colonel.

Two testimonies, favorable to Mr. Funk, from journals which support Mr. Wilson for the Presidency, are interesting. "Collier's" says:

In many places the reform movements which are now in progress, the fruit of years of effort against odds, depend for their encouragement upon the success of the new party State tickets. In Illinois, for example, the third party State ticket fully deserves to win.

The second quotation is from the Louisville "Evening Post:"

In relation to the future of the Progressive party, there is no section of the country where the results in November will be more important than in the Middle West. . . . Illinois is believed to have displaced California as the most probable Roosevelt State of any in November.

"It must be given to the new party," says the Topeka "Capital" (Rep.), "that the able, successful, high-class men who have been attracted by its principles and have felt under obligation to accept its nominations this year in many States are bound to strengthen the chances of Roosevelt against Wilson." And the Chicago "Evening Post" (Prog.) thus concludes:

Winston Churchill in New Hampshire, Herbert Knox Smith in Connecticut, Oscar Straus in New York, Albert J. Beveridge in Indiana, Frank H. Funk in Illinois, Charles S. Bird in Massachusetts, Arthur Garford in Ohio; here are seven possible State Governors who more than match the "seven Governors" who signed the call for the Roosevelt candidacy. If the Progressive party does nothing more than force upward the standard of gubernatorial nominees by naming such men, it will again have justified itself before the country.

CONTROLLING THE PASSIONS OF MEN—IN LAWRENCE

BY AL PRIDDY

The readers of The Outlook will remember the serial story "Through the Mill," in which "Al Priddy" told his own experiences as a mill-boy. In addition to the special knowledge of industrial conditions thus gained at first hand, the author, as will be seen from this article itself, has had opportunities to compare the treatment of striking factory operatives in Lawrence and New Bedford.—THE EDITORS.

I HAD the doubtful pleasure of watching the organization and dramatic development of last winter's strike in Lawrence. I was present also on that recent day of riot with which that unfortunate city closed the month of September. I talked with soldiers, policemen, citizens, strikers, manufacturers, and reporters. I haunted the court, the strike meetings; followed the parades; and heard numerous speeches by Ettor and other leaders. I watched the proceedings with as impartial an eye as possible, and tried to arrive at honest conclusions. I am forced to the belief that the militia were not necessary to control last winter's struggle; that through unmilitary tactics and through excited police methods the stormy days of the first strike, and especially the seriousness of the more recent disorders, were worse than they should have been.

One afternoon last January one of the largest demonstrations of the strike took place. After a meeting on the Common, which was addressed by Ettor, who warned the people when they paraded to be orderly and sweet-spirited, the great throng of strikers organized themselves into a procession and paraded through the leading business street—Essex Street. One may imagine a group of children—who love pageantry and martial noise—in the Italians, the Poles, the Lithuanians, and the very few French and Germans who formed that procession. They shouted as children would shout, and sang. (The strikers were the only ones who sang during those hungry days.) It was just the outflow of children's spirits bent on nothing more than an afternoon's recreation—a parade.

A wheezy Italian band furnished the music; a droning, blaring, strumming collection of trombones, guitars, pipes, and drums. They played the "Internationale," and the vibrant, laughing men and women sang it in a Pentecostal merging of languages and dialects.

They shouted and hooted; but they did it good-humoredly, withal.

Essex Street ends against the Everett mill, and there are two ways of exit, one down by the cross street in the direction of the American Woolen Company's mills (those have always been the mills with the strongest guard), and the other up and away from the mills. The exit towards the Wood mill was guarded by a line of militia thrown across the street. The exit away from the mill was guarded by Ettor, standing on a hydrant and braced by some companions. Ettor could be seen towering over all.

As the flood of strikers came to the end of the street and saw their leader facing them, cries of "Speech" and "*Viva!*" were sent up. Ettor, masterly in personality and with a leader's gift of power, said not a word; smiled, and with a graceful gesture of his forefinger and a mere look of his eyes *up* the street, sent the swirling, shouting, laughing paraders *away* from the mills, *away* from the militia and police, to their homes!

Meanwhile something had invited me to stop near the militia and watch while all this was taking place. It was the sight of two officers in charge of the line of soldiers. As the paraders hurried past this guard on duty, what did they see? The two officers were nonchalantly smoking cigarettes and blowing the smoke indifferently in front of them, so that it floated into the nostrils of the strikers! I called a policeman's attention to the officers and said:

"Tactics!" The policeman smiled.

It was the noon hour. Another parade—with a large American flag leading it—was moving. It was the intention of the paraders to demonstrate their strength past the Pacific and the Wood mills. I joined the group that led with the American flag, and watched what ensued. The street leading past the mills was unguarded. Down the entire sweep of it no soldier or policeman blocked the way. No messenger debated with the strikers, saying that they were not to parade down the street. So the paraders began their flourish

of shouts and hoots, and kept moving. Nothing else was done. They had gone but a block when a company of soldiers excitedly ran from near one of the mill bridges which crossed the "moat" to the industrial "castles," and blocked all further marching down the street. It had all happened so suddenly and had been so unexpected that the strikers, naturally, were thrown into confusion.

There was a parley between the militia officers and the leaders of the procession. The parade was to be deflected up a side street. Suddenly the bearer of the American flag broke through the line of soldiers and was followed by the paraders, who drove back the militia for a distance of several yards. Then, with wagon-spokes in hand, the soldiers were able to drive back the rioters, and later, with drawn pistols, were able to keep them in efficient check. So far, so good. The soldiers had permitted the parade to enter for one block of the street, and then, having given them the idea that an orderly procession could pass down, had suddenly, in this last-moment way, put the whole parade of Italians and Poles in confusion. Then a strange thing took place, after the clubbing of the strikers and the attempted deflection of them up the side street, an officer of militia rushed up to the officer in charge and excitedly informed him that he *must let the strikers through!* Tactics again!

One of the leading officers of militia in charge at Lawrence went to Boston during the excitement of the strike and made an after-dinner speech in which, in the next morning's papers, he was reported to have indulged himself in very strong and uncomplimentary comments on the Lawrence industrial workers. He was reported to have called them "an unruly mob" and other stronger types of proletarian lawbreakers. The next morning he went back to Lawrence to be a leader in establishing peace! Tactics again.

In one of the Boston suburbs, when I was speaking with a resident in that aristocratic section, that resident said to me, amusedly:

"Our company of militia went down to Lawrence during the first days of the strike. Most of them had to leave Harvard for it, but they *rather enjoyed going down there and having their fling at those people!*"

On the morning of September 30 I stood in the Lawrence court-room as more than thirty Italians and Poles—men and women, boys and girls—were arraigned. It was somewhat disconcerting to have a dwarfed Italian stand at the bar with his head swathed in white, bloody bandages, and hear him plead "Not guilty!" A young striker, a witness, wandered confusedly into the reporters' section, not knowing what to do with himself. One of the policemen jerked him back with an ugly, brutal gesture, and, not giving the dazed boy a chance to understand, was joined by a brother policeman in thumping the boy in the back and driving him, as one drives a recalcitrant cow, into the room for witnesses. Then the same policeman who had initiated all turned on a young reporter who smiled at him, and almost deferentially listened to the journalist's witticism, in lurid contrast to the event which had just occurred. The young policeman outside the court door talked with me. He gave me several illustrations of the rioting which had taken place on Sunday, and of that which had taken place about the mills two hours earlier that morning. He could not speak calmly of the situation, of course, for he too had been buffeted about. One could not expect him to speak calmly. But this is the point. After his description of these things his eyes flamed, and, with an oath, he hissed:

"But we'll get the ——! We'll give them some lead to-morrow!"

What could the peace of Lawrence expect from such an officer of justice who went out the following day?

In the court-room that morning I sat in the midst of twenty stalwart, capable State police. One had to compare them with the special police drawn up by the city and sent out among the emotional strikers to maintain order. One had to compare them with some of the boyish bluecoats with clubs buckled to their belts—boys of high school age, some seemed, and making a very great effort to appear as dignified as possible in their new trappings.

After the rioting of Monday morning, when a solitary policeman tried to make arrests with drawn club—arrests that demanded a squad of trained officers to handle them efficiently with the least expenditure of passion and head-battering—after the city had paused from this, I sat in a lunch-room with an outsider, a man who had been through the former strike and who appeared to know the situation completely. He had little concern for the strikers or their leaders. Therefore he was not biased in their favor. As we sipped our coffee he suddenly said to me:

"Did you see the trouble? Did you watch it?"

"What do you think gave it the impetus and fire to which it attained?" I asked in return.

"The police," he said. "They're too hot-headed!"

I picked up my paper this morning and read the following from the Boston "Herald:"

SCORES POLICE

"A policeman is given his club and gun to protect himself, and any policeman who makes use of those weapons as the Lawrence police did outside the Arlington mill yesterday morning is a disgrace. It is an outrage the way they acted."

This statement was made by Deputy Chief George Neal, of the State police, at present in Lawrence with twenty-five State detectives. He is indignant at the manner in which the city police handled the strikers, and has instructed his own men to use only such force as is necessary in handling the crowds.

By way of contrast to and emphasis of the foregoing, let me recite a recent strike experience of mine in New Bedford. Lawrence is comparatively a newcomer into the textile strike situation. New Bedford is a battle-scarred veteran. In mill gate tumults and street riots New Bedford's police have had their discipline. They *know* how to keep processions from turning into mobs, and how *not* to turn the parades of mobs into violent, costly hate and strike engendering riots. To them we can look for the efficient control of incipient riots, which they prevent with a minimum of clubbing, blood-letting, or hostility.

The weavers of New Bedford were engaged in a strike over the so-called fining and grading system—a strike which was fought around an adverse ruling of the court which nullified, or so the strikers claimed it did, the legislative act of 1911 which declared that it would be illegal for a textile mill to fine weavers for imperfect cloth.

During the first morning of the strike I stood at the Butler mill gate. The situation was Lawrence over again. The I. W. W. members thronged about the mill gates: Poles, Lithuanians, and Slavs, but no Italians. (Italians might be said to be indigenous to the American Woolen Company, in textile work, for they are where the "Wood" mills are, but are hardly found in the textile cities like New Bedford and Fall River.) The I. W. W. was striving to duplicate in New Bedford what it had accomplished in Lawrence. Much depended for the prestige of the I. W. W. on that morning's picketing. Therefore the I. W. W. leaders were determined to do some desperate picketing.

A group of fanatical Polish women stood in front of the half-opened gate. Their hair streamed down their faces; their cheeks were a dull red with their Amazon labors. While the throng of Poles and Slavs crowded about, while the men incited their wives and daughters to action, the English-speaking people stood off by themselves, exactly as they had in Lawrence, and had no part nor lot in the picketing. Such was the setting, then, for another incipient Lawrence, that should startle the country.

Two policemen were on duty near the gate. Practically in their hands lay the possibility or the impossibility of a recurrence of the Lawrence riots. They were smiling good-humoredly. I had never seen the police smile in Lawrence under such circumstances. The New Bedford policemen smiled. They smiled when the Polish women pickets, inferring from the smiles that they had mastered the police, became more violent in their unlawful manner of picketing. They tore English women's dinner-pails from their hands and slapped English women in the face. They wrestled with English spinners and sent them back away from work. Still the two policemen folded their arms and smiled. In Lawrence clubs had been drawn and many arrests made on lesser provocation. Then, when the policemen determined to shut the gate and tried to reach it, the Polish women pulled them back and mishandled them. But the two policemen only smiled—and shut the gate. Thus for nearly an hour this sort of picketing and policing took place, and then—

Under the efficient leadership of the chief of police, a whole company of police arrived. Waiting until their fellows were with them, shoulder to shoulder, so that they would have the strength of hands instead of the falser strength of revolvers and clubs, the two policemen who had smiled stopped smiling, picked out the leaders in the morning's disorder, and took them into the mill office, while the remainder of the policemen easily and efficiently dispersed the people—not a single club had been drawn during the morning. That decided, too, the outcome of the strike. The I. W. W. had found its most potent sting—riotous incentive—withdrawn. New Bedford was to remain New Bedford. The two policemen had smiled.

THE POLICE SCANDAL AND THE GOOD OLD DAYS

BY RAYMOND B. FOSDICK

FORMER COMMISSIONER OF ACCOUNTS, CITY OF NEW YORK

THE recent revelations in connection with New York City's Police Department provide additional material for those who believe that municipal government is the conspicuous failure of American democracy. Here was a man, a confessed gambler, who, on the eve of his voluntary appearance before the District Attorney to furnish information, was shot down in a public street under circumstances which, in their brightest interpretation, indicate the existence of a definite understanding between the criminal element of the city and the police. In the first burst of hot indignation that followed the disclosure, the cynical opinion was freely expressed by many that there was no hope for municipal government in the country; while our foreign critics seemed to regard the developments as a fresh proof of American degeneracy.

At a dinner at the City Club in New York, shortly after the shooting of Rosenthal, one of the speakers expressed himself in the following words:

"In all this fight for honesty in city government, are we getting anywhere? Have we made any real advance? Are the results of our work permanent? Aren't we treading in a blind circle, coming back to the same problems and the same failures? What is to prevent the return of a Van Wyck in New York or a Reyburn in Philadelphia?"

The speaker faithfully expressed the feelings, not only of his audience, but of thousands of citizens throughout the land whose faith in the possibility of honest government has been a trifle shaken by the glaring police situation in New York. Probably the spectacular element in the disclosures, the gruesome fact that vice and crime have been protected for a consideration—a fact that strikes at the very root of government—is largely responsible for this feeling of uneasiness and concern which finds expression in the remark of a prominent citizen quoted in the New York "Sun," to the effect that nothing like this was discovered in Tweed's time.

The purpose of the present article is not to minimize the seriousness of the police situation. The writer is in a position to know how true are some of the allegations which have been printed in regard to the matter. The situation, however, while momentarily discouraging to those who believe in the future of our experiments in municipal government, is not, in proper perspective, a subject for despair. Had the speaker at the City Club been able to catch a glimpse of the dark years through which New York, in company with her sister cities, has traveled to the present, he would have seen what steady and permanent progress has been made.

The name of Tweed has come to be a standard by which we establish degrees of corruption. In the newspapers we commonly see such expressions as "worse than Tweed," "out-Tweeding Tweed," etc., applied to present-day problems. And yet an intimate acquaintance with the methods to which the real Tweed resorted and the magnitude of his operations is enough to convince one that in these days we are as children at play in comparison with the generation that preceded us. The strange part about the case of Tweed is that he was known to be unscrupulously dishonest for so long before there was any concerted movement to oust him from his position as Tyrant of New York. In 1869 the taxpayers knew that they were being plundered, but they felt their position to be hopeless. "What are you going to do about it?" he had said to them when, in a mass-meeting held in Cooper Union, they had protested against the bills which he was forcing through the Legislature in connection with the widening of Broadway. In the knowledge of their feeling of hopelessness Tweed went his way. He understood the details of the city's business; they did not. His safety lay in their ignorance. He made himself a member of the Board of Audit, and was thus in a position to pursue his favorite method of raising the accounts of those who did work for the city or furnished it with supplies. There were no bureaus of municipal research or citizens' organizations in those days. The city's books of account were not open to public inspection as they are to-day. Practically and legally it was none of the citizens' business what went on on the inside. A man with a bill for $5,000 against the city would be approached by one of Tweed's agents and told to add another cipher to his

figures. Upon the presentation of a bill for $50,000 the creditor would be paid $5,000 *in cash;* the remaining $45,000 would go to Tweed and his friends. The amount thus taken in 1869 was comparatively small; in 1870 it reached 66 per cent, and later 85 per cent. In this manner the repair of the public armories was represented to have cost the city $3,200,000, the actual expenditures on this account being $250,000. If Ingersoll's bill for chairs at $5 each for armory furniture had set forth articles really supplied, it is estimated that the chairs would have reached seventeen miles if placed in line. In no city that I know of—certainly not in any of the larger cities—would it be possible today for any one successfully to operate this scheme. Our supplies are purchased and our contract work is performed under business checks and systems utterly unknown in the municipal administration of Tweed's time.

Tweed's ring undertook the erection of a County Court-House, the same building that now rears its ugly front on Chambers Street. They actually spent $3,000,000 on construction; the city's books, however, showed $11,000,000. Andrew J. Garvey, a humble plasterer, appeared in the books as having earned $2,870,464.06 in nine months in connection with this building! "Generations of plasterers yet unborn will take off their hats to his memory!" said one writer. "Garvey is the Prince of plasterers," said the New York "Times." "Earning $133,187 in the two shortest days of the year (December 20, 21, 1870), his good fortune surpasses anything recorded in the 'Arabian Nights.'" Bills for carpeting this building were paid in amounts enough to have covered City Hall Park three times!

"Out-Tweeding Tweed"? Our business systems introduced in the conduct of all city governments, our improved methods of control, the ever-widening publicity which civic matters receive, the active press, the growth of citizens' organizations, furnishing independent avenues of information, the steady development of a public conscience—combine to make the recurrence of the days of Tweed in any city an absolute impossibility.

History is a cure for pessimism. Those of us who sigh for the good old days, when there was no graft and corruption, no buying or selling of votes, no alliance between crime and the police, may well blow the dust from our municipal histories and read for an hour or two of the deeds of the fathers.

Take New York, for example. Ninety years ago there was but one public school in the city, maintained not by taxes but by public subscription. Water was supplied chiefly by the Manhattan Company, by means of bored wooden logs laid underground from the reservoir in Chambers Street. No fire department was dreamed of, and every blaze had the city at its mercy. The streets were unclean. Only two or three thoroughfares were fit for the passage of carriages. Briefly speaking, the city was filthy and neglected; its public improvements and expenditures were in a chaotic state.

This does not constitute a very favorable setting for the good old times. But let us get at the kernel beneath the exterior. Is it possible that petty graft existed in those days, as in these? Is it possible that public rights were disregarded and sacrificed for the benefit of a chosen few? The man who reads the history of New York City in the first part of the nineteenth century cannot escape the conclusion that it is a record of shameless corruption, in comparison with which our modern New York is Utopia. Public opinion seemed to be lifeless. Exposure followed exposure, only to result in the return of the same old gang to office. Public expenditures were made by committees of the Board of Aldermen, who refused to render any accounting of what they spent. Public contracts were let to public officials. A collector of the port who stole a million and a half of public money was allowed to go unmolested for seven months after the theft was publicly known, because of his political influence. Land owned by the municipality in the heart of the city was sold at low prices to politicians. In this way we lost our dock rights on the water-front and our chance to develop an extensive park system in Manhattan. The United States District Court convened for a while in Tammany Hall because Tammany Hall needed the rent that was paid by the city. Our streets were an abomination of filth; the city fathers refused to furnish pure water; yellow fever and cholera three times devastated the city, and in 1822 it was so deserted as a result of disease that grass grew in the principal thoroughfares. Fraud and violence were customarily used on election day. Wagon-loads of repeaters were openly taken from ward to ward to vote. In 1830 Walter Bowne was elected Mayor of the city by the aldermen through bribery that was never punished. In 1832 votes for

President Jackson were openly solicited at $5 each. In 1838 two hundred roughs were brought by the Whigs from Philadelphia to steer the repeaters at the polls. Inmates of the House of Detention who promised to vote the Whig ticket were set at liberty. In 1839 the Albany police brought twenty-three repeaters to help with the election in New York. In 1840 it was shown that the police justices made a practice of extorting money from prisoners, and of shielding from arrest or conviction counterfeiters, thieves, and street-walkers. Nothing was done in the matter. Public opinion took shape in no definite action. The police justices continued in office. These were the good old days!

From 1840 to 1865, when Tweed came into power, the political history of New York reads like a debauch. Assessments for improvements never actually made were laid on the taxpayers. The aldermen participated in all the profitable jobs. Convicts were allowed to escape from Blackwell's Island on condition that they voted as their keepers ordered. Prisoners whose terms had expired were kept at public expense until election day to get their votes. The inmates of the Almshouse and the Penitentiary were forced to manufacture articles for the use and profit of the officials of those departments. In 1851 the so-called "forty thieves" were in power in the Board of Aldermen. Election frauds were so numerous that they failed to excite comment. Ballot-boxes were stolen. Boys and paupers voted without interference. The police, who were appointed for one year by the Board of Aldermen, were utterly demoralized. In 1851 the Eighth and Ninth Avenue Railroad franchises were purchased from the Board of Aldermen by a boodle fund of $50,000. The Third Avenue Railroad franchise was purchased by $30,000 paid in bribes. The Williamsburgh Ferry lease was purchased by a $20,000 boodle fund. The Wall Street Ferry lease was similarly disposed of. The Board of Aldermen sold the Gansevoort Market property to a Tammany politician for $160,000 in the face of other bids of $225,000 and $300,000 respectively. In fact, as was stated at the time, bribery was considered a joke. The aldermen, the police, and all the city officials extorted vast sums of money in every possible way. And note this: Such was the condition of public opinion that the people paid it. It was part of the game. These were the good old days!

Perhaps this picture is a gloomy one. But at least we can be sure of this: there were no good old days. Insidious influences in American politics have not first appeared in our times. We are not the degenerate sons of our fathers. If we have sinned in our generation, so did they in theirs.

There is ground, however, for a great deal of hope in what we have been reviewing. It is true to-day, as it was fifty years ago, that corruption steals in when the door is open, and the price of liberty is eternal vigilance. But no one who is intimately acquainted with the details of municipal government can deny that the steady advance of recent years represents a permanent gain. Mayor Blankenburg's administration in Philadelphia and much that Mayor Gaynor's administration has accomplished in New York furnish a standard of public work below which succeeding administrations will not be allowed to fall far. The same is true of countless cities throughout the land. Taxpayers are receiving more of honest worth for their money than they did a generation ago. The principles of efficiency which have wrought such revolutionary changes in many industrial concerns are being applied to city departments. Municipal experts are being trained and are now at work whose function is the correction of faulty administrative machinery. A city department is no longer conceded to be "mine," as a former boss of Tammany Hall once spoke of the Health Department of New York. Such a department is looked upon as an indispensable piece of public machinery directly related to the life and health of the people. Where is the boss to-day who would dare call it *his!*

Under these influences, graft as our fathers knew it—colossal, barefaced thefts of public money, brazen acts of robbery and oppression, born of public indifference and countenanced as a corollary of the spoils system—is rapidly disappearing. Occasionally it breaks out, as in the New York Police Department at the present time, due entirely to the lack of adequate administrative control. Such lapses are natural, and they can be looked for again, for the constructive work is in its infancy. But the tools are at hand for the correction of such abuses, and back of the tools is a public no longer impotent.

An illustration comes to mind. The writer was at one time an assistant corporation counsel for the city of New York. It became his duty to render an opinion to the

Comptroller on the legality of a payment of approximately $100,000 to a Tammany firm of contractors which had the backing of a Tammany district leader. The claim was totally without merit, and there was no ground whatever to warrant payment. In fact, it was a sinister deal which had been caught and checked by the active arm of the then Commissioner of Accounts, Mr. Mitchel.

Hearing that I was writing the opinion, the district leader in question came to my office. Big, burly, and profane, with his brown derby cocked at a rakish angle on the side of his head, he loomed above my desk.

"Young man," he roared, "I want that opinion written right. That's my contract. You understand?"

"I understand," I replied, "that under the terms of the agreement the contractors are not entitled to a cent—and not one cent will they get."

With an angry bellow, he shook his huge fist in my face.

"Who in hell are you?" he shouted. "Don't you know who I am?"

I ordered him from the office, and we stood facing each other silently for a few seconds.

"Well, Mr. College-Bred," he sneered, "you fellows think times have changed, don't you? But they *ain't*."

Then he sullenly withdrew, muttering with many oaths that he would have my "job" before nightfall. My "job" remained intact, however, and the contractors were not paid.

The district leader's conclusion was wrong. Times *have* changed. The old order is giving place to the new. Countless agencies are operating to create a broader sense of responsibility on the part of the individual citizen. A new conscience is developing. The old lethargy which hung its head in discouraged silence in the presence of Tweed has succumbed to intelligent agencies demanding to know the facts. The standard of public service is being steadily raised, and the line between right and wrong in public life more sharply and distinctly drawn. This is the hope of the present situation. This is why the police scandal in New York, while serious in itself and utterly without excuse under proper administration, should present no real discouragement to those who have at heart the welfare of municipal government.

THE MESSAGE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY TO THE MEN OF THE TWENTIETH[1]

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

FOR nearly sixty years I have been a citizen, and a more or less active participant, in the public life of this Nation. I have seen great changes and great progress, and I ask you to look, with me, at the changes and the progress which have been made in those sixty years, in order that you may see where you begin and what you have to do; for your work, men of the coming generation, and our work who are men of the outgoing generation, are, after all, one. You remember how the cathedrals were built in Europe. They were generations in building. One generation took up the work which another laid down; and it had to correct the errors of the preceding generation and to add to the building construction—here a chapel, there a door, there a window; but cognizant all the time that they were building a structure for the worship of God.

Abraham Lincoln, in his Gettysburg speech, told the American people that here on this continent our fathers founded a new Nation, dedicated to liberty and the proposition that all men are equal. To make a Nation pervaded by a spirit of liberty and equality was our problem, and is your problem. We have done a little of the work. It is for you to carry it on to its completion.

Sixty years ago there were really two nations on this continent, bound together by some loose political ties. In the South was a nation essentially feudalistic, without free soil, or free speech, or free assembly, or free press, or free labor. In the North was a community essentially

[1] Address at Clark College Commencement, June 18, 1912.

democratic, with free soil, free speech, free assembly, free press, and free labor. And between the two there was a widening gulf—in the North a growing sense of the sovereignty of the Nation; in the South a growing sense of the sovereignty of the States. In the North there was a conviction that the people of the South were a people of braggarts who would never fight; in the South, a conviction that the people of the North were a nation of shopkeepers who would never fight; and it took four years of battle between the Blue and the Gray before we learned to respect one another. There never has been, and there never can be, a perfect union except that founded upon the basis of mutual respect; and when we clasped hands at Appomattox Court-House, we of the outgoing generation had cemented the political union; and there are not to-day anywhere to be found men more loyal to the Nation and to the National ideals than are to be found in the Southern States that fought four years to overthrow the Nation.

But we have made only a political union. We have gathered on this continent men from all quarters of the globe, from all tribes, and speaking all languages. The seer of the apocalyptic vision saw the time when men of every tribe and tongue and nation would meet before the throne of God. Well, here they are, although I am not sure that they all recognize that they are before the throne of God! And so we have this heterogeneous population, with no common tradition, no common religious faith, no common political opinion, no common creed, not agreed even upon the most fundamental conceptions of law, and order, and property, and the rights of persons. Out of this great heterogeneous people you have to make a homogeneous people; and you can do it only on the basis of mutual respect. We hear a great deal about our duty toward the immigrant population—what we owe to them. One of the things that we owe to them is the recognition that they have something for us—lessons they can teach us, life they can give us, inspiration they can afford us. We can learn patience from the Chinaman, good humor from the Negro, sturdiness from the Englishman, order from the German, love of beauty from the Italian, and economy (and we need to learn it!) from the Frenchman.

This problem I lay before you educated men—you who are going out with the title of doctor of philosophy, and master of arts, and bachelor of arts, and the right to wear I know not what gowns and hoods in the future—this duty I lay upon you, to make out of this great heterogeneous population a homogeneous people. We have made a political union; it is for you to make it a vital union.

We have abolished slavery. We did it at great cost. I say "we;" I do not mean we of the North—I mean we of the outgoing generation, we who are passing off the stage. We have abolished slavery, and I have lived to see three million slaves grow to be eight million free men. What are you going to do with those eight million free men? We hand over to you, as we pass out of the door of exit, the race problem, as you come in at the door of entrance.

In the history of the past, when a superior and an inferior race have lived on the same continent, one of three things has, I think, invariably happened: sometimes the superior race has exterminated the inferior, as the Israelites are supposed to have exterminated the Canaanites; sometimes the superior race has enslaved the inferior race, as we enslaved the African race in this country; sometimes the superior race has absorbed the inferior race, and a mongrel race has grown out of it as the result which has taken place in the Spanish-American republics. No one of these solutions is possible for us.

We cannot exterminate the Negro. It has indeed been proposed, in times past, to ship him back to Africa—a perfectly preposterous proposition, impossible of realization. We cannot hold him in slavery. We have tried that, and Almighty God has proved to us that a Nation strong and rich and powerful cannot violate the laws of God with impunity. And we cannot intermarry with them. For my part, I stand as the warm, earnest, enthusiastic advocate of the Southern doctrine that any intermixture of the black and white races is destructive to both; nor do I see how any man can spend, as I have, a week in Porto Rico, or make a brief visit, as I have, to Cuba, and not come back with the realization that James Bryce is right when he declares, in his little monograph on "The Relations of the Advanced and the Backward Races of Mankind," that the intermarriage of the colored race with the white race never raises the colored race and always degrades the white race.

You cannot exterminate, enslave, or absorb

the Negro. What remains? Our democracy has proved that men of different religious faiths, who three centuries ago were shooting and burning and fighting each other, can live together in harmony under the same flag. It is for you to prove that men of different races can live on the same continent, neither subjugating the other, each respecting the other, living together and maintaining the purity of their respective races, and establishing neither a slave system nor a caste system, nor anything akin to either. It is a great problem. I am not here to tell you how to solve your problems; I am here to put them on the blackboard for you to solve.

Sixty years ago this country was largely agricultural. The Civil War wrought three results. First, it dignified labor—struck off forever the opprobrium to labor which slavery had fastened upon it. Second, it invited immigrants from abroad to come hither, threw open a great public domain, and told the agricultural population of Europe to come to America and they could have one hundred and sixty acres of land for the asking. Third, by a high protective system we created a great organized mechanical industrial system, producing, as a result, a diversified industry. Thus in the sixty years since my graduation I have seen America pass from an agricultural Nation to a Nation with as highly organized an industry as is to be found anywhere on the globe.

But we have organized it wrong! We have organized it after the Manchester school of political economy, the school that said labor is a commodity, and the laborer has that commodity to sell in the open market; let him get the highest price he can for it, and let the capitalist pay the lowest price he can for it, and let them barter and bargain to and fro, as to-day in a Turkish or Persian shop you barter to and fro with the shopkeeper, beating him down until you can get at your price what he wishes to sell you at his price. In other words, we have organized our industry on a system of conflict between organized groups of selfishness. A great many of the social problems that are put to us to-day amount practically to this: How can we so organize society that ninety millions of selfish, struggling people can live happily and peacefully together? And the answer is, It cannot be done! If you tell the capitalist to buy his labor in the cheapest market, he will give the least wages he can and get his work done. If you tell the workingman to sell his labor in the highest market, he will give the least work he can for the wages he gets. Labor is not a commodity. The capitalist and the workingman are not dealing with a commodity. Labor is a human service; and the difference between a commodity and a human service is as wide as the difference between men and things. And your problem, the problem which we of the outgoing generation hand over to you to solve, is to wipe this assumption of the school of philosophy off the slate, and teach your generation, and the generations that are to come, that the workingman and the capitalist are partners working together in a common enterprise for a common product. The problem is not how much work you can get done for the least money, nor how little work you can do for the most money, but how can you, laborers and capitalists, work together for a common wealth, and find out how that product can be equably, justly, and fairly divided between you.

Now, again, I am not going to discuss that problem, though I would like to. But that would require another address. All I want to do this morning is to put before you your problems, to show you what they are, and to tell you that the future will hold you responsible for solving your problems as faithfully and loyally as your fathers have worked to solve theirs.

There are four great burdens of human society: famine, pestilence, poverty, war. We have abolished famine. I think it is perfectly safe to say that, so far as we can now see, there never will be any widespread famine in the United States. Men will go hungry, individuals will starve; but our system of transportation, our diversified industries, our improved agricultural methods, our larger spirit of humanity, all combine to insure us that America will never be visited by one of those decimating famines that every now and then bring a great tragedy in India or China. Read Kipling's story of William the Conqueror. I think you will agree with me that we shall never need a William the Conqueror to save the great population of America from widespread death.

We have done something in America toward abolishing pestilence. We have abolished yellow fever. Humanly speaking, we may safely say that yellow fever will never,

as a pestilence, visit our shores again. We have probably abolished cholera. Only the older members of this congregation can remember in what terror we stood, in the '50's, of cholera, from time to time, and how we fled from that terror with wisdom, as later we fled with folly from the supposed Spanish fleet. And we are abolishing the hookworm. We have abolished it from Porto Rico, and through the researches of one of our American citizens we have discovered it to be the cause of tropical anæmia, and have pointed out to older nations who are working in tropical countries the way to its extirpation. And we have begun a crusade for the abolition of tuberculosis, and we are beginning to believe that tuberculosis is a pestilence that can be stamped out. We have begun a campaign against typhoid fever, and by our experiments in our own army we have shown how men can be made immune from typhoid fever.

We have abolished famine; we have done a great deal toward abolishing pestilence; it remains for you, gentlemen, to abolish poverty and to abolish war.

You will say with your minds, if you do not with your voices, that this is a large contract. Of course it is a large contract, but you are large men, and this is a large country, and it is worth while to undertake to do only large things; and it is no greater undertaking to abolish poverty than it is to abolish famine and pestilence. It is not enough to give charity to the poor. Every man, says our Declaration of Independence, has a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Poverty denies all three of those rights. It takes the child from the school and from the playground, and puts him into our factories to eke out the inadequate wages of the father. It denies the right to happiness. It denies the right to liberty, and makes the workingman who works twelve hours a day, seven days in the week, and three hundred and sixty-five days in every year, a slave to his own physical necessities. Conclusive figures were put before the Supreme Court of the United States in defending, successfully, the right of the Legislature to limit the amount of labor that women should be allowed to perform, and thus protect the right of this generation to bring forth life to people the Nation in the future.

Professor Sidgwick, of Cambridge University, said, some thirty years ago, that the problem of political economy in the past was the production of wealth; the problem in the future is to be the distribution of wealth. In spite of what the demagogues say, and in spite of the blatant articles in the press, yellow and otherwise, wealth has been distributed in the United States better than anywhere else in the world, with possibly the exception of France. Nearly one-half of the people of America own the land on which they live. We who live in the great cities do not realize that fact. Our generation has made some beginning toward the distribution of wealth; but we have made only a beginning, and it is for you to take up this problem: How shall the great wealth of a great Nation be so distributed that no man shall go hungry or cold or naked? "In my father's house," said the prodigal son, "there is bread enough and to spare." America is your "father's house," and in America there is bread enough and to spare, and we, the intelligent, the educated, the thoughtful, and the comparatively well-to-do Americans, are ourselves guilty of our brothers' blood if we do not see that society is so organized, not that all men shall have alike, but that all men shall have enough to enable them to live in comfort and grow to manhood

And it is for you to abolish war. Not merely to reduce armaments, not merely to ameliorate the horrors of war, but to substitute the appeal to reason for the appeal to force in the settlement of great international controversies.

When I graduated from the New York University, fifty-nine years ago, the public school system had no existence in one-half of this Nation. There were schools in the South, and some provision was made for the education of the poor in some places in the South, but there was nothing that could be called a public school system. Even in Massachusetts the State Board of Education was not organized until 1834—one year before I was born—and in the State of New York the office of State Superintendent of Education was not finally instituted until 1854, the year after I graduated. I have forgotten what year it was—1840, I think—when, in the Athens of America, the Board of Trustees voted that the girls might use the high school when the boys did not have any use for it. In my college, and I think it is true in most of the colleges of the country, there was no laboratory in which the students did any work. There was not an engineering school in the country, nor a school of technology.

There were three learned professions—law, medicine, and the ministry. If you wanted to go into any one of those professions, you went to college; otherwise you did not. What was the use? Now the public school exists in every county in every State of the Union. In some respects the rural schools of the South are setting an example which, I venture to say, the State of Massachusetts could follow to advantage; I know that this is true of my own State, New York. And with this growth of the public school system there has been a great growth of universities, until to-day from four hundred pupils they have grown to four thousand pupils. In some of them there are as many professors in the faculty as there were students in the college when I was a boy.

We ought to be a very well educated people—and we are not! "Education," says Professor Huxley, "is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of Nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and the will into an earnest and loving desire to live in harmony with those laws."

In our schools and colleges we are teaching very well the laws of things and their forces—that is, natural science; and we are teaching very well the laws of men and their ways—that is, sociology and the humanities; but in our public school system we are doing absolutely nothing systematically, formally, regularly, to train the affections and the will into an earnest obedience and loving desire to live in harmony with those laws, which are the laws of nature. What is the consequence?

"Thou shalt not steal." Our laws for the protection of property are fairly well observed, though every now and then, on the one hand, a labor leader dynamites a house, and, on the other hand, a bank president goes to the penitentiary!

"Thou shalt not kill." There are more homicides in the United States than in any other country in the world, and more and worse mobs than in any other country except Russia.

"Thou shalt not commit adultery." There are more divorces in the United States than in any other country in the world, and there is nearly as much of this evil as existed in ancient and pagan Rome.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." We have a yellow press that is almost as yellow as the press of Japan, and much yellower than the press of any other nation.

What of the remedy? The training of our students into a loving and earnest desire to live in obedience to law. We are an instructed Nation—yes. But we are not a disciplined Nation; and we are not an educated Nation, if Huxley's definition of education be true. Here is a great heterogeneous population with no common religious creed, no common ethical standard. How shall we—Roman Catholics, and Protestants, and Jews, and Christians, and orthodox, and agnostic, and Mohammedans, and Parsees, and Confucians, and the Bahaists—that is the last sect—how shall we find a common ground on which we can work to produce a common morality?

How shall we make this a self-governing Nation? By creating in the higher life of the individual respect for law. For liberty is not lawlessness. Liberty is not exemption from law. There is no such thing as living in this universe of ours and being exempt from law. *Liberty is self-enforced obedience to self-recognized law.* It is for you to grapple with this problem and see how, in our universities, and colleges, and high schools, and grammar schools, and in our whole public school system, there can be, not a teaching of religion—you may teach a boy to repeat the Ten Commandments in Latin, German, French, and English, and he may go out and break them all—not a teaching of religion, but the training of the affections and the will in habits of obedience to self-enforced law.

We have established religious liberty. This was mostly done for us by our fathers, in England, but we have had some little skirmishing to do, even in my own time. It is now accomplished. When they put a book on the Index Expurgatorius, it used to be fatal to its circulation. Now it is the best advertisement that an author can get. You will hear men telling you that the pulpit is not free. Gentlemen, I have been a lawyer, speaking at the bar; I have been a journalist, conducting a National journal; I have been a lecturer on the lyceum platform; and I have been a preacher in the pulpit; and, out of all that experience, I can tell you that there is no platform in America so free as the pulpit—if a freeman stands in it!

We have established religious liberty; but we do not know what to do with it. We

have our scattered churches, our two or three hundred sects, and as many more individual churches that do not belong to any sect. We have yet to learn how to unite our religious forces for the spiritual life of the Nation. That is the problem that confronts the Christian world to-day—pre-eminently the American Christian world.

I wish the ministers would stop discussing the question, Why do not people go to church? and discuss instead, Why should they go to church? These great religious forces—and they are great, but dormant, ineffective, scattered—must be brought together, and the church must change from a guerrilla force into a united army. We shall not accomplish union by trying to make a creed so small that nobody objects to it because nobody cares anything about it. We shall find the point of our union in the object which we seek, not in the point from which we start. One of you young men starts for this college in the morning from one quarter of the city, and another from another quarter. You are going in opposite directions, but to the same place. My Roman Catholic brother, and my Jewish brother, and my agnostic brother, and I, an evangelical minister, have started in various quarters, and are going in different directions, but we are all aiming for the same place. We are all seeking the same end, if we only knew it.

Jesus Christ stated that he had come to preach glad tidings to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to bring deliverance to the captives, to give sight to the blind, to give deliverance to those that were under oppression. Was that his object? to put some sunlight into the homes of the poor, to bring some comfort to the eyes that weep, to give some deliverance to men that are in servitude to drudgery and toil, to give some light to the ignorant, to give some freedom and justice to government—was that his object? Then I can work for that end with Cardinal Gibbons, the Roman Catholic; with Rabbi Wise, the Jew; with Felix Adler, the agnostic; and with Bishop Lawrence, the Protestant. I will work for humanity with any man who will work for humanity with me; that is the only condition. And you have this to do—to show the Christian Church what should be its object and purpose and aim, so that all men who have the spirit of faith which sees the invisible, of hope that sees in every day a better to-morrow, and of love that embraces in its desire the whole human race, shall make a common cause for truth and justice and liberty and love.

Thus I put the problem of your future before you this morning. We have made a political union; you have to make a vital union out of a heterogeneous population. We have liberated the slaves; you have to teach this Nation how two races, preserving their racial purity, can live happily, hopefully, and prosperously together on a basis of mutual self-respect. We have organized industry on a basis of selfishness; you are to pervade it with the spirit of love and service. We have banished famine and are banishing pestilence; you have to banish poverty and war. We have opened wide the doors of the school-room and given intellectual instruction to a great ignorant population; you have to learn how to supplement that intellectual education with moral training. We have taken from our fathers religious liberty, perfected and completed it, and handed it over to you; it is for you to bring together the several members of conflicting churches and unite them in a common effort for what Mulford has well called the "Republic of God," for the perfecting of a Nation pervaded by the spirit of liberty and equality, for that kingdom of God which is righteousness, and peace, and universal welfare founded on holiness of spirit.

If I did not believe that when the body goes back to the dust from which it came, the spirit arises to the God who gave it, and goes on in a higher and better sphere in its service of love and sacrifice, I should envy you and want to come back again and join your ranks in the splendid work of service which lies before you in the sixty years to come.

OLYMPIADS AND LIARS

BY PHILIP J. BAKER

The author of the following article is the son of Mr. J. Allen Baker, the well-known Member of Parliament from East Finsbury, and until recently also a member of the London County Council, where his work for social betterment has been marked. Mr. J. Allen Baker is also Chairman of the Anglo-German Churches Council, which during the past three years has arranged for the visits of some hundreds of English clergymen to Germany and of German clergymen to England, the result being a much better mutual understanding, not only between the churches of the two nations, but between the two countries themselves.

Mr. Philip Baker is twenty-three years old, and he has just been graduated from the University of Cambridge, where he obtained the unprecedented distinction of being President for two years in succession of the Cambridge Athletic Club. This office means that Mr. Baker was captain of the track team. Mr. Baker was largely responsible for organizing the Harvard and Yale, Oxford and Cambridge Track Meet, which took place at Queen's Club, London, in July, 1911. Mr. Baker has never been beaten, either at Cambridge or at Queen's, for his distance, and has won, in all, forty-two races. At Queen's Mr. Baker himself won the deciding event—the mile race which turned the scale in favor of the English universities.

Mr. Baker's running record naturally led him to visit Stockholm last summer for the Olympic Games. He was the only other Englishman to run in the final with Jackson, of Oxford, the winner of the fifteen-hundred-meter race. His Stockholm visit only emphasized Mr. Baker's conviction of the desirability of international athletics; and his object in the following article is to endeavor to efface the impression created by a portion of the English press in its adverse criticisms of American sportsmanship, and in particular of the conduct of Americans at Stockholm. Finally, Mr. Baker indicates what he believes should be the attitude of athletes in general towards the Olympic idea.

In addition to his athletic distinction, Mr. Baker was President of the famous Cambridge debating society, the Union. He had already filled most of the offices at the Union, and was the first undergraduate to be President of two such extremely influential organizations as the Union and the University Athletic Club. He also won the Whewell Scholarship in International Law, one of the most important scholarships at Cambridge. During his university career he was known as a keen politician and a strong debater.—THE EDITORS.

NO runner—least of all an English runner—likes to be told that he is a poor loser; which is what some of the American papers have been saying about the English Olympic team. No runner—least of all an American—likes to be told that he is a poor winner; which is what the English papers have been saying about the American team.

If any one were catholic enough—and foolish enough—to believe the press of both countries, he would be forced to the conclusion that the English have made excuses for their defeat, have "squealed," in fact, and cried "won't play;" while the Americans (most of them professionals, be it understood, and guilty of any and every foul in their unscrupulous efforts to win!) have degraded the Olympic ideal by their elaborate preparations before the games, their unsporting conduct in the stadium, and their offensive exaltation over their victories.

On the face of it this silly newspaper quarrel is the result of misconceptions so blatant as to appear almost wilful. Without the grounds for dispute which existed in 1908, the press this year seems to have made a conspiracy to bicker and squabble expressly for the purpose of discrediting the Olympic contest. On the one hand, British journalists—some British journalists—have, without sifting facts or seeking evidence, accused the American representatives of various faults on the most superficial grounds. On the other hand, American journalists, without looking to the source or weighing the authority thereof, have taken the fulminations of a section of our press as the serious opinion of that part of the British public which is interested in the Olympic Games. Both sides have made mistakes which it is hard to excuse. I am only writing now in the hope of minimizing their effects.

Let me deal first with the mistake which I think has been made by the Americans. I want to show, if I can, why a part of the English press has written as it has done; why it has urged that England should shake the

dust of the Olympiad from its feet, and should compete no more; and why it is possible for Americans to mistake this kind of talk for the opinion of any considerable section of the English people.

Because, most emphatically, it is not the opinion either of the British Olympic team or of that English public which, for want of a better word, we call "sporting." If it were, then I agree we should be bad losers. If we had entered the Olympic competition determined to do our best, and, being defeated, had subscribed to sentiments such as these, we should be guilty of a lapse of sportsmanship. But we have not; these sentiments and opinions are not ours. They are the peculiar property of the people with whom they originated—that is to say, of a small section of journalists who are, by their own confession, not interested in Olympic affairs, who never have been interested in them, who have not the remotest understanding of track athletics, and whose sole claim to authority is that they are supported by no less a personage than the famous oarsman Mr. "Rudie" Lehmann, M.P.

Why, then, it might be asked, have these people been able to masquerade in the papers as representing the views of the British sporting public? How do they even manage to "hold down" the job of writing about the Olympic Games at all? And why have their effusions not been greeted with the public ridicule they merit?

The answer to these questions is not obvious. It involves a tedious argument which it is worth while to enter on only because it explains so much both of the past and the present. I will make it as brief as I can.

The answer, then, lies, I think, in the fact that athletics—track athletics—have not for a long time held what I believe should be their proper position in the out-of-door life of England. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that outside the universities and apart from the inter-varsity sports the track has not been taken seriously by the British public in the sense in which cricket or football is taken seriously. Public opinion in general is not "educated" to understand and appreciate the track as it is to understand cricket and football. And of course this has affected the press. There are hardly any sporting editors in England who know the first thing about running; and the result has naturally been that the newspapers have published and the public have accepted comments and articles about athletics in general, and about the Olympic Games in particular, which any one who knows anything about it can recognize at once to be complete nonsense.

But the most unfortunate result of this public and journalistic ignorance is that very few people in England have realized either the meaning or the vital importance of efficiency in the successful organization of athletics. They have no idea how hard it makes it for the runner when his management, so to speak, goes wrong. They have no idea how much easier it is to get ready for a big race when you don't have to worry about the details of meals and lodgings and entries and so on. Above all, they have no conception of the futility and incompetence of the existing organization of the English Amateur Athletic Association. And, not realizing this, nor the results which it inevitably produces in the performances of English athletes, they go on talking about the splendidly sporting rough-and-ready way in which the Englishman always used to take his running—simply not recognizing inefficiency and wasted effort when it stares them in the face.

Because, in the last resort, the attitude of Mr. Lehmann and his friends comes to this: that it is worth while to do a thing badly, and it is not worth while to do it well. It is worth while to organize athletics badly because it is "sporting" and "rough-and-ready;" it is not worth while to organize them well because to do so is to "make a business of what should be a pastime." They call the Olympic Games fantastic, "a horrid orgy," and they say that they cause recrimination and bad feeling; but the essence of their case lies in this catch phrase about business. England must withdraw from a competition which she cannot win without "sacrificing her ideal of amateurism" and without "degrading a noble sport" to the level of commercial enterprise, as the Americans have done.

But what do they really mean by that phrase about business? I don't think they could explain if they wanted to; they have never taken the trouble to think. But, if they mean anything at all, it must be that they object in general and in detail to the American method of organizing athletics. Let me venture on an analysis of the method which they have shirked.

The American athlete specializes on one

or two events; before any race of great importance he devotes his whole energies and time to his training; he has a coach—often a professional—who likewise devotes his whole energies and time to his coaching; he has an organization behind him which is managed by paid organizers; where, in special cases (as, for example, at an Olympiad), there are great expenses which he could not be expected to pay for himself, they are paid for him. All of which system depends on organizing ability and intelligence, supported by a reasonable amount of money.

That is what the American method amounts to. But the odd thing is that every single feature of it can be found in an advanced stage of perfection in the organization of English rowing or English cricket or English football. There is no one in the world who specializes more or devotes more time and trouble to his training than the English oarsman; the professional coach was invented by the English cricketer; every English rugger team takes "expenses" for its tours; every English county cricket club has its paid organizers. There is no amateur sporting event in the world over which more trouble is taken, more time "wasted," and more money expended (per person participating) than the Oxford and Cambridge boat race. It is a "business," if any amateur event ever was, and Mr. Lehmann knows it. It is not done in a business spirit—of course not—nor will the English training for the next Olympiad be done in a business spirit. But time and trouble and money are expended to produce a good varsity crew, in precisely the same way and for precisely the same purpose as they were expended by the Americans before the last Olympic games.

As I have tried to show, the English press, and therefore the English public, know that cricket and rowing cannot be done well unless trouble is taken to organize success. What hitherto they have not known is that the same remark applies to the track. They have not realized that it is impossible to produce a good track team without taking trouble. But they are finding it out, and 1916 will show the result. They will listen to no nonsense about not entering again, but what they do they will take care to do well. We shall enter for the next Games, and I hope the manner and the spirit of our preparation will be sufficient answer to those who think we have been poor losers, and who have mistaken for a representative opinion the weary "squealing" of journalistic ignorance.

But it is better to lose and to squeal than to win unfairly. And this year, as before, the charge of unscrupulous methods has been brought against the American team. It is a charge which Americans resent the more bitterly because it is repeatedly brought against them. It is a charge which I want to repudiate entirely in so far as it concerns the United States team at Stockholm.

The accusation divides itself into two parts. The first count is that of professionalism on the part of the members of the team. Now, for all I know, there may have been some members of the team who have been guilty of the breach of amateurism involved in taking "appearance money." I should think it quite probable that there were. It is a thing which has happened in England, and which it is very hard to prevent. But it is nothing to do with us if it happens in America. It is purely a matter for the vigilance of the American authorities and for the sensitiveness of the American conscience. So that the charge of professionalism, so far as we are concerned, is reduced to the contention that the whole of the American team "sacrificed its amateur status because of the money which was spent on it"—a contention the absurdity of which has, I hope, been shown by what I have already said. I will not labor the point any more. If the American team were professionals, then there are few amateur cricketers or oarsmen or footballers of eminence in England.

So that, having, I hope, disposed of this accusation, I can turn to the charge that the conduct of the Americans in the Stadium was unsporting. And I will say at once that I thought it was noticeably the reverse. The management of the team seemed from the very beginning to be impressed with the desirability of making no trouble with the authorities, and they seemed to have impressed the same thing on their team—which, perhaps I may say without offense, seemed a pleasant contrast to their attitude in 1908.

Not that I think the American, or any other, team were perfect. In the nature of the case that is not what one expects. If you pick a hundred men because they can run well, there are almost sure to be some of them who like to win without much caring how they do it. Or at least there are sure to be some of them who are—shall we say?—

a little rough and ready in their racing tactics, and who, without malice, do things which have unforeseen results.

Perhaps I can explain what I mean by telling what I think really happened in one of the incidents which were made a cause of complaint against the Americans at Stockholm. I refer to the disqualification of the quarter-miler Young.

In one of the semi-finals of the four-hundred-meters Young was drawn to run against Hans Braun, the German who nearly beat Reidpath in the final of the same race. Young drew the inside place on the starting-line, with Braun next to him. The trouble occurred at the first corner, within a few feet of where I happened to be standing, so that I saw exactly what happened. At the beginning of the bend Braun was perhaps two feet in front of Young, and of course outside him. At any rate, he was in no position to try to cross to the inside. But he began to push close in in front of Young in a very dangerous way, and it certainly occurred to me at the moment that he would make him break his stride. Young, however, gave him no chance to do anything of the sort. He simply collided with Braun in a way that sent the latter a good two yards out of the direct route to the tape, and must have given him a good shaking in the bargain. Young won the race, and was promptly disqualified for a foul.

The justice of this particular incident is not by any means easy to determine. In the first place, I have no doubt Braun would have won if nothing at all had happened. But when the collision occurred he was in a position to which he had no right, and, if Young had done nothing, I think Braun would have been disqualified for cutting across. On the other hand, Young's method of clearing the way was more violent than was necessary to keep Braun in his place, and I don't think he can be excused from all blame. But to accuse him of a deliberate foul, as many newspapers did, is to cast an undeserved slur both on him and on American methods. He was only protecting himself—with too much zeal. And the fact that the American managers raised no protest against this (at least) doubtful disqualification was only one indication of their very liberal attitude throughout the Games.

Let me deal with two other races that were the cause of disputes to show why I say that the charge against American fairness at Stockholm was unfounded. First, I will take the case of the hundred-meters final.

In that race there were five Americans and one South African—Patching. Patching is notoriously a very fast but a very nervous starter. Now there were seven false starts, all of them made by the Americans, and when at last they did get off Patching was badly beaten. Obviously there is here quite sufficient material for a charge of unfairness against the Americans, and of course the charge was made.

But, from what I have heard and know of the American runners, I am sure that they had no intention of worrying Patching out of it by continually breaking away. On the contrary, this is what I think happened. The Swedish official who was starting the race was almost as nervous as the people who were running it. It was his first Olympic final, and he was overwhelmingly impressed with the importance of getting a fair start. In consequence he kept the runners "set" for an inordinately long time—so long that it was practically impossible for any one who starts as Craig, for example, does, not to fall across the line. It was Craig who made the first three breakaways, and I am certain he went only when he felt himself falling, and of course it is well known that after two or three false starts men will break away from sheer nervousness. So that, although I think the false starts were most unfortunate in every way, I don't believe for an instant they were premeditated, and I think as much blame attaches to the starter as to anybody. This theory of what really happened is borne out by the fact that in the final of the two-hundred-meters, in which practically the same men were running, and in which there was an almost equal incentive to try to "steal a bit," there wasn't a single false start, which, I believe, was entirely the result of the fact that the starter let them away reasonably quickly.

One more illustration to exonerate the much-abused Americans—the final of the fifteen-hundred-meters, in which I ran myself. In this, if in any race, there was a chance for "dirty work." There were fourteen starters—incidentally far too many for an Olympic final—and they included seven Americans, two Swedes, and two Englishmen, Jackson and myself. In such a crowd and such a race things seem to happen with kaleidoscopic rapidity, and lots of unfair tricks might have occurred without the judges being able to

see. But they didn't occur. Most of the time I was in the thick of the crowd, so I think I am in a position to judge of the fairness of the running. Now, as a matter of fact, I did have to break my stride, owing to an American who came up inside me when I think he shouldn't have done so, and pushed me out of the way. But this was only the sort of thing which happens, and which is bound to happen, in any race in which a lot of people run, and which in the normal course of events does no harm to anybody. Except for that little incident, to which no blame attaches, I cannot remember that any of the Americans ran with anything but the most perfect fairness, and I know that Jackson, who was most of the way quite close to me, would bear me out. Of course in his wonderful sprint in the last lap Jackson had to run wide around some Americans but, despite the newspapers, I can vouch for it that none tried to box him in or hinder him in any way.

I don't think I need labor my point any more. I thought, as the whole English team thought, that both the American management and the American team meant to do the square thing at Stockholm, and did it. It is nothing for them to be self-righteous about; it is really the least that any Olympic team can do. But it does give them a right to resent attacks upon their conduct which have no foundation in fact—and this because they did effectively recognize, as ultimately every one must recognize, that it never can be worth while to try and win any event so big as an Olympic race by mean or discreditable methods.

It is pleasant to be able to come to such a conclusion as this, because on it rests the whole future of the Olympic idea. If the competitors at the next few Olympiads do not show the same spirit as was shown this year, if there is unfairness and the quarreling that necessarily must follow it, then the Olympic idea will of its own momentum run in uncontrollable ruin upon the rocks, and none will regret it. But I am idealist enough to think that there are few of those who feel the clean passion for athletics who will so lose their moral balance as to forget their sense of the proportionate values of victory and honorable conduct. And while runners the world over prefer defeat to unfair tactics, we need not regard with apprehension the attacks of Mr. Lehmann.

Yet even Mr. Lehmann may be asked to prove assertions. It is all right for him to call the Olympic Games "a huge orgy," and to ridicule the whole idea as "fantastic and grotesque." Nobody minds that. But it is only fair that he should substantiate his statement that the Olympiad of 1912 stirred up ill feeling among the nations competing.

He has made this statement, but he has offered no sort of argument in support of it—because there was none to offer. Apart from the journalistic talk which I have tried to discount at its proper value, there was no ill feeling either at Stockholm or afterwards. Of course the papers had to represent the whole English team as seething with discontent against the Swedes and the Americans. But it was almost pure invention. Perhaps when some of the heats were changed at the demand of the Americans, and incidentally very much to our disadvantage, there was a little soreness of spirit. But remember that our nerves had been upset by some of the worst luck that any team ever had. Just how unfortunate we were hardly any one outside the team could guess. And I still think that those heats ought not to have been changed. But the soreness over the episode was the merest flurry of the waters. It was followed by no storm; before the conclusion of the games every Englishman there was full of admiration for the efficiency of the Swedish officials and the American runners—an admiration that obliterated the memory of every feeling more petty than itself.

Indeed, so far from the Games causing ill feeling, the reverse was so conspicuously apparent as to evoke continual comment. Everybody seemed to get on extraordinarily well. Our visits to the steamer Finland will always be a pleasant memory, and they are only typical of what was happening to everybody all the time. I don't think a single competitor came away from Stockholm without a warm corner in his heart for Sweden and a strong respect and liking for the people against whom he ran.

Mr. Lehmann taunts us with trying to make the Olympic Games a "branch of foreign policy." I think we might do worse. I don't want to attach an absurd importance to athletics, but, seriously, it seems to me that international contests do provide a sort of international rivalry that is sane and healthy and desirable. I am not judging from Stockholm alone. The Oxford and Cambridge contest against Harvard and Yale last year

was productive of nothing but the very best sort of feeling and relation among all the people who were in any way concerned in it. I hope that perhaps next year Oxford and Cambridge may come to the United States for a return match ; and, if they do, it is safe to predict that the contest will be—as it was last year in London—a model of what athletic meetings should be, and in itself a sufficient answer to the opponents of international athletics.

And, after all, is the Olympic idea so grotesque ? International meetings are good for the cause of athletics and for athletes ; is it impossible that they are also good in other ways ? Sometimes the results that are unseen are greater than those that are seen. Is it so fantastic to believe that the provision of a sane intercourse and a sane rivalry of nations will help—slightly perhaps, but still perceptibly help—in breaking up the absurd fabric of " routine thinking " on which the present system of international relations rests ? If we can believe such a fantasy, if we can see in the future possibilities greater than the present shows, then we shall enter with redoubled ardor into the Olympic contest, impelled not only by enthusiasm for the trial of strength itself, but also by devotion to the idea that lies behind it.

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS OF HIGHER EDUCATION FOR WOMEN

BY MARION FLORENCE LANSING

Mount Holyoke College, at South Hadley, Massachusetts, founded by Mary Lyon, last week celebrated with impressive and extremely interesting exercises the seventy-fifth anniversary of its long and useful history. Honorary degrees were conferred on distinguished men and women of other colleges and on graduates of Mount Holyoke who have made their mark in science, letters, or public service. An occasion of special rejoicing was the report to President Woolley by the Committee of the Alumni that the plan of raising a half-million-dollar fund for the College had met with complete success.—THE EDITORS.

FOR movements as well as for persons birthdays begin to have an interest when the allotted term of threescore years and ten is past. This year higher education of women can celebrate such anniversaries in at least four States of the Union. After the close of the Revolution one town here and another there began to give partial instruction to its little girls, recognizing, as the town of Gloucester put it in a resolution of 1790, that " they are a tender and interesting branch of the community." But Mrs. John Adams is sponsor for the statement that in those days " female education in the *best families* went no further than writing and arithmetic, and in some few rare instances music and dancing." During the first third of the nineteenth century elementary school education was still in its experimental stages. As for teaching girls anything more than the mere rudiments of the traditional three R's, that, as Kipling would say, was " another story." As late as 1853 a company of gentlemen from different States, meeting to compare notes on girls' schools, lamented that the very mention of a collegiate course was treated as absurd. They themselves, radicals though they were, shrank from calling the advanced institutions which they were advocating " colleges," feeling that such a term would be " inappropriate," and wasted many hours of their convention searching for some other name which should " indicate an enlightened regard to the different wants of the sexes." Nor were they exaggerating the public attitude to the " phantom of a college-learned lady." Governor Clinton felt obliged, in presenting to the New York Legislature, in 1819, Emma Willard's moderate " Plan for Improving Female Education," to urge that it be received with respect and at least be spared " commonplace ridicule."

Girls hastened to avail themselves of every opportunity open to them. Boston experimented for eighteen months with a girls' high school, but gave it up in despair because

of the numbers which presented themselves. The boys' high school had never had more than ninety in its whole membership, but one hundred and thirty-five girls qualified for entrance to the girls' high school in its first year. Then, too, the boys were always dropping out to go to work, but no girl left, or intended to leave, except for marriage, until she had completed the three years' course. The alarmed city fathers sat down and calculated. In another year there would be four hundred girls; pretty soon there would be seven hundred; before long possibly fourteen hundred, for the girls were deserting the private schools, and, as Mayor Josiah Quincy naïvely admitted, "it cannot be questioned that the proffer of so unexampled a privilege would awaken the strong desire of every parent and female of the admitted age in the city to become partakers of it." "This will never do," said the committee. "No city could be expected to spend money this way." So, in 1828, in spite of the frantic protests of its advocates, Mayor Quincy closed the school, the first of its kind ever opened.

What Boston gave up no other city could be expected to attempt. Girls must look to other sources than public funds for such learning as they sought. Academies sprang up all over New England and New York to meet the demand, and many thought that the problem had been solved. Time proved that it had not. The wisest educators, watching the developments of these schools, were dissatisfied. Many remedies were proposed, but most of them were simply changes within the established limits of the academy system of education. One clear-headed woman came to see that the trouble lay back of the schools in the principle on which they were organized. With Mary Lyon, to recognize a difficulty was to set herself to correcting it. From the moment of her vision she gave her life to working out the plan which she believed to be the solution of the problem. It is evidence of her success that her name is to-day in the Hall of Fame, and that in the second week of October of this year of 1912 educators from all over the United States came together at Mount Holyoke College to commemorate, in the seventy-fifth anniversary of its founding, the beginning of a new era in woman's education in America.

Mary Lyon's criticism of the schools of her day was clear and trenchant. They lacked the "vital principle." No one knew them better than she. Teacher in several, vice-principal of one, she had contributed eagerly towards their success. "Some of them are doing very good work," she explained, "but amidst all their prosperity they have no solid foundation, and in themselves no sure principle of continued existence. Those which appear to have the strongest claim to such a standing are so dependent upon their present teachers, and their funds and accommodations are to such an extent the property of private individuals, that it would not be safe to predict even their existence the next century." That was their weakness. They were private schools, privately owned and privately managed. Such a system could never adequately meet the needs of the daughters of a great democratic nation. It is by no accident of continuance that Mount Holyoke is rounding out its long period of prosperity. Mary Lyon felt sure that it would do so. "This institution will last thousands of years," she told the girls as she organized them into a society for keeping its records. Then, as perhaps their eyes grew big and she saw that she had taxed their credulity too far, she added the remark, which was probably just as surprising to them, "Why, it is as likely that it will continue as that Amherst College will." And the reason for her confidence was that she had founded it upon just the same basis as that of Amherst College and every other men's college, that of public endowment and trustee management.

Since the early settlers of the Massachusetts colony made their contributions towards the support of Harvard it had been the axiom of the institutions for men that higher education was a public benefit, and should therefore be a matter of public concern and an object of public benevolence. This had never till the opening of Mount Holyoke been the basis of a school for girls. Persons of that day could hardly believe that the money for the project was free money, given outright. At least, they said, the principal must have some special privileges. No, Miss Lyon's highest salary was $260 a year. Then the trustees must be stockholders. No, this was a new kind of girls' school, these gentlemen explained. There were no stockholders, no dividends which must be paid from the proceeds. It was a public institution, endowed, incorporated by the State, and held by trustees.

To us Miss Lyon's application of the idea

seems obvious. The principle had worked for men; it should be adopted for women. But to her own generation it seemed impracticable and revolutionary. It is worth while to stop for a moment to consider the means by which she accomplished her end, for it is an inspiring story which should be one of the traditions of the American college woman. That is what anniversaries are for. They make an occasion for stopping and gathering up the traditions which might otherwise be lost in our busy American life.

During the years of her preparation Mary Lyon had thought the matter out. The only way to convince people that her scheme was feasible was to give an object-lesson of such a school as she had in mind. There were two ways to do this, both of which, it may be noticed, are in use in every present college undertaking. She could try to persuade one, two, or a few wealthy men to do the whole. This, if successful, would be the quicker and easier way—the more prosaic, and the one which most people would have taken. The other was to attempt "to interest the whole New England community, beginning with the country population, and in time receiving the aid and co-operation of the more wealthy in our cities." This would require "vastly more time and labor; but, if it were accomplished, an important and salutary impression would be made on the whole of New England." This method she chose. For months and years she traveled up and down New England, soliciting from farmers and their wives, from ministers, ladies' missionary circles, storekeepers, doctors, from rich and poor alike, money to found such a seminary for girls. She had the vision and set it before them, and as the people caught it they responded. The record books of those gifts, with their entries of fifty cents, two dollars, five dollars, a thousand dollars—hundreds of entries—are among Mount Holyoke's dearest treasures. It may well be a matter of pride to all women that the first thousand dollars, which made the attempt possible, came entirely from women, and the most of it from women who had but little to give.

It was an exciting time. We catch a little of the spirit of adventure as we read Miss Lyon's letters. "And I have lived," she writes to a friend, "to see the time when a body of gentlemen have ventured to lay the corner-stone of an edifice which will cost about fifteen thousand dollars, and for an institution for females. Surely the Lord hath remembered our low estate. This will be an era in female education. The work will not stop with this institution. It is a concession on the part of the gentlemen in our behalf which can be used again and again." That was in 1836, just two hundred years after the founding of Harvard. The next year the school was opened. But more than Mount Holyoke had been founded. Miss Lyon's laborious method of rousing interest had done its work. The truth of the principle on which Mount Holyoke was founded was gradually conceded. When one such institution has been established, funds for the second and third will come more easily, she had said. Nor had her prophecies stopped with a few more such seminaries. "Let this principle be fully admitted," she wrote, "and let it have sufficient time to produce its natural effects, and it will be productive of more important results than can easily be estimated. There will then be laid a broad and sure foundation for system, improvement, and elevation in female education. Perhaps the influence which this seminary exerts in this respect will be more important in its results than all its other influence." It is in recognition of this influence, and of the wonderful "effects" which have followed the acceptance of this principle, that so many college presidents attended Mount Holyoke's anniversary.

When we talk of seventy-five years of higher education for women, we are not making the opening of Mount Holyoke our only initial date, though as the prologue to the story of the woman's college it is the most important beginning. In New York Emma Willard had meanwhile succeeded in getting her seminary incorporated by the State, and in having a small amount of State money appropriated to girls' higher education. Georgia was always progressive along this line, and it was here that the first institution strictly for women with the name of "college" and the intention of giving degrees was established, at about the same time as the laying of the corner-stone at Mount Holyoke. Bradford Academy closed its doors to boys in 1836, and became a really advanced school for girls. Oberlin antedates them all, but belongs to a different class, because it was co-educational—probably the first co-educational college in the world. Founded in 1833, it has the high distinction of being the first collegiate institution in the world to open its

doors to women. It divides with Georgia College the honors as to degrees, Oberlin granting its first degree to a woman in 1838, and Georgia graduating a class of eleven in 1840.

None of these institutions attained what we should call collegiate rank in their women's departments. Oberlin's course of study was at first frankly a "Ladies' Course." Mount Holyoke's aimed to offer "every advantage which the state of education in this country will allow." Concerning its standards Miss Lyon wrote as follows:

> In a seminary for females, we cannot, as in the standard of education for the other sex, refer to established institutions whose courses of study and standard of mental discipline are known to every literary man in the land. We make the rules for admission to the classes very rigid in order to raise the standard of education, and hope in fifty years from this the influence will be felt far and wide. . . . We shall look on the studies required, fifty years hence, as we do on the studies of Cambridge in the first year.

When we try to estimate these courses, we should contrast the modest catalogues with those of other schools of the time rather than with the standards of the modern college—and the other catalogues are truly remarkable! The Greenleaf Female Institute, for instance, offered in 1861 to take a pupil at any age and enable her to attain "to *any* desirable proficiency in science and literature." Ingham "University," with a "Lady Principal Extraordinary," scorned such ordinary terms as Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, and Senior, substituting for them "Palmarians, Cardians, Amplians, Novians, Mathians, and Supernumeraries," with elaborate explanations of the meaning of these terms, and glowing accounts of the light of learning which was constantly shed within its precincts. Higher education was evidently the fad as well as the pioneer movement of the period. Between 1830 and 1850 twenty-two institutions were opened. Most of these were Southern and destined to end with the Civil War. Three other institutions deserving place in the annals of higher education for women opened before the war: Rockford College, Illinois; Antioch College, Ohio, co-educational, founded by Horace Mann in 1852; and Elmira College, New York, founded for women in 1855.

The Civil War dealt a heavy blow to education, especially in the South. But it interrupted for only a few years the plans for what is recognized as being the first woman's college established in America in the sense in which we understand the word college. Joseph Emerson, who taught Mary Lyon and several other prominent educators, had had in 1822 a vision of a school for women which should "not only exist but be considered as important as are now our colleges for the education of our sons. But where such an institution shall be erected," he adds, "by whom it shall be founded, and by whom instructed, it is yet for the hand of Providence to develop." We forget the break of forty years and feel as if we had come upon the next chapter of a continued story when we read Matthew Vassar's first communication to the trustees to whom he was intrusting the money for Vassar College. "It occurred to me," he begins, "that woman, having received from her Creator the same intellectual constitution as man, has the same right as man to intellectual culture and development. It is my hope to be the instrument in the hand of Providence of founding an institution which shall accomplish for young women what our colleges are accomplishing for young men." Vassar College was opened in 1865, with requirements conforming as nearly as possible to those of corresponding men's colleges. The woman's college, which was to have in the next forty years so phenomenal a development, had begun. To each succeeding college founded during this period belongs some pioneering distinction. Smith and Wellesley date from 1875, Smith having the honor of being the first to be strictly collegiate in rank without any affiliated preparatory department. Wellesley was thought to be impossibly large because it opened with accommodations for three hundred—less than one-fourth of its present student body. Bryn Mawr (1885) originated the "group system" of major and minor studies, now in use in most women's colleges.

While these schools and colleges were being founded in the East, a parallel movement for co-education was gaining strength in the West. Here the principle of public education was adopted with no qualifications, and as high schools followed grammar schools, and were followed in their turn by State universities, they were all opened at an early date to boys and girls alike. Utah was the first to open its University to women, in 1850, and now all but three, all Southern, have done the same. Only by statistics can we get any notion of the tremendous strength

of women's education. But when we are told that in one year there are thirty-three thousand women enrolled in three hundred and twenty co-educational institutions, and twenty thousand more in other colleges, we begin to realize how many college women there must be in the United States. In 1900 one-third of all the college students in the United States were women, and it is said that the number is constantly increasing.

There has grown up in the East a third kind of institution—the woman's college affiliated with the men's—sharing its faculty and many of its academic privileges, but retaining economic and social independence. All of these are comparatively recent, but are gaining in strength every year. In these co-ordinate colleges, and in the universities which admit girls to their more advanced courses, the graduate departments are an important feature. When we learn that in the last four years one-tenth of the doctorates of philosophy conferred in the United States were given to women—and this takes no account of the numbers in professional schools—we begin to see how high this "higher education" of ours has gone.

The influence of the movement cannot, however, be estimated from statistics, any more than it can be judged from this partial enumeration of colleges. It cannot even be measured within the ranks of the college woman. In the last seventy-five years the status of woman has changed. No one would claim that the result has been all gain, but on the whole her position is more natural and normal. It was, for instance, a debated point of etiquette in 1835 whether Mary Lyon, with two other ladies to support her, might sit down in formal committee meeting with her own men trustees. Emma Willard begins an address to a very select and private audience with the hope that it will not be thought indecorous for her to speak a few words on the subject near her heart. This change in the position of woman has its underlying cause in the new estimate which democracy has put upon woman, an estimate which found its first manifestation and has made much of its progress in the field of her education. With the close of the Revolution the new attitude began to be felt. Through the industrial changes of the periods immediately preceding the Civil War the factory girl, the girl working outside the confines of a home, came into being. It was in the logic of democracy, but it was none the less the salvation of the country, that the educated woman came into being at the same time.

We have picked up the threads of colleges and universities. We have found, what it is good for us to realize, that they were not scattered threads, but were weaving together a pattern which spread across the whole country. If we can but stand off far enough, we shall perhaps be able to see certain predominant features that stand out in this fabric which many hundred institutions have woven in seventy-five years. In the first place, it is pre-eminently American. It is interesting, in this large look which we are taking, to turn once more to the dream of one of the pioneers and see how it has been fulfilled. Joseph Emerson prophesied in 1822 that "the distinguished honor was probably reserved for our rising republic to exhibit to the world such female seminaries as the world has never witnessed." His prophecy has come true. The United States has given the world an exhibition of women's higher education, carried on upon a grand scale, such as no other nation has dreamed of. The best of it is that this system of education is the natural product of breadth of view and democracy, and will carry that spirit with it wherever it goes, whether to the International Institute in Spain, the Woman's College in Constantinople, or the colleges of India and China.

The essential democracy of the system has reacted healthfully in our own country. Nowhere save in America do young women leave their homes in such great numbers and gather in communities to live a life of their own. Fathers and mothers questioned in the early days whether this was well. It might be Jane Addams addressing a commencement assembly to-day rather than Mary Lyon who gives the clear-cut and conclusive answer of democracy: "The young lady needs," Mary Lyons said, "to feel herself a member of a large community, where the interests of others are to be sought equally with her own. She needs to learn by practice as well as by principle that individual accommodations and private interests are to be sacrificed for the public good; and she needs to know from experience that those who make such a sacrifice will receive ample reward in the improvement of the community among whom they are to dwell."

Certain interesting tendencies may be observed in the courses of study. It was the pride of the college graduate of the latter

part of the nineteenth century that her Alma Mater had the same requirements for entrance, the same courses, and the same standards as her brother's college. This was natural until women had justified their contention that they could do the same grade of work. Now we are doubling back to the old idea of differentiation. The sequence has been something like this. At first it was insisted that the education of girls must be different; then it was proved that it need not be different; now we are beginning to assert that it has a right to be different. Even when the men's curriculum was changing, the women's was not. "It has taken *us* two hundred years to get to this point," an impatient professor remarked in 1890; "let the women wait a while before they try experiments." But when at a co-educational college the young man's time was occupied in the engineering rooms, it was not a long step for the young women to spend a corresponding length of time in the domestic science department, and, though they did not know it, they were following out one of the early ambitions of the girls' school. Emma Willard had set forth the theory that "housewifery" might profitably be made a science, the teaching of which would confer a very direct benefit upon the community.

The first educators made their plea that the girl be trained to be home-keeper or teacher. They calculated that thirty thousand teachers would soon be needed in the schools of the rapidly developing country, and it was their burden to meet that demand. Bryn Mawr had among its stated aims "to fit its students to become teachers of a high order," and it is said that more than half the college graduates in the country have taught at some time. Matthew Vassar ventured to suggest the more daring idea that, "if woman were properly educated, some new avenue to useful and honorable employment, in entire harmony with the gentleness and modesty of her sex, might be opened to her." The worthy gentleman might not think that the list of women's employments in the last Census report met his requirements as to their nature, but he would doubtless approve highly of the new associations and bureaus, sponsored by the deans and presidents of the Eastern colleges, to assist college women into other occupations than teaching.

Even these movements, and many more of their kind, measure only a part of the effect of women's education. Really to judge it, we must go out into the world of the business woman, the club woman, the philanthropic expert, the settlement worker, into the world anticipated and longed for by these pioneers, of women together, educated together, working together, and working with men. There had been nothing like college spirit, that wonderful bond which brings back to every college commencement hundreds of devoted daughters, which will bring back to the anniversary at Mount Holyoke members of the fifty-year class, the sixty-year class, perhaps even one or two of the sixty-five-year class. People said to Miss Lyon, "How can a school last? The teacher makes the school." "I know that," she replied; "but I look for a time when there will be a school which will find the teacher." Everywhere in our modern society there are causes, ideals, tasks, which find the woman, claiming and winning her loyalty. The educated woman is not given to talking of her achievements, but there are not lacking those to sing her praises. The best work that is being done in the American city, says a leading civic expert, is being accomplished by disinterested educated women who are giving their services towards its regeneration. And this is only one field among many which might be mentioned.

Froebel has defended the "centenary habit" because it makes us acquainted with the past. "It casts a robe of warm color about a name that had else been cold; it throws enduring light upon some date which had else lain long in the darkness of neglect." But it is most of all worth while to look back if it gives us zest to go forward. The pause at the seventy-five-year milestone will give us renewed pride in our past. It should give us new enthusiasm and inspiration for the future.

THE SPECTATOR

IT was years ago, in Heidelberg. A group of young Americans, strolling down one of the quaint old streets of the town, approached the office of the American Consul, before which hung an American flag. As they passed the house one of the young men took off his hat. The man beside him looked at him, then glanced quickly about, as men do, to locate the person he was greeting. Another of the party fell back and said to him, "Did you see a friend?" When one is abroad, chance meetings gain in importance. The young man smiled. "Why—yes—a friend of mine—and of yours too, I suppose." He pointed back towards the flag, which they had now passed. "Oh!" said the other, feeling a little flat.

"You see," went on the young man, a little sheepishly—an American man is always sheepish when detected in what may seem a bit of sentiment—"I served in the militia a good while, and I got in the habit of saluting the colors; and over here—somehow—"

"Is he apologizing because he saluted his flag?" broke in one of the young women. "I think it's the rest of us that ought to apologize."

The party moved on, and the Spectator had almost forgotten the incident when, years later, he learned that it had borne fruit—it had set a fashion, started a tradition. For since that time, so he is told, the Americans in Heidelberg always salute their flag where it hangs before the office of their Consul.

All this came into his mind last winter while he watched another little scene, this time in his own country, in a New England city. The President of the United States had been a guest in a house where the Spectator had been asked to meet him. The President was taking leave, and the Spectator made one of a group at a window watching the Chief Executive and his escort take their places in the automobiles. Groups of men and boys, who had in some way discovered what was happening, were lounging about on the street corners, gazing curiously at the Presidential party. The honorable guests and the honored host exchanged salutes, and the motor cars moved off, while the crowd watched, with its hands in its pockets.

As the group in the window looked out at the scene one of them exclaimed: "Well! if that isn't the limit!"

"What?" asked the Spectator.

"Why, didn't you see? Not a man of them saluted. They just rubbered!"

Every one laughed, then we grew grave. "What an example for those small boys!" said some one. And we fell into a discussion of American manners compared with European.

Again, last summer, the Spectator was one of a huge audience witnessing an outdoor pageant. It was evening, band music filled the air, spectacular performances were going on in a brilliant electric illumination. All open spaces were thronged and bleachers were full. Suddenly a few people among those on the bleachers rose to their feet. "Down! Down in front! Sit down, can't you?" was variously shouted by those behind, and there were growling comments about people who stood up when, if everybody sat down, everybody could see. The offenders remained standing. The growling comments went on, until suddenly some one muttered, "Shut up! It's 'The Star-Spangled Banner'!" Whereupon the comments subsided, and before the band had ended the bleacher crowd was all on its feet, half ashamed, half amused.

Now, the Spectator finds that these three scenes group themselves persistently in his mind, and persistently recur, producing an undercurrent of speculation and perhaps even of moralizing. "Ought these things so to be?" he wonders. We Americans are often congratulated, we often congratulate ourselves, on our emancipation from conventions, from forms, from traditions. But are we, the Spectator wonders, altogether to be congratulated? Is it entirely to our credit that we are able to stand on street corners with our hats on our heads and our hands in our pockets while our country, embodied in its Chief Executive, passes by? Shall we unreservedly felicitate ourselves that we can stroll past our country's flag without an impulse to salute it? that we can hear one of our National hymns without an impulse to rise? Is this emancipation, or is it something else? He wonders.

Certainly, informality and unconventionality are good things within limits, but are we perhaps passing these limits? For, as psychologists tell us that we cannot think long without words, so perhaps it is also true that we cannot feel long without acts—and acts are forms. Unquestionably the spirit of loyalty may exist while one's hat is on. But the Spectator wonders if taking off one's hat may not perhaps give it a bit of encouragement—like a friendly pat on the shoulder of a boy who is doing well.

Moreover, among the young people who are growing up among us, who "know not Joseph," who think of war as something in a text-book, and loyalty as something mentioned in poetry

and history—among these, would it not give some suggestion and stimulus to the spirit of patriotism, innate in all of us, if they saw those around them giving some tangible evidences of the feeling? It is undoubtedly true that in some cases a feeling grows through being repressed, but it is much more often true that it grows through being expressed. To throw stones at a cat tends to make a boy cruel, while to feed it and pet it and care for it tends to make him tender-hearted. The feeling causes the action, but the action reacts on the feeling. This is the vital circuit.

So it is with the feelings of loyalty and patriotism. From the ages of savagery downward, kings and priests, whether they formulated the theory or not, acted in accordance with sound psychology when they instituted elaborate ceremonials by which the people might give expression to their feeling of reverence. We do not wish to return to barbarism. We do not even wish to wrap ourselves about in all the forms and ceremonies of modern European life, as they appear in some of its phases. But the Spectator wonders whether, in throwing off these cumbrous vestments, we have not got rid of a little too much. Might there not be something midway between the full regalia of a coronation procession and—let us say—a bathing suit? He wonders, to change the figure, whether, in our reaction from all formality, we are not in danger, as the Germans say, of "throwing out the child with the bath."

THE NEW BOOKS

Rich Mrs. Burgoyne (The). By Kathleen Norris. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

When Mrs. Norris's "Mother" appeared last year, The Outlook commented on it as a wholesome book in a time when a great many people are hearing and accepting unwholesome doctrine in regard to marriage, parenthood, and home life. "Mother" was a reassertion, in a fresh and delightful narrative, of certain elementary claims of humanity. It pointed out certain elemental sources of happiness; and it ran counter to a great deal of the bright, hard, "smart" thinking and living of to-day. Now Mrs. Norris reinforces her protest against overelaboration and competition in dress and habits of living, extravagance and bad taste in all forms, and tells a good old-fashioned romance by way of showing how pleasant life can be when people are sane. This is the story of a sensible woman who keeps within her means and refuses to be swamped by social engagements, lives a normal human life of varied interests, and has her own romance. Seasoned story-readers who like highly spiced food will not like this story, and yet they are the people who need it. There are some of them to whom it would recall old ideals. It is well told, for the heroine, although she recreates a community, is neither a prig nor a preacher, but a warm-hearted, honest-minded, and thoroughly independent woman.

Hollow of Her Hand (The). By George Barr McCutcheon. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.30.

Mr. McCutcheon has written many stories; several are of the "Graustark" order; but in his latest novel he has made a happy and successful departure from the kind of fiction with which his name has been associated. He has probably invented a new situation—this is so incredible a statement that it must be made with reservation in case some reader hasten to remind The Outlook that the same situation has been used by some French or Russian story-teller—and he has so dramatically developed this motive that he holds the attention of the reader from the first to the last page. He is not always convincing, and he takes wide liberties with probabilities. It may be objected that his chief character is not always consistent with herself. But of the interest of this story there can be no question, and there is some very good character painting in it. The old New York family in all its members is sketched with a great deal of skill. Mr. McCutcheon has done nothing so good before.

Paul Rundel. By Will N. Harben. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.

Mr. Harben is thoroughly at home in the rustic hamlets in Georgia and with people who live on the slopes of the mountains. That means that he knows at first hand a definite type of primitive Americans living in primitive conditions. He has more than once, with notable fidelity to fact and with unobtrusive skill, described the dramatic situations which arise in the intercourse of these people; and he has more than once drawn with a strong hand personalities which stand out with greater distinctness because the background against which they are drawn is rude. Jane Dawson has something of the dramatic definiteness of outline that Meg Merrilies possesses. In his latest novel Mr. Harben has chosen as his chief motive the development of religious enthusiasm expressed in very simple and naïve ways, and has described the transformation of a rough boy filled with the spirit of vengeance into a man of notable self-control and profound faith. It will doubtless seem to

many that the transformation is too dramatic and the influence of the man too extensive; but in such communities as that in which Paul Rundel lives personal influence is an immense factor. Mr. Harben studiously avoids the imaginative element One may dislike his stories, not because of the way in which they are told, but because of the people with whom they deal; but Mr. Harben's manner is admirably matched, in its directness, its occasional uncompromising hardness, with the social conditions of his characters. Here and there, however, when he is recording some aspect of the lonely and impressive world in which many of his people live, he shows power of natural eloquence.

Romance of Leonardo da Vinci (The). By Dmitri Merejkowski. Translated by Herbert Trench. In 2 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $5.

This romance of Leonardo da Vinci forms one of the trilogy of novels of which perhaps the best known is "The Death of the Gods." The subject of this particular book, however, most easily lends itself to illustration, and, in connection with the great painter whose story it purports to tell, and with the art of his time, there have been selected a large number of photographs, which are here remarkably well reproduced, with the Mona Lisa and a reproduction of da Vinci's portrait of himself as the frontispieces for the two volumes. The novel as such appeals rather to the cultivated than to the popular taste, but it is really worthy of a permanen place in literature.

Railroad Finance. By Frederick A. Cleveland, Ph.D., LL.D., and Fred Wilbur Powell. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.50.

This is a work of solid information rather than of theoretical discussion. It describes the methods of financial management employed by railway companies, their systems of accounts and statistics, the intricacies of capitalization, reorganization, and consolidation, and it includes also a careful study of the important questions connected with fictitious capitalization. The original material was a series of lectures before the University of Pennsylvania by Dr. Frederick A. Cleveland, who has had the assistance of Mr. F. W. Powell, a well-known writer on economic topics. The work is indisputably of practical value to students of the railway development of the country.

Correspondence of William Shirley, Governor of Massachusetts and Military Commander in America. By Charles Henry Lincoln. The Macmillan Company, New York. In 2 volumes. $5.

William Shirley was Governor of Massachusetts from 1741 to 1756. His ten years' residence in the Colonies prior to his term of office was the very best preparation that he could have had for entering upon the duties of that office. During his term he distinguished himself by two great events, one civil, the other military. He put the colony of Massachusetts upon a self-respecting currency basis, so much so that Massachusetts became known as the "Hard Money Colony." His second most notable achievement was his part in the leadership of the American forces which resulted in the successful capture of Louisburg (1745) in the French and Indian War. The present volumes comprise something like four hundred letters written by Shirley and his contemporaries. They present an interesting and intimate account of colonial conditions, and are a genuine contribution to our knowledge of our own history—a knowledge in which many of us are deplorably deficient.

T. De Witt Talmage As I Knew Him. By the Late T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

We here note briefly the appearance of this autobiography, which is none the less welcome because its publication has been so long delayed. The extremely large number of people who are interested in Dr. Talmage both as a preacher and a personality will find that the book abounds in incidents and reminiscences.

Colonial Homesteads and Their Stories. By Marion Harland. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.50.

The author paid visits to the thirty or more mansions of historical interest here described. Each place is treated with loving sympathy as regards associations, and with careful accuracy as regards historical material, family records, and the like. There are many pictures of the places themselves, of rooms having special associations attached to them, and of a few of the famous men and women who have lived in these old houses. The work is not new, but is in compressed form, and is very well worth a place in the library of all those who recognize how much of American life and history is closely related to such famous old places as Johnson Hall in Johnstown, New York, the Jumel Mansion in New York City, Westover and Shirley in Virginia, Morris House in Philadelphia, and very many others.

Sacred Shrine (The). By Yrjo Hirn. The Macmillan Company, New York. $5.

It seems a picturesque combination of subject and author, that of the study of the poetry and art of the Roman Catholic Church as treated by Yrjo Hirn, professor in the University of Finland at Helsingfors. The work is fairly comprehensive and the treatment is extremely suggestive and helpful.

Depths of the Ocean (The). By Sir John Murray, K.C.B., F.R.S., etc., and Dr. Johan Hjort. The Macmillan Company, New York. $7.50.

This is an exhaustive and fully illustrated work which describes important investigations in the North Sea and in the Norwegian Sea. These were instituted at the suggestion of Sir John Murray, who induced the Government of Norway to lend a vessel for the expedition and himself paid for its equipment and cruising expenses. The investigations were thoroughly

systematic and scientific, and there seems to be no doubt that a great deal has been added in this way to the world's knowledge about the life in the depths of the sea, the contour of the bottom, and all other matters relating to the modern science of oceanography.

World's Leading Painters (The). By George B. Rose. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.75.

According to Mr. Rose, a competent authority, the world's leading painters were Leonardo, Titian, Rubens, Velasquez, and Rembrandt. Mr. Rose's latest book comprises a study of each of these six. And each of the six essays is equally remarkable whether the reader consults them for biography or for criticism. The biographies are necessarily brief; but the author well knows how to give much atmosphere to them. He quickly transports us into that atmosphere, and the Renaissance becomes as vivid and everyday-like to us as is our own period. As to criticism, the present volume includes the results of the latest researches with regard to a number of disputed points. Concerning the merits of particular works, the views expressed are emphatically the author's own, arrived at after repeated examination of the pictures. We wish that Mr. Rose would write another book describing in like manner six other painters—say Giotto, Botticelli, Correggio, Bellini, Dürer, and Holbein.

Wilderness of the North Pacific Coast Islands (The). By Charles Sheldon. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

Mr. Charles Sheldon's book "The Wilderness of the Upper Yukon," published some months ago, received high commendation from the best authorities. We learn that it has been, of all the recently published works on sport, the "best seller." Its successor should find equal welcome, and should take its place on the shelf which may already hold such books as Mr. Roosevelt's "African Game Trails," Mr. Thompson Seton's "Arctic Prairies," and Mr. Hornaday's "Camp-Fires in the Canadian Rockies." The present volume is valuable not only to the lover of sport; it is also valuable to the reader who wants to know more about our mysterious Northwest. If we are not mistaken, this is the first volume to describe at all intimately and adequately the islands of the North Pacific—Vancouver, Montague, Queen Charlotte and Admiralty Islands. It tells about a country much of which had never before been traversed by white men; indeed, some of it had not even been trodden by the natives.

Spell of England (The). By Julia De Wolf Addison. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. $2.50.

We talk about the spell of Italy and the spell of Greece, but the spell of England is no less real. It is hardly felt by those who rush from Liverpool or Plymouth "up to town," and for whom England is principally London and the surroundings of London. But for him who loves Banbury Cross and other quaint spots, who loves to abide beneath the shadow of the great universities, who loves the valleys of the Severn and the Wye and the Dee, there is a spell of England. The present volume will but emphasize it to those who have felt it, and will introduce it to those who know it not.

Making of Western Europe (The). By C. R. L. Fletcher. Vol. I. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

The Outlook has already called attention to Mr. Fletcher's notable ability to present history in an interesting way. His "History of England" gave abundant evidence of this: the work was written in such manner as indubitably to interest young and old alike. In the present volume we find the same ability for handling broad masses in bold outline. Certainly after reading it we have a better idea than before of just how the present independent nationalities in Europe were born out of those Dark Ages when the Roman Empire was breaking up and the Church was in its infancy.

Majority Rule and the Judiciary. By William L. Ransom. With an Introduction by Theodore Roosevelt. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 60c.

This volume is a very thorough description of Mr. Roosevelt's proposal to submit to the people the question of what they mean by their State Constitution when the Court and the Legislature disagree as to its interpretation—a proposition very different from the Recall of Judges, with which it has been sometimes confounded. Even Progressives who have been inclined to favor Mr. Roosevelt's proposal, as The Outlook has been, will be surprised to find how much legal and quasi-conservative authority can be found to support this proposal.

Supreme Court and the Constitution (The). By Charles A. Beard. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.

This is a careful historical description of the question whether the power of the Supreme Court of the United States to pass upon the constitutionality of acts of Congress is in accordance with the spirit and purposes of the framers of the Constitution. Professor Beard makes out a strong case in support of the belief of the affirmative.

St. Francis of Assisi. By Johannes Jörgensen. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $3.

M. Paul Sabatier's "Life of St. Francis of Assisi," still our foremost authority, has caused a notable awakening of popular interest in St. Francis and his order. The most recent evidence of this is the translation from the Danish of Johannes Jörgensen's "St. Francis." The translation seems well done—indeed, the English reads as if it were the original language of the book. The style is restful, simple, and direct, and the story of the Saint's life is clearly and frankly told.

BY THE WAY

John Campbell, of Pittsburgh, locomotive engineer, deserves to be put on the roll of industrial honor. He ran an engine for forty-eight years without ever killing a human being, and without even injuring any person sufficiently to draw blood. He was never suspended or censured by his employers during his long career as engineman, which terminated happily on September 6, when he retired from the position which he had so honored.

The number of women students in German universities is increasing. During the recent half-year there were 2,958 of these students, of whom 2,500 were of German nationality. The majority are taking the courses in literature and history, but thirty-nine are studying law, twenty-eight dentistry, and eleven theology.

Is there any town in the United States that isn't a "world beater" in something? Fresh discoveries along this line are constantly being made. A "boosting" circular about Hamilton, Ohio, for instance, contains the information, which we think will be new to most readers, that eighty per cent of the world's safes are made there and that it "has the largest machine tool works and coated paper mill in existence."

If school-boys of the present generation care anything like as much for "Tom Brown" as their forebears did, they will be grieved to know that the original "Tom," at least as far as the fight with "Slogger" Williams went, recently died in England at the age of eighty-eight. Doubtless the original "slogger" (not "slugger," as the despatches have it) went to his reward long ago.

A New York evening newspaper has introduced a novelty in advertising. It has a column for "Barter and Exchange" advertisements, which it inserts free of charge. The advertisers pay only for the answers they receive, five cents each being charged for these.

"Thank-ye-ma'ams," otherwise known as water-breaks, consisting of ridges of earth built across roads on steep grades, are to be abolished in Pennsylvania as a part of its road improvement measures. These water-breaks were once a familiar institution throughout New England and other parts of the country, and are still surviving in many places.

The loganberry, a hybrid of the blackberry and raspberry, is said to make the finest of jellies, jams, and pies. Introduced a few years ago in the West, its popularity has been steadily increasing, and the demand now outruns the supply. Western Oregon and Washington are the greatest producers of the new berry.

A portrait of a young woman has hung for years in the drawing-room of a private school in a small town in New York. Now it has been discovered, so a newspaper article avers, that the picture was painted by Gainsborough and is worth $70,000. Experts are often called upon for opinions as to the authenticity or value of supposed "old masters," and this is one of the few cases in which they have found such a picture to be of real value.

The new parcels post stamps, twelve in number, will it is, announced, probably be ready for distribution to the post-offices of the country by December 1. They will be larger than the ordinary postage stamps, and will have attractive designs—including a mail-carrying aeroplane, as a glimpse into the future.

"New York," says the "Harvard Lampoon" in a Guide to Boston, is "a semi-mythical suburb of Boston. The subject," it adds, "is a painful one to Bostonians, and should be avoided at social functions."

Mark Twain was naturally, according to his own confession as related in his recently published biography, of an indolent disposition. In an old volume of Suetonius, adjoining a reference to "Flavius Clemens" as a man distinguished "for his want of energy," the later Clemens made this annotation: "I guess this is where our line starts." Yet, as printer, pilot, reporter, lecturer, traveler, and author, fate contrived to get a great deal of work out of Mark Twain.

A real estate company has been formed by Pennsylvania Railroad officials to improve the property adjacent to the great Pennsylvania terminal building in New York City. The surroundings of this magnificent structure, like those of many of the great European cathedrals, now present a shabby appearance that detracts from the architectural effect of the building, and the proposed improvements are a welcome testimony to the growth of æsthetic taste in commercial circles.

Useless custom-houses which the Treasury Department proposes to abolish are fairly well distributed over the country. The one at Kennebunk, Maine, collected $6.10 in 1911 at a cost of $266.50; that at Natchez, Mississippi, collected 55 cents, with expenses of $553; Nantucket, Massachusetts, no receipts, expenses $361; Galena, Illinois, no receipts, expenses $384; St. Mary's, Georgia, receipts $21, expenses $670. The position of collector of customs at these places is not always a sinecure, however, for a constant watch must be kept for the dutiable goods that never come.

Milwaukee, in the opinion of Mr. Andreas Dippel, is the one city in the United States which properly supports a German theater. And this though New York City has a larger German population than most of the cities of Germany! Still, the Deutsches Theater in New York is not yet discouraged, and during the coming winter it plans to present many famous German plays "with a cast hardly to be surpassed even in Europe."

Ruskin's attack on Whistler, according to Mr. T. R. Way's recently published book, actually resulted in bankruptcy for the artist. "'Punch's' lament," Mr. Way says,

> "'I takes and paints,
> And no complaints,
> And sells afore I'm dry;—
> When savage Ruskin
> Sticks his tusk in,
> And nobody'll buy,'

proved true for poor Whistler, and there was no market for his pictures. . . . After this came the bankruptcy." So perhaps there was some justification for Whistler's suit against Ruskin for libel.

The Outlook

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LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
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THE ASSAULT ON THEODORE ROOSEVELT

The one subject by which the American people last week were universally stirred was the attack upon Theodore Roosevelt. The Outlook naturally devotes correspondingly large attention to this topic. The reader will find in the order named, first, a narrative of the events; second, Mr. Roosevelt's speech at Milwaukee; third, excerpts from the comments of the press; and, finally, The Outlook's editorial comment under the title "Assassins of Two Kinds."—THE EDITORS.

NOT since President McKinley was shot at Buffalo has there been such a Nation-wide expression of concern and affectionate sympathy as followed the assault on Theodore Roosevelt at Milwaukee on Monday evening of last week. The report that Mr. Roosevelt had been shot by a man named Schrank was quickly followed by the news that he had gone on to the Milwaukee Auditorium and was speaking to the people there assembled. The first and natural inference was that the wound was slight, but soon it became known that Mr. Roosevelt was seriously, although not necessarily dangerously, hurt, and that, with the pistol ball still in his body, he had insisted on delivering his message to the people with an inflexible determination and intrepidity which may rightly be called characteristic in relation to him, but which would be astounding in any other public man. That address, unique in the circumstances of its delivery and alive with earnestness and devotion, we publish on another page, together with some of the comments of the press and The Outlook's editorial view of the assault which has come so near to being a National tragedy. Here we recount briefly the facts.

Mr. Roosevelt had just entered an automobile at the entrance to the Gilpatrick Hotel in Milwaukee, on his way to the Auditorium, and was in a standing posture, when the man Schrank, standing near by in the crowd, drew a revolver and fired point-blank. The ball struck Mr. Roosevelt in the right breast, and would beyond question have penetrated the lungs had it not been deflected upward by an eyeglass case and the folded manuscript of his speech in his pocket. The assassin was instantly overpowered by Mr. Elbert Martin, one of Mr. Roosevelt's secretaries, who showed splendid quickness of thought and action, and Schrank's evident intention of firing a second shot was thus thwarted. Mr. Roosevelt's first thought was to save his assailant from bodily injury, and when Schrank was brought before him the only reproach he uttered was, "Don't hurt the poor creature." So energetic was the wounded man to save his would-be assassin that for some moments no one believed the shot had taken effect. When that was learned to be the fact, every effort was made to induce Mr. Roosevelt to receive full medical attention, but his single purpose was to go on with the fight for the people, to seize the opportunity to strike a telling blow for social advance, and to urge that the cause itself rather than himself or any one man was the issue before the country.

So it was that a seriously wounded man spoke to ten thousand hearers, who were moved by awe and stirred by emotion as he talked, sometimes fervently, sometimes quietly, but always with marvelous effectiveness. Wherever the rather imperfect reports of that speech were printed it was read by every one, and it carried conviction everywhere that here was the sincere utterance of the great leader of a great cause. For nearly an hour and a half this address, unique in the world's history, continued. When at

last Mr. Roosevelt yielded himself to the care of friends and medical attendants, it was found by examination and X-ray photographs taken in Milwaukee and later in the Mercy Hospital at Chicago, whither he was removed on Tuesday, that, to quote one of the surgeon's bulletins, this was "no mere flesh wound, but a serious wound in the chest." The ball struck an inch to the right and an inch below the right nipple, fractured the fourth rib, happily did not puncture the lung cavity, but ranged upward and inward four inches in the chest wall. Every care was taken to prevent tetanus and to discover any symptoms of blood-poisoning, of which there is always some danger in such a wound; but no such symptoms have developed, and the doctors have strong hope and belief that they will not appear, and that Mr. Roosevelt will make a reasonably quick recovery, aided by his strong physique, hopeful mind, and temperate, wholesome mode of life. At his hospital quarters Mr. Roosevelt, soon carefully guarded and attended by Mrs. Roosevelt and other near members of his family, received innumerable messages of love and admiration from friends the world over. So far it has not seemed necessary or desirable to remove the pistol ball. It is probable that, all things going well, Mr. Roosevelt will be removed to his home at Oyster Bay early in the present week. He hopes to be present, even if he may not speak, at the great Progressive meeting at Madison Square Garden, in New York City, on the evening of October 26.

What effect should this cowardly and more or less insane attack upon the leader of the Progressive party have upon the campaign? This question that leader has himself answered at least thrice.

In his speech made with the bullet still in his body he said that the fight must go on regardless of any man, and added: "I am in this cause with my whole heart and soul. I believe in the Progressive movement—a movement for the betterment of mankind, a movement for making life a little easier for all our people, a movement to try to take the burdens off the man and especially the woman in this country who is most oppressed."

The second answer was contained in the message which Senator Beveridge delivered to a vast audience in Louisville, speaking in Mr. Roosevelt's name and in his place:

> It matters little about me, but it matters all about the cause we fight for.
>
> If one soldier who happens to carry the flag is stricken, another will take it from his hands and carry it on. One after another the standard-bearers may be laid low, but the standard itself can never fall.
>
> You know personally I did not want ever to be a candidate for office again. And you know that only the call that came to the men of the '60s made me answer it in our day as they did more nobly in their day. And now it is not important whether one leader lives or dies: it is important only that the cause shall live and win.

The third answer was drawn out from Mr. Roosevelt by Governor Wilson's courteous announcement that in his political adversary's disablement Mr. Wilson would withdraw from further campaigning, followed by Mr. Bryan's dictum, "The issues of the campaign should not be determined by the act of an assassin." Mr. Roosevelt said:

> I wish to express my cordial agreement with the manly and proper statement of Mr. Bryan. . . . I wish to point out, however, that neither I nor my friends have asked that the discussion be turned away from the principles that are involved. On the contrary, we emphatically demand that the discussion be carried on precisely as if I had not been shot. I shall be sorry if Mr. Wilson does not keep on the stump, and I feel that he owes it to himself and the American people to continue on the stump. . . .
>
> I cannot too strongly emphasize the fact, upon which Progressives insist, that the welfare of any one man in this fight is wholly immaterial compared to the great and fundamental issues involved in the triumph of the principles for which our cause stands. If I had been killed, the fight would have gone on exactly the same. Governor Johnson, Senator Beveridge, Mr. Straus, Senator Bristow, Miss Jane Addams, Gifford Pinchot, Judge Ben Lindsey, Raymond Robbins, Mr. Prendergast, and the hundreds of other men now on the stump are preaching the doctrines that I have been preaching, and stand for and represent just the same cause. . . .
>
> So far as my opponents are concerned, whatever could with truth and propriety have been said against me and my cause before I was shot can with equal truth and equal propriety be said against me now, and it should be so said; and the things that cannot be said now are merely the things that ought not to have been said before. This is not a contest about any man; it is a contest concerning principles.

The man who shot Mr. Roosevelt, by name John Schrank, a resident of New York, had in his pocket writings which indicate that his mentality and power of judgment are deficient; whether he possesses such a knowledge of right and wrong as to make him a murderer rather than a maniac must be tested fairly by the courts. In some ways, apart from his crime, he seems to talk in an ordinary and matter-of-fact manner,

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT

with little evidence of insanity. But his "proclamation" talks of a vision of President McKinley inciting him to avenge Mr. McKinley's death upon Theodore Roosevelt as his murderer. Another writing declares that it is "the right and duty of every citizen to remove a third-termer." Schrank's further declaration that this country should never have a king, taken in connection with his talk about a third term and his mention of newspapers he had read, namely, the New York "World" and the New York "Herald," is pretty strong evidence that the inciting cause acting upon a weak and disordered mind has been some of the abusive attacks made by unscrupulous papers upon Mr. Roosevelt. And it will be remembered that this sort of incitement was existent in the case of Czolgosz. It is perfectly natural, as Mr. Roosevelt said at Milwaukee, that "weak and vicious minds should be inflamed to acts of violence by this kind of foul mendacity and abuse." An instance of this rabid, excitable talk is the utterance attributed by the New York papers to a Baptist minister, as uttered just three days after Schrank's murderous attack. He said (we quote the New York "Evening Mail"): "If Roosevelt is elected President, there will be no more republic. It will be Theodore the First." If a minister can talk like this, what may be expected from a Schrank or a Czolgosz? One lesson of the assault is decent restraint in journalism and in campaigning; another is closer watch, in the interest of safety of life, over those who are mentally or morally defective.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S SPEECH AT MILWAUKEE

FRIENDS, I shall have to ask you to be as quiet as possible. I do not know whether you fully understand that I have been shot, but it takes more than that to kill a Bull Moose. But, fortunately, I had my manuscript [holding up the manuscript, showing the audience where the bullet had gone through], so, you see, I was going to make a long speech. And, friends, the hole in it is where the bullet went through, and it probably saved the bullet from going into my heart. The bullet is in me now, so that I cannot make a very long speech. But I will try my best.

And now, friends, I want to take advantage of this incident to say as solemn a word of warning as I know how to my fellow-Americans. First of all, I want to say this about myself. I have altogether too many important things to think of to pay any heed or feel any concern over my own death.

Now I would not speak to you insincerely within five minutes of being shot. I am telling you the literal truth when I say that my concern is for many other things. It is not in the least for my own life.

I want you to understand that I am ahead of the game, anyway. No man has had a happier life than I have had, a happier life in every way. I have been able to do certain things that I greatly wished to do, and I am interested in doing other things. I can tell you with absolute truthfulness that I am very much uninterested in whether I am shot or not. It was just as when I was colonel of my regiment, I always felt that a private was to be excused for feeling at times some pangs of anxiety about his personal safety, but I cannot understand a man fit to be a colonel who can pay any heed to his personal safety when he is occupied, as he ought to be occupied, with the absorbing desire to do his duty.

I am in this cause with my whole heart and soul; I believe in the Progressive movement—a movement for the betterment of mankind, a movement for making life a little easier for all our people, a movement to try to take the burdens off the man and especially the woman in this country who is the most oppressed.

I am absorbed in the success of that movement. I feel uncommonly proud in belonging to that movement. I ask you now, this evening, to accept what I am saying as absolute truth when I tell you I am not thinking of my own success. I am not thinking of my life, or of anything connected with me personally.

It is a very natural thing that weak and vicious minds should be inflamed to acts of violence by the kind of foul mendacity and abuse that have been heaped upon me for the last three months by the papers in the interests not only of Mr. Debs, but of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Taft. I will disown and repudiate any man of my party who attacks with such vile, foul slander and abuse any opponents of another party.

I wish to say seriously to the speakers and the newspapers representing the Republican and Democratic and Socialist parties that they

cannot, month in and month out, year in and year out, make the kind of slanderous, bitter, and malevolent assaults that they have made and not expect that brutal and violent characters, especially when the brutality is accompanied by a not too strong mind—they cannot expect that such natures will be unaffected by it.

I am not speaking for myself at all—I give you my word, I do not care a rap about being shot, not a rap. I have had a good many experiences in my time, and this is only one of them. What I do care for is my country. I wish I were able to impress on our people the duty to feel strongly, but to speak truthfully of their opponents. I say now that I have never said on the stump one word against any opponent that I could not substantiate, and nothing I ought not to have said; nothing that, looking back, I would not say again.

I cannot tell you of what infinitesimal importance I regard this incident as compared with the great issues at stake in this campaign; and I ask it not for my sake, not the least in the world, but for the sake of our common country, that my opponents make up their minds to speak only the truth, and not to use the kind of slander and mendacity which, if taken seriously, must incite weak and violent natures to crimes of violence.

Now, friends, what we who are in this movement are endeavoring to do is to forestall any such movement by making this a movement for justice now, a movement in which we ask all just men of generous hearts to join with the men who feel in their souls that lift upward which bids them refuse to be satisfied themselves while their fellow-countrymen and countrywomen suffer from a veritable misery. Now, friends, what we Progressives are trying to do is to enroll rich or poor, whatever their social or industrial position, to stand together for the most elementary rights of good citizenship, those elementary rights which are the foundation of good citizenship in this great Republic of ours.

My friends are a little more nervous than I am. I have had an A1 time in life, and I am having it now. I never in my life had any movement in which I was able to serve with such whole-hearted devotion as in this, in which I was able to feel, as I do in this, that common weal. I have fought for the good of our common country.

And now, friends, I shall have to cut short much of the speech that I meant to give you, but I want to touch on just two or three of the points.

In the first place, speaking to you here in Milwaukee, I wish to say that the Progressive party is making its appeal to all our fellow-citizens, without any regard to their creed or to their birthplace.

We do not regard as essential the way in which a man worships his God or where he was born. We regard as essential the matter of spirit and purpose.

In New York, while I was Police Commissioner, the two men from whom I got the most assistance were Jacob Riis, who was born in Denmark, and Arthur von Briesen, who was born in Germany, both of them as fine examples of the best and highest American citizenship as you could find in any part of this country.

I have just been introduced by one of your own men, Henry Cochems. His grandfather, his father, and that father's brother served in the United States army, and they entered it four years after they had come to this country from Germany. Two of them left their lives, spent their lives, on the field of battle—I am all right—I am a little sore. Anybody has a right to be sore with a bullet in him. You would find that if I was in battle I would be leading my men just the same. Just the same way I am going to make this speech. At one time I promoted five men for gallantry on the field of battle. Afterward it happened, in making some inquiries about them, that I found two of them were Protestants, two Catholics, and one a Jew. One Protestant came from Germany and one was born in Ireland. I did not promote them because of their religion; it just happened that way. If all of them had been Jews I would have promoted them, or if all had been Protestants I would have promoted them, or if they had been Catholics.

In that regiment I had a man born in Italy who distinguished himself by gallantry; there was a young fellow, who came across when he was a child, from Bohemia, who likewise distinguished himself; and, friends, I assure you that I was incapable of considering any question whatever but the worth of each individual as a fighting man. If he was a good fighting man, then I saw that Uncle Sam got the benefit from it. That is all.

I make the same appeal in our citizenship. I ask in our civic life that we in the same way pay heed only to the man's quality of citizenship—to repudiate as the worst enemy that we can have whoever tries to get us to discriminate for or against any man because of his creed or his birthplace.

Now, friends, in the same way I want our people to stand by one another without regard to differences of class or occupations. I have always stood by the labor unions. I am going to make one omission to-night. I have prepared my speech because Mr. Wilson has seen fit to attack me, by showing up his record in comparison with mine. But I am not going to do that to-night. I am going simply to speak of what I myself have done and of what I think ought to be done in this country of ours.

[After Mr. Roosevelt had concluded that portion of his speech in which he referred to his injury, he turned to concrete issues of the campaign, and spoke as though he were making one of the addresses which are a matter of daily routine with him. After he had been speaking for some time he turned to Dr. Terrell and said:

"How long have I been speaking?"

"Three-quarters of an hour," said the doctor, glancing at his watch.

"Well," said Mr. Roosevelt, with a smile, "I'll talk for a quarter of an hour more." He actually spoke altogether for nearly an hour and a half.]

The Democratic party, in its platform and through the utterances of Mr. Wilson, has distinctly committed itself to the old flintlock, muzzle-loaded doctrine of State's rights.

I have said distinctly that we are for the people's rights. If they can be obtained best through the National Government, then we are for National rights. We are for the people's rights, however it is necessary to secure them.

Mr. Wilson has made a long essay against Senator Beveridge's bill to abolish child labor. It is the same kind of an argument that would be made against our bill to prohibit women from working more than eight hours a day in industry. If it is true, it would apply equally against our proposal to insist that in continuous industries there shall be by law one day's rest in seven and a three-shift eight-hour day.

You have labor laws here in Wisconsin, and any chamber of commerce will tell you that, because of that fact, there are industries that will not come into Wisconsin. They prefer to stay outside, where they can work children of tender years; where they can work women fourteen and sixteen hours a day; where, if it is a continuous industry, they can work men twelve hours a day and seven days a week.

Now, friends, I know that you of Wisconsin would never repeal those laws, even if they are to your commercial hurt, just as I am trying to get New York to adopt such laws, even though it will be to New York's commercial hurt. But, if possible, I want to arrange so that we can have justice without commercial hurt, and you can get that only if you have justice enforced Nationally. You won't be burdened in Wisconsin with industries not coming to the State if the same good laws are extended all over the other States. Do you see what I mean? The States all compete in a common market, and it is not justice to the employers of a State that has enforced just and proper laws to have them exposed to the competition of any State where no such laws are enforced. Now, in the Democratic platform it is declared that we shall not have such laws.

Mr. Wilson has distinctly declared that you shall not have National law to prohibit the labor of children, to prohibit child labor. He has distinctly declared that we shall not have laws to establish a minimum wage for women. I ask you to look at our declaration and hear and read our platform about social and industrial justice, and then, friends, vote for the Progressive ticket without regard to me, without regard to my personality, for only by voting for that platform can you be true to the cause of progress throughout this Union.

COMMENT BY THE PRESS

WHEN Senator Lodge, commenting upon the shocking happening in Milwaukee, said: "I am not surprised that Mr. Roosevelt bore himself in a heroic way; he would do that, anyway," he voiced the feeling of everybody, says the Springfield, Massachusetts, "Republican" (Ind.), and adds:

Never has the bullet of a would-be assassin of Presidents or other high officials in this country reached one who did not display splendid self-control and courage. Presidents Garfield and McKinley commanded the admiration of the world by the composure and serenity with which they faced death under the most cruel circumstances. Mayor Gaynor, of New York, tinged public sympathy with admiration by his manly behavior. None of these men exhibited any sign of such resentment as would have seemed but natural under the shocking circumstances. It is something to be proud of as Americans that in such supreme test manhood

does not shrivel, but shines out strong and fine in the crisis.

"Aside from his sheer physical pluck and his forgetfulness of self, his revelation of mental quality and discipline in a time of great emotional excitement must be convincing even to those of little faith," declares the Boston "Journal" (Prog.), and thus concludes:

Bigger than parties, wider than sectional differences, deeper than prejudice, the recognition and the human response to qualities such as these. On every hand the tribute is being paid; in the hasty spoken words of the street, in the careful words which are being written to be printed beyond recall.

The attempted assassination of Theodore Roosevelt has resulted in the tribute of an entire people stirred Nation-wide out of disbelief, and out of partisanship, by a flash of truth.

The Chicago "Evening Post" (Prog.) says that the hour of danger has brought to the people "a glimpse into the soul of Theodore Roosevelt," and, quoting from the prelude to the Milwaukee speech, thus concludes:

There is no false sentiment here; there is no self-seeking. The guards are down. The soul of the man stands forth as it is. In the Valley of the Shadow his own simple declaration of his sincerity, his own revelation of the unselfish quality of his devotion to the greatest movement of his generation, will be the standard by which history will pass upon Theodore Roosevelt its final judgment. This much they cannot take from him, no matter whether he is now to live or to die.

"I tell you now with absolute truthfulness I am not thinking of my own life. I am not thinking of my own success. I am thinking only of the success of this great cause." Commenting on this, the New York "American" (Dem.) remarks as follows:

In the partisan stress of the campaign there have been those who have questioned Mr. Roosevelt's sincerity and unselfishness in the notable movement which he leads.

But no man who heard these words or reads them in remembrance of their tragic environment can fail to believe that Theodore Roosevelt is not only superbly brave but that he is also splendidly sincere in his present struggle for the people.

The Republic can ill afford to lose the energy, the courage, and the directness of this remarkable man.

"When he was shot down, his first thought and first expression was not for himself, but for the man who had tried to take his life. Was that the logical mental tendency of a man whose happiness depended upon prolonging his life? Would a man animated solely by ambition have spoken for an hour and a half risking his life from an open bullet wound in his side?" These questions the Washington "Times" (Prog.) asks, and thus answers them:

The championing of a righteous cause, the leading of devoted followers, the willingness and determination to give all he had for the success of a principle, is the analysis which explains his attitude before and after the bullet struck him, and makes clear his statement that: "I don't care to talk about the nearness of death. There are things that are worse than death, and we know what they are."

An impressive union of a man's political foes in praise of him personally and even politically is shown by Democratic, Republican, and Independent papers alike. The Baltimore "Sun" (Dem.) declares:

This paper has too often expressed its admiration for the many good qualities of Colonel Roosevelt for it to be suspected of insincerity now in saying that the country would have suffered an almost irreparable loss had that maniac's shot last night proved fatal.

However much we disagree with the former President, we must all admit his usefulness. However much we want to see another man President, we must be glad that there is a statesman of his force and courage in opposition. It is an ancient truism that a vigorous opposition is necessary to the success of any administration. If it had not been for Roosevelt, the Democratic party, in all probability, would not have nominated so admirable a candidate as it did at Baltimore. If, and when, the Democratic party goes into power next March, the presence of such a man in our political life will be one of the best guarantees possible of a good administration for the succeeding four years.

Another Democratic paper, the Harrisburg "Patriot," says:

The attack upon Colonel Roosevelt has shocked the entire civilized world and has won universal sympathy for the wounded man. This is no less so because the wound is likely soon to heal, the bullet having struck no vital part. . . . It is unfortunate that Colonel Roosevelt will be unable, perhaps up to election time, to resume his campaigning. But all decent men and women in the United States will earnestly hope for his speedy recovery.

The Columbia, South Carolina, "State" (Dem.) remarks:

We may say that the conduct of the former President of the United States since the moment of the assault on him has been admirable. It could not have been better. In the crisis he has appeared great.

Another Southern paper, the New Orleans "Item" (Ind.), declares:

Roosevelt, under an assassin's fire, acted as every one would have expected. There is no doubt of the Colonel's physical courage. His

bearing here as elsewhere will help the cause which he heads. Assassination is not an asset for the opponents of a man or a cause.

The Troy "Times" expresses the sentiments of other Republican papers:

Amid all the conflicts of political life, animated though they be, there will not be found room for anything but profound grief that one who has done so much for his country and has earned so much of its admiration and affection should have been so grievously assaulted while engaged in the work of addressing his fellow-countrymen. The wish that Theodore Roosevelt may soon return to that marvelous activity which never was more conspicuous than when, freshly marked with a cruel bullet, he was declaring his beliefs and his purposes to an audience of thousands, will be as inclusive as the world of thinking and feeling men and women.

Among "independent" papers none have more virulently opposed Mr. Roosevelt than the New York "Sun" and the New York "Evening Post." The first says:

The "Sun" rejoices that the bullet fired by a mad-brained man of the Czolgosz type at Colonel Roosevelt did not find a fatal lodgment. While we differ with Colonel Roosevelt in his policies, his sudden taking off would be a National calamity, and with the entire Nation we pray for his speedy recovery.

The "Evening Post" says:

In the circumstances of this crazy attempt upon Mr. Roosevelt's life there are many things to dwell upon with gratitude. His characteristic coolness and pluck in danger stood out admirably; and the genuine affection which the vast numbers of his fellow-countrymen have for him has been given sympathetic expression in a way which must be a solid comfort to him. . .

And in face of the statement made under examination by the would-be assassin connecting his assault with partisan attacks by newspapers, the "Post" adds:

But the fact which most people will fasten upon with relief is that the murderous assault upon Mr. Roosevelt cannot be traced to any motive of party. . . . The effort which some are making to explain the Milwaukee crime as a result of the active opposition which Mr. Roosevelt has stirred up is particularly foolish in view of the incoherent writings found on the person of the would-be assassin.

Another Independent paper, the Cedar Rapids, Iowa, "Gazette," remarks as to this:

Mr. Roosevelt has been somewhat intemperate in some of his utterances. But these could hardly be to blame for the attack. Public men much more mild-mannered have been victims of the assassin's bullet. The gentle, mild-mannered McKinley was shot down in cold blood at a time when the country was nearer political peace than at any time since long before the Civil War.

The blame cannot be laid upon Mr. Roosevelt's campaign methods, at least not as much as to some of the intemperate utterances of his opponents.

The third term idea seemed to be uppermost in the mind of the assassin. . . . It is one of the silliest "arguments" of a campaign which has contained much silliness.

As to the crazy wretch who did the deed the Newark "Evening News" (Ind.) says:

A good many of us have thought right along that a man opposed to Roosevelt because of the third term superstition must be a little weak in the upper story, and it seems to be demonstrated now.

"'Poor wretch!' exclaimed Colonel Roosevelt, after a crazed man had fired out of the dark at him. . . . Colonel Roosevelt, with the bullet lodged in his chest, but otherwise as placid and composed as when he rose that morning, looked at the baffled lunatic. 'Poor wretch!' he exclaimed." After this description the Detroit "Journal" (Rep.) proceeds thus:

This will be the prevailing thought in America when the people are finally relieved of all anxiety for Colonel Roosevelt's life. The crime was the crime of a poor wretch: a crime wild and purposeless, a crime planned by the same disordered mind that made those incoherent scribblings found in the culprit's pockets. The very man he wounded could afford to pity him.

"The dastardly attempt on the life of Colonel Roosevelt is a fearful thing to contemplate," says the South Bend, Indiana, "Tribune" (Rep.).

It deserves to be considered exactly as if the effort had proven successful, for it is no fault of the crank who sent the bullet on its frightful mission that it did not prove effective. The would-be assassin was bent on killing the former President, and merely by chance must the charge be "assault with intent to kill" instead of murder. He is just as deserving of that punishment which has been so speedily meted out in the past as if he had murdered Colonel Roosevelt.

The Burlington, Vermont, "Free Press" (Rep.) remarks:

When President McKinley was shot, there was a general demand throughout the country for the adoption of some stringent measures that would tend to prevent cranks from even trying to assassinate a President of the United States, and a law was passed by Congress extending the death penalty to this crime. Unfortunately the law does not apply to an ex-President of the United States, as it manifestly should, for when a man has once entered the White House he seems to become an attractive target for the Guiteau and the Czolgosz type.

Few men have had a wider personal following than Theodore Roosevelt, and there will be

universal regret and horror that his life should be endangered by the assassin's bullet.

"The attack on Mr. Roosevelt was as free from external stimulus as that on Mayor Gaynor," declares the New York "Times" (Ind. Dem.). Among other papers whose bitterness against Mr. Roosevelt has led them into extremities of language, the "Times" disclaims for the anti-Roosevelt press responsibility for the assault by its remark that—

In the campaign he has been criticised by his opponents, and he in turn has criticised them even more vigorously. But there has been nothing in this out of the ordinary; the general temper of the people has been calm. Nothing but a thoroughly disordered or notoriety-seeking brain could have found in the discussions the least inspiration to violence.

Another New York paper, the "Globe" (Rep.), takes this different view of the campaign:

The vituperative campaign against Theodore Roosevelt, carried on with increasing virulence for a decade, produced fruit after its kind last night in Milwaukee. A weak-minded, cowardly creature, who accepted slanders as truth, became convinced that it was his duty to remove what he was told was a menace to his country and to society.

J. Wilkes Booth heard extremists say Lincoln was a tyrant, and believed it. Czolgosz listened to anarchistic talk and conceived that an obligation rested on him to murder McKinley. Schrank fed his eyes on the intemperate attacks of New York newspapers on Roosevelt; his zigzag brain became as inflamed as the stuff he read, and he felt a call from Heaven to sneak after his victim.

One can imagine, therefore, that last evening was no comfortable one to the editors chiefly responsible for the torrent of abuse. Their consciences are not altogether dead, and they are intelligent enough to trace consequences to causes. They knew that, as they had laid responsibility for McKinley's death at the door of one newspaper, so they by the same argument could be held responsible for the murderous assault on Roosevelt.

"Who is responsible?" demands the Grand Rapids "Evening Press" (Prog.). "Is no one responsible? The man thought he was doing the country a service by ridding it of the candidate for a third term. . . . He came from New York, the citadel of the bitter, vicious, and deliberate misrepresentation which to a greater or lesser degree is the part chosen by the stand-pat press."

Says the New York "Sun" (Ind.), which has apparently shown no restraint when it wished to denounce Mr. Roosevelt:

President Taft's message to Colonel Roosevelt, the first direct communication for many months that has passed in either direction between these two former friends, is a model of graceful and sincere expression. It carries sentiments which, as we believe, are universally entertained by the President's supporters in the campaign.

Governor Wilson has not been slow in announcing his own withdrawal from the stump during the term of Colonel Roosevelt's physical incapacity. This proceeding on the part of the Democratic candidate is inspired by personal delicacy and political chivalry alike admirable.

"I speak for the American people," said President Taft, "in expressing the profound hope that Colonel Roosevelt may speedily recover from the effects of this dastardly act."

"Amen!" cries the Buffalo "Express."

The Springfield, Massachusetts, "Republican" (Ind.) makes the following comment on Governor Wilson's course:

In announcing his withdrawal from the stump at the earliest possible date, Governor Wilson meets the new conditions in the Presidential contest in precisely the proper spirit. So long as Mr. Roosevelt remains incapacitated for campaigning, and with President Taft personally taking no active part in the contest, it is fitting that the Democratic candidate should abandon public speaking. If it be said that Democrats and Republicans may still fight each other, the obvious answer is that this Presidential struggle has been in reality a question of Mr. Roosevelt's potency, and the one great undetermined quantity in the political equation has been the measure of support given him by the American people.

One of the bulletins issued by Mr. Roosevelt's physicians reads as follows:

We find him in magnificent condition, due to regular physical exercise and his habitual abstinence from liquor and tobacco.

"What an answer to the slanderers who tried to spread the story that Colonel Roosevelt was a habitual drunkard!" exclaims the Baltimore Evening "Sun" (Ind. Dem.). "What an argument for temperance and proper care of the body!" The paper adds:

Theodore Roosevelt was nothing of a "husky" boy. He made himself robust by caring and working. He has *acquired* a physique that three noted physicians pronounced "magnificent." Of all the deeds which his friends praise him there is probably none more remarkable or significant, none more worthy of praise, than this.

Foreign comment is interesting. The London "Times" says:

It is impossible to calculate the effect of the wave of sympathy for Mr. Roosevelt that is certain to sweep over the whole electorate. All previous estimates and calculations are upset and political prophets will begin again from the

beginning to weigh Mr. Roosevelt's chances in conditions more complicated than before.

The London "Daily Chronicle" says:

The loss of Mr. Roosevelt would be a heavy one for the United States. However people there may agree or disagree with his actions and the policy for which he stands, there can be only one opinion of the point that he is one of the great personalities which the country could ill afford to lose; and we may justly say more—he is a prominent figure whose passing would have left the whole civilized world infinitely poorer.

The London "Standard" says:

Whatever the result of the impending election may be, the United States can ill afford to lose a public man of so vital and commanding personality.

As a display of cool and stoical courage the ex-President's performance is not unworthy to rank with any incident in the lore of ancient Sparta or Samurai Japan.

ASSASSINS OF TWO KINDS

HISTORY affords few more dramatic illustrations of devoted courage than Theodore Roosevelt pleading the cause of the people for over an hour with a bullet in his breast and the blood oozing from his wound. This type of heroism is not infrequent in extra-hazardous pursuits, as that of the soldier, the fireman, or the miner, where imminent danger excites to self-forgetful bravery; but it is rarely seen, possibly because rarely called for, in the pacific work of an orator. Mr. Roosevelt's courage interprets the closing words of his Carnegie Hall speech:

The leader for the time being whoever he may be, is but an instrument, to be used until broken and then to be cast aside; and if he is worth his salt he will care no more when he is broken than a soldier cares when he is sent where his life is forfeit in order that the victory may be won. In the long fight for righteousness the watchword for all of us is spend and be spent. It is of little matter whether any one man fails or succeeds; but the cause shall not fail, for it is the cause of mankind. We, here in America, hold in our hands the hope of the world, the fate of the coming years; and shame and disgrace will be ours if in our eyes the light of high resolve is dimmed, if we trail in the dust the golden hopes of men.

These words interpret the secret of his courage—forgetfulness of self in thought for others. Now that the danger of death is passed, the true significance of the incident may easily be forgotten. But it ought not to be forgotten that he was conscious at the time that this speech might be his last message to the American people; and that, despite the counsels and the protest of his physician and friends, he persisted in his purpose, partly to reassure his followers and his family, partly because the solemnity of the hour would add to the weight and influence of his message.

The world speaks carelessly of the victim of such an assault as unprepared. Mr. Roosevelt was not unprepared. The habit of self-mastery cultivated throughout his life until it has become a second nature was there ready to spring into action the instant it was called for. The calmness of spirit which never forsakes Mr. Roosevelt preserved his serenity while all about him were dazed. The unselfishness of his nature sprang to the protection of his assailant from mob violence and preserved the country from the indelible disgrace which such violence would involve. And his lifelong temperate habits and careful physical culture had endowed him with a physique capable of resisting a shock which would have been fatal to a body poisoned by vice or enervated by luxury. "His superb physical condition," says the chief of the physicians attendant upon him, "due to his outdoor exercise and habitual abstinence from liquor and tobacco, as well as his simplicity of diet, accounts for the small effect produced upon him during his long speech while suffering from such a severe shock."

Unprepared? No! We are never unprepared. Self-control in little things prepares for self-control in great crises. Making the body the servant of the spirit prepares the body to meet disease or disaster when it comes. Constantly living a spiritual life consecrated to the higher ministries makes the spirit strong to serve the purpose of health and healing when the body turns to it for an ally. We are all unconsciously preparing ourselves by our daily life for failure or for success in the unanticipated time of extraordinary trial.

Nor was the country wholly unprepared for this assault. Certainly it should not have been unprepared. Mr. Roosevelt's friends were not unprepared. Great national excitement always inflames the man whose passions are strong and whose reason is weak. Violent speech excites to violent deeds. Revolution breeds assassination. The assassination of Cæsar by Brutus, of William of Orange by

Gerard, of Marat by Charlotte Corday, of the Duke of Buckingham by John Felton, of King Humbert by Bresci, will readily recur to the reader, as well as the assassination of Abraham Lincoln by John Wilkes Booth, of President Garfield by Guiteau, and of President McKinley by Czolgosz.

The "North American," of Philadelphia, published on October 10, four days before the assassination, reported the following list of epithets applied to Theodore Roosevelt by a single American journal in the issues of a single month. The name of the journal it does not give; therefore we cannot report the name:

"Shrieks his hostility," "ridiculous," "contemptible," "his antics," "gnashing his teeth," "eager to use fraud," "unparalleled viciousness and dishonesty," "dangerous demagogue," "insensate ambition," "charlatanism," "plain aberration," "bad faith," "unworthy methods," "shocking demagogism," "baseless and dangerous appeals," "no scruples," "revolutionary and subversive," "horrible glibness," "indecent performance," "Aaron Burr," "shameless," "crazy Socialistic scheme," "blatant insincerity," "hypocritical and dangerous," "howling mobocracy," "shabby tactics," "damning proof of hypocrisy," "hollow and untrustworthy," "duplicity," "shrewd political trickery." "utter untrustworthiness," "dangerous and self-seeking autocrat," "unblushing effrontery," "squalid bandying of words," "no respect for truth."

It is not strange that a journal which vainly endeavors to persuade the country that a candidate for the Presidency, loved and honored as few men in American history have been loved and honored, is a man of "unparalleled viciousness and dishonesty" and is impelled by an "insensate ambition," should succeed in persuading a weak-minded reader to rid the Nation of so dangerous a foe by putting him to death. It is not just to charge any political organization with participation in the guilt of John Schrank. But the spirit of intemperate partisanship which substitutes abuse for discussion is not guiltless. When reputable journals seek by poisoned words to assassinate the reputation of an honored American, a fanatical crank not unnaturally follows with a bullet. This is not surmise; the fact is brought out in Schrank's statement under official examination:

Q.—You are not a member of any party? A.—No, sir. I thought there should be an example of the third term if it should exist any longer. Mr. Grant was refused, and he was satisfied; this man was refused, and he is not satisfied. It's gone beyond limits, if he keeps on doing this after election. He can't possibly carry a solid Western State. The next thing we will have is a civil war, because he will say the scoundrels and thieves and crooks stole my nomination, and now they will steal my election, and they will take up arms in all the Western States. We are facing a civil war just to keep him in a third term, in an illegitimate place.

And in the course of his answers he mentioned by name two New York newspapers.

Speech should be free; public measures and public men should be keenly scrutinized and frankly criticised; immoral character and conduct should be indignantly condemned; but abuse is not criticism. The wholesale vituperation quoted above is no more legitimate campaigning than the dynamiting by the McNamara brothers is legitimate war.

Assassination is not war, whether it be assassination of reputation or assassination of life. The public words and deeds of a public man are, and ought to be, subject to the judgment of his fellow-men, but this judgment should be based on specific words and acts. If the critic of Mr. Roosevelt declares that Mr. Roosevelt has shown his hostility to the Negro race by dismissing from the service a troop of Negro soldiers without trial and in violation of the law, he makes a charge which can be met. Those who believe in Mr. Roosevelt can point to the specific law which gave him authority to dismiss the Brownsville troop, and to the evidence of the troop's participation in the crime for which it was dismissed. The public can read the evidence, hear the arguments, and judge between the accuser and the defender. If the critic of Mr. Roosevelt declares that, in violation of international law and his Constitutional obligations, he recognized the Republic of Panama, the defender of Mr. Roosevelt's Panama policy can give the reasons for his belief that Mr. Roosevelt had Constitutional and legal authority to recognize the Republic of Panama, and that in recognizing that Republic he acted in accordance with international law and in promotion of the rights of an oppressed people. And the reader can consider the facts, weigh the arguments, and decide between the accuser and the defender. But it is as impossible to reply to the vituperation which the Philadelphia "North American" has quoted from the unnamed Tory journal as it would be to reply to the fangs of a rattlesnake.

When Mr. Roosevelt's traducers say that Mr. Roosevelt has himself introduced and sanctioned this kind of campaigning, they say what is not true. Search Mr. Roosevelt's speeches from the beginning to the end of

this campaign; nowhere is there in them anything analogous to the wholesale abuse to which he has been subjected. When he has accused men of lying he has specified the lie, when he has accused men of fraud he has specified the fraud; and he has accompanied his accusation with a statement of the grounds upon which that accusation is based. It is one thing to affirm that Mr. Taft was nominated by a Convention which was tainted by fraud, and to state the evidence upon which that indictment is based, so that the public can judge whether or not the charge is substantiated; it is quite another thing to charge that the candidate of a great party is "ridiculous," "contemptible," "eager to use fraud," "a dangerous and self-seeking autocrat." Such charges it is possible neither to substantiate nor to refute.

We do not wonder that some eminent journals in seeking to defend themselves are endeavoring to befog the difference between wholesale vituperation and indignant condemnation of specified words and deeds, accompanied with a statement of the evidence on which that condemnation is based. But the distinction is perfectly clear, and the American people understand it. Free discussion of platforms and policies, and of the men who stand upon those platforms and represent those policies, is absolutely essential to democratic government, but such discussion is not promoted, it is thwarted, by the personal abuse and the caricature by pen and pencil with which some partisan journals have sought to inflame the passions of their readers. How absolutely insincere as well as unjust some of this abuse has been is evidenced by the editorial utterances of some of these very journals commending the courage and the character of the man whom in previous issues they had been vilifying.

Campaign orators and campaign newspapers will give to their audiences and readers the kind of food which audiences and readers call for. One great good will come out of the evil if this attempted assassination of Theodore Roosevelt shall lead the American people to call for less heat and more light in political campaigning.

THE WEEK

The Balkan War Last week Turkey declared war against Bulgaria and Servia. This happened instantly on the signing of the peace agreement between Italy and Turkey, described further on. Such was the response to the ultimatums of the Bulgarian and Servian agents at Constantinople. The agents had demanded, on behalf of their southern neighbors and fellow-Christians, the introduction at once of reforms and changes of administration in Macedonia, otherwise there would be war. Turkey finally replied that these demands constituted interference in her internal affairs, and that if war were wanted, well and good, there would be war. Also on the conclusion of the peace agreement between Italy and Turkey several Turkish battle-ships appeared in the Black Sea, carrying Turkish troops to land on the Bulgarian coast. The Turks thus compelled the Bulgarian commanders to divert part of the Balkan army towards the sea from its expected activity to the south of the Balkan Mountains. The Turks also crossed the Servian frontier and engaged the less important Servian army. As regards Montenegro, war has been in progress for a fortnight between that kingdom and Turkey. The past week has witnessed a steady advance of the Montenegrin forces south into Albania and east into Novibazar, the only Turkish territory adjoining Austria. Novibazar also separates Montenegro and Servia. In this district the Montenegrins have, after ten days' fighting, captured the town of Berana and have made about seven hundred Turkish soldiers prisoners, taking fourteen guns and large quantities of ammunition and provisions. Hundreds of prisoners and much ammunition have also been captured by the Montenegrins during the week at the four Turkish fortifications on the road into Albania. After this series of uninterrupted victories the Montenegrin forces in Albania are now encamped about the town of Skutari on the lake of that name. Meanwhile, though Greeks have been fighting Turks on the frontier, war has only just been declared between Turkey and Greece. Turkey has given Greece sufficient provocation by continuing to hold a large number of Greek ships in Turkish waters, with the announced intention of converting them into transports for the Turkish army in case of necessity. This has angered the

Greeks, and they have now formally admitted deputies from the island of Crete into their Parliament, despite Turkey's repeated warnings that this would be considered a hostile act, Crete being still under the Sultan's nominal suzerainty. Thus, when one considers all the fighting on the Turkish frontier, it is seen that the efforts of the Powers to prevent war have practically failed. Their efforts must now be bent towards localizing it. With Italy once more neutral, the European concert again becomes one of six Powers—England, France, Russia, Germany, Austria, Italy—and the concert receives thereby material strength in dealing with the Balkan question. Most observers conclude that this increase of strength will make the Balkan States, and Turkey as well, more pliable under European pressure. In any event, two opposing forces now face each other, greater in numbers than any in Europe since the battle of Sedan four decades ago.

Turkey and the Balkan States

If the peace between Italy and Turkey is thus important as regards the Powers, it is also important as regards Turkey. The inevitable result of the Tripolitan war was long since appreciated by Turkish statesmen, and they have endeavored to arrange terms of peace. The chief difficulty in the way has been the bellicose attitude of the Turkish people themselves, who have been liberally fed on false reports from Tripoli that the Turkish armies had met with success instead of failure. With the fanatical Mohammedan population in this temper, it would indeed be difficult to arrange terms of peace, and to convince the people that the Italians and not the Turks were the victors. And yet a peace must be consummated soon, if Turkey were to lose not only Tripoli but also the Sporades Islands in the Ægean Sea, for the possession of at least one of the latter was more and more desired by Italy in her desire to become the chief Mediterranean Power. Thus there was an increasing necessity to conclude peace with Italy, and yet to conclude it with the assent of the Turkish people. At this juncture there occurred a greater unrest than usual in the Balkans. The Turks had been brutally oppressing some of the Christian natives of Macedonia and Albania. This had started up a corresponding resentment on the part of their brethren in the border kingdoms of Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro. The Turkish Cabinet cleverly took advantage of this situation. With the menace of war from these three kingdoms and Greece, the Turkish people saw that, in order to have a proper number of the Empire's armed forces to meet the enemy at home, they must be withdrawn from meeting an enemy abroad. Hence the people came gradually into a mood in which they would accept some sort of a peace. Whether they will agree to the conditions now announced remains to be seen. That they will be the more induced to do so may be assumed from their relief on the signing of the peace preliminaries, at the freedom from military operations with Italy, at the nullification of Italy's menace to invade Turkish home territory, and at the release of the small Turkish fleet hitherto held inoperative by the great Italian fleet.

The Peace Agreement Between Italy and Turkey

The signing by Italian and Turkish Ambassadors of a peace agreement terminates the Tripolitan war. It also ends Turkish control in North Africa. To be sure, Turkey remains suzerain of Egypt. But that is an empty title, for Turkey was unable to march her troops across Egypt. Tripoli now reverts to Latin sovereignty, and Italy has appropriately changed the name of the country to its name in Roman times—Libya. The conditions of peace, as announced, are as follows:

1. The absolute sovereignty of Italy in Libya, but without formal recognition there of Italy by Turkey.
2. A continuance of the free exercise of religious authority throughout Libya by the Khalif (the Sultan of Turkey).
3. The withdrawal by Turkey of her regular troops from Libya.
4. The payment by Turkey of an indemnity equal to Libya's contributions to the Turkish treasury.
5. The restoration of the captured Sporades—the Ægean Islands—to Turkey, but only with guarantees from Turkey for the well-being of the Christian populations there.
6. An agreement that no indemnity shall be paid by either side toward the cost of the war.
7. The re-establishment of the former diplomatic and commercial relations.

The Tripolitan war has lasted a few days more than a year. The conditions of peace, closing it, bring about important results to Italy. First, they bring Italy to the front as a colonial Power. Italy's little African colonies of Eritrea and Somaliland in the Red Sea region are of

THE REGION COVERED BY THE ITALO-TURKISH PEACE TERMS

small account compared with Libya—a country half a million square miles in area. Moreover, Libya is within a short distance of Sicily; the other colonies are at a considerable distance. Nor is this all. The eleven hundred miles of Libyan coast-line contain some fair harbors, and one, Tobruk, matches Bizerta in Tunis in strategical importance. As a Mediterranean Power, therefore, Italy now ranks with France. Though the Italians hold only the coast towns in Libya, and the wild tribes in the interior are still unconquered, we expect the country one day to be as successfully developed as France has developed Algeria and Tunis. The whole North African shore, therefore, would seem to be now redeemed to civilization. The European prestige of Italy is proportionately increased, especially her power in the Triple Alliance—Germany, Austria, Italy. Nor is this prestige likely to be lessened by the year's drain upon Italian financial resources. Not only has Italy forged to the fore financially, more, proportionately, than has any other European state, but the entire Italian nation has met the test of war in a spirit of striking unanimity, courage, and confidence. Furthermore, whatever may be felt as to the morality of Italy's declaration of war against Turkey, it must be admitted by all that the Italian army and navy have shown themselves entirely worthy to cope with the tasks laid upon them.

Mr. Wilson as a Campaigner

The weaknesses which the stress of the campaign has disclosed in Governor Wilson's power to state facts plainly and to reason logically from undeniable premises must be a source of disappointment to his best friends. We certainly have been disappointed in this respect by many of his campaign speeches. He has stated that any tariff except for revenue is unconstitutional, and has almost immediately added that, if elected President, the tariff will be modified so gradually as not to disturb business, apparently forgetting that unconstitutional procedure must be stopped, not gradually, but instantly; he has asserted that any kind of taxation except for revenue is immoral, apparently forgetting that taxation for the purposes of regulation is an inherent part of our American system, and that if he means what he says about the immorality of regulative taxation he must, as President, make radical and unprecedented changes with regard to the regulation of corporations and of the liquor traffic, the sale of noxious drugs, the

circulation of "wildcat" State bank notes, and other social dangers which are to a large extent controlled by taxation; and, lastly, as we pointed out in these pages last week—having implied in a public speech at Denver that some of the special interests and trusts were backing Mr. Roosevelt—he has defended his statement by saying that he meant that the trusts were supporting Mr. Roosevelt, not with their money, but with their sympathy. In order not to fall into the same error into which we think he has fallen, of shrouding facts in misty general statements, let us quote his exact language:

> There are some men among them [the trusts] who are members of at least sixty boards of directors of the most important undertakings of the country, and the gentlemen, about thirty, I believe, who constitute the directors of this United States Steel Corporation are so connected, by being presidents or vice-presidents or directors, in the railroad corporations of the country that they control fifty-five per cent of the railways of the United States. These are the gentlemen who are *now backing the programme of the leader of the third party*.

And again from the same speech we quote another still more striking statement by Mr. Wilson:

> I was saying to some of my newspaper companions a little while ago that if I were a cartoonist I would draw a picture of the biggest monopolies of the United States drawn up in line, *and in front Mr. Roosevelt trying to lead them in a hallelujah chorus*.

In all frankness we ask how can there be made a more explicit statement that Mr. Roosevelt and the Progressive party have deliberately framed a policy that shall be highly satisfactory to the special interests?

Mr. Wilson and his Supporters Differ

It is possible that these extraordinary statements by Mr. Wilson are not the products of campaign weakness. It is possible that Mr. Wilson believes them to be accurate, in spite of Mr. Roosevelt's record as Governor of New York on the Ford Franchise Act or as President on the Hepburn Railway Act. But some of Mr. Wilson's stanchest supporters do not accept their accuracy. The New York "Times," for example, courteously calls upon Mr. Wilson to retract his statement if he cannot furnish proofs to substantiate it, and adds:

> What Governor Wilson meant when he said that evidence in support of his statement was coming to him "by way of corroboration every day" in forms that he could not question is not at all clear. If this means that evidence of the Steel Corporation's support of Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy is coming to him, the question would at once be asked why that evidence is not accessible to others, to the newspapers, for instance? . . . Certainly there is no evidence, so far as we know, that the Steel Corporation is helping the Colonel's candidacy.

The most striking criticism, however, of Governor Wilson's allegations appears in an editorial, entitled "Unjust," in the Newark, New Jersey, "Evening News," a paper which is vigorously supporting Mr. Wilson for the Presidency:

> Governor Wilson has several times intimated that the Roosevelt method for trust control was devised by the trusts themselves, and that in their desire to have that plan carried out they are supporting his candidacy.
>
> A good deal of leeway may properly be allowed in a warm political campaign, and assuredly no one expects Governor Wilson to adopt, advertise, and recommend the proposals of his adversary. But we had expected the Governor to draw the line sharply on the safe side of misstatement, and we had not expected him to follow blindly the Roosevelt-haters into their self-contradictory assertion that the worst Roosevelt-haters of all are also his most ardent supporters.
>
> For the rest, it is a simple matter of history that Colonel Roosevelt's dearest foes have been the predatory corporations and their retainers, and that his plan for regulating trusts is one which he has advocated for nine years, and is one which every dishonest corporation fears to the marrow of its bones.

We regret this campaign incident, not because of its patent injustice to Mr. Roosevelt, but because it displays a lack of historical and argumentative accuracy, very common, to be sure, in political stump speakers, but very disappointing in a man of Governor Wilson's training and reputation. We had hoped that he was going to set a higher standard of political debate in this campaign. Mr. Wilson's attitude toward the trusts, it may be added here, was the subject of one of Mr. Roosevelt's recent speeches. He pointed out that Mr. Wilson advocated State control of trusts, and yet as Governor of New Jersey, the creator of more and larger trusts than any other State, he had done nothing to reach these trusts through their charters, or through the prosecution of their officers. The fact that Mr. Wilson did not reply last week to this speech may very reasonably be ascribed to the temporary cessation of discussion following the attempt on Mr. Roosevelt's life.

The True William Flinn

The enemies of the Progressive party have rung the changes so noisily over the nickname "Boss Flinn" that many people who are entirely ignorant of the facts about the life of ex-State Senator William Flinn, of Pennsylvania, have jumped to the conclusion that he is, or was, a boss of the type of Murphy, Penrose, or Taggart. We commend to the reading of such persons the account of Senator Flinn's personality and history which recently appeared in the "North American," of Philadelphia, an able and straight-speaking journal with an indisputably close knowledge of Pennsylvania political history. It preludes its account by the declaration that, "if the very best of his traducers possessed a fraction of his patriotism, his integrity, his zeal in good causes, and his ability to promote them; if his well-meaning but misinformed critics understood the principles of progressivism as thoroughly, and labored for them as faithfully; if there were four other citizens of this commonwealth who had devoted as much sincere effort as he has to bring about civic betterment, political freedom, and social and industrial justice, Pennsylvania would not so long have been a sunken State, but would have led the Union in progressive government." William Flinn (we condense from the "North American" account) is self-made and self-taught; he began to work at the age of nine and was a contractor at twenty-one; he has always been a developer, an improver. In his early experience with a steel plant, with oil lands, with mines, with a small railway, and even in farming, he studied scientific efficiency, although he probably never heard the phrase. All this led him to hate and despise the men responsible for the waste going on in Pittsburgh in health and money. The political rule of Pittsburgh had been for many years under Christopher Magee; this rule was a political despotism, and in the political sense Magee was a boss, but "it was a benevolent despotism, creative and effective in its operation." It is not necessary to approve Magee's methods, but, as a matter of fact, under his political bossism Pittsburgh, industrially and in its energies as a city, was pushed forward tremendously. There were no "sordid scandals," and, although franchises were given away, they were not sold; there were "no shams, no wringing of tribute from vice, no private licensing of criminals," but there was (as was exceedingly common in other cities at that time) a gratuitous transfer of public privileges to corporate control in return for needed public improvements, and thereby the people were undoubtedly greatly wronged. When Magee died, says the "North American," he was regarded as the most public-spirited and the best-loved citizen of Pittsburgh. Mr. Flinn succeeded to control in 1901, but he quickly made enemies because he fought selfish special interests and promoted progressive ideas, while his way of doing these things was domineering. As a political and municipal director of affairs Flinn's career lasted less than a year. He was emphatically not a boss of the Murphy or the Penrose or even the Magee type. But, it is said, he was a great contractor and made large sums from public as well as private work. This is perfectly true, but it is also perfectly consistent with honest methods and public service. The "North American" asserts with full knowledge that in many years of savage controversy, and with his political enemies in control of the city, no charges of fraud ever lay against Flinn's contracts, and that his worst enemies admit that he never got a contract except through open competition and as the lowest bidder. As time went on he became interested in such reforms as uniform primaries, better election laws, the referendum and recall for cities, good roads, local civil service laws, and from these efforts at improvement he naturally grew toward those policies of social and industrial justice and the betterment of humanity which brought him into sympathy with the National Progressive movement as it developed and became the one great issue of American political life. In line with all this also was his work as Chairman of the Pittsburgh Planning Commission, where he served without pay in promoting playgrounds, recreation centers, smoke prevention, pure water, and much else that goes to make the city a better place to live in. This is the real William Flinn; the picture is the very antithesis of the caricature drawn for the benefit of readers who may naturally be ignorant of the truth. That caricature presents a "brutal and insolent boss" and a "political thug," a being as far removed as night is from day from the sympathetic, earnest, somewhat rough and brusque, worker who has done a splendid work for his city and for his country in furthering industrial advance, political efficiency, and justice as between man and man.

Campaign Contributions: The Harvester Trust and Mr. Wilson

Cyrus H. McCormick, President of the International Harvester Company, commonly called the Harvester Trust, contributed $12,500 to the primary campaign of Governor Wilson. There would be nothing specially significant about this if it had not been for the remarks of Mr. Wilson, to which we have already referred, in which he intimated that the Trust was supporting Mr. Roosevelt and the Progressive party. It not only appears from the testimony before the Senate Campaign Contributions Committee that the President of the Harvester Trust contributed to Mr. Wilson's primary campaign, but that his brother, Mr. Harold McCormick, according to his cousin, Mr. Medill McCormick, was also for Mr. Wilson. The testimony concerning Mr. Cyrus McCormick's contribution was confirmed by Mr. Cleveland Dodge, who personally testified that he had raised the fund on behalf of Mr. Wilson's candidacy to which Mr. Cyrus H. McCormick contributed. There is absolutely nothing wrong, so far as we can see, about this contribution. There is no intimation that it is given with any expectation of receiving a favor in return. Mr. McCormick has the same right as any other man to contribute to the campaign fund for the candidate in whom he believes. Mr. Wilson, however, attempted to cast reflection upon the Progressive programme by alleging that it received the support of just such men as Mr. McCormick. Either Mr. Wilson must now admit that Mr. McCormick's contribution to the Wilson candidacy casts reflection upon Mr. Wilson's own programme, and that he was in error in his remarks about the "hallelujah chorus" of the Trusts, or else he must admit that a programme for trust regulation should not be judged by the support it receives, but on its own merits. The charges made by inference and innuendo concerning the relation of the Harvester Trust to Mr. Roosevelt, and in one case the charges explicitly made by the Taft campaign manager, have been shown to be exactly contrary to the truth. It so happens that most of the officers and directors of the Harvester Trust are supporting either Mr. Taft or Mr. Wilson. The pro-Wilson papers and pro-Taft papers that have been making much of Mr. Perkins's support of Mr. Roosevelt have found it convenient to make as inconspicuous as possible their report of Mr. McCormick's contribution to Mr. Wilson; but they have not yet had the grace to admit that they have learned a lesson as to the danger of unfair campaigning methods.

The Campaign Contributions: Judge Parker and Mr. Koenig

Two other incidents of interest occurred during the week of testimony before the Senate Campaign Contributions Committee. One was the appearance of Judge Parker, former Democratic Presidential candidate, on the stand. He gave some hearsay testimony consisting of what had been said to him by Daniel S. Lamont, who is dead. It was on Mr. Lamont's statement to him that Mr. Parker based his charges that the Roosevelt campaign managers in 1904 were virtually blackmailing the corporations. Mr. Parker said that in his speech of October 24, 1904, he had not made any charge against Mr. Roosevelt with regard to solicitation of campaign contributions. As a matter of fact, Mr. Parker's charge in that campaign was what we have stated it to be, and he has now himself failed to give any evidence either to substantiate it or to show that there was any reasonable ground for making it originally. The other incident was the testimony of a man named Aronowitz. Last week we reported the fact that Mr. Ogden Mills, in reply to charges of corruption on behalf of Mr. Taft's candidacy in the primary campaign, made counter-charges of crooked work on behalf of the Roosevelt delegates. Mr. Aronowitz, in reply, testified, in substance, that in the district to which Mr. Mills referred, Mr. Koenig, who was the leader of the Taft forces in the county, virtually took over the management of the Roosevelt as well as the Taft side of the campaign; that Mr. Koenig appointed him as the leader of the Roosevelt Committee in the district, and asked him to appoint as captains on the Roosevelt side his own men, and that the supposed Roosevelt watchers in the district were really the Taft leader's own men in disguise. It is only fair to say that the newspapers report Mr. Koenig as denying Mr. Aronowitz's story. It is certain that there was fraud and crooked work done in the primaries of New York. Mr. Aronowitz's story about the attempt to "double cross" the Roosevelt movement is not in itself incredible. It is this sort of thing that had been done again and again in American

politics, and it is the sort of thing against which there is this year a great uprising.

A Great Naval Spectacle

The greatest naval review in the history of this country and the greatest assemblage of war-vessels that ever took place in river or nearly closed-in bay ended at New York on Tuesday of last week with the passing of the superb fleet down the Hudson River and out to sea—a two-mile-long procession, led by the flagship Connecticut. The review was not only a striking exhibition to the people of the power and efficiency of the American navy, but an object-lesson also to impress the fact that a large modern navy does not mean likelihood of war or temptation to war, but is the most certain guarantee of lasting peace except under unendurable wrong. For Congress it should, moreover, be a warning that niggardliness in naval construction is fatal to American standing among the navies of the world. Strong and fine as it is, our navy should be stronger; and it is absolutely essential that its increase for the future should be planned scientifically and intelligently—a method which Congress is only too prone to ignore. We agree with President Taft in his speech on this occasion that to favor arbitration and to defend the building up of a strong navy are perfectly consistent policies. As a beautiful spectacle the long line of "dreadnoughts," lesser battle-ships, cruisers, torpedo destroyers and boats, submarines, gunboats, and even colliers, was impressive; the firing of salutes, the waving of flags, the review by the President of the United States, and the illumination at night pleased and interested many thousands of people. The statistics of the fleet indicate the great extent of this naval mobilization. There were gathered 127 ships of all classes, with 1,300 officers and 27,000 men. Most prominent among the war-ships were the new battle-ships Arkansas and Wyoming, which are "dreadnoughts" of 26,000 tons each. Altogether there were thirty-one battle-ships, four armored cruisers, four ordinary cruisers, twenty-two torpedo-destroyers, sixteen torpedo-boats, and ten submarines. The formalities and ceremonies of the occasion as between the naval commanders, the visiting party from Washington, and the city officials were observed elaborately, while ordinary citizens to the number of many thousands were received as visitors on board the fleet, and also had the opportunity of viewing a shore parade. Altogether the occasion will long remain memorable both for the metropolis and for the navy.

New York's New Education Building

The new building in Albany for the New York State Education Department was dedicated last week with elaborate exercises. A number of notable addresses were made by men of prominence in the educational field. The building, which has both dignity and beauty, faces the north side of the State House, and is constructed of white marble, terra cotta, and granite. Its front, 660 feet, is a great colonnade, with thirty-six massive marble columns. One of the speakers called attention to the fact that it had been built within the contract price and without scandal of any kind, a statement which the State will read with relief, but which is in itself humiliating. The educational work of the State was unified eight years ago. Mr. Reid, the American Ambassador to Great Britain, who is the Chancellor of the University, called attention to the fact that, although the State Library was destroyed by fire last year with some losses which are irreparable, a large working library has already been collected, the State having appropriated a million dollars for that purpose last winter and pledging itself to the further appropriation of three-quarters of a million for the same purpose during the coming winter. The former library was rich in manuscripts, in the old records of the Dutch government from Peter Stuyvesant's day, in the papers of Sir William Johnson, and in records relating to the early history of the State. Fortunately, a considerable part of these documents were saved in a more or less damaged condition. The State Library is not simply a collection of books for experts; it lends books, either singly or in the form of traveling libraries, to every nook and corner of the State. It is not a local circulating library; it is a great collection of books which are at the service of the citizens of the State. In less than two years after its destruction by fire it has already not less than three hundred and fifty thousand volumes; and its usefulness is evidenced by the enormous correspondence with which it has to cope from every corner of the State and from all parts of the country.

The Progress of Woman's Suffrage

To-day all the political parties are recognizing equal suffrage as a live issue. The National and most of the State platforms of the Progressive and Socialistic parties declare for it. In addition, the following political indorsements of equal suffrage have recently been made: by the Democratic State Convention in Connecticut; by the three parties in Montana; by the Republican Convention in New Jersey; by the Democratic party in Nevada; by three of the parties in Pennsylvania. Eighty years ago no woman in the United States could vote for anything. To-day the women in all but seventeen States (thirteen of the seventeen being east of the Mississippi River) have some form of suffrage—school, taxpayers, bond issue, municipal, or full suffrage. One million one hundred and sixty thousand women in the States of Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Washington, and California now have full suffrage, and from seventy-five to ninety-nine per cent exercise that right. As an indication of the kind of laws upon which women voters are concentrating their attention and work, it is interesting to note that the following laws are on their programme for the coming legislative term in the State of Washington: a minimum wage law, an anti-child labor law, a mothers' pension law, a law providing for equal co-guardianship of children, a law establishing vocational training in public schools and other State institutions, and the repeal of two obnoxious laws which are believed to work injustice towards women and girls, namely, the Corroborative Evidence Law and the Double Standard Law. A common opinion in those communities where women vote seems to be that the women take their suffrage responsibilities seriously. In many regions where women have the suffrage the voting booths have been taken from such places as tobacco shops and put in some instances in the school-house, or, as has been done in Los Angeles, in the churches. It is undeniable that the act of voting by this means assumes a new dignity for both women and men. A California correspondent writes of seeing a young couple come to the polling-place wheeling baby in his go-cart. The mother stepped inside first, leaving the father in charge of the baby, and, having cast her vote, came out to relieve him of the baby while he voted. In a very few minutes the family party, having performed its civic duty, moved on. In California the Women's Suffrage Clubs, having accomplished their original purpose, have now reorganized as civic clubs for the study of public questions upon which the women may now cast their ballot. The avowed purpose of many of these clubs is not only to promote progressive legislation, but to fight against such reactionary movements as the threatened attack on the Eight-Hour Labor Law for Women. These facts illustrate the truth that the suffrage is a duty involving more than the dropping of a paper in the box; and that, although women in several States are assuming the burden of the suffrage cheerfully, it is not merely a privilege but a very real responsibility.

The Suffrage Campaign in Five States

The adoption of woman's suffrage by the States of Washington and California has trebled the suffrage vote in this country, and has brought the entire movement into a very much more prominent public position. The success of the suffragists in these two States has greatly strengthened the well-organized and vigorous campaign for woman's suffrage in five other States, where the question will be voted upon on the Presidential election day. These five States are as follows: 1. Michigan, where woman's suffrage has the active support of the State Federation of Labor, the Grange, and of Governor Osborne, but is opposed by the powerful liquor interests. 2. Wisconsin, where the public-spirited La Follette family are campaigning through the State in its favor. The Scandinavians of northern Wisconsin are practically a unit for woman's suffrage, having been accustomed to parliamentary suffrage for women in Norway; but the Germans of southern Wisconsin are indifferent or opposed, since they still hold to the restricted ideas of "woman's sphere" generally entertained in Germany, where that sphere has been called epigrammatically "church, kitchen, and children." The brewery interests of Wisconsin are also opposed to woman's suffrage. 3. Kansas, where the support of the farmers and the Grange is solidly for woman's suffrage and where women have had municipal suffrage for twenty-five years. 4. Oregon, bounded by three suffrage States, where the sentiment is reported as decidedly for woman's suffrage. 5. Arizona, where, despite the refusal of the Legislature to submit the issue to the electorate, it will come to vote, through the right

of initiative petition, and where it is supported by Governor Hunt. The issue is clouded, however, in Arizona by factional fights which lessen the chances for the success of the suffragists. Of these five States the suffrage organization feels confident of winning two, Kansas and Oregon. Should they meet reverses in the other three States, they believe that the defeat will only be a temporary one. The press of these five States is, on the whole, supporting woman's suffrage, many papers, like the influential Portland "Oregonian," having swung from their apathy or opposition into active support. The suffrage campaigners have had very little money to spend, and the movement has been carried on in large part by voluntary services offered both by men and women. The suffragists believe that it was the influence of the liquor interests, and the expenditure by them of large sums of money, which accomplished the defeat of the Equal Suffrage amendment in Ohio in the month of September. In this Presidential year the States where equal suffrage is already established (California, Colorado, Idaho, Utah, Washington, and Wyoming) control thirty-seven electoral votes. A President might easily be seated by as narrow a margin as this. It is therefore not a matter of surprise that woman's suffrage has ceased to be an academic question and is to-day a very practical and human issue.

Penny Arcades

While the moving-picture show has been the subject of much debate and some efficient regulation in recent years, one of its cousins—the penny arcade—has been neglected. The penny arcade is a cheap substitute for the moving picture. It contains a number of stereoscopic machines which may be operated by a handle or other mechanical means when a penny is dropped into a slot. A recent study by a special representative of The Outlook of the penny arcades in New York City, where conditions are believed to be typical of those in many other cities, indicates that these penny picture shows are usually a source of civic demoralization. Although morbid portrayals of crime and executions seem to be decreasing, all but one of the arcades examined had some pictures that were morally coarse, indecent, or suggestive. Young people of both sexes undeniably are morally and physically tainted by such pictures as "The Sheath-Gown Girl," an especially vulgar one which our representative found in several places; or "Poses from Life for the Artist;" or "A Chorus Girl Preparing for Her Act," and many others of a similar nature. One machine displayed a set of pictures representing a "Burlesque Queen," half dressed and draped in an American flag. Pictures of this kind are chiefly photographs or their reproductions made in studios of the baser sort. An especially brazen arcade which deserves summary suppression was found at Coney Island, for in this particular arcade every machine contains pictures which are either grossly vulgar or positively indecent, and yet they were found surrounded by groups of young men and young women of a type too common at Coney Island. Under a city ordinance the Bureau of Licenses can act where evidence is given that indecent pictures are being shown, either by revoking the license under which the arcade operates or by forcing its owner to close down until the objectionable pictures are removed.

A Substitute for the Penny Arcade

Several powerful forces are now crowding the once numerous and frequented penny arcades to the wall some of these are Nation-wide forces. The loss of novelty is one, for the arcades have made little progress of any kind in the past few years, and many of their patrons soon tire of them. In New York there is a city ordinance, worthy of being copied everywhere, which prohibits the entrance of children under sixteen unattended by parent or guardian, and this cuts off the most profitable customers the arcade owner would otherwise catch. This provision is generally enforced as soon as any clear violation can be detected, as the arcade is usually open to the street. Best of all, the moving-picture shows are destroying the penny arcades, not only taking away the younger children, but their elders also. The public has learned that it does not get a fair return for its money at the penny arcade, since for the payment of a nickel a spectator can sit an hour or so looking at what are often excellent pictures in the moving-picture shows. The result has been in New York City that no new automatic penny picture shows are being established, and the fifty penny arcades of a few years ago have dwindled to about ten to-day. Large sections that formerly had several are rid of them entirely at the present time. The populous One Hundred and Twenty-fifth

Street district and the Jewish section centering in Grand Street have seen every one of their penny arcades closed absolutely. Fourteenth Street possesses but one resort which has automatic pictures, and the Bowery, not long ago the home of the glittering penny vaudeville, has to-day but two seedy specimens. That is a good sign. For, at best, the arcades have slight public value. Any new legislation affecting moving pictures in general, in New York or in other cities, should not fail to contain a clause prohibiting children under sixteen years from entering at least the penny shows. These penny arcades should draw no breath of life at the expense of the children.

A Vigorous Diplomatist

The Right Hon. James Bryce, British Ambassador to the United States, and an Englishman who has the warm affection of the country to which he is accredited, is in several ways one of the most notable men of his time. He is in his seventy-fifth year. That does not make him an old man by modern standards; but it is an age at which the majority of even energetic men are content to rest on their achievements and to maintain the standard of their work. Mr. Bryce is a man of another temper; he does not furl his sail and seek the harbor now that the afternoon has come. Nearly half a century ago he published his standard history of "The Holy Roman Empire," a work of erudition and of interest as well. That was followed, in 1888, by his "American Commonwealth," the most exhaustive, authoritative, and thoroughly intelligent explanation of the American Government, the American political ideas, and the American character which has appeared. In addition to these intellectual feats he performed various physical feats which won him, thirteen years ago, the presidency of the Alpine Club. He had previously climbed Mount Ararat, and had made the final ascension alone. Last summer he visited those experiment stations in democracy, Australia and New Zealand, returning last month. He has just published the most interesting account which has yet appeared of South America, a sturdy octavo volume, packed with the results of close observation and careful thinking; and two weeks ago he made a journey of twenty-five miles in an air-ship. This is a record of physical activity, mental vigor, and industry which explain the extraordinary postion Mr. Bryce holds in the regard of the whole English-speaking world.

THE PROGRESSIVE MOVEMENT

VII—WHY A NEW PARTY?

Why do you wear a necktie? If a man were asked that question, he would probably find it difficult to answer. He could say that ever since he was a boy he has been in the habit of wearing a necktie; that the people with whom he associates wear neckties; that if he did not wear a necktie he would feel uncomfortable and conspicuous; that if he stopped wearing a necktie he would have to explain why he did so; that his father wore a necktie and that he expects his sons to wear neckties; that he has no objection to those who do not wear neckties, that he has no doubt that there are many good men who do not wear neckties, but that for his own part he prefers to wear a necktie and will continue to do so.

That is about the sort of answer which a great many men would give if you asked them to look into their own minds and really find out why they are Republicans or Democrats. Of course the man who wears a necktie might say that he believes in the principle of wearing a necktie; so many a man says he believes in the principles of the Republican party or the Democratic party, as the case may be; but in most such instances the principles of the Democratic party or of the Republican party have as little definite meaning as the principle of wearing a necktie. At most such a man usually means that he likes and admires the sort of men who are Democrats or who are Republicans, or at least that he finds them congenial.

Now suddenly this year there have appeared thousands upon thousands of men who call themselves neither Republicans nor Democrats, but Progressives. If you should ask any one of these why he is a Progressive, he would be very likely to give you fairly definite reasons. He certainly has some definite reasons, whether he can express them or not; for he became a Progressive, not by inheritance, since until this year there was no Progressive party; nor because of his environments, since the Progressive party has come into existence, and could come into existence, only by the voluntary action of thousands upon thousands of just such men as he. He will be able to tell you, in a general way at least, what it was that made him a Progressive, and describe in a general way the Progressives' political faith.

This is a new thing in America—a great party representative of all classes, that is attached to a definite set of political principles. It is not a new thing in most, if not all, other countries where the people vote. In England, in France, in Germany, even in Russia, the people are divided into parties according to their political convictions. On the one hand, there are those who call themselves Conservatives. They believe that the most important thing is to preserve the old institutions and the old traditions which during the generations have made the country what it is; they believe that the greatest virtue in the government is stability and order, and the greatest dangers arise from innovation and any sort of disturbance; when the innovations come and are adopted, these Conservatives accept them as part of the order of society, and adopt them among the institutions that need to be preserved. On the other side are those who call themselves Liberals or Progressives. They believe that the most important thing is to see that the institutions of the country are made flexible and are adapted to the changing conditions of life; they believe that the greatest virtue in the government is this ability to meet new questions promptly and to solve the problems of the people as they arise, and that the greatest dangers arise from the policy that allows wrongs and evils to accumulate without remedy; and when one new measure is adopted these Liberals are not contented with the achievement, but use it rather as a step upon which to mount to a new level. The Conservatives of one year may urge measures which the Liberals of earlier days have advocated; but the Conservatives advocate them as a defense of the national inheritance, whereas the Liberals advocate them as new acquisitions. The Conservatives are primarily interested in custom and law and constitutional safeguards; the Liberals are primarily concerned with those things which make for hardship or ease, injustice or fair dealing, in the lives of the common men, women, and children.

In this country there has been no such distinction between Conservatives and Liberals so far as party lines are observed. Sometimes the Democratic party has seemed to be a Liberal party, as it was under Bryan; sometimes a Conservative party, as it was under Parker. Sometimes the Republican party has seemed to be a Conservative party, as it was under Harrison; sometimes a Liberal party, as under Roosevelt. Sometimes, as under Cleveland and McKinley, the Democratic and Republican parties respectively have seemed to be partly Liberal, partly Conservative. As a matter of fact, neither party has been a Liberal party or Conservative party. There have been influences at work in America to make the difference between Liberal and Conservative obscure, to distribute Liberals and Conservatives between both parties. The difference between the Democratic and Republican parties has been described in an essay by William Garrott Brown. It is the distinction between theory and practice, between idealism and efficiency, between those who are chiefly interested in doctrines and those who are chiefly interested in deeds. To quote Mr. Brown's own words, "Aspiration and Utopianism against purpose and opportunism, genius and eccentricity against common sense and self-interest, the universal and the visionary against the specific and the practical, the kingdom of the air against the kingdom of the earth—such I conceive to be the perpetual antagonism of parties." Each party has had the virtues and defects of its qualities. The idealist is likely to be doctrinaire and impractical; the efficient is likely to be materialistic and opportunist. So we have had in this country, with some exceptions, the impractical and the idealistic Liberals and Conservatives grouped in the Democratic party, and the materialistic and the efficient Liberals and Conservatives grouped in the Republican party.

Within the past few years, however, there has been a new movement among the American people. It is a movement that corresponds to that which is to be found in countries all over the world. It is the Liberal or Progressive movement. It has been discernible in both the Republican and Democratic parties. It has been strong in its advocacy of a freer government, and of a more equal chance for all sorts of men. In the Democratic party it has had the leadership of Mr. Bryan, and there it has shown the Democratic qualities of idealism and of doctrinairism. In the Republican party it has had the leadership of such men as Mr. La Follette and Mr. Roosevelt, and there it has shown the Republican qualities of practicality and efficiency. On behalf of freer government it has stood for direct nominations, for the initiative, the referendum, and the recall. On behalf of a more equal chance (as Mr. Roosevelt phrased it,

"the square deal") it has stood for the regulation of the railways, for Conservation, for inheritance taxes, for a workmen's compensation law, pure food laws, the prohibition of child labor.

During the seven years while Mr. Roosevelt was President this Progressive movement gradually became dominant in the Republican party and in the Nation, and was recognized by the name of the "Roosevelt Policies." Though powerful leaders—Aldrich, Cannon, and the rest—resisted it, at the end of seven years it had made a substantial record in the laws of Congress and in the acts of the Executive; and, what is more important, it was upheld by an overwhelming public opinion.

President Taft, pledged by his own words to clinch the Roosevelt policies, allowed the reactionaries to rise into power, and the Progressive leaders became "Insurgents." As soon as it had a chance, public opinion expressed itself by repudiating the reactionary leadership of the Taft Administration, and transferred as far as it could the leadership in the Nation from the Republicans to the Democrats.

For two years the Democrats have had a chance, and what does the record show? A party divided between Progressives and reactionaries, but under reactionary leadership in Congress. The Democratic House is ruled by the majority of the Democratic secret caucus under the leadership of Underwood and Fitzgerald, both of whom represent the Conservative or reactionary wing of the party.

So the Progressive movement, on behalf of freer government and fairer conditions of life, has been seeking a home first in one party and then in the other, but has found it in neither.

This condition of affairs has been, of course, satisfactory to the Conservatives of both parties, and especially to those Conservatives whose special interest would be disturbed by any Progressive innovation. The rank and file of a party may be dominantly Progressive, but the Conservatives are of course satisfied so long as conservatism is in the position of power.

If the Liberals or Progressives were to succeed in controlling the Republican party, the new movement would couple its own idealism with the Republican trait of efficiency. If the new movement were to control the Democratic party, it would be in danger of becoming merely idealistic and impractical.

The Progressive movement, however, did succeed in enlisting the great majority of the rank and file in the Republican party. This was proved by the primary last spring. But, by means repugnant to popular rule, the party managers defeated the will of the rank and file and kept the reactionaries in control. Then the Conservatives in control of the Democratic party saw the opportunity of winning Progressive votes, and, after proving at Baltimore that they had the mastery of the Democratic machinery, conceded a Progressive nominee but retained the control of the party itself.

This, then, was the situation as it existed at the beginning of the present campaign: the Republican party, the party of efficiency, Progressive in its membership, but under the command of the reactionaries; the Democratic party, the party of theories, partly Progressive in its membership, presenting a theoretical Progressive as its nominee, but dominated by Conservatives and reactionaries.

No one who thinks clearly could see in that situation any chance for a clear-cut issue between Conservatives and Progressives, or any chance that those things which Progressives the world over believe, the things that make for freer government and for fairer conditions of life, could through the victory of either party be themselves really victorious.

Then it was that what appeared to be disaster was turned to opportunity. The Progressive movement, that had been a shuttlecock between the two old parties, became independent of both the old parties, and, under the leadership of the man who as President has done more than any one else to give this Progressive movement momentum and power, became organized as an independent and separate party, the Progressive party.

Into this new party have come Republicans, Democrats, and Independent voters. Without regard to past affiliations, they believe that the greatest danger to the country comes from resistance to needed change, and that the greatest service that can be rendered to the country consists in securing changes that will make government freer and living conditions more just.

So we have to-day three great parties. One, the Republican, avowedly conservative, resisting change and inheriting the

materialism, if not the efficiency, of its own past history. The second, the Democratic, still theoretical and doctrinaire, propounding theories as to States' rights and the Constitutionality of the tariff that have little bearing upon the practical questions of the day, and, as formerly, neither frankly Conservative nor frankly Progressive, but willing to be both at once or by turns, and finding no discomfort in accepting the leadership of three such men as Woodrow Wilson, Champ Clark, and Oscar Underwood. Third, the Progressive, presenting a definite programme in the form of a contract with the people, combining the idealism that is inevitable in every Liberal movement with the efficiency that it has acquired through former party associations of its most effective leaders, looking upon every question not in the light of tradition or precedent but in the light of the needs of the people of to-day, recognizing in every issue both the need for adherence to principle and the need for common sense in its application. We may say, therefore, that the Republican party is the party of materialism and conservatism, that the Democratic party is the party of theories and compromise, and that the Progressive party is the party of efficiency and progress.

The three candidates correspond closely to the parties they represent. Mr. Taft has defended his Administration in terms of material prosperity and has based his political arguments on resistance to change; he thus fairly represents the materialistic standards and the conservative spirit of the party. Mr. Wilson has been discussing political theories, especially theories with regard to the trusts and the tariff and their relation to the Constitutional powers of the States, but without any suggestion as to practical application that would strongly alienate either the Progressives or the Conservatives. He thus fairly represents the liking for theory and the willingness to compromise characteristic of his party. Mr. Roosevelt has been doing in this campaign what he has done in all the course of his public life. His opponents have found fault with him because he is a preacher and also because he is a practical man. As leader of the party he has been a preacher, and the Progressive platform fairly represents what he has preached. As the leader of the Progressive party he has been a practical man, and the existence of the party itself, created within the last four months, is witness to that. He thus fairly represents both the idealism and the efficiency that are characteristic of the new party.

Those voters who are natural Conservatives should vote the Republican ticket; those voters who have no pronounced convictions but are interested in political opinions and theories ought to vote the Democratic ticket; those voters who believe in the efficient application of Progressive ideals to the actual conditions of life to-day should vote the Progressive ticket.

WINSTON CHURCHILL AND IRISH HOME RULE

Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty in the British Cabinet, is a ready speaker. Indeed, some critics have accused him, as they accused his father, Lord Randolph Churchill, of having a fatal facility of speech. The younger Churchill's speeches, however, if often flamboyant, are generally very readable. In manner they do not "mince matters," and they are as full of "punch" as they are of "pepper and salt." In matter, too, they are sometimes noteworthy.

One such speech was that delivered recently at Dundee, Scotland, the text of which has now arrived in this country. Its natural corollary indicates an ingenious way out of the Home Rule difficulty.

The latest Irish Home Rule Bill is now in the last stage of its struggle in the House of Commons, from which it is expected to emerge triumphant, only to meet defeat in the House of Lords. A principal reason for its expected defeat is the attitude of the people of Ulster—the northernmost of Ireland's four provinces. Most of Ireland is agricultural and Roman Catholic; Ulster is industrial and, in comparison, Protestant. Ulster does not want to be ruled from Dublin—as it says it would be if the Irish Home Rule Bill became law—but from London. Indeed, Ulster would rather fight than submit to a Dublin rule. "Self-government is all very well," say the Scotch-Irish in the north of Ireland. "Let the rest of Ireland have it. Geographically we may be a part of the rest of Ireland. But racially, economically, religiously, we are not. We propose to say who shall rule us, and, if self-government is to be the fashion, we are quite able to rule ourselves."

From this Mr. Churchill made the follow-

ing "excursion." First he discussed the bearing of the Irish bill upon the general question of a federal system for the United Kingdom. That system could be applied to Scotland and Wales as well as to Ireland. But when England was considered a difficulty arose, and this furnished Mr. Churchill with the second feature of his speech. England was so great and populous, asserted Mr. Churchill, that a workable federal system in the islands would involve the division of England into several self-governing areas—Lancashire, Yorkshire, the Midlands, Greater London, etc.

But, objects the London "Times" in commenting on Mr. Churchill's proposals, "by insisting that Lancashire and Yorkshire need separate Parliaments, for various grave and weighty reasons, he has totally knocked the bottom out of every argument for placing Protestant Ulster under the same local Parliament as the Roman Catholic south of Ireland. There are no differences between Lancashire and Yorkshire, or between either of these and the Midlands, that can for a single instant be compared with the differences that divide north and south in Ireland." Very likely not. And very likely the clever Mr. Churchill sees that the only equitable solution of the Irish problem is a separate local government for Ulster; and, in order to lead up to it with the least friction, he proposes local government for similar areas in England.

Certainly this second scheme of devolution into large areas has one thing to recommend it in contrast with the first scheme of devolution into Irish, Scotch, and Welsh Parliaments, for the more numerous the new legislative bodies, the easier it would be to keep them to purely local matters. They are sorely needed, for the Imperial Parliament's time is unwarrantably occupied by a host of trivial matters, which could be better legislated upon by local bodies.

But, objects the London "Spectator," no federated state has ever been formed by devolution. No? How about this country's formation by the division of Virginia into Virginia and West Virginia? by the division of Dakota into North and South Dakota? Our own California has extended home rule to its own counties. Federation may be accomplished by evolution or devolution. Great Britain might go even further into the domain of federalism. It could conceivably make its present Parliament truly Imperial, and in it representatives from Canada, Australia, South Africa, and New Zealand would then have their place quite as properly as those from England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. The United States has profited so often from the experience of Great Britain that Americans would find special gratification if in this matter of federalism Great Britain would profit from the experience of the United States.

A PROPHET AMONG DIPLOMATISTS[1]

Dr. Williams's book on the first Chinese mission to foreign Powers makes its appearance at a time when the foreign policy of the United States is, so to speak, under fire from foreign critics, many of whom base their judgment of its spirit and quality, not on its historical record, but on certain general and persistent misconceptions of the American character. The other trading nations of the world have so long indulged themselves in the ancient tale of the American commercial spirit that some of them have come to believe that the distorted America of the old European vision is the real America of to-day. If our critics had merely agreed that in their opinion the act recently passed by Congress relating to the Panama Canal violated the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, there would have been no objection on this side of the water; but the indecent haste with which most of the foreign journals rushed to the conclusion that there was behind this measure a malignant determination to violate faith, and an expression of the persistent lack of manners in the United States, goes far beyond Mr. Lowell's humorous charge of a certain condescension in foreigners, and becomes another evidence of the persistent injustice of certain foreigners in judging this country.

One of the English papers, in a severe condemnation of the provision in the Panama Bill to which reference has been made, spoke of it as an exception to the "honorable course of American foreign diplomacy." Such a concession is the more welcome because it was unexpected.

The story of American diplomacy is, as a matter of fact, a story of advancing ideals of foreign relations between countries. It is a record of honorable dealing, often of helpful

[1] Anson Burlingame and the First Chinese Mission to Foreign Powers. By Frederick Wells Williams. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

friendship. Among the prophets of this larger and nobler view of international relations, Anson Burlingame holds a first place. He did not accomplish what he hoped to; it was too early in the modern history of China. It was also too early in the modern history of England and the United States. But the greater credit attaches to him because his work was prophetic rather than practical; because he struck a great note in the relations of the East and West; and because, with magnificent faith and glowing speech, he set before the world a new and higher ideal of international intercourse. Time has not only justified Mr. Burlingame's faith, but has to a very considerable extent put into practice the policy which he urged with an eloquence born of deep conviction. What Mr. Burlingame stood for forty years ago Mr. Hay adopted as the principle which should govern the United States in its relations with China.

The story of the diplomatic career of this "man of honor and peace," as Prince Kung described him, is not only one of the most creditable chapters in the history of America, but was, in fact, one of those splendid adventures of the spirit which it is the peculiar and lasting distinction of men of prophetic mind to make in the world of affairs. Anson Burlingame was a man of great vigor of character, notable personal magnetism, and ardent imagination. He was trained as a lawyer and early attained prominence in the politics of Massachusetts; was a leader in the great debate which preceded the war between the States; made himself the fiery defender of Sumner after the brutal attack by Brooks; and, in a purely patriotic spirit and from the highest motives, accepted the challenge which Brooks sent him, only to find that he was dealing with a bully; was so outspoken a champion of Hungary and Sardinia that he could not be sent as Minister to Vienna; and accepted the position of Minister to China in 1862, when that country was in the throes of a domestic rebellion after a recent bitter experience of defeat by foreign invaders. The conditions were difficult, not only in China, but in this country; for the nation was discredited at the moment by the disasters which marked the opening of the Civil War. Mr. Burlingame took with him the determination, not only to maintain the right attitude toward the Chinese Government, but to win its confidence by frankness and good feeling—the most prominent characteristics of the man. At a time when Western diplomacy in the East meant a consistent endeavor to take every possible advantage of superior strength and a wider knowledge of modern conditions, Mr. Burlingame claimed the commercial rights accorded the United States by treaty, but refrained from asking for concessions of territory in the treaty ports or in any way interfering with the jurisdictions of the Chinese Government over its own people or threatening the territorial integrity of the Empire, abstained from participation in its internal struggles, treated the Chinese Government at all times as if it were acting in good faith, and endeavored to secure among the representatives of the foreign Powers in China a basis of forbearance and union.

This view of the way in which the Chinese ought to be treated by foreigners was at variance with that held by many of the foreign commercial interests represented in the Empire. China was a country to be exploited by foreign capital, and any attempt to treat it as a representative nation was regarded as a menace to business and an interference with vested interests. So at the very beginning of his career Mr. Burlingame found himself antagonized by what foreigners who live in Oriental countries are apt to call expert knowledge of the country, by large business interests, by the skepticism and rule-of-the-thumb ideas of foreign relations held by many people at home, by the inability of the Chinese Government to speak for its own people and to enforce its own policies, and by the general ignorance and indifference in this country. He was not alone in China, for there were diplomatists of imagination there; but to the foreigners with whom he was associated and who were interested in China he became almost from the start a visionary man, and therefore a dangerous man.

He was from the very beginning passionately opposed to the idea that the only way to deal with the Chinese was to treat them as inferiors. In "Eothen" Mr. Kinglake describes his own unsuccessful endeavors to secure certain privileges from a local Turkish authority, and the turning of defeat into victory by his dragoman, who put his muddy feet on the delicate cover of a sofa. This expression of superiority brought the Turk to his senses. This is a good symbol of the old way of dealing with the Oriental, from which Mr. Burlingame made an instant and radical departure. The old view was, "The Chinese are

conceited barbarians and must be forced into our civilization." Neither Sir Robert Hart, the able Englishman whose loyalty to the higher interests of China was proved through many vicissitudes, nor Sir Frederick Bruce, the British Minister to China, agreed with this policy; but it was reserved for Mr. Burlingame not only to define the new view in its general scope, but to interpret it, both in America and Europe, with persuasive eloquence; and Dr. Williams probably does not go too far when he says that the American Minister was the defender who "more than any other saved China in the period of her greatest peril from the sort of national shipwreck which Korea has met in recent years."

The story of the Mission may be briefly told. China was in great difficulty, and the officials of the Government determined to send an embassy to the Christian Powers to explain the situation and to ask for patience and forbearance. Prince Kung, the most influential man in China, had recognized Mr. Burlingame's sense of fairness in international dealings and was convinced of his real friendship for China; and Mr. Burlingame was offered the extraordinary position of Special Representative of the oldest empire in the world to the governments of the West. Accepting this extraordinary embassy, Mr. Burlingame came first to this country, and was received with the greatest cordiality—more, it may be suspected, because the country was gratified that an American should be selected for such a position than because his spirit and policy were understood. He declared at the outset that the Mission meant peace and the unification of the interests of China with the whole human race; and he declared, with oratorical fervor, "The fraternal feeling of four hundred millions of people has commenced to flow through the land of Washington to the elder nations of the West, and it will flow on forever." Later, after the eloquent Ambassador had died, the misunderstandings and jealousies of foreign Powers, the disorder in China, the question of immigration in this country, had eclipsed this bright vision, and it was the habit to speak of Mr. Burlingame as if he had been the victim of an unfounded optimism. In the light of to-day it is clear that he was not a temperamental optimist, but the prophet of a new time.

In England, where the selfish aggressive policy of Lord Palmerston had just been succeeded by a wider and juster policy of international relations, Mr. Burlingame found a cordial welcome. In Paris he was treated with courtesy, but his mission did not receive serious attention, and his position was bitterly criticised. "It is simply pandering to the bigotry and self-conceit of the Chinese rulers to treat them, under all circumstances and without any reservation, as intelligent human beings," wrote one critic, who was an exponent of the old doctrine that a heathen country has no rights which a Christian country is bound to respect. Mr. Burlingame was not only in advance of European opinion, but he was also in advance of Chinese opinion; and in nothing are the vigor of his character and the nobility of his aim more impressively brought out than in the confidence with which he held to his work between a hostile West and a doubting and uncertain China. He had espoused the cause of a great people whose development had been arrested, whose ignorance of modern conditions and modern weapons had placed them at the mercy of the Western peoples, to urge forbearance and sympathy with the struggle of the progressive leaders for larger liberty and for human betterment; and to-day his judgment of China has been as fully vindicated as was his conviction that the time had arrived for fair and generous dealing.

He secured very important concessions from the United States and from Great Britain; he was listened to with attention by Bismarck, who declared that the sympathy of the German people was with China, and that their desire was to cultivate the most friendly relations with that country. The Czar was exceptionally cordial and gracious to him; but the long, arduous work of the Mission, the strain on his spirit as well as on his body, brought that Mission and the envoy's life to an end in February, 1870. The meaning of his Mission, Dr. Williams tells us, was misunderstood by the West, and the expectations it aroused were exaggerated; but to-day his faith in China is justified, and the principle of international intercourse of which he was the prophet has been followed with signal success by the American Government. Like Commodore Perry, his name, instead of being the synonym for strife, stands for peace and good will between the Far East and the Far West. A larger fame awaits him as the full measure of his great service becomes more clear.

FOLLOWING THE CAMPAIGN

A WEEKLY DIGEST OF POLITICAL OPINION
AS EXPRESSED BY PEOPLE AND NEWSPAPERS

IS MR. ROOSEVELT CONSISTENT?

Many persons have asked whether Mr. Roosevelt's present views are the same as those formerly held by him. The following parallel columns will, we think, show where Mr. Roosevelt's views remain the same and where his present views are a natural evolution from his earlier opinions. In some cases the quotation is taken from the Progressive platform as stating, though not in his own words, views which Mr. Roosevelt holds.—THE EDITORS.

LABOR UNIONS

VERY great good has been and will be accomplished by associations or unions of wage-workers, when managed with forethought, and when they combine insistence upon their own rights with law-abiding respect for the rights of others.

President's Message, beginning of 1st session, 57th Congress.

We favor the organization of the workers, men and women, as a means of protecting their interests and promoting progress.

Progressive Platform.

TRUSTS

I think I speak for the great majority of the American people when I say we are not in the least against wealth as such, whether individual or corporate; that we merely desire to see any abuse of corporate or combined wealth corrected or remedied; that we do not desire abolition or destruction of the big corporations, but, on the contrary, recognize them as being in many cases efficient economical instruments, the results of an inevitable progress of economic evolution, and only desire to see them regulated and controlled so far as may be necessary to subserve the public good.

Speech at Milwaukee, April 3, 1903.

Our aim is to control business, not strangle it. Our aim is to promote prosperity, and then see to its proper division. We do not believe that any good comes to any one by a policy which means destruction of prosperity; for in such cases it is not possible to divide it because of the very obvious fact that there is nothing to divide.

Speech at Chicago, August 6, 1912.

There is no proper place in our society either for the rich man who uses the power conferred by riches to enable him to oppress and wrong his neighbors, nor yet the demagogic agitator who, instead of attacking abuses as all abuses should be attacked wherever found, attacks prosperity, attacks property, attacks men of wealth, as such, whether they be good or bad, attacks corporations whether they do well or ill, and seeks, in a spirit of rancor, to overthrow the very foundations upon which rest our National well-being.

Speech at Milwaukee, April 3, 1903.

Unfortunately, those dealing with the subject have tended to divide into two camps, each as unwise as the other. One camp has fixed its eye only on the need of prosperity, loudly announcing that our attention must be confined to securing it in bulk, and that the division must be left to take care of itself. . . . The other set has fixed its eyes purely on the injustices of distribution, and advocates action which, it is true, would abolish most of the inequalities of the distribution of prosperity, but only by the unfortunately simple process of abolishing prosperity itself.

Speech at Chicago, August 6, 1912.

THE TARIFF

We stand unequivocally for a protective tariff, and we feel that the phenomenal indus-

I believe in a protective tariff, but I believe in it as a principle, approached from the

trial prosperity which we are now enjoying is not lightly to be jeopardized.

Letter to Hon. J. E. Watson, Rushville, Indiana, August 18, 1906.

standpoint of the interests of the whole people, and not as a bundle of preferences to be given to favored individuals.

Chicago speech, August 6, 1912.

CURRENCY

All commercial interests suffer during each crop season. Excessive rates for call money in New York attract money from the interior banks into speculative fields; this depletes the fund that would otherwise be available for commercial uses, and commercial borrowers are forced to pay abnormal rates, so that each fall a tax in the shape of increased interest charges is placed on the whole commerce of the country. . . . There is need of a change. I do not press any especial plan. Among the plans which are possibly feasible . . . is that brought to your attention by the present Secretary of the Treasury. According to this plan National banks should be permitted to issue a specified proportion of their capital in notes of a given kind, the issue to be taxed at so high a rate as to drive the notes back when not wanted in legitimate trade. This plan would not permit the issue of currency to give banks additional profits, but to meet the emergency presented by times of stringency.

Message to Congress, beginning of 2d session of 59th Congress, December 3, 1906.

We believe that there exists an imperative need for prompt legislation for the improvement of our National currency system. The issue of currency is fundamentally a governmental function. The system to be adopted should have as its basic principles soundness and elasticity. The currency should flow forth readily at the demand of commercial activity, and retire as promptly when the demand diminishes. It should be automatically sufficient for all the legitimate needs of business in any section of the country. . . . It should be made impossible to use the machinery or perquisites of the currency system for any speculative purposes. The country must be safeguarded against overexpansion or unjust contraction of either credit or circulating medium.

Chicago speech, August 6, 1912

CONSERVATION

So vital is this question that for the first time in our history the chief executive officers of the States separately, and of the States together forming the Nation, have met to consider it. . . . Natural resources . . . can be divided into two sharply distinguishable classes accordingly as they are or are not capable of renewal. Mines, if used, must necessarily be exhausted. . . . The second class of resources consists of those which can not only be used in such manner as to leave them undiminished for our children, but can actually be improved by wise use. The soil, the forests, the waterways, come in this category. . . . We can enormously increase our transportation facilities by the canalization of our rivers so as to complete a great system of waterways on the Pacific, Atlantic, and in the Mississippi Valley.

Address at the opening of the Conference on the Conservation of Natural Resources, White House, May 13, 1908.

There can be no greater issue than that of Conservation in this country. . . . We must conserve the soil so that our children shall have a land that is more and not less fertile than that our fathers dwelt in. We must conserve our forests, not by disuse, but by use. . . . We must conserve the mines. . . . We should undertake the development and control of the Mississippi as a National work. . . . The man in whose interest we are working is the small farmer and settler. His permanent welfare is the prime factor in developing the policy of Conservation.

Speech at Chicago, August 6, 1912.

ALASKA

Alaska has great possibilities of agricultural and pastoral development. Not only

Alaska should be developed at once, but in the interest of the actual settler.

her mines, her fisheries, her forests, but her agriculture and her stock-raising will combine to make Alaska one of the great wealth-producing portions of our Republic. . . . I shall do all that in me lies to see that the proper kind of legislation is enacted in the Territory. . . . I wish to see such laws enacted and to see them so administered as to be in the interests of the actual settler who goes to Alaska to live.

Address at Everett, Washington, May 23, 1903.

The Government should at once construct, own, and operate the railways in Alaska.

Progressive Platform.

COUNTRY LIFE

This problem of country life is in the truest sense a National problem.

Letter to Professor Bailey, August 10, 1908.

It is of the first importance that the United States Department of Agriculture should become without delay in fact a Department of Country Life, fitted to deal not only with crops but also with all the larger aspects of life in the open.

Special Message to Congress, February 9, 1909.

The development and prosperity of country life are as important to the people who live in the cities as they are to the farmers.

Progressive Platform, 1912.

We pledge our party to foster the development of agricultural credit and co-operation, the teaching of agriculture in the schools, . . . and to re-establish the Country Life Commission, thus directly promoting the welfare of the farmers, and bringing the benefits of better farming, better business, and better living within their reach.

Progressive Platform, 1912.

PARCELS POST AND GOOD ROADS

General immediate needs of the country include better means of communication, including good roads and a parcels post, which the country people are everywhere, and rightly, unanimous in demanding.

Special Message to Congress, February, 1909.

We pledge our party to the immediate creation of a parcels post, with rates proportionate to distance and service.

Progressive Platform.

We recognize the vital importance of good roads, and we pledge our party to foster their extension in every proper way, and we favor the early construction of National highways.

Progressive Platform.

JUDICIARY

If those judges had understood "how the other half lived," if they had possessed a working knowledge of tenement-houses and factories, of tenement-house dwellers and factory workers, and of the lives that were lived where the tenement-house and the factory were one and the same, I am absolutely certain that they would have rendered no such decision [a decision annulling the law prohibiting the manufacture of cigars in tenement-houses, passed by the New York Legislature] as was rendered. They knew the life of the well-to-do, both the business life and the home life. They knew nothing of the lives of those who were not well-to-do. It was this lack of knowledge and the attendant lack of sympathetic understanding that formed the real barrier between the judges and a wise judgment. . . . My reason

The American people, and not the courts, are to determine their own fundamental policies. The people should have power to deal with the effect of the acts of all their governmental agencies. This must be extended to include the effects of judicial acts as well as the acts of the executive and legislative representatives of the people.

Chicago speech, August 6, 1912.

There is no public servant and no private man whom I place above a judge of the best type, and very few whom I rank beside him. . . . But I agree with every jurist, from Marshall downwards, when I say that every judge is bound to consider two separate elements in his decision of a case; one the terms of the law, and the other the conditions of actual life to which the law is to be applied. Only by taking both of these elements into

for relating this anecdote is because from that day to this I have felt an ever-growing conviction of the need of having on the bench men who, in addition to being learned in the law and upright, shall possess a broad understanding of and sympathy with their countrymen as a whole, so that the questions of humanity and of social justice shall not be considered by them as wholly inferior to the defense of vested rights or the upholding of liberty of contract. . . . I do not for one moment believe that the mass of our judges are actuated by any but worthy motives. Nevertheless, I do believe that they often signally fail to protect the laboring man and the laboring man's widow and children in their just rights.

Editorial in The Outlook, March 13, 1909.

account is it possible to apply the law as its spirit and intent demand that it be applied. Both law and life are to be considered. . . .

Address before Ohio Constitutional Convention, Columbus, February 21, 1912.

How can the prevailing morality or a preponderant opinion be better and more exactly ascertained than by a vote of the people? The people must know better than the court what their own morality and their own opinion is. . . . I contend that the people, in the nature of things, must be better judges of what is the preponderant opinion than the courts, and that the courts should not be allowed to reverse the political philosophy of the people.

Address in Carnegie Hall, March 20, 1912.

AN ARGUMENT FOR MR. TAFT

I have been so long a reader of The Outlook, and am, in general, so much in sympathy with its point of view, that I willingly avail of the opportunity you offer to me of stating why I support the Republican party in this campaign. There is in the platform of the Progressive party a human note to which I respond, and I am, moreover, deeply sensible of the indebtedness of the country to Mr. Roosevelt for awakening its idealism. Perhaps I can most briefly indicate my point of view by saying that in this campaign Mr. Roosevelt seems to me to be playing the part of Wendell Phillips rather than of Abraham Lincoln. Wendell Phillips denounced the Constitution of the United States as "a league with death and a covenant with hell" because it recognized slavery; but Abraham Lincoln realized that the Constitution of the United States must be maintained if the Union were to be preserved and slavery itself abolished. Wendell Phillips, by his denunciation of slavery, awakened the public conscience; but the cure of the evil of which he complained was brought about by other agencies. So now, Mr. Roosevelt, with less occasion, I think, thunders against Constitutional restraints in the name of social justice. Greater social justice will come year by year, I doubt not; but it is more likely to come by maintaining fundamental Constitutional restraints than by overthrowing them. No one wishes a Constitution that cannot be adapted to changing conditions and changing public opinion; but when the fundamentals are changed, as I think they would be changed by the recall of the judiciary and of judicial decisions, we are likely to invite greater evils than those from which we shall escape. Mr. Roosevelt is denouncing in unmeasured terms the Republican party, which has been for the last two generations, in my view, the principal agent of progressive legislation in the country as a whole, and in all parts of the Union. The Convention at Chicago made it clear that the rules governing party representation in the National Convention must be reframed in order to accord with modern conditions. It did not at all demonstrate that the party had ceased to be capable of progressive action. On the contrary, I believe that it still has more capacity for bringing about desirable legislation in the country and throughout the States than the Progressive party now has or is ever likely to have unless the unexpected happens.

As to the proposals of the Progressive party to establish, wherever it can, the initiative, the compulsory referendum, and the recall, including the recall of judges and of judicial decisions, I am entirely and wholeheartedly in sympathy with the Republican party in antagonizing these proposals upon their merits. In taking this position, I will not admit for a moment that I am less a believer in the right of the people to rule than the most ardent Progressive. On the contrary, I maintain that it is precisely because I believe in popular rule that I am obliged to antagonize every one of these proposals. The most conspicuous object-lesson involving these devices, with the exception of the recall of judicial decisions, which is still untried, is furnished by Oregon: and my reading of the

practical results in Oregon leads me to believe that they have not worked well there. I believe that in a State like the State of New York, for example, they would work even worse. In a Legislature all parts of a State are represented, and no bill can be enacted without the vote of more than a majority, not of the representatives voting, but of all the representatives elected to the Legislature. Under the Oregon system, groups substantially as small as one-third of the voters taking part in the election have enacted legislation. This is neither popular rule nor government by majorities. It is a rule by groups; and when a group rules it is thinking, not of the general interest, but of its own interest as a group. Under such a system voting is massed, and in a State like the State of New York, where the majority of the population lives in cities, it would practically eliminate the dwellers in the country from any substantial influence upon legislation. The system of direct legislation destroys party responsibility for legislation, and in this respect also its tendency is unfortunate. Political parties, more than any other single agency, divide society perpendicularly. The effect of direct legislation is to divide the population into groups, with more or less common interests within the group and with interests as against other groups antagonistic. I believe it to be the part of statesmanship to maintain unweakened the force of party responsibility, because that always and everywhere unites our citizenship in a common bond. I am ready always to join with Progressives, or any one else, in trying to limit and prevent the abuses incident to party organization; but, despite all such abuses, I believe that responsible party organizations afford one of the strongest safeguards that we have for the perpetuity and happiness of the Republic. I do not say that the Progressive party may not look forward to becoming a party as strong and effective as the old parties which it seeks to displace; but what I do say is that its proposals on behalf of direct legislation are entirely inconsistent with any such result.

It was said at the Centennial of the Supreme Court of the United States by one of the speakers (I quote from memory) that it had been for centuries the boast of an Englishman that "an Englishman's house is his castle." The speaker said, in effect, that in England this was true as against the executive, but that it was not true as against the legislature; for in England the Parliament is omnipotent and can do with the Englishman, in or out of his castle, what it will. In America, on the other hand, the speaker pointed out that the American might make this boast not only as against the Executive, but as against the Legislature, because in the United States the right even of the Legislature to interfere with the individual citizen must be passed upon by an impartial court. The proposal, therefore, for the Recall of Judges and for the Recall of Judicial Decisions strikes at that which is most characteristically American in the structure of this Republic. I do not believe in substituting popular majorities, much less popular pluralities, for impartial courts. I believe these proposals unwise; I believe them unnecessary; and I believe that they touch that which is vital to the continued life of the Republic. These, in brief, are the reasons why I continue to support the Republican party, both in the Nation and in the State.

This paper was finished before I got the unhappy news of the attack on Colonel Roosevelt's life. That it was the deed of a madman is the only comfort. In common with all Colonel Roosevelt's countrymen, I rejoice in his escape. We Americans may differ from him as we will; but no one can justly dispute his claims to undying honor at our hands.

SETH LOW.

Bedford Hills, New York.

[The editorial on another page, "Why a New Party?" states The Outlook's view of the present situation. All we need specifically to say regarding Mr. Low's letter is that no eminent American seems to us less like Theodore Roosevelt, the man who has been President, who has achieved what he has achieved, than the Abolitionist orator Wendell Phillips. If analogies are in order, we would say that Mr. Taft's position may be likened to that of President Buchanan, Mr. Wilson's to that of Judge Douglas, and Mr. Roosevelt's to that of Lincoln. But all historical analogies are inexact. Mr. Low represents evidently what we call, in our editorial, the Conservatives. He puts as supreme the maintenance of "Constitutional safeguards," and has no confidence in those measures which intrust greater powers to the people at large. This is a wholly consistent view. It is distinctly not that of the Progressive. For the rest, we refer our readers to the editorial above mentioned.—THE EDITORS.]

THE BOSSES' DAY IN COURT

BY WILLIAM MURPHY TAGGART BOIES, OF OHIORADO

REPORTED BY ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

PROFESSOR OF GOVERNMENT IN HARVARD UNIVERSITY

WHY shouldn't we have our day in court? It is time that somebody protested against the sensation press which follows up the people who are really keeping the American Government in operation and accuses them of all the crimes in the statute-book from sneak-thieving to kidnapping a Presidential candidate. Our usual policy is to let the magpies swear at us as much as they please, and to keep on with our knitting-work just the same; but there is no sense in our being looked upon as a gang of dumb robbers in a cave. We can talk and defend ourselves as well as anybody else. See what an impression Lorimer made by his twenty-six hours' speech! Why, if he had only spoken fifty-two hours, enough of the opposition Senators would have died of fatigue to leave him a majority. Not that I stand for Lorimer. I never did. It is bad politics to tie yourself up with a man whom the public is down on when there is nothing that he can do for you.

What I want is just to let loose a bit of straight talk to the American people about the realities of what the newspapers try to belittle by calling it Boss Government. If you should ever read the New York "Evening Post"—I understand that some people do—you would think that we had no fixed principles, that we are just operating helter-skelter, every man for himself, dip-your-hand-in-the-hopper-of-the-dollar-mill-every-time-it comes-around-past-you! Of course people who are in active politics know better. They know that we leaders have a perfectly clear conception of public service and all that sort of thing; and, what is more, we have a regular, steady, organized method of accomplishing the public welfare.

I want to tell you straight out from the heart why we know we are right, and how all these reformers and Progressives and educators and Socialists would ruin the country if we did not stand by common sense in politics. Give me credit for sincerity. I won't hide behind such terms as "The System" or "The Organization." There has got to be one-man power somewhere in every government. I do not claim to be the only man in my State party; but when it comes to final decisions, I do not permit any such absurdity as to count noses and then act according to the most red ones. When it comes to a "show down," the majority in our party rules; but it rules by taking my judgment as to what is best, or else the chief steps out, and that doesn't happen very often.

How did I come to be a boss? Frankly, because up to the present time I have been quicker than any other man in my State to see what the party could be induced to do. The daily papers are full of talk about "corrupt bosses." I am not that kind of a boss, and never was. I inherited some money, and my wife's father was in politics a good many years, and I have stocks and bonds. I have always had enough to live on, and nobody can accuse me of taking a single dollar out of the public treasury. I never have held an office, never drawn a salary, never got back in cash my office expenses for all that I am doing for the party.

Of course a man in my position gets some advantages. The city paved the block in front of my house, but there was a public library opposite, and it was reasonable to pave in front of their own property. I have stock in a fire-engine works. We don't sell cheap, but we build a good machine, and we have sold lots of them in my State. Naturally I like to have the cities buy our machines; but that is the small change in politics. It is just as it is in selling railway supplies or cotton-mill machinery—the firm that has the most friends will sell the most goods.

Another popular delusion is the so-called Ignorant Boss. I am no more ignorant than corrupt. Those pictures of a man with a jaw a foot across and a cigar pointing north-east like a telescope searching for a comet are no portraits of me, nor of most of the men in my profession. Matt Quay was a highly educated man, had a beautiful library, read his books, and was a personal friend of

literary men. Tom Platt, the good old "Easy Boss," was not a "plug-ugly." Why, he was a Senator of the United States, associating every day on the floor of the Senate with the greatest and best men of the country. Thurlow Weed and Martin Van Buren and Simon Cameron were bosses in their time, and they were not prize-fighters. For my part, I am a college graduate—State University of Ohiorado—and some of my old professors who won't vote with me still have a soft side for me. I have a family growing up, a boy at Groton, a girl just graduated from Bryn Mawr; they know that their father is not a thief or a blackguard; they have nothing to be ashamed of.

There have been a lot of bosses whom the American people delighted to honor. Sam Adams was the first; but, if you can believe our Ohiorado Professor of American History, John Hancock was smarter, for he made a first-class deal with the Massachusetts ratifying convention of 1788 by refusing to support the new Federal Constitution unless they gave him the governorship—and he got it. Andrew Jackson was a boss in his clumsy way; Abraham Lincoln, the prince of political managers, was a kind of so-called good boss. Bosses have to be, because otherwise who would concentrate the votes or carry through any continuous policy? Bosses are just as legitimate a part of the American Government as vote by ballot or residence in the district that you represent, or log-rolling in Congress. You simply can't get along without those things.

I will give you reformers credit for honestly wanting to improve American government, for meaning most of your talk about representation of the people, about popular government, about honesty and efficiency, about a systematic programme of legislation, about enlightened and progressive leadership. That's all right; but you don't know how to get these things, and I do. You seem to think that we bosses are working without a plan. I have been in the business longer than any of you, and I can assure you that you totally misunderstand the situation. As a matter of fact, we want just the things that you want; and if you would only fall in with the people who know how to secure legislation, you would find it a good deal easier than this getting up third parties and framing fool platforms and diverting the minds of the people from the real issues.

You say you want a representative government; that is what we leaders have got. You reformers do not seem to understand the prime principle of politics, viz., that you cannot elect men or pass laws unless you have the necessary majorities. Our business in life is to keep a majority on our side. Therefore we keep our eyes out for rising young men who ought to be in public life. We give them something to do, throw cases in the way of struggling lawyers and get them appointments as corporation counsel, lend money to promising business men, attach people to us by doing something substantial. How many tons of coal have you people ever bought for poor widows? How many light public jobs have you ever found for heads of families who have just come out of the hospital? How many struggling contractors have you put on a nice little good thing? There is not a county town in my State in which we cannot lay our hands any time on a dozen of the livest young men in the community, representing the people through and through, and every man devoted to us.

What is more, we represent what you are trying to leave out of all your calculations, and that is property. Every successful government in the world must recognize and protect what you call "the Interests." What has made America great if not her manufacturers and mine-owners and bankers and organizers of corporations? You can't keep a government going which does not look out for the property-owners. If you think you can, just cut loose from the farmers and the owners of little houses in our towns and cities, and see what you will have left to represent. The bosses stand for the permanent interests of the people. If we were not on hand to calm and moderate things, the voters would run away with the elections three times out of four.

Not that we have anything against the voters; we carry on a really popular government—popular in a sense and to a degree which your petty vote-getters, your Johnsons and Lindseys and La Follettes and Roosevelts, have no conception of. We believe in the people participating in their government from the ground up through their party organizations. We want people to come to the primaries. Not these modern soap-box primaries, where there is no guarantee of proper consultation and agreement beforehand, but the primaries which have been good enough for the country during three-quarters of a century. The right kind of

popular government means the expression of the popular will through trained politicians so as to make people take an interest in their elections; you reformers can't depend upon bringing out two-thirds of what you call your voters. We believe in acting after things have been talked over by the leaders and passed upon by those who make it a life study to know what is satisfactory. What you call popular government is snap government; people rushing to the polls as though an election were a bargain day in a department store, trying to get they don't know what, and to pay for it the least possible.

You talk a lot about honesty in politics. There are leaks in all governments; but that is not the only kind of dishonesty. It is dishonest to pad pay-rolls or to make the city pay two bills for the same goods; but it is also dishonest not to stand by your friends. It's a crime to turn down a good and useful man because perhaps he is careless about keeping his accounts with the public. It is dishonest to have principles and not to stand by them through thick and thin.

What is all this bosh about the extravagance of boss government? I have noticed that these high-brow reform governments, city or State, always raise the taxes; the rake-off in city and State government is seldom more than ten or fifteen per cent—a small thing compared with the sums that the so-called Progressives spend for such frills as vacation schools and playgrounds, and civic centers and factory inspectors, forest rangers and expert accountants.

If you knew the number of graft propositions that I turn down every year you wouldn't be calling me a thief and a robber. As a matter of fact, the rise of organized leadership—call it bossism, if you like—in the last forty years has done more to purify politics than any other one thing. Very few sensible corporations now purchase members of Legislatures or put up hush money to kill off strike bills. They come to me and I arrange to let them have what they are entitled to and no more. Many a poor member of our Legislature has been saved from temptation by getting a few hundreds in one block through me instead of being the prey of fifty different lobbyists! Everybody in politics knows that there must be some graft. You can't get public business done in any other way. But it is the business of the "boss" to see that those things are reduced to the lowest reasonable figure. He does not get the money; it goes directly or indirectly to keep the organization together.

Another fake cry nowadays is "Efficiency." People seem to think that it is something which the reformers have just dug up. Now efficiency is the breath of life for us leaders. We are leaders because we are efficient. We have the support of city, State, and National parties throughout the Union because we are the people that can get things done. Professor Goodnow, of Colombia, is recognized as an expert in government, and he says that the great trouble in State and city governments is the separation of the executive from the legislative power. The people are accepting that doctrine, as is shown by the great number of city commission governments in which the two powers are merged. We found that out long ago, and have applied it not only in cities but in States. If I can nominate the Governor and control a majority in the State Legislature, I will see to it that the two act in harmony. Why, boss government is just like the English parliamentary system that you hear so much about, where a committee called the Ministry drafts the laws, puts them through, and then executes them. So in American politics, a few men (better one man), acting of course as unofficial representatives of the people, do all those things.

Furthermore, we pass laws that stay put when people try to upset them. In some States, like Montana, we control the judges, who see to it that the principles of the Constitution are not subverted. On the other hand, if an accidental Legislature passes confiscatory laws—employers' liability, and all that sort of thing—the judges apply the beneficent common law, which is superior to any State statute and to any State Constitution. Our power to nominate the judge is a great conservative force, for which the public does not seem to be sufficiently grateful. In nine cases out of ten we put up a judicial candidate entirely satisfactory to the bar, and the tenth man we must have to prevent the destruction of vested interests and the overthrow of organized government.

You have a great deal to say about experts in government. Well, we "bosses" are the real experts. We may not be engineers or skilled doctors, but we know both what the public needs and what a Legislature will pass. Take the question of franchises. People like Maltbie, Prendergast, and Wilcox write articles and books on that subject, but

what do they know about the real difficulties and how to surmount them? For years we have been in confidential relations with those who want franchises; we know what they are worth; we know what a city council can be induced to do, and there is no use going beyond that.

The organized system—yes, the boss system—depends for its success on intelligence and order. We administer one of the most effective political systems that the world ever saw. It begins with personal appeals to party voters. Then come the primaries, in which we always help the voters to concentrate on a few candidates. I admit that there have been too many cases of capturing primaries by holding them without public notice, or having the police club the wrong men if they try to come in and vote. I have never stood for such coarse and irregular proceedings, which are almost certain to prejudice public sentiment. All that is really necessary is to appoint the presiding officer, and he can be depended upon to know whether a question has been carried, and whether a roll call is necessary. You Progressives learned at Chicago how important the President of the political convention or the primary is to political success. Then come the local and State conventions, in which there may be kicking; but good leaders always see to it that the right lot shall have a majority of the delegates, and then there is no further trouble. Platforms of course must be so made up as to agree with the policy of the party, settled by its leader.

You may talk about this as a gum-shoe method, but give me the gum-shoe rather than the horseshoe, clattering away and calling attention to itself. My friends and I play by the rules of the game; if we get worsted, we accept defeat, until we can set up the next convention. Ours are the principles of peace and order and everybody rallying to accept the nominee. I have not words to express my opinion of men who go into a convention, try to nominate their candidate, and when it is proved that they have not the votes, appeal to some technicality, bolt, and nominate a third ticket. They queer the whole business of politics, upset the mature plans of years, and destroy the confidence of the people in their government—that is, in us.

One of the great defects of Progressivism is that it is jerky. Progressives in one county want something different from those in another; the Wisconsin Progressive, the California Progressive, and the Massachusetts Progressive think they are the same thing, but wait till they try to form a platform! The whole idea of your Progressives is to make nominations and carry elections; that is not fifty per cent of politics. Our system means politics all the year, every year; when the Legislature is in session and when it is adjourned; in the long term of Congress and the short; as regular as the delivery of baker's bread; and all over the Union, in every county, the same idea, safe and sane. You can't have one set of political principles one year and another the next. Our great motto is, "The Lord hates a quitter," and anybody is a quitter who deserts the organization and starts off on his own hook to make up a programme of legislation and to try to get a majority in its favor.

That is why we object to the initiative and referendum. I do not need to enumerate the defects of so-called popular legislation. Who is going to draw the bills and the Constitutional amendments, and to make them agree with each other? Why, the whole thing is breaking down in the States where it was supposed to be the strongest. Out in Oregon last fall they had twenty-two propositions on the ballot, and they were so bad that the people had to vote down fourteen of them. Do you call that popular government? Those things are jammed through without proper discussion. People don't know what they mean; they may have jokers in them, authorizing the Lord knows what! Big interests, like the railways or the water power men, may compel all their employees to vote for the things they like. There isn't a Legislature in any State of the Union where proper leadership continues which would pass the kind of measures that go through on the referendum. Nobody can tell what is coming. It throws politics all in confusion. The people will take warning when they find that business will stop, because under the referendum you cannot get the charters and franchises and privileges that attract capital.

Then there are the primaries. I believe in the right kind of primary, made up of those who are interested in politics; not your college professor and minister and small business man, who never had anything to do with our primary, wouldn't come out, wouldn't work, scandalously neglected their political duties. Now those very fellows have got up what they call a primary, but is really a

make-believe election. They come out, and by mere brute force of numbers outvote us, and compel the placing on our tickets of men not really in sympathy with us. Why, anybody can be a candidate now who can get a plurality of the people who appear at the primary, which includes perhaps not half of the party voters in all. Do you call that a popular nomination?

And think of the expense of it! Of course we assess candidates for office; judges in New York sometimes pay a year's salary to get on the ticket, and Governors pay perhaps $10,000 to $50,000. Under the State-wide primary, they say that it cost Deneen and his friends $200,000 for a campaign of information in order to get him nominated on the Republican ticket in Illinois, and now those confounded Illinois Progressives are trying to take that money out of his pocket by putting up a Roosevelt candidate against him. The whole so-called State-wide primary system is just a system of getting second-class men nominated—men who couldn't get one-third of the vote in a State convention. We never shall have strong and orderly National parties till this system of electing a lot of nobodies onto the ticket, and then electing half of them into office, shall be knocked in the head.

Few people realized the danger till the Chicago Republican Convention showed how the State primary had eaten into the National Convention system. There would not have been a bit of trouble in that Convention if the time-honored method of choosing delegates had not been broken up by the illegal holding of primaries for the choice of delegates to the Convention. This threw off the floor of the Convention some of the strongest men in the country—men like Crane of Massachusetts and Penrose of Pennsylvania, who were therefore obliged to run the Convention from the platform. Then it brought in three or four hundred tyros in politics, who actually scoffed at the traditions as to the settlements of contests. The worst was that several States, especially California, defied the National Republican Committee by paying no attention to its rules for choosing delegates. Of course we could not permit a thing like that; for if it should run through the States it would go far toward putting us out of business. So we pried off two of the Roosevelt delegates and taught the State of California, and all the other States, what it meant to attempt to make rules for the choice of the members of a private political club like a National Convention.

I read the Chicago "Tribune" and the Kansas City "Star" and the Philadelphia "North American" regularly, in the hope of finding out what all this fantastic jugglery means; and the thing that strikes me most is the unceasing talk about "leadership," "aggressiveness," "a positive policy," "contact with the people," and all that. Good Lord! was Theodore Roosevelt the first man to see the need of leadership in American politics? We know more about leadership than the so-called Progressives will learn in the two years which I give them before they go to smash, because they have too many leaders and too few officers. There is Professor Hart, of Harvard; one of my friends who graduated there says that for twenty years that man has been telling his students that what the country needs is personality in government; to put strong men in office and then to stand by them and back them up in vigorous administration. Doesn't the fellow know that there are strong men leading the parties now? If they were not strong, they would not be leaders.

Our system of personal, intelligent, systematic interest in politics is the "natural selection" of strong men, the "survival of the fittest." The "Saturday Evening Post" comes near to sizing the real boss in its amusing stories of the good-natured boss, who makes new mayors just to please his wife. You youngsters, you amateurs who are trying to build battle-ships out of candy, don't understand what real leadership is. My friend Murphy has seen the time when not a district leader in New York had any opinion on any subject that did not agree with his. Out in my State I make not only mayors, but Governors, members of the Legislature, Senators. Of course my power consists in doing what the members of my party wish, or will wish as soon as they understand it. True leadership consists in foreseeing just what will keep the district leaders true; and that means, of course, foreseeing what the people are going to want.

Leadership means also that people shall be attached to the leader, and you Progressives don't really understand what loyalty to the chief means. I invite suggestions, listen to everything that is said, and everybody understands that. But when a decision is made, or a platform drawn, or a candidate is selected, then you get the real, genuine loyalty, every

man standing up like the commander of a brigade and pledging his district.

Another thing that the Progressives think they think they want is non-partisanship in municipal affairs, but that is just what we furnish. Wilkins, leader of the other party, and I have for years agreed that we could not plunge the metropolis of our State into partisan government. Wilkins never nominates a mayor without consultation with me, and I never set up a city council without seeing to it that Wilkins's men have a fair share. If we had our way, we would introduce the same non-partisanship into State and National government; and there are some Legislatures where it acts like a charm, where you will see Republicans and Democrats working side by side on bill after bill.

We leaders all know that Theodore Roosevelt is a dead duck, a weakling, a bolter, a quitter, a squealer, who no longer has any hold on the country; a violent and ungovernable shouter who arouses the passions of millions of voters against their natural leaders. The few thousand voters who put their trust in him will go back to their own parties when he is downed, for he is all that holds them together. He is the laughing-stock of our party newspapers and the most dangerous man in the country. If this goes on, he will wreck both the old parties. He has a feeble hold on a lot of small men who want office, and nothing will stop his Socialistic career except a combined effort of the accredited leaders of both the regular parties.

If you want a Progressive party, why don't you go to the people who could give it to you? There never was a time when by remaining in the party and standing by the leaders the so-called reformers would be so likely to get their pet laws enacted. Why do you people throw your votes away? There are lots of able young men, and in the Suffrage States able young women, who have gone into this Progressive movement who would be welcomed in the councils of the organization. They might become district leaders, help to hand out the patronage, get good things for their friends. We would send some of them to the Legislature if they showed a disposition to co-operate. We have made the fortunes of thousands of people.

Do you want parks, boulevards, playgrounds, civic centers, in the cities? Put it to us strongly enough and we will provide them, and we know very much better how to do it than you do. Do you want railway commissions, reorganized treatment of the poor and the defectives, proper regulation of corporations? We have been passing laws of that kind for forty years and want your help in that good work. There isn't anything in the world so progressive as a boss when he is sure that the people want progressiveness.

You might as well give up the struggle to organize politics on a basis of perpetual mass-meetings. You will get tired of it shortly. What became of the Know-Nothing party and the Native American party and the Greenback Labor party and the Liberal Republican party and the Prohibition party and the Socialist party? Did they ever elect a President or a Senator, or anything more than a handful of State and city officers? Ours is a permanent method, because it appeals to human nature. We are in business to do something for the voters. You are trying to start business by making the voters do something for you, or, as you call it, for the public. You don't know the American people. Our experience of years has been that you can't keep the American voter interested unless you make it worth his while. Still, it doesn't take very much: unimportant offices, memberships of political committees that are not allowed to do anything, seats in legislatures at the end of a telephone wire, little private bills. But you never in this world can succeed on your theory that the American voter will respond to what you call a noble sentiment of public interest.

After all, it makes very little difference what you soreheads and reformers and Progressives and third party men do or refuse to do. You are only the passing show, we are the real thing. After this flurry we shall get hold of the steering-wheel again and go along just the same as we did after you tried to sew us up with the Australian ballot. The initiative, the referendum, the recall, the official primary, are temporary attempts to prevent an efficient government. We will see to them when we have squeezed out the third party and again get control of the State Legislatures; then our Day in Court will be every day in the year.

DANCING BLOOD

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM

WITH DRAWINGS BY HANSON BOOTH

IT so happened that I was straight from the machines myself. And so I had an immense somber feeling about civilization: a race of restless creatures who through a splendid million years gave their naked breasts to peril and the unknown now suddenly become slaves in our modern indoor galleys, the factories—these hunters and fighters and fierce free mates standing in their millions to tend the unventuresome machines. Shall these sons and daughters of the great migrations, the base and bloody wars, the ancient crimes, the red love-making and the dance, these children of terror and ecstasy, find adventure in the looms that weave to-morrow what they have woven to-day? Shall a little food and warmth and a tired mating content them? To what shall these offspring of reckless death offer their easily pierced breasts when all day long their eyes are on the wheels, their hands are on the levers—in action mechanical dolls, in essence divine rebels?

I was caught in Pennsylvania that winter. I needed bed and board; I rejected beggary. Only the cotton-mill was open. For four months I stood up a ten-hour day. And then there was a strike. No one understood that strike. People were able to live, work was steady. And yet five thousand men and women marched out of the mills. But I understood: man does not live by bread alone. That strike was an adventure—a return to the sacred and vulgar racial life. It was passionate, perilous, terrible.

April had begun; spring was on the way. And so I left the toilers in their desperate glory and put out again on the open road. A ten-year rover like myself had to go; I wanted Broadway again; I wanted the great sea city; I wanted the Unknown.

Early that evening I reached Darnton, that nest of silk-mills. Seven blocks of Main Street lay like a fierce comet's tail in the night, the white glow clouded with the shuffling, stirring people. Shop light, blaze of theater, drew these Hunters of Adventure; they peered in each other's faces, they invaded the shops, they crowded the motion-picture shows. Youth, fired by April, was at its love-seeking, and everywhere wave after wave of released humanity strove to break itself on the night, to beat out its terrific lust for life against an ice-cream soda or a picture play or the ardor of casual love.

And, joining that pale and exhausted procession, I wondered why these spinners of silk did not also strike. I understood, I shared their savage appetites, their raw desires. Day kept them in a strait-jacket; but the mystic night released them to the strange street and the hunt. And so they wrecked themselves on liquor and license, welcoming ruin. A perfectly human thing to do, all too human.

Tired by my tramp, I sought for lodging. A pallid and grave young man, frowning upon the crowd, but eying it rovingly, almost collided with me.

"Pardon me," I said, "I've come over from Pettigrew, and want a night's lodging. Perhaps you can help me."

He looked at me suspiciously, a keen glance that caught my muddy shoes, my bulging trousers, my open-neck flannel shirt, the bearded face, the slouch hat, and the bag over my back.

"I'm not sure—" he began. "There's a Salvation Army—"

I cut him off with a laugh.

"No, thanks. I pay my way, a dollar a night, with breakfast. . . . My name is Thad Stevens."

By then he had analyzed my two passports—my voice and my eyes—and seemed reassured.

"We have a tiny room we used to let out, a cubby-hole off the kitchen. But you'll have to ask my mother."

"Content," I said. "You see, I left Pettigrew because of the strike. I worked in the L. C. Y. Mills."

That satisfied him, as I had anticipated. Then he spoke in a querulous voice:

"But you'll have to wait a minute. I'm looking for my sister and my aunt. It's time to go to chapel."

Chapel! Then I understood his grave mien, his frowning forehead. I fell in step with him, and we went forward, passing the crowd in review. We came thus to

"OF COURSE I KNEW THAT SHE HAD COME TO SHARE THE SECRET WITH ME. BUT SHE WAS HESITANT; SO I HELPED HER"

the Majestic Theater, whose scarlet posters flamed under the copper glare of great arc lights, and into that theater filed an eager crowd, while the penniless and the uncourageous stood on the pave watching wistfully. And among these watchers we found them.

"Lyn!" cried my young man; "Aunt Janey!" His tone was scandalized. "You're to come straight home; we've been waiting for you!"

They turned, trapped, blushing—a frowsy, middle-aged woman and a girl of about seventeen. And the girl spoke:

"We were just coming back—"

"Sure!" he muttered. "I saw you."

"Well, there's no harm," she said, "in looking at a theater."

"Harm!" he sneered.

We turned and started back, somewhat clumsily trying to keep in one row. But the voice of the girl, gentle and sadly eager, haunted me, and I turned to look at her. She was not above middle height; the shawl round her shoulders swayed out at the ends before her, her rather dilapidated skirt flapped softly, and her bare head with its almost shaggy soft brown hair, through which ran threads of gold, darted out rough curls when the cool wind passed. Nothing extraordinary in all this, yet about her was something extraordinary. I knew after ten steps. It was her light tread, the whole girl rhythmic, as if she walked on air, or as if the ground went with her. And I felt at once that the wave of youth and desire in her, so strong that it almost lifted her off her feet, had swept her out under the lights, and I felt subtly that here was the whole tragedy of the mills. She was caged, caught, betrayed, denied her heritage of love and loveliness: a perilous creature, a human explosive. . . . Chapel for her! Chapel and the silk-mill! No wonder her brother had to hunt her down and drag her away from the wicked night!

We turned a corner, silent, and went into the immeasurable blackness of a side street. There, under the dim lamps, the poor mill-houses grew visible, each with its lighted kitchen. The fifth house was ours: two-story, exceedingly small. And into the meticulous neatness of that lamp-lit kitchen we filed. There was the mother with her bonnet tied, her shawl wound about her thin angularity, and her narrow face cold and bitter, as deadly as a point-blank gun. Yet the eyes shone with life. She did not notice me.

"Janey," she said, in a low, icy voice, "I'd thought you had more sense. But you're wicked as Lyn. . . . Now come. . . ."

I was chilled to the marrow. The whole house now seemed empty and bitter cold, and in the dull light these creatures seemed monsters of sin. Later I discovered that the family belonged to some narrow sect; but already I found myself in the ice-ribbed prison of a dead creed. I looked at Lyn; her misery was appalling, as if she writhed with sin, her greenish-brown eyes wide with revolt.

Then the son introduced me; the mother measured me from head to foot, and I was shown the little shed, the narrow cot. In spite of the hurry of the mother, the chapel-going was delayed while Lyn lugged the blankets from upstairs and Aunt Janey spread a cold supper for me.

I stood at my door, looking in as Lyn gracefully made the bed. Straightening up, she met my eyes. I smiled. I whispered:

"Chapel! chapel!"

And she understood. A radiance came to her face, and in parted lip and wondering eyes and heave of bosom I saw the irrepressible spirit of youth leaping into triumph again. But she was amazed.

"Yes," I said, "I've been there myself."

She smiled in my face, and her eyes grew wet. I reached out a hand and clasped hers. And she passed me quickly, guiltily, possibly sure that her mother had seen and heard from the kitchen at my back.

Later, in bed, in the hushed and empty house, I analyzed Lyn's amazement. And then I knew; she had never before been fully understood. Alone, crushed by the mill and her mother, she had had to accept the universal verdict of Drudgery and Sin. This apparition of a creature of wings among the drudges and the dehumanized family had seemed monstrous; and so Lyn, against her instincts, had thought so too, frightened, writhing, frustrated—until a stranger smiled, whispered, offered a hand.

"Something will come of this," I thought. "You've set match to an explosive. . . .

"Ah," I thought, however, "if no one had released her—what then? Such girls feed the underworld."

And it seemed a miracle that in this world often the greatest thing is the least; as, for instance, a glance, a word, an offered hand.

I watched Lyn curiously the next morning. I was up early, and she got my break-

fast for me. And, more than ever, I was startled and amazed; in her light motion, her fleet-footedness, the ardent and exquisite changes of her face, the gentleness and poignancy of her voice, were hints of unbelievable things—hints of mental and spiritual richness not wholly native. How had such a creature strayed into such an environment?

The April morning was mild, liquid-clear, shining. The door was open, and the little winds flapped the end of the tablecloth; sparrows were preening and chirping on the stoop, a bluebird was trilling, and a sweet, earthy odor freshened the air. Lyn leaned over me, placing my cup of coffee. I looked up.

"You'd rather loaf than work to-day, wouldn't you?"

Dreams were in her eyes. She laughed softly.

"Yes."

"And how long have you been a weaver?"

"A year."

"Ten hours a day?"

"Yes."

"And you hate it?"

She smiled down at me.

"Not exactly—not at times."

"You know, I'm a professional loafer." She stood off, staring. I laughed.

"I'm a tramp, Lyn."

"A tramp?" Her voice thrilled.

"Like a gypsy," I said. "I go roving all over the world. . . . I go seeing things and meeting people. . . . I'm following the spring now, up to Canada; there'll be buttercups for me for the next three months; strawberry blossoms too."

She was amazed, entranced.

"And you don't *have* to do it?"

"Yes, I have to," I replied. "I'm a wild thing; I don't belong to civilization."

I drank off the coffee; she was getting her shawl.

"May I walk with you?" I asked.

"Yes." She was breathless. Out we stepped under flawless blue skies, and I saw now that my words had profoundly thrilled her; she was desperately alive, lapping up life, as it were, with her whole being. But how could I learn her secret without telling her mine? Indeed, we were sworn comrades, almost conspirators, already.

"And you really do that?" she asked. "But how can a person be so free?"

"How?" I asked. "By just *being* so. Who is to stop me? Yet," I went on, hastily, "only a few would call it freedom. It's full of pain and tragedy, Lyn—breaking away from people you love, going hungry, doing nasty jobs, being scorned and despised and rejected, sleeping God knows where, sinning and repenting. Take your mother, for instance. She finds freedom in religion, doesn't she?"

"Why, yes," she cried, shocked by this revelation. "But I—oh, now I know what's the matter with me!" she went on in a strange voice. "Now I know!"

"What is?"

She gave me a queer glance.

"I'm—I'm one of those 'wild things' too."

"Don't be too sure," I laughed. "Everybody is at times."

I was thinking of the strike at Pettigrew, of the fierce parade the night before on Main Street. Surely the whole race is tameless.

But Lyn was rebuffed; as if she thought that, after all, I did not understand her.

The toilers were marching before and behind us, and we had come out to an empty field at the back of which stood the five-story brick mill, handsome and new. And now all these human beings were leaving the April morning, the skies, the dreaming countryside beyond, the song and flash and murmur of the spring, and filing slowly, inevitably, into the prison-house of the Machine.

Lyn and I paused.

"I'll wait for you at noon," I said.

She smiled wistfully, nodded, and left me. Ten hours stood before her.

After an aimless two hours of wandering about, my curiosity brought me to the mill again. I wanted to see Lyn at work. I could not quite place such a creature among the machines. . . . As I stepped into the office an opening door gave the tremendous rhythms of the mill, not unlike some terrific Indian war-dance—the beating and the stamping and the singing. The door shut; I stood in a silence that was scratched by the bookkeeper's pen.

He was averse to my going in. But once I was a reporter in New York; I told him of some vague article in view—"the making of silk"—so he procured me an overalled guide. And into the clamor we went.

That mill was new; its walls were as much glass as brick; its machines were of the latest model, freshly painted, and as we went into the weaving-room of the third floor the effect was brilliant. A center aisle, and the man-

AND SHE DANCED. LEAPING LIGHTLY THROUGH THE DOORWAY, WITH HER TWO RAISED HANDS SHE SEEMED TO LET FALL THE SUNBEAMS DOWN TO THE FLOOR

high machines on either side four looms deep, and from the right the streaming sun. Six rows down we came to Lyn.

She was next a window, partly open, and she had four machines in charge. The sun was on her hair, and the soft brown with its golden threads seemed like the silk that was being woven. And she went from machine to machine, humming under her breath, watching the swift and rhythmic threads, touching with delicate hands the troubled woof, and her eyes dreaming. Into and out of the sunbeams she passed, and paused once to see the motes dance. She was quite unconscious of her surroundings, and seemed merely a bright part of the not unmelodious weaving; for one loom was gushing a silk of scarlet, soaked in sunshine, flowing like red wine; and the dreaming girl brought her living face close to it as she watched the shuttle.

She was surely unique among the mill hands: a thing of wings somehow caught among the dreamless drudges and the industrial machines. I wondered whether the mill-owner knew that he was hiring at ten dollars a week this flame and music; that beyond all glamour and delicacy of silk and all golden profit and standing in the community, there was that fugitive light in his factory which had more of wonder in it than the glory that was Greece. The race follows it instinctively, whether it is silent in cathedrals, or bursting into daisies on hillsides, or shining in the white nights of cities, or frozen in marble, or living in human love. It is what we feel we are; it is romance, music, adventure.

And I thought of the old classification: Earth, Air, Fire, Water. And I asked myself, If even the creatures of Earth cannot endure for long the mechanical day, what, then, of this creature of Air and Fire? Her place was in Vagabondia, on the hills and the peaks, and in the heart of the cities. . . . The rest of the mill seemed shabby enough. . . .

When the noon whistle blew, she came. Her excitement was girlish: as if this were one of the greatest events of her life. But what is greater than finding the Listener?

She said:

"Sometimes I take lunch with one of the girls, so my mother doesn't notice when I don't come home. So can't we walk? I'm not hungry."

She had a precious half-hour. There was no time to lose. I merely stopped at a grocery and purchased a box of crackers, a bar of chocolate. Then we went down a side street that gave into a country road, and climbed an open hill to its top, where under a maple tree we found a large rock. On this, then, we sat. Darnton lay under us, mill-chimneys belching black, a few spires, hosts of tiny frame houses.

The little green grass blades were new and tender, just piercing up; violets were budding; the air cool and washed with fire; a bluebird sat on the fence-rail near by; and far off a man was painting his house a fresh yellow. Mica glistened in little broken rocks; a trickle of water went shining down the mud of the hillside; and in the pale and transparent whiteness of the atmosphere, out near a road, a red-shirted laborer was lying on the dirt, his head resting on his arm, smoking his pipe, while his two great harnessed horses stood near by, perfectly still. And we were caught in the Spring: that new flood of life that fills each one of us so full we can hardly endure it, and want release for this dazzling vitality, this super-energy. And the atmosphere was charged with expectancy, with marvelous portents.

Lyn, sitting a little below me, glanced up now and then as she munched the chocolate, and for the first time I really saw her face. The greenish-brown eyes were slightly close together and rather large; the lips puckered upward toward the curved and rounded nose; ringlets tossed about her low forehead. Her smile was exquisitely sweet, lighting her whole face; and the graceful head was set on shoulders femininely narrow and downward-sloping.

Of course I knew that she had come to share the Secret with me. But she was hesitant; so I helped her.

"Do you get much time for reading?"

"No," she said, eagerly. "But I read all I can. . . . Only, my mother hates to see me read." She laughed. "You know what? I do my knitting at night, sitting at a little table, and in the drawer I keep a book, and when mother's out I open the drawer and read—you see, my fingers can knit without watching—and when mother comes, I just close the drawer."

We laughed together.

"Where do you get the books?"

"There's a library. . . . I love poetry. . . ."

I caught her eyes:

"And is there any one in the whole town like you?"

"Oh, that's what bothers me. I think I'm so sinful. . . . And yet"—she mused a little. "Do you know, people are funny? It seems to me they lead two lives, every one of them. In one they're just weavers or twisters. But underneath they are all sorts of things. There's Bess; I—I think," she laughed ashamedly, "she's a mermaid." She gave me a quick glance to see if I mocked her; then went on, "And Rufus, the foreman, he's a tiger, a terrible tiger."

"And you?" I asked.

"I"—she flushed. "I daren't tell."

"You dare."

"No, I daren't."

"Oh, come—"

"I'm ashamed," she murmured, "Oh, you'll think I'm low."

"Think you're low!" I laughed. "Come." And I put the easiest question of all for girls. "You want to go on the stage."

"No—worse than that. . . . I—I did act once: in Cinderella; the church gave it, so my mother let me; I was one of the mean sisters. . . . No, it's worse than that. . . ." She paused, hesitated, spoke in fright, "I—I want to dance—*Dance!*"

I remembered her light tread, and was thrilled.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, not just dance—not just jig, or waltz, or kick. . . . No, I want—I'll tell you what I want. . . ." She blushed scarlet. "Here! . . ."

And from her blouse she drew a bit of paper and passed it to me with shaking hand.

"Poetry!" I murmured. And I read:

"I see the little people dance,
The little people of the sunbeams.
They leap and fly in shining music,
And they keep time with the weaving silk.
O little friends, the looms imprison me,
I long to leave my silken weavings,
And leap among you and drowned in sunshine
Fly out the window where the sky is blue."

Artless, surely, and yet wrought by an artist. And I understood then; this girl had the creative impulse, had flowing through her the rhythm and urge of the very life. And I thought of her family and her environment, and was puzzled and amazed. For she had accomplished the true creation; she had wrought beauty out of her drudgery and despair.

"I like it," I said.

She grew radiant, a true artist.

"But, you see," she said, eagerly, "it doesn't satisfy me just to write . . . no, nor to act. That's only using a part of me; I want to use my whole body to say things with. . . . That kind of dancing. . . . But it's sinful."

"Sinful?" I echoed. "But you don't think acting sinful."

"No—the church let me do that."

I leaned toward her.

"Why do you like poetry better than prose?"

"Oh," she exclaimed, "it's music, and keeping time . . . and something deep . . . way deep, . . . you know."

"Well," I said, "dancing is the poetry of the body, and acting is the prose of the body."

She clapped her hands.

"Lovely! Oh, I see now! Oh, you have such a way of saying things!"

I smiled.

"And you've never danced?"

Then the whole secret came.

"I've always danced. Ever since I was three. But no one's ever seen me. I dance that poem I wrote. . . ."

"In the blood," I thought. Then aloud: "But you'll let me see, won't you? I know a great Russian dancer in New York, Kaslovna."

Sharply then the mill whistle blew. With a cry of dismay she rose. And we fled down the hill.

I had time that afternoon to think of Lyn's past. And it seemed to me that she was a peril, a high explosive: one spark might ruin such a nature. For added to the ardent and youthful thirst for life—how wistfully she had looked in at the theater the night before!—was this tremendous creative urge within. And the repression she was under was unnatural, could not last much longer. Soon she would cease to be a manageable girl, and, like so many such winged creatures among the poor, would doubtless fling herself away, give herself in the end to the streets. No normal life for her, surely; and better, I reflected, some safe outlet than this imprisonment. . . . Again I thought of Kaslovna, who yearly took on a girl or two to train; in the end to be added to her marvelous troupe.

That evening, after the dish-washing, the mother and brother went out, leaving me with Lyn and Aunt Janey. Lyn sat at her knitting, still excited, now and then looking at me in the knowledge that we shared a secret.

"OH," SHE WHISPERED, "I OWE MY LIFE TO YOU!"

The night was very still and cool; a kettle bubbled, the lamp was dim.

I whispered to Lyn.

"I've got a plan . . . but we'll have to tell your aunt . . ."

She looked at me dubiously, then shrugged her shoulders.

I spoke to Aunt Janey:

"Did you know Lyn could dance?"

Aunt Janey was terribly startled.

"Dance!" she cried. "Lyn dance?"

"Yes," I went on, "and she's going to dance for us now. 'The Dance of the Sunbeams.'"

Aunt Janey nodded her head. But on her face was a strange look, as if she had seen a ghost.

"All right," she whispered, in a hollow voice.

Lyn didn't want to for a while, but we persuaded her. She changed then wondrously; rose alert, energetic, wholly un-self-conscious. Her laughter, the youth of her voice, were charming.

"I must dress for it," she said, and disappeared.

When she came in, she had on a white loose dress—the Cinderella dress. It was crossed with two yellow ribbons; a yellow ribbon was bound across her forehead, and slippers were on her feet.

"Are you ready?" she asked. Then she went out.

And she danced. Leaping lightly through the doorway, with her two raised hands she seemed to let fall the sunbeams down to the floor; her playing fingers suggested the quick motes; the play of her body the joy and flame of the sun. Then she stood off, and, with pendulations of her young body to and fro and with eager dart of flashing hands and with measured beat of feet, suggested the looms, the swing of a thousand

threads in the warp crossed by the leap of the woof, and the wheels clashed and rattled. . . . Next she was Lyn, standing over the looms and dreamily watching the sunbeams. . . . The dance grew lovelier. . . . The machine caught her, crushed her, but she held out hands to the sunbeams; she tried to escape and leap up the golden ladder of the rays out of the window and up the blue heavens. And at last, breaking loose, she whirled, a mote among the motes, flaming joy and love, and so disappeared through the doorway.

I was stung with the wonder of life; it seemed to me then that a silk-mill was a place of music and beauty; a palace of the human spirit. No doubt of her power; Lyn was a dancer born; one who used her whole body and heart and mind to express the desire, the life, and the dream of man.

Her aunt sat stiff and staring, but I applauded, called for the dance again. And again she came in and let the sunbeams fall.

Then sharply, from behind me, came a hoarse cry, and Lyn brought up, dazed and paralyzed.

"Lyn! Lyn!"

It was her mother. I turned. The dead face was blanched horribly, the eyes starting. Then in the silence an amazing thing happened. Aunt Janey rose and spoke in a sudden tigerish fury:

"There, Martha! That's what's come of your churching her and keepin' her in! *You can't church her father out of her!*"

"Her father?" I echoed.

"Yes." She turned to me. "Her father was an actor, a dancer in vaudeville, died when she was three . . . and that fool woman killed him too with her saintliness. . . . God! he had to get off the stage, and it broke his heart. But it's in her. I've known it all along: it's in her blood!"

The mother said not a word, but laid down her shawl and passed from the room.

Lyn was weeping. Aunt Janey clutched her close.

"Never mind, dearie," she said; "you and I—we'll hang together."

Next morning I left Lyn at the mill entrance. Her eyes were shining.

"Oh," she whispered, "I owe my life to you!"

"Good-by," I murmured.

"Good-by!"

And off I went down the long road that led to the Lights. . . . But Lyn was soon to follow: she and Aunt Janey with a letter to Kaslovna. . . . And I knew that, for good or evil, I had released one drudge to the great adventure of life. . . . She would somehow be a dancer, obscure perhaps, never rising to fame. . . . But do the people of the Sunbeams care whether they are famous or not?

CLIMBING OUT THROUGH MUSIC

BY CONSTANCE D. LEUPP

MANY years ago, so a Russian legend tells us, a shepherd found a reed and blew upon it. He made sounds so sweet that the other shepherds were enchanted and gathered about to hear. Presently they said among themselves: "This fellow makes such pleasant music with his pipe, why should he waste his time tending sheep? We will care for his flock, and he shall play for us all day."

And they did; and this was the first division of labor.

And the fame of the piper grew until the shepherds came from far and wide in all that countryside to hear him, and the shoemakers, and the basket-weavers, and the potters. They took great delight in his piping, and their labor was the lighter for the joy they had in his music.

And presently the King of that land heard of the piper and sent for him. And he went and played for the King and his idle nobles gathered in the palace. And this was the first concert.

And the King was so pleased with his pipings that he kept him and made him Court Musician, and let him go back no more to play among his kind.

And so music passed from its original purpose to its secondary stage.

Now, in twentieth-century America there has arisen a movement bent upon rescuing music, bringing it back once more from out the concert-halls and opera-houses into the lives and homes of the working people.

A young violinist in New York named Emily Wagner began it all in 1894; she played for the little foreigners in the East Side streets, and they swarmed eagerly about her to listen. Then it occurred to her to teach them, and in the basement room of the College Settlement she founded her "talent-saving station." It quickly outgrew its borrowed room and moved into new quarters.

Around the corner of the Bowery and a stone's throw from Cooper Union it stands now, in the midst of a teeming block. Three buildings house it; there is a staff of seventy teachers, and the enrollment of pupils this year is hard on eight hundred. It has become a power to be reckoned with in the musical world, and has taken its place as a vital factor in the life of the East Side. For in this wonderful place pupils of all ages and stages of progress are welcomed, and for twenty-five cents a lesson they receive as good musical training as is to be had in the city.

It is on Sunday morning that the Music School Settlement is on dress parade, for then comes the weekly rehearsal of the Senior Orchestra. The bare concert-hall with its white plaster walls is a room built for serious work; sky-lighted, with a side window giving upon the tiny yard, Della Robbia's "Singing Boys" the only wall decoration, unfurnished save for the grand piano and the chairs for the performers and a few score auditors.

"Piano! Pianissimo!" The conductor's baton raps sharply. "Second violins, that was clumsy, *schrecklich!* Try it again." Sixty rapt, sound-sensitive faces are raised at the command of Mr. David Mannes, and the boys and girls of the Senior Orchestra, the common axis of whose years is a scant fifteen, go through the bar again, accepting the criticism in the spirit in which it is given, as the suggestion of one musician to his fellows. Little wonder that there is criticism, for this is the first gathering of the orchestra after the long summer vacation, and at their own urgent request the members are playing as a simple exercise in sight reading the "Fifth Symphony" of Beethoven. Next come Mendelssohn, Tschaikowski's "Andante Cantabile," a lively Strauss waltz, a bit of the overture from "Die Meistersinger," and then Handel's "Largo."

In the informal gathering of the audience the life of the neighborhood is reflected. Here is the father of a first violin who comes regularly, out of pride in his daughter; there is an old Bohemian woman, a peasant once, now one of many who dwell in crowded tenements, bearing always in her saddened eyes a mute protest against the city's herding of humanity; her grandson, a thoroughgoing American child, in spruce gray suit and scarlet tie, is playing among the second violins. Her eyes and ears are not merely for him, however. She comes to listen to the music and dream of the green valley where she was born and the village dances of her youth.

There is a line of critical piano pupils in the front row; behind them a director who never misses a rehearsal; near the door are four or five hatless ladies who are the residents of the Settlement school.

As you watch and listen, you find that you are growing strangely excited and moved—moved as you have never been by the masterly touch of professional talent. It is not merely because these young people play classical music with such astonishing ability and appreciation; their poise and their response to the masterpiece they are interpreting sits oddly with their manifestly normal youth. But the significance of Sunday mornings at the Music School Settlement goes far beyond that. Your imagination is caught and held captive as you begin to notice the individual performers and the national traits they display, for a dozen races have contributed to the able group before you, here, if anywhere, is the love-feast of the nations of the world.

"We have our own plan for bringing about a universal disarmament," the Director has said.

You note with pride that the girl *Concertmeister* is unmistakably an American. Behind her sits a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired boy from the plains of Saxony; there are two Russian 'cellists, a boy and a girl, while among the second violins is a Pole, next an Austrian, then an Italian and a Bohemian. Whatever may prevail outside, no race antagonism finds its way into the school. There is no room for it, in fact, for every pupil

DAVID MANNES

The Director of the Music School Settlement

before you is a genuine musician, conscious of the dignity of his art and of the sacrifices which it exacts.

Here you find no long-haired prodigies destined to startle two continents with their virtuosity. A few of the boys wear their hair long, for some, of course, must imitate their beloved Director, but there are no precocious youngsters present. On the contrary, there is an indefinable atmosphere of saneness and hard work about the performance which indicates a high average of everyday scholarship. The Senior Orchestra is the epitome of the school. Instead of two or three anæmic, egoistic, ill-starred concert performers, the school presents as its proudest exhibit these sixty young people, all a little better nourished, much cleaner, and vastly happier than their fellows in the street outside. And the visitor is told that, while many of them will teach, very few are to make a profession of music otherwise.

To appreciate just how much character is crystallized in the good work of this Sunday rehearsal one must imagine the difficulties under which practicing is done in a crowded tenement.

"I would have played the Rondo in E," explained little Isaac, coming to his teacher with an unprepared lesson, "but they were painting by us, and they spilled a gallon of gasoline on my music and took all the notes right out of it!"

Besides the crowding and the noise at home, there is daily enacted a peculiar tragedy within these European-American families where the tides of two civilizations meet. Parents and grandparents still live in their youth, clinging in thought and tradition to the Old World, enduring our new, crude civilization for the greater prosperity it brings them; the children are growing up irreverent, careless of those customs which their parents hold most dear, prone, in their ready acceptance of American habits, to absorb the least admirable of our National traits.

Music is a great comforter, welding the generations in a common interest, and bridging the painful transition; and the proof of this lies in the sacrifices which parents and children alike make for it.

Here and there is a family in which social and religious customs are preserved intact; in which Saturday is strictly observed as the Sabbath in the midst of surrounding commercial activities; in which strange rites are performed in commemoration of the dead. A boy of twelve whose father died recently goes to the synagogue at sunrise and sunset for eleven months to pray, for this is the custom of the oldest son of a mourning family among his people. But all the time he is performing this exacting duty his practicing does not suffer, nor his school work.

EVERY PUPIL IS A GENUINE MUSICIAN

For eighteen years the movement represented by the Music School Settlement has been going on quietly in the heart of New York's foreign quarter. Within a year or two it has broken out in a dozen other cities and towns, and now bids fair to become an epidemic of startling proportions.

A National Federation of Music Schools has been formed, and the parent school in New York is kept busy answering questions and demonstrating to visitors how easy it is simply to gather up and direct the instinct which is already present; for every community, especially where there is a sprinkling of immigrant population, is charged with that untrained love of music which is all that a good teacher requires for a working basis.

To get the full significance of what the movement is destined to accomplish one must visit the parent school during the week between two in the afternoon and ten at night, when lessons and rehearsals are going on ceaselessly.

Walk down the corridors of the upper floors, and you will see through the glass panel in the door of each of the twenty-five soundproof little rooms a lesson going on, apparently in pantomime. Enter any room, and you are welcome. Neither teacher nor pupil is embarrassed, as less scholarly musicians would be. You know it is a lesson, so the assumption is that you have not come in a spirit of carping criticism; the pupil is doing his best, for this precious half-hour comes but twice a week and is dearly bought at a quarter from a scanty family budget.

The teacher is good or the teacher is shifted, for that is the principle of the school. And to one who has studied music a generation ago and still remembers the hatred with which he practiced scales the lesson is a revelation. Here is a baby of eight learning to transpose on the piano; and she can do it, for has not the teacher explained that the key is merely the house in which the tune lives? And every tenement child knows what an every-day affair it is to move. As for practicing, that is fun; for, instead of endless scales and arpeggios, there are tinkling little tunes to be learned, and phrasing, which appeals to the imagination; and in the harmony class the whys and wherefores of the sharps and flats are revealed.

Every half-hour a bell rings, and all along the corridor the doors open, one set of pupils comes out while another set goes in. The key to the complicated schedule is kept by the registrar, whose duty it is to arrange for thirty-five thousand lessons given by seventy teachers to over seven hundred pupils in twenty-five rooms in the course of a year.

As for the teachers, they are of two classes, regular professional teachers and "pupil teachers." The latter are advanced pupils of the school who have proved themselves competent to give lessons. In the early days pupils and "pupil teachers" were indistinguishable to the naked eye. All wore short trousers or brief skirts, and there was an indiscriminate interchange of first names.

While lessons are going on upstairs, the library on the ground floor and the registrar's office in the basement are both busy places. The music library, the recipient of many donations from publishers, is one of the finest in America, and this the pupils draw upon for work at home.

Down in the registrar's office one may see the wheels go round. Every scholar reports here before going up to his lesson. A month's lessons are paid for in advance; they come twice a week and are twenty-five cents each, and there are scholarships for those who are unable to pay even this modest sum. Behind the desk is a glass case full of violins of all sizes, of strings, bridges, rosin, and other implements of the tune-maker's art. These supplies the school buys at wholesale rates and sells at cost to the pupils. Four dollars and a half will buy a violin, bow, and case, and it is a revelation to find how much music can be extracted from instruments of this grade.

In the back of the room, at the long magazine table, are brothers waiting for little sisters, pupils who have come early for their lessons for the privilege of reading a story first, others who come early for no special reason except that they would rather spend their time in the school than in their crowded homes or in the streets.

Meanwhile the Junior Orchestra is rehearsing in the concert-room. These are the pupils who have graduated from the Primary and are climbing painfully up the steep path to the Senior. Last year three were promoted. Who knows who the lucky ones may be this year?

Mr. Stowell, the Assistant Director of the School, conducts. There is a difference between this and the Sunday rehearsal. There is more noise and less music, yet here is obviously the other in the making.

At six o'clock the rehearsal is over and the performers pour out, while the applicants for admission to the violin department file in. Half a dozen urchins from the orchestra remain, a critical jury, lined up on the edge of the platform behind the piano stool on which sits Mr. Stowell in judicial calm. When the quavering flatted notes of a particularly incompetent little applicant resound through

the big room, the members of the jury have to be severely reminded that they are hosts, and that their criticism has not been requested. But when a boy or girl of real ability is being tested, instantly he commands the respect of the volunteer jury. Now and then Mr. Stowell even asks for their comments.

After each test Mr. Stowell fills in the registration card with a word as to the child's rating, and in the long waiting list this is used as a guide for admission.

Applicants to the school vary all the way from the tiny boy carrying a three-string fiddle in a brown paper bag, accompanied by an anxious mother, who explains that he gathers pennies by playing on the street corners, to the prosperous children of Grand Street merchants who refer to themselves as "difficult on the piano;" they can pay for private teachers, but vaguely realize that none are to be had on the East Side so good as those at the School. Some there are who have studied with "professors" of the neighborhood—talented children, perhaps, whose ability has been well-nigh ruined by the training they have received in stiff, accurate, joyless music, which must be unlearned before they can be started on the right track. In one of the "professor schools" a teacher came upon two children playing different tunes at one time on the same piano.

Dinner-time comes, but the sound of piano and violin does not abate for a minute. Pupils who come between six and eight snatch a hasty meal before or after the lesson, while the evening shift of teachers succeeds the afternoon shift without a break.

By the time dinner is over for the residents the evening programme is well under way. The school combines with its teaching all the normal activities of a settlement; clubs and lessons are going on upstairs, and a game of basket-ball on the electric-lighted roof. In the concert-room is a student's recital, perhaps, or the choral class. On Tuesday evenings comes the weekly rehearsal of the Wage-Earners' Orchestra, which is the latest addition to the Settlement's programme, made in protest against the assumption that the school is only for children and young people.

This orchestra welcomes every one who plays a stringed, wood, or wind instrument. Thus there has gathered not only from the immediate neighborhood but from the city at large a group of men and women who work all day and have no time for study or practice. They come, a motley crew: here a bookkeeper who is at his desk from eight to six; there a young Jewish dentist who practices his profession long hours—he has a correct ear and some facility on the violin; here is a girl 'cellist who in the daytime is a stenographer in a business office; two sisters who play the cornet; a grocer with a second violin; a dry-goods clerk with a bass.

Of course the hospitable terms on which the orchestra is conducted mean a bad proportion of instruments; but this work is primarily for the relaxation of the players, and the performance will grow more tuneful with age. Meanwhile everybody concerned enjoys Tuesday evening hugely.

One wonders, perhaps, how much difference the School makes in the lives of the pupils and their families. Ask the residents, and they hardly know how to answer you, for the question is one of intangible spiritual values. They will tell you any number of stories, funny, pathetic, tragic.

There is Samuel, whose father was inspired to take violin lessons and arranged with his small son to learn from that son each week what the teacher at the School had taught him. With one set of lessons and one teacher between them father and son had been working side by side some time before Sammy happened to mention this very natural arrangement at the School.

"And does your father practice regularly, Sammy?" asked the amused teacher. Sammy looked up in hurt surprise.

"Does he practice? *Sure* does he practice!" said he, simply. "And why wouldn't he practice when he didn't have it when he was young?"

There is Etta, aged nine, who is unusually gifted with a sense of rhythm and a correct ear, whose little hands patter over the keys with an airy precision that would do credit to a performer of twice her years. For a while Etta had no piano at home, and managed her practicing on a table. In the mazes of a complicated schedule it so fell out that Etta's lessons and those of her brother Isidor were set this year for different days. The family lives miles from the School.

"The Subway in rush hours is no place for little girls," said Isidor, sagely, and quietly set himself the task of coming and going twice a week with his little sister and waiting for her while she had her lesson. When there is to be a piano recital in the evening, however, Isidor is not drafted for the

A REHEARSAL

return journey, for Etta always wants to stay for these, and the older brother, who is a clerk in a downtown store, never misses a chance to attend them.

And so with family after family it develops that the School is the center of activity for all their scant hours of leisure.

After you have learned to know the pupils a little you no longer question how much difference the School makes in their lives; for you see that it has wrought something rather like the miracle that the fairy godmother's wand wrought for Cinderella—only the effects are lasting.

It is as if this School with its wizard Director had hewn out of the toneless substance which makes up the daily life of the poor a doorway set with a fast-closed gate; as if the hands of each little pupil had been intrusted with a key that he might unlock the gate and pass out into the endless possibilities of that other world where the warping, dwarfing powers of poverty no longer swallow up individuality; where artist meets fellow-craftsman on a level of mutual respect; where each traveler is estimated at the value of the thing in which he excels, and where physical conditions are set at naught.

And so they live and work side by side—those who clasp the precious key and those who have it not; and to those with the key is given the power to open the gate a little way for others to catch a glimpse of the shining vistas beyond.

You can see the miracle work any evening in the homes of these people when a weary father returns from work and Izzie or Miriam gets out the fiddle and plays, and all along the tenement corridors doors open and the neighbors listen.

And then you understand perhaps why, in the eyes of the Director of this School, the life of a professional musician seems a paltry thing in comparison with the opportunity open to these boys and girls to go forth among their people bearing their message of cheer into the colorless lives of those that labor and are heavy laden.

From Einstein

An Interview with

David Warfield

By Hartley Davis

WARFIELD AS EINSTEIN

WHEN David Warfield talked of his work, he was earnest. When he talked of his landscapes, he was enthusiastic; his eyes sparkled, his voice had the vibrant feeling that grips his audiences.

He didn't talk about its "atmosphere," its "feeling;" he didn't use a single one of the familiar stock expressions of the amateur of the studio. He loved the painting for its tranquil peace, the tender sheen of the trees, the silver lake nestling among them. Above all, he loved it for the good green earth in the foreground.

"Isn't it lovely?" he said. "Isn't it beautiful? There are worms in that ground."

It was very plain that if Warfield did not feel there were worms in that ground he would not have cared for the picture, because honest ground that is beautiful always has living things in it. He might have expressed the idea much more poetically; but the idea came to him in simple, concrete fashion, and he gave voice to it. That is the Warfield way. He is one of the most effective actors that ever lived, because he never strives for effect. He tries to make you see and feel as he sees and feels, to make you understand as he understands.

He is genuine always. Of all the actors in the past twenty-five years whose greatness has been recognized, he is the simplest. He has mannerisms, but no affectations. His clothes have the commonplaceness of dull respectability, except the soft hat, which is generally shapeless. He never wears jewelry, but he gladly pays $500 for a beautiful snuff-box or an antique watch for his cabinet of gems. He has many valuable paintings, nearly all of them landscapes, and superb tapestries.

"They are beautiful too," he said. He caressed a wonderfully wrought Venetian piece with tenderness. As I watched the stroking motion of his hand I knew he would say:

to Peter Grimm

"We have no children; so we fill our home with the beautiful things we can buy."

The commercial value of his art treasures interests Warfield not at all; his measure of them is their appeal to his sense of beauty. He may chuckle over the fact that a dealer offered him $1,200 for a watch that he bought at a sale for $200. He briefly gives the history of the gold snuff-boxes, if you ask him, but he becomes eloquent when he speaks of the design, the workmanship, the color of the enamel.

He lives in an apartment overlooking Central Park in New York City. Its frontage of eighty feet on the Park appeals to him more than anything else.

"I would live in a house of my own," he said, "but—we have no children, and I have only one season in three in New York. There is no one but my wife and her sister, and they feel safer and less lonely in an apartment than they would in a house."

These things go far towards explaining how David Warfield could pass so surely from Einstein to Peter Grimm; they reveal some of the qualities that make him what he is. For my part, I think him the greatest living actor in English, greater even than Forbes-Robertson. I am sure that Warfield could move his audiences as deeply as does the English player in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," and I doubt if Forbes-Robertson could play Einstein with Warfield's effectiveness and humor.

If you call Warfield a genius, he looks bored; if you say he has the soul of an artist, he will flush with pleasure and stammer that he hopes it is true. He knows perfectly well that all players are fond of the word, that they use it in a sense that makes it ridiculous, but for him it has a broad and fine significance.

"I am not an intellectual actor," and he added, with a little trace of regret, "I am not an intellectual man. I am just human, and I try to be natural and honest." Then, with a chuckle: "But, as an actor, I have always had a very good opinion of myself." With a sudden transition to seriousness: "I suppose that is why I have succeeded. I have had confidence in myself to do the things I set out to do.

"When I was a school-boy in San Fran cisco, I made up my mind to be an actor, and, being a boy, I was to be a great actor.

WARFIELD AS PETER GRIMM

Most of the other youngsters had the same ambition. I clung to mine. I was a good story-teller." He paused, then, with the impersonal air of a man determined to be absolutely just: "I was a very good story-teller. The values of a story seemed to come to me instinctively, just as dialects do."

"What is the secret of dialect?" I interrupted.

"It is purely a gift which is something you could not gain by practice or by cultivation. It is a matter of the ear in receiving delicate shades of intonation, of understanding idiom, and the ability to reproduce the intonation with absolute accuracy. All dialects that I have ever heard came to me easily, yet I never consciously studied one.

"When I was seventeen, I began giving little entertainments before lodges and clubs. I imitated actors. I gave burlesques. I had one of Bernhardt in 'Camille,' in which I imitated three or four characters. I worked in a theater as an usher so that I might have opportunity to see as many plays and actors as possible. When I came to New York—"

"Had you been on the professional stage then?"

"For a few minutes only. My first appearance was a fearful failure. It was in a kind of beer hall in San Francisco. I was so frightened that my stories fell flat. I told them mechanically, and the audience laughed me off the stage. I wasn't permitted to appear again. My pride was terribly outraged. I wanted no more of San Francisco then. I determined to come to New York, and when I left San Francisco I said, 'I will not come back till I come as a star.'

"It was just a silly boast of youth, but it happened to come true. I did not see San Francisco again for ten years, when I appeared there in 'The Auctioneer.'

"My first appearance in New York was in a concert hall in Eighth Avenue—Payne's, I believe its name was. I was glad to get an opportunity to tell my stories and give my imitations for $15 a week. It was exactly the same entertainment I attempted in San Francisco, but it had a real success in New York."

"How do you explain that?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said, simply; "it just happened. I passed muster. It was to be."

While he was working in the concert hall he went to William A. Brady, whom he had known in San Francisco, who gave him a small part in "The Inspector," a melodrama. Afterwards he played an Irishman in "O'Dowd's Neighbors," and was successful in his specialties in both. Then he joined Russell's comedians in "About Town." In the company were Luke Schoolcraft, Willis P. Swettman, Dan Daly. He told his stories and gave his imitations at the Bijou Theater in New York, and, while he was successful, he did not attract any particular attention. It was in "About Town" that Warfield was compelled to be on the stage for thirty minutes without having a thing to do. This gave him opportunity to show the stuff that was in him. Purely on his own initiative he developed a lay figure into a pantomime part that dominated the entertainment. This so impressed the manager that he had a play written practically for Warfield, in which the actor played the part of a detective who used many disguises. It was in this that Warfield created the character which made his early fame and which revolutionized the type of the comedy Jew on the stage, and which is known familiarly as Einstein. No character has been so universally imitated, even to the smile out of the corner of the mouth. I asked Warfield about the original of the stage character.

"I never studied the character of Einstein; I just saw him. There were hundreds of him on lower Broadway. All that I could see was the collarless man in the frock coat, the derby hat jammed on the back of the head, thrusting the ears out. They all seemed alike, even to their walk, clamping along on their heels with their toes turned outward. They all seemed to have the same straggly whiskers that had never known the touch of the razor. Everybody in New York was familiar with the type. It just happened that nobody else happened to make use of it for stage purposes.

"The comedy in which Einstein first appeared was never given in New York. But it was so successful that my salary was fixed at $80 a week—only I didn't get it all.

"The first appearance of the character in New York was for one night only, and it came about as the result of a benefit ball game. Mr. Lederer engaged me to play in the burlesques of 'Sans Gene' and 'Trilby' at the Casino. I asked for permission to introduce the Jew character. He wouldn't hear of it. 'That's my clientele,' he said to me. 'If you caricature the Jews on the stage, my people will walk out of the theater.' I couldn't convince him.

WARFIELD IN "THE AUCTIONEER"

"It happened that a benefit baseball game had been arranged between actors in two companies, in which they were to appear in their stage costumes. Mine was so commonplace that I decided to go on the ball-field made up as Einstein. When I walked across the field, collarless, the shabby frock coat, the old derby hat jammed against my ears, the straggly beard, the expression of earnest intentness, there was a roar. The people recognized the walk immediately. They jumped at the conclusion that the character was real and began to guy me. And then it dawned on them that it was a stage make-up.

"When Lederer heard of the hit at the ball game, he suggested that I try the specialty the last night that the 'Merry World' appeared at the Casino in New York. I went to Lee Harrison's dressing-room—he was the best 'feeder' in the specialty that I ever had—and asked him if he would help me out on it. He said he would. The appearance of Einstein at the Casino made a sensation. They laughed so heartily all the time I was on the stage that I didn't have a chance to say a word. The pantomime was all that was necessary. The next day we went to Chicago, and Einstein had a firmly fixed place in the performance.

"But the real introduction of Einstein to New York did not take place until the following season, when Mr. Lederer produced 'In Gay New York.' In the meantime I had developed the specialty. In fact, it grew all the time I was playing it. I added new pantomime, or, as we call it, 'business,' and new stories from time to time."

Within a week Warfield was established as one of the drollest and most original fun-makers that New York had known. It was shown that he had one of those quick-thinking minds that enabled him to take advantage of every opportunity. Einstein's stories and his sayings became a part of the vernacular.

I asked him what was the most successful story he told in this character. He replied without hesitation:

"It was the story in which Harrison told me about his wonderful house, the furnishings of which cost him $2,000 and on which he had $20,000 insurance."

The slow smile that spread over Warfield's face and the significant expression with which he asked the question, "Why don't you—" brought a storm of laughter.

"It is a curious thing," Warfield observed, "that if I had completed the sentence nobody would have laughed. In fact, I tried it on two or three occasions, just to prove this, and there was not even a chuckle."

There was also the dog story. Warfield came in breathless, explaining that a barking dog had pursued him, whereupon Harrison said: "What's the matter with you? Don't you know that a barking dog won't bite?" There is no way of conveying the earnestness and reproach of Einstein's manner and intonation as he replied:

"Yeah, I know a barking dog won't bite; you know a barking dog won't bite; but the dog—he don't know it."

Warfield does not know where he got his Hebrew dialect, which is so perfect. He simply says he had it, that he never consciously studied it. The three-cornered smile, which has become characteristic of the type, had no foundation at all. Warfield is inclined to think that he always had a habit of smiling out of the corner of his mouth, although it is quite possible that the many years he played Einstein may have caused this peculiarity.

His fame was already great when he went to Weber and Fields, where he remained three years, and the character of Einstein became known all over the country. He received an offer of a thousand dollars a week to go into vaudeville and did not even consider it, although his salary at that time was only $300 a week. He was the most distinguished of the greatest company of fun-makers ever gotten together in one organization in this country.

That organization was known as the "Happy Family," but the happiness was mostly on the outside. The performance took up a certain number of minutes, of which a considerable part was given over to the choruses, songs, and dances. There was so little time left for the comedians—and there were many of them—that the rivalry for supremacy was very great. The man who could provoke the most laughter was entitled to hold the stage longest. In these encounters Warfield never was worsted. Yet of the comedians he was the least paid.

"Don't think that I didn't appreciate my worth from a box-office standpoint," he said; "but it wasn't important enough to fuss about. I was always looking ahead, waiting for the time when I could play serious parts. I knew it would come. I was getting ready for it. I told you I always had a very good opinion of myself as an actor. That is why the vaudeville offer didn't move me. If I had gone into vaudeville, I would have been there yet and would never have amounted to anything."

It was when Warfield appeared in the burlesque of "Catherine" at Weber and Fields that it first dawned upon me and upon others who saw him that he was not merely a comic but truly a great actor. In this burlesque he travestied a rôle played originally by Mr. Lemoyne, and his work was a revelation. The swift transition from laughter to tears was almost uncanny. He swayed his audience at his own will. When I spoke to Warfield about this, he said:

"Burlesque is one of the great arts of the theater. There is nothing which makes such demands upon an actor. I think I learned more from the burlesque that I played in while with Weber and Fields than from anything else. Offers were made to me to become a star when I was in the music-hall, but the managers always talked to me in the language of money. I wanted something more than that. The vaudeville managers constantly increased their price, until they reached a point where they were willing to pay me $2,500 a week.

"One evening, when I went to the music-hall, I found a letter from David Belasco. Before I had read it, I said to myself, 'I am going to be a star, and I am ready.' That night I told my wife so, although Mr. Belasco merely asked me if I would come and see him. I called on him the next day. His first question was, 'How would you like to be a star?' which was exactly what I expected him to ask. Everything was settled within ten minutes—the business arrangements and all. I didn't see Mr. Belasco again for a year and a half. My contract with Weber and Fields had that much longer to run, and of course I would make no attempt to break it.

"It was natural that we should decide that, as a star, I should play a character like that of Einstein, which, of course, could be developed into something finer and better as the play proceeded. The character of Levi in 'The Auctioneer' presented the sentiment and pathos which Einstein had hidden from the world.

"I was terribly frightened when we put on 'The Auctioneer.' It wasn't a very good play. Furthermore, I had been so long identified with low comedy that it was a question whether the public would accept me when I tried to be serious. The play was an utter failure when we first produced it; but we worked over it night and day. Mr. Belasco brought all his wizardry to bear. We made change after change. When we brought it into New York, two weeks later, it made a big hit.

WARFIELD IN "THE MUSIC MASTER"

Warfield paused. "They have always liked me in New York," he said, naively, as if he had just made the discovery.

"Did you like the character?"

"I loved it," he said, with conviction. "Somehow I always manage to persuade myself that the particular character I am playing is the best I ever had. I seem to do it very easily. And the longer I play it, the more my enthusiasm grows. I never give a really good performance until after I have played a character for at least six months. It takes that time to build it up, to develop its possibilities, to make it rounded and complete.

"I played 'The Auctioneer' two and a half years. During one year of that time we were considering the next play, which was to mark a radical departure. I told Mr. Belasco that I wanted to play a German of extreme refinement, delicate sensibilities, who spoke English with absolute precision, yet with the unmistakable German accent. Belasco suggested that the character be that of a musician, and Charles Klein was engaged to write the play. The result was 'The Music Master.'"

"Was the Beethoven suggestion planned?"

"It just happened. The idea of making up to look like Beethoven never entered my mind, although Mr. Belasco probably saw the possibilities. The arrangement of the hair

brought it out very strongly. I have discovered that a different arrangement of the hair makes me look remarkably like Andrew Jackson.

"For myself, in making up for von Barwig in 'The Music Master,' my only thought was to arrange my hair like that of the musicians I had seen. Probably the one I had selected has followed Beethoven's way. The character of 'The Music Master' appealed to me so strongly that I never had the slightest fear of its success. I knew I could play the part, because it moved me so profoundly when I read it.

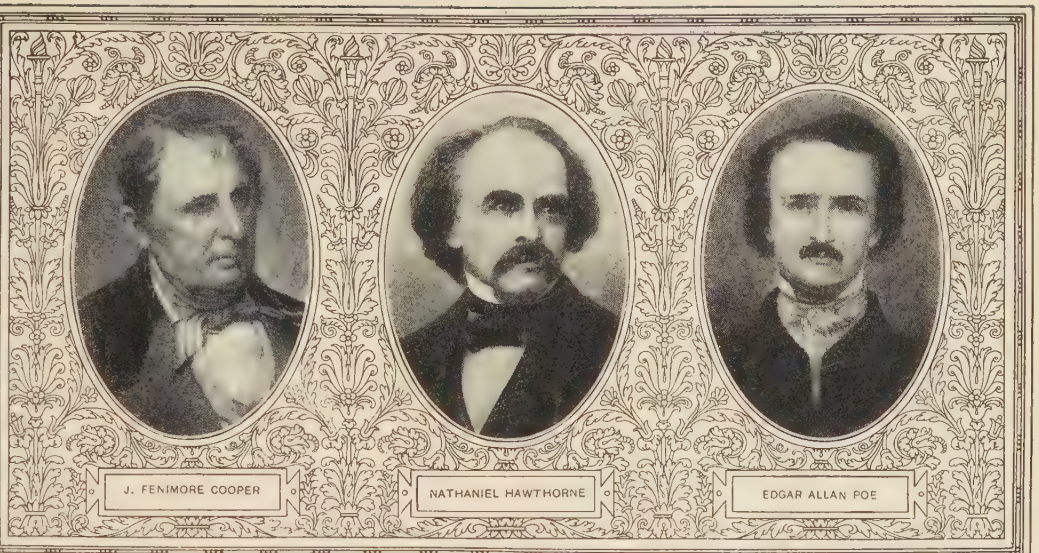
"I never study in the sense in which that word is conventionally used. I told you I wasn't an intellectual actor. My way is very simple. I read a complete play four or five times. Then I read my part over and over until it gets into my system. The things which move me most in the first reading become the most effective scenes in the play, and, if I am not stirred from the very first, no amount of building up, no subterfuge, enables me to increase the value of the scene. I don't know how or where the knowledge of what I am to do comes to me. I simply seem to feel it. It is a sort of intuition.

"It seems to me that the really successful actor is in a way hypnotized by the character he plays. It possesses him to a wonderful degree. It takes possession of his entire personality, culminating in the climacteric scenes with something that has in it the nature of hysteria. To me it is a kind of mystery. At times I strike awful notes of agony which seem to me more terrible than my own unaided imagination could conceive. I have known moments when the acting seemed to reach heights so much greater than I that I have been almost appalled. You see, I can't explain it at all; I can hardly even describe it to make it sound reasonable.

"You are not to think that I actually feel the emotions I try to portray every time I go on the stage. If I did, I should be worn out before the season was a month old. That is where the mechanics comes in. It is impossible for an actor to portray any great emotion unless he has really experienced that emotion. Once having had that experience, his technique will enable him to give the effects of it without any great drain upon his physical or mental powers.

"I find that every one doesn't know human nature—at least, not in the theater. It is all very well to read a long speech gracefully, with a finished rhythm. But people don't talk that way. They talk as I am talking to you: they stammer, they hem and haw, struggle for the right word; and that is the way I talk on the stage. I try to be just natural and honest. My characterization is built up of an infinitude of little things, and in this Mr. Belasco is a remarkable aid, as well as in the big things.

"Never have I played a part which frightened me so much, which has proved so difficult, as that of Peter Grimm, for, you know, in two acts of this play Peter Grimm is a spirit. There is no mechanical art by which the idea of a disembodied spirit can be visually conveyed. Manifestly I must stand on the stage in the flesh. There is no mechanical aid whatever to give the impression that I am not an ordinary human being. It must all be done by suggestion. In the second act I am on the stage for fifty-five minutes, and that one act takes more of my vitality than three whole performances of 'The Music Master.' For nearly an hour I must concentrate my forces to think every blessed thing I make the people about me say, the people who can neither see nor hear me. If I did not succeed in this, I would lose my countenance and the spirituality of the idea would be lost. I would become ridiculous. In all that time the many speeches I have are really one long soliloquy. I never once can catch the eye of the person I am talking to. I cannot even look at him; I must look *through* him. If the spiritual idea eludes me for a second, the whole play becomes ridiculous. 'The Return of Peter Grimm' is by far the most difficult thing I have ever done, and I cannot tell you how I learned to get these effects any more than I can tell you how I learned to get the others. They are all a part of the great mystery."



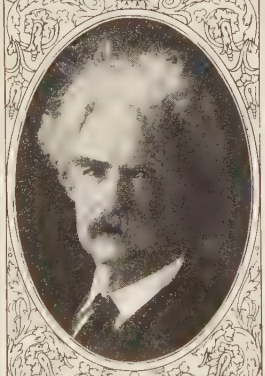
AMERICAN FICTION OLD AND NEW

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

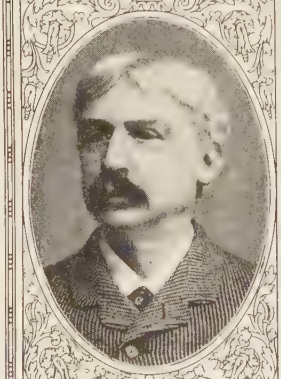
THERE were novels in this country before "The Spy" appeared in 1819 and the world began to read American fiction. It was the twilight of the Provincial period in American letters, and Cooper turned to England for a subject when he wrote "Precaution," a feeble imitation of the old-fashioned society novel. It was a failure, as it ought to have been, and Cooper was not slow to discover the reason. A good English novel, like a first-class Englishman, is a joy, but an imitation Englishman is even more unattractive than a sham American. If tradition can be trusted, Scott's success in dramatizing Scotch character and incident gave the American the clue to his own field, and he crossed the Harlem and found his material close at hand, as it always is when the man of imagination appears on the scene. The success of "The Spy" was due, not primarily to its art, but to its vital interest; it was a product of the soil, and Cooper had first-hand knowledge of his subject; his knowledge of the manners and people he tried to draw in "Precaution" had been second if not third hand.

And Hawthorne knew his shadowy people—drawn with sensitive skill but almost as bodiless as the figures in Poe's tales; for both these writers, whom we count among the half-dozen Americans who have made contributions to the literature of the world, were magicians living in a country of fantasy and dealing with men and women whose features faintly veil typical ancestral experiences, inherited tendencies, morbid temperaments. Hilda is no more tangible than Hester Prynne, and the mysterious crime in "The Marble Faun" is as remote as the tragedy of "The Scarlet Letter." The three American early story-writers whose audience was European as well as American presented curious contrasts; Cooper was a deeply dyed Romanticist, but his novels were made out of real stuff, handled without any pretense at subtlety; while Hawthorne and Poe threw shadows

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE



MARK TWAIN



BRET HARTE

on the mist or made the air of reality as impalpable and as elusive as the atmosphere in which Maeterlinck's plays are enveloped.

Mrs. Stowe, who next caught the attention of Europe, came on to the stage as suddenly as Charlotte Cushman appeared in "Meg Merrilies" and held her audience breathless for two hours and more. The great debate was in its last stages; all other interests were overshadowed by it. Those who had the gift of second sight already caught glimpses of a host of men moving across fields overhung with clouds through which lightning played. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was not the work of an artist, but of an impassioned woman of great energy of feeling and an imagination which kindled at the touch of emotion. It was not, like Turgenev's "Letters of a Sportsman," primarily a work of literature and incidentally a moving picture of class oppression; it was primarily the dramatization of a great issue in terms of human condition, and incidentally a moving novel. It was no more distinctively American than "The Spy" or "The Scarlet Letter," but it ran level with the hour and was a prelude to the birth of the Nation.

The war ran its course, the smoke was carried away by friendly winds, and the country began to see that a new day had dawned. As the shadows lifted, the second great wave of emigration westward was moving with swift momentum and new types of character were defining themselves on the great Plains and the lonely defiles of the mountains beyond the Plains, and the frontier was nearing the Pacific coast. At the eastern gates of the continent an army of immigrants was pouring in, bringing with them tongues that were strange in American ears. In New York the "Little Citizens" and "Little Aliens" of the future were predicted in the young Jews and Slavs who had heard the old cry, "Westward ho!" and followed it as men of pre-Revolutionary ancestry were following it to its ultimate goals. Over the whole continent there was a great stirring of life which was later to be precipitated in a host of stories.

The hour of reunion between the North and the South was also the hour of a closer relationship with Europe. The era of the international marriage, often tragic in the event but always alluring to the socially ambitious, set in; the self-made man stayed at home with his vast interests and sent his wife and daughters to Europe, and the American could be studied for the first time against a foreign background. It was the settled conviction of Europe that there was only one American and that he was undesirable; of the variety of American types most Europeans had as little idea as they had of the extent of the country. One delightful Englishman is reported to have promised to speak in Portland one evening and in New Orleans the following evening; and the writer was once asked by a charming woman in a Devonshire inn if Boston was not the most attractive suburb of New York!

At this moment Mr. Henry James appeared on the scene with those early stories which made young readers glad to be alive when "The Passionate Pilgrim" came from the press. The style has a solidity, a substance of thought, observation, and

knowledge of the way the world lives, which were new in American fiction and gave people a feeling that at last we had "arrived," so to speak. Then followed a series of studies of international relations which the historian of the future will first study and then read; for, in that solemn pursuit of the elusive fact which we call history, play must follow work. In "The American" and in "Roderick Hudson" he will find character sketches of subtle and beautiful skill, and will discern the action and reaction of race and environment upon unsophisticated natures. The American in the older world will show his distinctive quality with a frank disregard of traditional opinion of what he ought to be to conform to the settled type which had then become fixed in the European mind.

Daisy Miller was a type quite as certainly as Isabel Archer, though many Americans were unwilling to recognize her; and "The Portrait of a Lady," it will be remembered, was the portrait of an American. So much has been said of the vulgar American abroad that one forgets that while he is more noisily vulgar, he is by no means so offensively vulgar as the vulgar German or Englishman.

Mr. James has said a good many plain things about his own country, and so has had the usual experience of the truth-teller, and has been charged with lack of patriotism by those whose test of loyalty is blindness; but Mr. James has failed in patriotism only at one point: of late years he has let intellectual interest in problems overtop artistic interest in people.

Mr. Howells was fortunate in starting life on the Ohio River and then going to Venice; he has kept his early simplicity unspotted from the sophistication of the world. He, too, has studied the American abroad—and the fresh, unworn charm of the American girl who had the good fortune to be born in the rather remote country comes back like a breath from an old-time New England garden when one recalls "The Lady of the Aroostook." A writer of great heart, Mr. Howells has used the tools of a Benvenuto Cellini, and has made sketches of American manners and traits as veracious as they have been unobtrusively charming, with a vein of humor running through them which has not yet received full recognition.

Mr. Howells has done more than paint delicately finished cabinet pictures; in "The Rise of Silas Lapham" he has drawn a full-length portrait of the self-made man who has been so vociferously celebrated by himself and others of late years; and in "A Hazard of New Fortunes" he has made the vicissitudes of the young American on the way to his place in the world dramatic without being spectacular.

While Sectional America was taking on the larger aspects of National America the historical spirit responded with an impulse which has given us a library of books in which American beginnings are traced with scholarly skill and charm of style. But American endings were fortunately dearer to American novelists, and the receding landscape of social life and habit in New England, the South, and the West was painted in that happy afternoon hour when the light blurs the sharp outlines that it may more subtly convey the spirit of

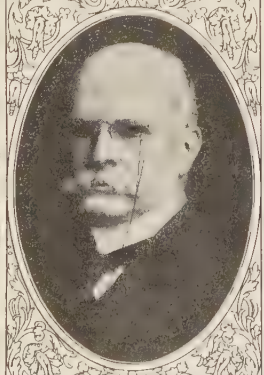
SARAH ORNE JEWETT

HENRY JAMES

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS

MARY E. WILKINS

THOMAS NELSON PAGE



JAMES LANE ALLEN

the scene. The short stories of Mr. Cable, Miss King, Mr. Allen, Mr. Page, Miss Jewett, Miss Wilkins, Mr. Garland, Bret Harte—to choose a few among many names—not only transferred a vanishing world at the very moment when it was beginning to fade, but added a group of what the French would call little masterpieces to our literature, developed a mastery in the writing of the short story which the French alone have rivaled, and fulfilled the prophecy implicit in Poe's tales of a skill born of sincere feeling, alert intelligence, and a delicate and sure artistic sense. Here is a group of stories so distinctively American that they form a series of local studies of a fidelity which sacrifices no truth and yet suffers no fact to detach itself and stand alone. To this period also belong Mark Twain's inimitable "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer;" tales of Americans of the middle period of refreshing vividness, unconventional vigor of diction, and original humor upon which the fame of this greatly overworked man of genius will finally rest. Edward Eggleston's "Roxy" and "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" are less important but not less veracious and convincing. Written at a time when the popular novels of the day were second-hand reports of polite society, these rustic tales seemed so rude to the unfortunate victims of the plush and gilt school that Mr. Eggleston used to recall with glee the question put to him in all innocence, "Mr. Eggleston, when are you going to put some folks in your stories?" Folks were people who had gotten away from the soil and begun to wear starched linen.

It is significant that this wide extension of literary interest and activity came at the hour in which Sectional America was passing, and that this, the prelude to the birth of the Nation, was a response to the feeling that something rare and significant was vanishing.

The next stage in the development of vital as distinguished from manufactured fiction in this country was marked by the appearance of Frank Norris, whose work was immature but profoundly significant. Copious and despondent writers had shown conclusively that the materialism of the country had sounded the death-knell of art. How many times the requiem of art has been sung, and how persistently art has shown an indecent disregard of mortuary preparations! The same blindness has fallen on those other prophets of lamentation whose long, monotonous chant has told the world that this is a materialistic age and that its achievements are purely mechanical, and has marshaled the railway, the steamship, the telegraph, the telephone, wireless telegraphy, the automobile, to prove their case—and have not so much as caught a glimpse of the marvelous ethical and spiritual possibilities which these wonderful devices for carrying speech and accelerating motion have put into the hands of the race.

To men smitten by this infirmity of vision the raising, transportation, and distribution of wheat were matters of business. They had never understood Emerson's significant words, "It came to them business, it left them poetry." Norris saw, what every man of imagination has always known

and what the most uninspired are now learning by experience, that business is not a colossal activity conducted in a vacuum, but a form of human energy vitally related to character and so sensitively a part of the life of society that the mere shifting of opinion, the lightest change of mood, automatically affects values. Norris understood business in terms of human life, and if he had lived to complete the trilogy of which "The Octopus" and "The Pit" were the initial volumes, he would have given us the Epic of Wheat in prose. The project was beyond his years and experience, but it was one of those noble failures which are preludes to the great successes.

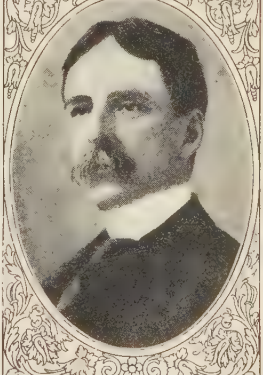
There have been great changes since Norris died, and they have been so swift that they have already put into the hands of writers of fiction the stuff of which art is made. In the stir and strain of a changing society in which men and women are inspired to great enterprises, as General Armstrong, Dr. Frost, of Berea, and Miss Jane Addams, for example, have been, other men and women are made restless by the sense of great emotions and experiences which are beyond their reach. The tragedy of a small nature striving, not by the grace of aspiration but by the power of ambition, to achieve something which only a rich nature can command is admirably put in dramatic terms in Mr. Robert Grant's "Unleavened Bread;" a study of the crude, hard, ambitious American woman who has made possible the charge so often heard in France that American women are shallow, selfish, and "smart" in ideas, character, and manners. But Selma is not a typical American woman; she is one of the many victims of an age which intoxicates women of her slight nature, as it liberates and inspires large-souled women. Mr. Grant is a student of manners and men whose appearance is significant of the growing complexity of American social life.

When "The House of Mirth" appeared, its striking ability was recognized, but there were those who declared that it was un-American. In one sense that was true: there was very little that was indigenous in the story. It was a veracious report of the habits and morals of a small group of men and women to be found in every age and country, in whom leisure, wealth, and absence of intellectual interests conspire to produce laxity of moral standards and a certain coarseness of fiber barely concealed by agreeable manners. The plain fact about the "fast set" in all times and places is that it is the vulgar set; and its vulgarity is more offensive because it is not a stage of social evolution but of social retrogression; it is almost invariably the vulgarity of people born to better things. Mrs. Edith Wharton is an artist of distinguished ability, whose integrity of observation is unassailable however one may dislike her subjects, and whose craftsmanship is sensitive and adroit; and the people she has drawn in her novels are Americans of a type which always appears when ethical instincts lose their sensitiveness and wealth is divorced from culture. For wealth is always materialistic and needs to be "converted" in every generation.

Dr. Lavendar, like Colonel Carter, is a man of the com-

MARGARET DELAND

GEORGE W. CABLE



J. E. PURDY
ROBERT GRANT

EDITH WHARTON

HAMLIN GARLAND

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

munity large enough to bring out his kindly comradeship and small enough to make room for his charming provincialities. In such figures locality seems almost to attain personality. Colonel Carter has vanished; he survived his age and became a kind of contemporary Don Quixote; but in the native chivalry and inborn and invincible courtesy of the man a passing social order found its happy record. Mrs. Margaret Deland has written novels of great importance since she made the earliest sketch of Dr. Lavendar; she is not only an artist but an original force in fiction; but Dr. Lavendar remains the happiest portrait yet made of the shrewd, kindly, humorously wise American who has attained a knowledge of the world without going far from his hearth and in whom simple integrity rises to the height of a beautiful and beneficent nature.

If one looks at the book-stalls to-day, he is oppressed by the feeling that the ancient and honorable art of fiction has become a thriving trade in which competition remains unrestricted. But in this "welter of inanities," as Carlyle would probably have called it, there are books which show that a clear stream of literature still flows through the muddy stream of current story-writing.

The manufacturing of novels has become a lucrative industry, and, as the stories turned out by modern appliances wear out with a single reading, the stock in trade needs to be replenished almost hourly. It is said that skilled workers in this industry produce four complete stories a year; if reports are to be trusted, there is nothing incredible in this production, because, as in the case of other manufactured articles, the story is made in parts by a number of experts, and then put together with the dexterity of a trained mechanic. Side by side with these mechanicians the artists are at work, dealing with real things in a sincere spirit and with vital skill. Half a dozen recent novels might be named as examples of sound, honest work. Among stories which deal with distinctively American types and may be read not only as fiction but as social history Mr. Meredith Nicholson's "Hoosier Chronicle" marks such an advance on the earlier work of this promising writer that one is tempted to over-praise it. The distance between it and "The House of a Thousand Candles" is so great that one is ready to say that Mr. Nicholson has "arrived;" but there are higher achievements within his reach. His latest story is full of truth in its reproduction of local conditions; it has atmosphere, which means that its characters breathe; one of them is a piece of portraiture of which an experienced painter of character might be proud.

The story gives one a glimpse of the American life in which real idealism is set against simplicity of background. It is loosely constructed and not convincing at all points, but it is unaffectedly human in the wholesome Central Western way. And Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams's "Married Life of the Frederic Carrolls" has the same air of modest integrity. It is less romantic than Mr. Nicholson's story, and is, to that extent, more sincere. Those who care only for highly seasoned stories of social "climbers" and of the walking-on-the-edge-

of-the-precipice plot will not care for Mr. Williams's admirable novel; that is one of the evidences of its soundness.

Mrs. Mary S. Watts evidently knows her field at first hand; she has the courage of a woman of unaffected integrity of insight in facing the facts of life, and her style is extraordinarily concrete; she makes her people tell the truth about themselves with appalling frankness.

In "Nathan Burke" she sketched the career of a man of elemental energy with unflinching frankness of detail, and reported the local background of the Mexican War with unsparing realism. In "The Tenants" and "Legacy" the fading dignity of the older social order of the Ohio Valley and the rise of the self-made men who were born on the soil are studied with keen insight, reinforced by intimate knowledge of motives and manners. Mrs. Watts has a field of her own and a style as individual as it is convincing.

Mr. Owen Wister finds his place among the most distinctly American novelists of the day, not because he writes about cowboys, but because he is so elementally democratic in spirit and so "thoroughly man," to quote an effective colloquialism. It is this quality which has made him the authentic reporter instead of the exploiter of the men who made the old frontier so dramatically interesting. A writer of the best traditions, both academic and literary, Mr. Wister has the directness of insight and the quick, instinctive sympathy of the elemental human being. He might have been a "little New Englander," of whom there are not a few; or a "little Philadelphian," of whom there is no lack; but he has escaped these sectional handicaps and is an American to whom no type of genuine man is alien. He has as quick a sense of fellowship with the man with the lasso as with the man at the head of the university; but this fellowship is genuine, not dramatic; it is not the professional interest of the impressionist in search of local color, but of the normal man surviving all educational processes and emerging intact from the discipline of a generous culture.

This characterization would be impertinent if the writer and the man in Mr. Wister were not one and the same, so that it is impossible to interpret the work without revealing the man. "Lady Baltimore" is at the farthest possible remove from "The Virginian," and achieves an entirely different kind of success by the play of precisely the same qualities. It would be interesting to analyze the artistic skill which gives these two novels a place in American literature as well as in American fiction; they strikingly illustrate the difference between the dexterity which can be gained by practice and vital literary art.

It is interesting to note that the two men who have studied the American in his recent political and business activities live in States as far apart as Vermont and Kansas. Mr. Winston Churchill has shown from the beginning a definite impulse toward the study of the National temperament and character, not so much from the standpoint of analysis as from the dramatic and epical point of view; the point of view, in a word, from which movement and events are more important than the careers of individuals. In "Richard Carvel" he made an

MARY S. WATTS

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WINSTON CHURCHILL

OWEN WISTER

interesting and picturesque sketch of the Colonial American; in "The Crossing" the American is seen in the first great movement of emigration Westward which peopled the Mississippi Valley; in "The Crisis" the two types of American, one bred under Northern influence and the other under Southern traditions, are shown in contrast and collision in the very center of the continent. In "The Career of Richard Crewe" and "Coniston" the scene of action narrows and the characters stand out with greater vigor and definiteness; and in these stories the emphasis rests on contemporary aspects of American life. Mr. Churchill's work will bear revision, and his art is not always adequate to the heavy tasks he lays upon it, for he deals with themes of epic significance and makes as great demands on himself and on his readers as does Sienkiewicz; but his talent runs along broad, generous lines, and he knows his field because he, too, is deeply sympathetic with the democratic movement.

When Mr. William Allen White answered his own question, "What's the Matter with Kansas?" it was obvious that he was on familiar ground and was afraid neither of the seasoned conventions of the East nor of the more recent but not less exacting conventions of the West; and it was simply a matter of time when his humorous observation, his journalistic instinct for "nailing the fact," and his unconventional picturesqueness of style would dramatize the rise of a typical man of energy and force climbing to fortune by the aid of a mounting tide of prosperity in a Western community.

The most striking qualities about "A Certain Rich Man" are its broad, simple, human interest, its reliance on the facts of life to carry the interest of the narrative, its homespun sincerity. In the field of fiction this elemental American novel has something of the interest of Whitman's verse in the field of poetry; it has a climate, as Mr. Burroughs has said of Whitman; an out-of-doors air of indifference to old-established values and a courageous faith in the interest of the facts of human life when they are not obscured by social customs or deflected by rigid conventions. It is the story of a career carried forward with audacious energy, in a spirit of adventure as bold and as indifferent to the interests of others as that which pushed through to success in the Renaissance, but checked by the rising resentment of the community. It is the story of a buccaneer in terms of modern business, and is a key to much of the discontent of to-day. There are flaws in its structure, but its fidelity to life is unimpeachable.

In such novels as "A Certain Rich Man" the commercial evolution of the American in a period of swift and bewildering prosperity finds a record illuminating in its disclosure of character corrupted by rank materialism.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON

F. HOPKINSON SMITH

FRANK NORRIS

GOING TO SCHOOL

THE FIRST OF A NEW SERIES ON AMERICAN CHILDREN

BY ELIZABETH McCRACKEN

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALICE AUSTIN

AN elderly woman was talking to me not long ago about her childhood. "No, my dear, I did not have a governess," she said, in answer to my questionings. "Neither did I attend the public schools, though I lived in the city. I went to a private school. The pupils in it were the girls of the little social circle to which my parents belonged. There were perhaps twenty of us in all. And there were three teachers; one for the 'first class,' one for the 'second class,' and a French-German-music-and-drawing-teacher-in-one for both classes."

"And what did you study?" I asked.

"Besides French, German, music, and drawing?" my elderly friend mused. "Well, we had the three R's; and history, English and American, and geography, and deportment. I think that was all."

"And you liked it?" I ventured.

"Yes, my dear, I did," replied my friend, "though I used to pretend that I didn't. I sometimes even 'played sick' in order to be allowed to stay home from school. Children then, as now, thought they ought to 'hate to go to school.' I believe most of them did, too. I happened to be a 'smart' child; so I liked school. I suppose 'smart' children still do."

A "smart" child! In my mind's eye I can see my elderly friend as one, sitting at the "head" of her class, on a long, narrow bench, her eyes shining with a pleased consciousness of "knowing" the lesson, her cheeks rosy with expectation of the triumph sure to follow her "saying" of it, her lips parted in an eagerness to begin. Can we not all see her, that "smart" child of two generations ago?

As for her lesson, can we not hear it with our mind's ear? In arithmetic, it was the multiplication table; in English history, the names of the sovereigns and the dates of their reigns; in geography, the capitals of the world; in deportment—ah, in deportment, a finer lesson than any of our schools teach now! These were the lessons. Indeed, my elderly friend has told me as much. "And not easy lessons, either, my dear, nor easily learned, as the lessons of school-children seem to be to-day. We had no kindergartens; the idea that lessons were play had not come in; to us lessons were work, and hard work."

My friend gave a little sigh and shook her head ever so slightly as she concluded. It was plain that she deprecated modern educational methods. "Schools have changed," she added.

And has not the attitude of children toward going to school changed even more? Do many of them "hate to go"? do any of them at all think they "ought to hate to go"? Is a single one "smart" in the old-time sense of the word?

A winter or two ago I was recovering from an illness in a house which, by great good fortune, chanced to be situated on a suburban street corner, not only near a large public school, but directly on the main route of the children going to and from it. My chief pleasure during that shut-in winter was watching those children. Four times a day—at half-past eight, at half-past twelve, at half-past one, and at half-past three—I would take the window to see them going by. They were of many ages and sizes; from the kindergarten babies to the boys and girls of the ninth grade. None of them could possibly have been described as "creeping like snail unwillingly to school." As a usual thing, they came racing pell-mell down the three streets that converged at my corner; after school they as tumultuously went racing up, homeward. I never needed to consult the clock in order not to miss seeing the children. When I heard from outside distant sounds of laughing and shouting, I knew that a school session had just ended—or was about to begin. Which, I could only tell by noting the time. The same joyous turmoil heralded the one as celebrated the other. Clearly, these

"CHILDREN DO NOT STUDY GRAMMAR NOW; THEY ARE GIVEN 'LANGUAGE WORK'"

children at least did not "hate to go to school"!

One of them, a little boy of nine, a friend and near neighbor of mine, liked it so well that enforced absence from it constituted a punishment for a major transgression. "Isn't your boy well?" I inquired of his mother when she came to call one evening. "A playmate of his who was here this afternoon told me that he had not been in school to-day."

"Oh, yes, he is perfectly well!" my friend exclaimed. "But he is being disciplined—"

"Disciplined?" I said. "Has he been so insubordinate as that in school?"

"Not in school," the boy's mother said; "at home." Then, seeing my bewilderment, she elucidated. "When he is *very* naughty

at home, I keep him out of school. It punishes him more than anything else, because he loves to go to school."

Another aspect of the subject presented itself to my mind. "I should think he would fall behind in his studies," I commented.

"Oh, no," she replied; "he doesn't. Children don't fall behind in their studies in these days," she added. "They don't get a chance. Every single lesson they miss their teachers require them to 'make up.' When my boy is absent for a day, or even for only half a day, his teacher sees that he 'makes up' the lessons lost before the end of the week. When I was a child, and happened to be absent, no teacher troubled about *my* lost lessons! *I* did all the troubling! I laboriously 'made them up;' the thought of examination days coming along spurred me on."

Those examination days! How amazed, almost amused, our child friends are when we, of whose school days they were such large and impressive milestones, describe them! A short time ago I was visiting an old schoolmate of mine. "Tell me what school was like when you and mother went," her little girl of ten besought me.

So I told her. I dwelt upon those aspects of it differing most from school as she knows it—the "Scholarship Medal," the "Prize for Bible History," and the other awards, the bestowal of which made "Commencement Morning" of each year a festival unequaled, to the pupils of "our" school, by any university commencement in the land, however many and brilliant the number of its recipients of "honorary degrees." I touched upon the ease with which even the least remarkable pupil in that school could repeat the Declaration of Independence and recount the "causes" of the French Revolution. Finally, I mentioned our examination days—six in January, six more in June.

"What did you do on them?" inquired the little girl.

"Will you listen to that?" demanded her mother. "Ten years old—and she asks what we did on examination days! This is what it means to belong to the rising generation—not to know, at ten, anything about examination days!"

"What *did* you do on them?" the little girl persisted.

"We had examinations," I explained. "All our books were taken away, and we were given paper and pen and ink—"

"And three hours for each examination," my friend broke in. "We had one in the morning and another in the afternoon."

"Yes," I went on. "One morning we would have a grammar examination. Twenty questions would be written on the blackboard by our teacher, and we would write the answers—in three hours. On another morning, or on the afternoon of that same day, we might have an arithmetic examination. There would be twenty questions, and three hours to answer them in, just the same."

"Do you understand, dear?" said the little girl's mother. "Well, well," she went on, turning to me before the child could reply, "how this talk brings examination days back to my remembrance! What excitement there was! And how we worked getting ready for them! I really think it was a matter of pride with us to be so tired after our last examination of the week that we had to go to bed and dine on milk toast and a soft-boiled egg!"

The little girl was looking at us with round eyes. "Does it all sound very queer?" I asked.

"The going to bed does," she made reply; "and the milk toast and the egg for dinner, and the working hard. The examinations sound something like the tests we have. *They* are questions to write answers to, but we don't think much about them. I don't believe any of the girls or boys go to bed afterwards, or have milk toast and eggs for dinner—on purpose, because they have had a test!"

She was manifestly puzzled. "Perhaps it is because we have tests about every two weeks, and not just in January and June," she suggested.

She did not seem disposed to investigate further the subject of her mother's and my school days. In a few moments she ran off to her play. When she was quite out of hearing her mother burst into a hearty laugh. "Poor child!" she exclaimed. "She thinks we and our school were very curious. I wonder why," she continued more seriously, "we did take examinations, and lessons too, so weightily. Children don't in these days. The school days of the week are so full of holiday spirit for them that, actually, Saturday is not much of a gala day. Think of what Saturday was to us! What glorious times we had! Why, Saturday was *Saturday*, to us! Do you remember the things we did? You wrote poems and I painted pictures, and we read stories, and 'acted' them. Then, we

had our gardens in the spring, and our experiments in cake-baking in the winter. My girls do none of these things on Saturday. The day is not to them what it was to us. I wonder what makes the difference."

I had often wondered; but these reflections of my old schoolmate gave me an inkling of what the main difference is. To us, school had been a place in which we learned lessons from books—books of arithmetic, books of grammar, or other purely academic books. For five days of the week our childish minds were held to our lessons; and our lessons, without exception, dealt with technicalities—parts of speech, laws of mathematics, facts of history, definitions of the terms of geography. Small marvel that Saturday was a gala day to us. It was the one "week day" when we might be unacademic!

But children of the present time have no such need of Saturday. They write poems, and paint pictures, and read stories, and "act" them, and plant gardens, and even bake cake, as regular parts of their school routine. The schools are no longer solely, or even predominantly, academic. As for technicalities, where are they in the schools of to-day? As far in the background as the teachers can keep them. Children do not study grammar now; they are given "language work." It entails none of the memorizing of "rules," "exceptions," and "cautions" that the former study of grammar required. History would seem to be learned without that sometime laying hold of "dates." Geography has ceased to be a matter of the "bounding" of States and the learning of the capitals of various countries; it has become the "story of the earth." And arithmetic—it is "number work" now, and is all but taught without the multiplication tables. How could Saturday be to the children of to-day what it was to the children of yesterday?

My old schoolmate's little girl had spoken of "tests." In my school days we called such minor weekly or fortnightly matters as these, "reviews." We regarded them quite as lightly as my small friend looked upon her "tests." Examinations—they were different indeed. Twice a year we were expected to stretch our short memories until they neatly covered a series of examination papers, each composed of twenty questions, relating to fully sixteen weeks' accumulation of accurate data on the several subjects—fortunately few—we had so academically been studying. It is little wonder that children of the present day are not called upon to "take" such examinations; not only the manner of their teaching, but the great quantity of subjects taught, make "tests" of frequent occurrence the only practicable examinations.

"Children of the present time learn about so many things!" sighed a middle-aged friend of mine after a visit to the school which her small granddaughter attended. "What an array of subjects are brought to their notice, from love of country to domestic science! How do their young minds hold it?"

I am rather inclined to think that their young minds hold it very much as young minds of one, two, or three generations ago held it. After all, what subjects are brought to the notice of present-day children that were not called to the attention of children of former times? The difference would seem to be, not that the children of to-day learn about more things than did the children of yesterday, but that they learn about more things in school. Love of country—were we not all taught that by our fathers as early and as well as the children are taught it to-day by their teachers? And domestic science—did not mothers teach that, not only to their girls, but to their boys also, with a degree of thoroughness not surpassed even by that of the best of modern domestic science teachers? The subjects to be brought to the notice of children appear to be so fixed; the things to be learned by them seem to be so slightly alterable! It is only the place of instruction that has shifted. Such a quantity of things once taught entirely at home are now taught partly at school.

It is the fashion, I know, to deplore this. "How dreadful it is," we hear many a person exclaim, "that things that used to be told a child alone at its mother's knee are now told whole roomfuls of children together in school!"

Certainly it would be "dreadful" should the fact that children are taught anything in school become a reason to parents for ceasing to teach them that same thing at home. So long as this does not happen, ought we not to rejoice that children are given the opportunity of hearing in company from their teachers what they have already heard separately from their fathers and mothers? A boy or a girl who has heard from a father or a mother, in intimate personal talk, of the

THE CHILDREN PAINT PICTURES, A REGULAR PART OF THEIR SCHOOL ROUTINE

beauty of truth, the beauty of purity, the beauty of kindness, is fortified in an endeavor to hold fast to these things by hearing a teacher speak of them in a public, impersonal way.

Indeed, is not this unity between the home and the school the great and unique fact in the education of the children of the present time? They are taught at home, as children always have been, and doubtless always will be, an "array of subjects;" and they are taught at school, as children perhaps never before were, other aspects of very nearly all the matters touched upon in that "array."

My old schoolmate said that Saturday had lost the glory it wore in her school days and mine; but it seems to me that what has actually occurred is that the five school days of the week have taken on the same glory. The joys we had only on Saturday children have now on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, *and* Saturday!

It is inevitable, I suppose, that they should handle our old delights with rather a professional grasp. One day recently a little girl, a new acquaintance, came to see me. I brought out various toys, left over from my childhood, for her amusement—a doll, with the trunk that still contained her wardrobe; an autograph album, with "verses" and sketches in it; and a "joining map," such as the brother of Rosamond of the Purple Jar owned. My small caller occupied herself with these for a flattering length of time, then she said: "You played with these—what else did you play with?"

"I made paper boats," I replied; "and sailed them. I will show you how," I added.

She watched me with interest while I folded and refolded a sheet of writing-paper until it became a boat. "There!" I said, handing it to her.

"Have you any more paper you can spare?" she questioned.

"Of course," I said. "Should you like me to make you more boats?"

"I'll make some things for *you*," she remarked, "if you will let me have the paper."

I offered her the freedom of the writing-paper drawer; and, while I looked on, she folded and refolded with a practiced hand, until the table beside us was covered, not only with boats compared with which mine was as a dory to an ocean liner, but also with a score of other pretty and somewhat intricate paper toys. "Who taught you to make all these lovely things?" I asked.

"My teacher," answered the small girl. "We all do it, in my room at school, every Friday."

They do so many things! Their grown-up friends are hard put to it to find anything novel to do with, or for, them. Not long ago a little boy friend of mine was ill with scarlet fever. His "case" was so light that the main problem attached to it was that of providing occupation for the child during the six weeks of quarantine in one room. Remembering the pleasure I had taken as a child in planting seeds on cotton in a glass of water and watching them grow at a rate almost equal to that of Jack's beanstalk, I made a similar "little garden" and sent it to the small boy. "It was lots of fun, having it," he said, when, quite well, he came to see me. "It grew so fast—faster than the others."

"What others?" I queried.

"At school," he explained. "We have them at school; and they grow fast, but the one you gave me grew faster. Was that because it was in a little glass, instead of a big bowl?"

I could not tell him. We had not had them at school in my school days in a big bowl. They had been out-of-school incidents, cultivated only in little glasses.

They have so many things at school, the children of to-day! If many of these things have been taken from the home, they have only been taken that they may, as it were, be carried back and forth between the home and the school.

I have a friend, the mother of an only child, a boy of eight. Her husband's work requires that the family live in a section of the city largely populated by immigrants. The one school in the vicinity is a large public school. When my friend's little boy reached the "school age," he, perforce, was entered at this school. "You are an American," his father said to him the day before school opened; "not a foreigner, like almost every child you will find at school. Remember that."

"He doesn't understand what you mean when you talk to him about being an American," the boy's mother said the next morning as we all watched the child run across the street to the school. "How could he, living among foreigners?"

One day, about two months later, the small boy's birthday being near at hand, his father said to him, "If some one were planning to give you something, what should you choose to have it?"

"A flag," the boy said instantly; "an American flag! *Our* flag!"

"Why?" the father asked, almost involuntarily.

"To salute," the child replied. "I've learned how in school—what to say and what to do. Americans do it when they love their country—like you told me to," he added, eagerly. "Our teacher says so. She's taught us all how to salute the flag. I told her I was an American, not a foreigner like the

"UNCLE BILLY TOLD ME, IF HE WERE DOING IT, HE WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT IT; HE WOULD SAY THEM 'ATHER' AND 'NATHER'"

other children. And she said they could be Americans too, if they wanted to learn how. So they are going to."

The small boy got his flag. The patriotism taught at home and the patriotism taught at school, diverse at other points, met and mingled at that one most fundamental point.

In former days children did not quote their teachers much at home, nor their parents much at school. They do both in these days; occasionally with comic results. A little girl of my acquaintance whose first year at school began less than a month ago has, I observed only yesterday, seemed to learn as her introductory lesson to pronounce the words "either" and "neither" quite unmistakably "ather" and "nather."

"This is an amazing innovation," I said to her mother. "How did she ever happen to think of it?"

"Ask her," said her mother, plaintively.

I did inquire of the little girl. "Whom have you heard say 'ather' and 'nather'?"

"Nobody," she unexpectedly answered.

"Then how did you learn to say it?"

"Uncle Billy told me to—"

This uncle is an instructor of English in one of our most famous colleges. "My *dear* child," I protested, "you must have misunderstood him!"

"Oh, no," she affirmed, earnestly. "You see, papa and mamma say 'eether' and 'neether,' and my school-teacher says 'eyether' and 'nyether.' I told papa and mamma, and they said to say them the way my teacher did; and I told my teacher, and she said to say them the way papa and mamma did! I couldn't say them two ways at once; and I didn't know which one way to say them. So Uncle Billy told me, if *he* were doing it, *he* wouldn't worry about it; *he* would say them 'ather' and 'nather'!"

She is a very little girl, only seven; and she has not yet rounded out her first month of school. I suppose before she has been in school a full term she will have discovered the impracticability of her uncle's method of settling the vexed question as to the pronunciation of "either" and "neither." Very likely she will decide to say them "eyether" and "nyether," as her teacher does.

It takes the children so short a time to elevate the teacher to the rank of final arbiter in their intellectual world. So soon they follow her footsteps in preference to any others along the ways of education. Not only do they pronounce words as she pronounces them; in so far as they are able, they define words as she defines them. In due course, they are a bit fearful of any knowledge obtained otherwise than as she teaches them to obtain it. Is there one of us who has attempted to help a child with "home lessons" who has not been obliged to reckon with this fact? Have we not worked out a problem in "bank discount," for instance, for a perplexed youthful mathematician, only to be told, hesitatingly, "Ye-es, you have got the right answer, but that isn't the way my teacher does bank discount. Don't you know how to do it as she does?" Or, with a young Latin "beginner" in the house, have we not tried to bring order out of chaos with respect to the "Bellum Gallicum" by translating, "All Gaul is divided into three parts," to be at once interrupted by, "Our teacher translates that, 'Gaul is, *as a whole*, divided into three parts.'" If we would assist the children of our immediate circles at all with their "home lessons," we must do it exactly after the manner and method ordained by their teachers.

This condition of things ought not to be displeasing to us, for the reason that, in the main, we have ourselves brought it to pass. The children, during their first days at school, are loyally ready to force the views of their fathers and their mothers, and their uncles and aunts, upon their teachers; and their teachers are tactfully ready to effect a compromise with them. But before very long our reiterated, "Your teacher knows; do as she says," has its effect. The teacher becomes the child's touchstone in relation to a considerable number of the "array of subjects" taught in a present-day school. School-teachers in America prepare themselves so carefully for their duties, train themselves to such a high order of skill in their performance, it is but just that those of us who are not teachers should abdicate in their favor.

However, since we are all very apt to be in entire accord with the children's teachers in all really vital matters, our position of second place in the minds of the boys and girls with regard to ways of doing "bank discount" or translating "*Gallia est omnes divisa in partes tres*" is of small account. At least, we have a fuller knowledge of their own relations with these mathematical and Latinic things than our grandparents had of our parents' lessons. And the children's teachers know more about our relations to the subjects taught than the teachers of our fathers and mothers knew respecting the attitudes of our grandfathers and grandmothers toward the curriculum of that earlier time. For the children of to-day, unlike the children of a former time, talk at home about school and talk at school about home. Almost unconsciously, this effects an increasingly co-operative union between home and school.

"We are learning 'Paul Revere's Ride,' in school," I heard a small girl who lives in Boston say recently to her mother.

"Are you, darling?" the mother replied. "Then, shouldn't you like to go some Saturday and see the church where the lanterns were hung?"

So much did the child think she would like to go that her mother took her the next Saturday. "You saw the very steeple at which Paul Revere looked that night for the lanterns!" I said, when, somewhat later, I happened to be again at that child's home.

"Twice," she replied. "I told my teacher that mother had taken me, so she took all of us in my room at school on the next Saturday."

Perhaps the most significant influence of the American home upon the American school is to be found in the regular setting apart of an hour of the school day once, or twice, or even three times a week, as a story hour; and the filling of that hour with the stories, read or told, that in earlier times children never so much as heard mentioned at school by their teachers. It is indeed a pleasant thought that in school-rooms throughout the land boys and girls are hearing about the Argonauts, and the Knights of the Round Table, and the Crusaders; to say nothing of such famous personages in the story world as Cinderella, and the Sleeping Beauty, and Hop-O'-My-Thumb. The home story hour is no less dear because there is a school story hour too.

The other afternoon I stopped in during the story hour to visit a room in the school of my neighborhood. The teacher told the story of Pandora and the tale of Theseus and the Minotaur. A small friend of mine is a member of the "grade" which occupies that room. At the end of the session she walked home with me. "Tell me a story?" she asked, when, sitting cozily by the fire, we were having tea.

"What one should you like?" I inquired. "The story of Clytie, perhaps, or—"

"I'd like to hear the one about Pandora—"

"But you have just heard it at school!" I exclaimed.

"I know," she said; "but I'd like to hear you tell it."

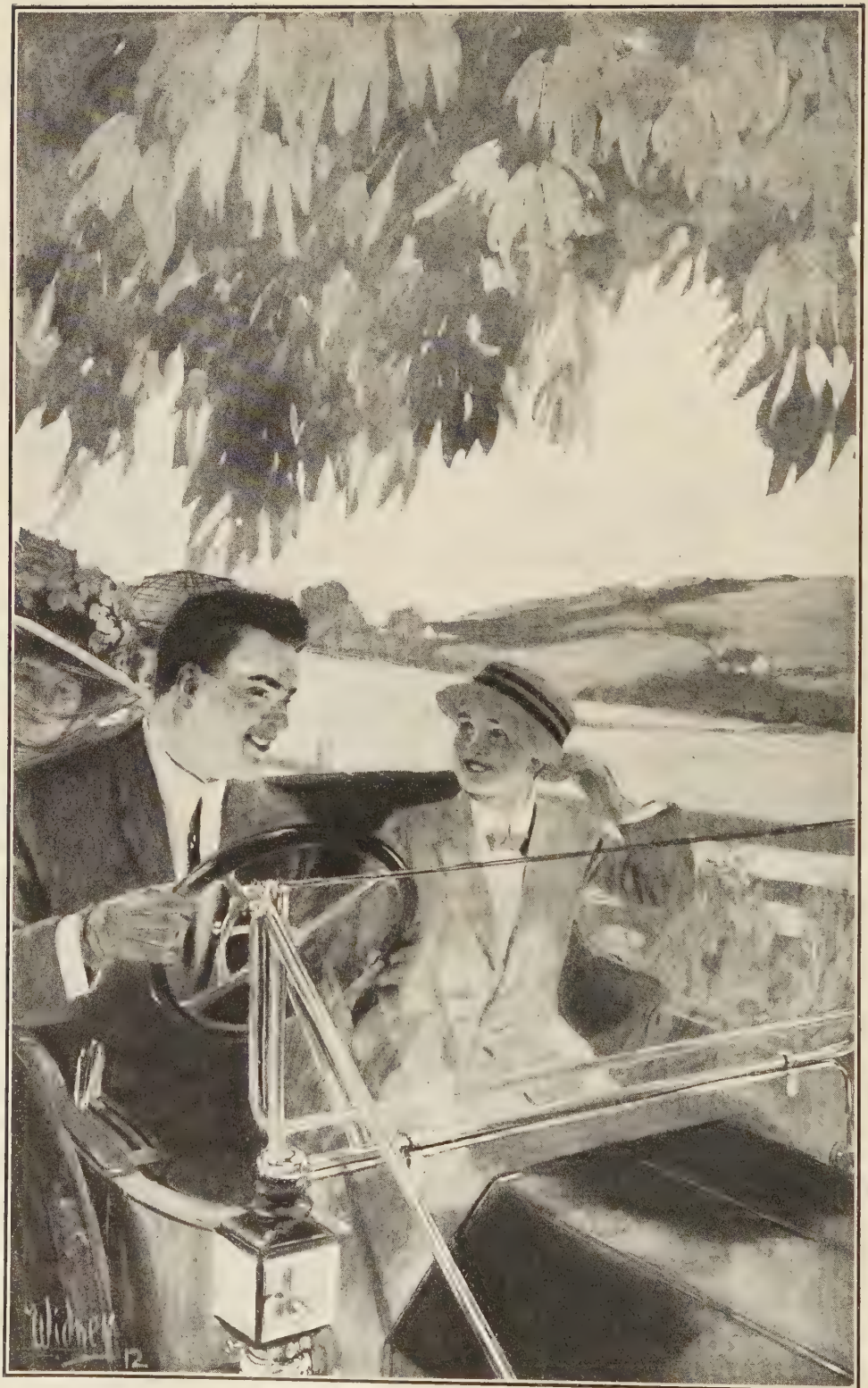
When I had told it, she begged me to tell another. Again I suggested various tales in my repertory. But she refused them all. "Tell about the man, and the dragon, and the ball of string, and the lady—" she began.

And once more when I interposed, reminding her that she had just heard it, she once more said, "Yes; but I'd like to hear it again."

Some of the children whom I have in mind as I write go to private schools and some of them go to public schools. It has not seemed to me that the results obtained by the one type of school are discernibly different from those produced by the other. In the private school there are fewer pupils than in the public school; and they are more nearly alike from the point of view of their parents' material wealth than are the pupils in a public school. They are also "Americans," and not "foreigners," as are so many of the children in city public schools, and even in the public schools of many suburbs and villages. Possibly owing to their smaller numbers, they receive more individual attention than the pupils of the public school; but, so far as my rather extensive and intimate acquaintance with children qualifies me to judge, they learn the same lessons, and learn them with equal thoroughness. We hear a great deal about the differences between public and private schools, and certainly there are differences; but the pupils of the public and the private schools are very much alike. It is considerably easier to distinguish a public from a private school than it is to tell a public school child from a private school child.

There are many arraignments of our American schools, whether public or private; and there are many persons who shake their heads over our American school-children. "The schools are mere drilling places," we hear, "where the children are all put through the same steps." And the children—what do we hear said of them? "They do not work at their lessons as children of one, two, or three generations ago did," is the cry; "school is made so pleasant for them!"

Unquestionably our American schools and our American school-children have their faults. We must try to amend both. Meanwhile, shall we not be grateful that the "steps" through which the children are put are such excellent ones; and shall we not rejoice that school is made so "pleasant" for the boys and girls that, unlike the children of one, two, or three generations ago, they like to go to school?



"GEE, DAD; YOU KNOW HOW TO MAKE HER ZIP!"

CRACKERS, COMPETITION, AND AUTOMOBILES

PETE CROWTHER, SALESMAN, TALKS IT OVER WITH THOMPSON

BY ELMER E. FERRIS

WITH DRAWINGS BY G. C. WIDNEY

"YOU see, Pete, I've been selling crackers in that territory for eighteen years," said Thompson, "and all those merchants were friends of mine. I was acquainted with their families. Why, I knew every dog that barked along that line. I had that trade solid, and then along came that infernal trust cutting and slashing prices; it was fierce. The company finally saw that it was sell out to the trust or go to the wall, so they sold out. The old plant is closed down now, and here I am out of a job. It's an outrage the way these trusts are gobbling up everything; it's enough to make a Socialist of a man."

"It is pretty tough," admitted Pete; "but then you can get another good job if—"

"Oh, sure, if I wanted to work for a trust and begin all over again. But what kind of a layout is that? A traveling man's capital is his acquaintance and customers, and that trust has wiped out all the capital that it took me eighteen years to accumulate. They had the gall to offer me a new territory and $500 a year less salary. I said nit. I wouldn't work for that bunch, anyhow, after the way they run us out of business. You take it from me, Pete, these trusts are going to put salesmen down and out. Just as soon as they get competition knocked out they won't need anything but clerks."

"Don't you fret. They'll never knock out competition. You see, Thompson, competition isn't a mere matter of prices. The main thing in competition is ideas, personality, something new and different, a better article, better service, and all that. Every successful business is built up around some person who had new ideas. That's the essence of competition. Of course prices cut a big figure, but even on that basis the trusts couldn't knock out competition. The only reason why they've had the advantage so far is because they haven't played the game fair—they've been hitting below the belt. They have had illegal rebates and high tariffs, and have been going into territories and selling goods at less than cost to wreck somebody and then making it up by raising prices somewhere else. They've got to stop that monkey work. The people won't stand for it. They have quit that rebate business already, and it won't be long before they stop that bulling and wrecking. Just see how the Inter-State Commerce Commission has got the railways to feeding out of its hand. We'll find some way to make the trusts lay down and roll over too. They've got to play fair, and then they can't put the smaller concerns out—not on the merits. Did you read the argument that Mr. Brandeis, that Boston lawyer, made before the Committee at Washington, where he showed that when a trust gets about so big it grows topheavy and can't do business any better than a smaller concern? He proved it, too."

"Oh, well, Pete, a big concern can buy to better advantage than a small one, and—"

"Nit—not if the small buyer is on to his job. Any traveling man will admit that a good buyer can get bottom prices even on a small deal."

"All the same, the big companies are going to get you grocery men. See how the department stores and mail-order houses are walking over you."

"Not on your life! My company has been growing faster than ever, and so have our customers. Those mail-order concerns have picked up a good trade, but business has been growing a mighty sight faster than they have. We are living in a highly civilized age, Thompson, and civilization, you understand, simply means wanting more stuff. Then, besides, we get right at the people. It's personal contact that counts. Nit—they'll never knock out the salesmen."

"Well, anyhow, it looks to me as if selling goods is on the blink just now."

"That's where you're 'way off, Thompson.

The chances are bigger than ever. I was talking yesterday with the sales manager of a big manufacturing company, and he said there was more demand than ever for first-class salesmen and more money in it. He told me what their salesmen were doing, and it was a corking good showing. You see, new inventions keep springing up and new lines of business. Take this automobile business. Why, they sold over $400,000,000 worth of automobiles in the United States last year. It took a lot of salesmen to do that. Do you remember George Gray that used to travel for us? He quit and went to an Eastern city two years ago and began to sell automobiles. I met his brother Charlie last week, and he said that George cleaned up over $9,000 on his first year's sales. That's going some, eh? I heard a couple of traveling men talking on the train yesterday, and one of them said that he made $2,000 extra commissions last year selling automobile supplies. Then you take all this modern electrical machinery and these industrial stocks and securities, and business insurance, and typewriting machines and printograph machines—why, it will be aeroplanes next! Say, if I didn't have a mighty good trade and a first-class house I'd quit the grocery business cold and jump into one of these big specialties. Believe me, old man, a specialty salesman never had so good a chance."

"Possibly so; but it's a pretty raw deal to begin all over again in a new line. You see, Pete, I had just got things about where I wanted them, I owned some stock in the company, and in a few years I was going to quit the road and—"

"Yes, and move up on Easy Street; but, you take it from me, as soon as a man strikes Easy Street he begins to go to seed. Do you remember Joe McDonald that used to travel up Northwest selling dry goods? He was a bully good salesman, and always full of schemes and ginger. The last time I met him on the road, about four years ago, he showed me a telegram from Seattle. You know Seattle was one of Mac's towns, and he got to dabbling in real estate out there when the boom was on. Well, some parties telegraphed him an offer of $85,000 for a piece of property that cost him $15,000. He cleaned up about $185,000 altogether on Seattle real estate, so he quit the road and moved up on Easy Street. I met him again about a month ago, and I hardly knew him. He had a paunch on, and a grouch too, that he didn't use to have. He wasn't the same fellow at all. He didn't seem interested in things the way he used to be. He told us he had half a mind to go back on the road; but he won't. Easy Street spoils a man for hard knocks. It's like this, Thompson, a man's interest in life depends on hustling and making things move, and that's where salesmanship has got Easy Street skinned to a finish."

"Maybe so, Pete; but, all the same, you intend to move up on that street yourself some day."

"Why, sure, everybody does, but that don't prove that it's a good thing. The fact is that the man who's obliged to hustle is the lucky gink, and that's where you are fortunate. You are being pushed right out into some big selling proposition. Here you are in good health, with lots of selling experience, and you've got a knack of making friends, and you know all the wrinkles of salesmanship. I don't see why you should be down on your luck. I almost wish that something of that kind would happen to me."

"That sounds good, Pete, but I'm getting along in years. I was fifty my last birthday, and I can't hustle the way—"

"What of it? One thing a salesman learns when he gets into middle life is how to save his energy. One of the best salesmen we've got is over sixty years old. He goes gumshoeing around and you'd wonder how he gets the orders, but when the proper time comes to put in the licks you bet old Fordham is right there. These young fellows just starting on the road keep their coat-tails cracking around the corner and waste lots of energy. They're like a baseball pitcher just in from the bushes; he pitches his head off every ball he throws. But old Mathewson doesn't do that. He saves himself and lets the fielders earn their salary. But when men are on bases and nobody out, then watch Matty put on the smoke. That's the way a salesman should put 'em over when he gets to be fifty."

"Yes, but old age is old age; you can't get by that."

"Sure. But what is old age, anyhow? Do you remember how Doc Osler proposed to settle that?"

"Wasn't he the guy that the newspapers talked about?"

"Yes. He was one of the big guns among the doctors at St. Louis, or Baltimore, and he introduced a bill—I don't

know—to chloroform men when they get to be sixty years old, because he claimed that when a man is sixty he's all in—no good."

"Talking through his hat, wasn't he?"

"Sure. Just trying to start something—and he started it all right. The way these Pro-bono-publicos got after the Doc in the newspapers and magazines was something fierce. Of course what he said was hot air, because he was sixty himself about that time, and he hasn't taken any chloroform yet—not that anybody knows of. And when he was sixty-two he was elected to the head of the medical department in a big English university. And now he's the big medical noise over in England. And, you take it from me, when Osler is eighty years old he'll be on the job. Do you know Doc Henson?"

"No. Who is he?"

"Why, he was one of the big Baptist preachers in Chicago and Boston. Well, when he was about sixty-eight years old he was called to Tremont Temple, one of the largest churches in the country. I was in Boston one Sunday, and heard him preach. He was seventy-one years old then, and he pranced around that platform like a bay colt, and preached a crackerjack sermon, too. He has retired from the active ministry now, and a while ago, on his eightieth birthday, a newspaper sent a reporter out to interview him. And Doc Henson told the reporter that he was just starting to write a new book. The reporter asked him how it seemed to be so old. And Doc Henson said, 'Why, I'm not old, sir. I never intend to grow old. I'll die first.' Now that's the way to talk it. You can't draw a dead line on a man when he puts up such a front as that. They say he does physical culture stunts every day, too. If ever I go up where he lives I'm going to run in and shake hands with the old geezer. When a man is as full of pep as he is at eighty, why, you've got to take off your hat to him. The fact is, Thompson, a man isn't old until he admits it. His best working years ought to be from fifty to seventy-five. When I'm eighty-five, I propose to be the cockiest gent on the board-walk—you watch my smoke."

"Here's hoping that you will, Pete," laughed Thompson.

"EASY STREET SPOILS A MAN FOR HARD KNOCKS"

"The trouble is that you've got the wrong slant at things," continued Pete. "The best part of the game is in front of you. You haven't begun to do your best work yet. It all depends on what a man thinks he can do. I met a college professor on the train last year and he started me to thinking about that. These college professors come across with the ideas. This fellow gave me a big song and dance about psychology and salesmanship, and I didn't take much stock in it until I got to thinking about it afterward. He kept quoting a Professor James, and a few months later I was in the public library with my wife and saw a book by Prof. James, so I took it out to see if I could get on to his curves, and, believe me, it was great stuff. One point he made was this: He claimed that every man has got it in him to do something a mighty sight bigger than he's ever done yet, but the trouble is he limits himself in his own mind—sort of locks himself up in his own think-tank, see, and never goes any further. One reason why men get drunk is because alcohol kind of unlocks a man's think-tank and turns him loose and makes him see himself big. One man will think he's a captain of industry, and another one will think he's an orator or a singer, and, by George, that's probably what they really are, but of course alcohol paralyzes a man's action and blows off his energy like steam in the air and never gets him anywhere, and when he sobers up he finds himself back in the same old think-tank with his energy all gone and worse off than before. But just suppose, Thompson, that without the alcohol a man could see himself big like that and have all his faculties in good working order, why, believe me, there'd be something doing; and that's just exactly what he can do by getting the right ideas into his cocoanut. You need to get a new slant at yourself, old man. You are cut out for some big selling game. Why don't you tackle automobiles? It wouldn't be six months before crackers would look like thirty cents."

"Do you remember that man Thompson I was telling you about two or three months ago?" Pete asked his wife one evening.

"The one that lost his position through the trusts?"

"Yes. I met him this afternoon. He opened up an automobile garage here last month, and he seems to be right up and coming. He had a new suit of clothes on and is full of business. He said that he sold two machines last week."

"Perhaps your talk helped to encourage him, Pete. You are always so hopeful."

"Maybe; anyhow, it's good to see Thompson bucking up after being down on his uppers so. He said he was coming around to give us an automobile ride to-morrow afternoon. Can you arrange it?"

"Yes, and we'll take Billy along. Since the Spencers got their auto Billy has been crazy to ride in one."

"Thompson sold Spencer that machine. I guess it's a good one."

The following afternoon when Thompson treated the Crowthers to an auto ride he improved the occasion by showing Pete how to operate the machine. "It beats the band," said he, "how easy it is to run one of these things. Just try it."

Pete accepted the invitation, and soon got his first inoculation with the lust for speed.

"He takes hold like a professional chauffeur," said Thompson to Mrs. Crowther. "Pete would make a good driver, because he's got the nerve."

"Thanks, Thompson; have a cigar. It's worth that to get a boost in front of my wife."

Pete turned on more power.

"Gee, dad, you know how to make 'er zip, don't you?" said Billy, admiringly.

"Going some, eh, boy?" grinned Pete.

Mrs. Crowther laid her hand nervously upon Pete's shoulder. "Please don't go so fast, Pete, dear. I'm sure it must be dangerous to go as fast as this."

Pete slowed down. "Wait till you and dad go out together, boy, and we'll hit 'er up."

"You bet! We don't get scared up the way mother does, do we, dad?"

When Thompson landed the family at their door, he invited Pete to come down to the garage some evening and examine the interior of the machine. "Automobiles are getting so common now that everybody ought to understand one, and it's an interesting proposition," said he.

That very evening Pete went down and spent over an hour with Thompson inspecting the mechanism, attachments, and latest improvements in automobiles. "It's a mighty expensive game, though," said he. "It looks to me like a rich man's sport."

"Oh, not when you come to think of all that a man pays for other amusements and luxuries that he can just as well cut out if he

"IF I EVER GO UP WHERE HE LIVES I'M GOING TO RUN IN AND SHAKE HANDS WITH THE OLD GEEZER"

gets a machine; and, see here, Pete, look at the towns that you make within a hundred and fifty miles from here. You can't work more than three a day by train, but if you had a machine you could work half a dozen and get home every night. A traveling man could actually save money by it."

During his next trip, which lasted thirty days, Pete investigated the expenses incident to automobile ownership. "Thompson claims," said he to his wife the first evening after he arrived home, "that a traveling man can save money by owning a machine, but it's a pipe dream. When you come to figure the cost of tires and garages and all the toggery you have to buy and all the extra meals and the depreciation in value of the machine, you don't get by for less than ten or twelve cents a mile. If a man thinks he can economize by owning a machine, he'd better forget it. You know, Jen, I've intended to buy a farm this year. I can get that Green farm for $4,500, and it's just about what I want, but if I should buy a machine now—"

"Isn't it strange, Pete," interrupted his wife, "I've been thinking about a machine myself since you went away."

"Well, I'm not exactly thinking of buying one, you understand. It would cost at least $2,000, and that's all I've got in the bank just now. I'd have to put off buying that farm until next year if I should buy a machine."

"Why do you want a farm, Pete? I'm sure you'd never be a farmer."

"I don't intend to be. I'd keep a man on it. But one reason why I want a farm is this: When I was a boy and worked in the store, there was a man named Roberts who lived in the city and owned a farm out beyond our village. He used to drive through the village out to his farm three or four times a week. He would stop at the store and buy a cigar and sit and chat with the farmers about crops, and everybody considered him a plutocrat; and ever since then my idea of being well fixed is to live in town and own a farm and drive out to it. That's the kind of a plute I want to be. Another thing: I want to go out to my farm and walk around

with the hired man and look at the pigs and cows—*my* pigs and cows, you understand—and I want to go out into the fields and look around and say to myself, 'This land belongs to Pete, and don't you forget it.' What does a man want to own property for, anyway, Jen? Why does John D. want all that oil stock? He can't eat it. I'll tell you why he wants it: it makes him feel good, that's why; and a farm would make me feel just as good, and then I'd like to know where John D. would have it over me—see?"

"Well, you shall have your farm, dear, but if you had it now you would need an auto to go out and in. Why not get the machine first? Another thing I've been thinking about: You don't get enough recreation. You are too intense. You ought to relax more. An automobile might be the best possible thing to divert your mind from business. Then, too, it would give us such a nice chance to take recreation together. Mrs. Spencer says that they never had such lovely family outings as they've had since they got their machine; and just think how Billy would enjoy it!"

"Yes; and that's one reason why we shouldn't get it. Why, when I was Billy's age, I had work to do. I used to get up early and build the fires and take care of a horse and cow and hoe in the garden, and every summer my father would buy eight or ten cords of hard wood that my brother and I had to saw and split for winter. Boys had to work in those days! But look at Billy! he hasn't got a lick to do and you have to pull him out of bed for breakfast. We are bringing that kid up too soft, and now we propose to dawdle him around in an automobile; gee, it's fierce!"

"Well, Pete, dear, Billy doesn't do chores because there aren't any to do. Perhaps if you had a machine he could take care of that and—"

"Yes, he'd take care of it by taking joy rides. I'm on to Billy's curves."

"Don't be too hard on Billy, Pete. Just see what good work he's doing in school this term. Have you noticed his report cards?"

"Yes, he's getting on pretty well in school, but—"

"And he does an hour's work every day in the manual training class. See what he made and brought home for me last week." And Mrs. Crowther produced a neatly made cutlery box. "Isn't that nice work for a boy of his age? And then he plays baseball on the school team, and plays in the banjo club. He puts in an hour of practice every day just as faithfully."

"Yes, I guess so," grinned Pete. "Graves says that you can't hear anything in the neighborhood any more but tink-ety-tunk. Billy seems to be getting there on the banjo, all right."

"You see, Pete, Billy is probably just as active as you were when you were a boy, only his activities are different because we are living differently from the way our parents did. How many suits of clothes a year did your father buy?"

"A year! He bought one suit in about three years. He wore overalls most of the time."

"And how many cigars a day did he smoke?"

"Cigars? Nit! He smoked a clay pipe and used Adams Standard tobacco that cost six cents for a quarter of a pound, and that would last a week. I see your point, Jen. I buy four or five suits a year and I spend fifty cents a day for cigars all right, but—"

"Well, I'm not complaining, Pete. But if you aren't willing to live the way your father did, why do you wish Billy to live the way you did?"

"I don't; but all the same we are making Billy too high-toned. Somehow we keep letting out more slack on expenses all the time, and—"

"Do you think I'm extravagant, Pete?" and Mrs. Crowther's lip trembled slightly.

"Nix! You've always played the game fair, Jen. When I got only a hundred a month didn't you roll up your sleeves and do all your own work, and when Billy was a baby didn't you take care of him day and night? One reason why he is such a healthy kid is because you kept his little machine working like a clock, and we never blowed ourselves on expenses any faster than we could afford to. Nit! If any one says that you're extravagant, girlie, I'm ready to fight."

"Then what is it you want, Pete, dear?" asked his wife in perplexity.

"Well, when you come right down to it, Jen, I want that cussed machine myself—that's what!"

"Why not buy a nice runabout, then?" suggested his wife. "I'm sure we would enjoy that just as much as we would a more expensive one."

"Nit! If I buy a machine, it's going to be a good one. Do you suppose I'm going

to take Spencer's gasolene smoke? Not on your life!"

That afternoon, as Pete was going down the street, he met Thompson driving the new car. "Jump in, Pete," invited Thompson; "I'm only going up to the other end of town and right back." On the way Thompson called attention to the manner in which the car responded to the slightest touch. "She's a beauty, Pete, and don't you forget it."

"How does it compare with Spencer's?"

"Well, that machine of Spencer's is a mighty nice one; but, between you and me, this is quite the finest car I've had in the garage. It's just about the last word in automobiles, and that's a fact." As they approached the garage Thompson slowed down. "See here, old man, I've got a special reason for wanting to do you a favor. This machine is worth two thousand dollars if it's worth a cent. Give me your check for nineteen hundred."

Pete took out his book and wrote out the check and handed it to him. "It's my piece of junk," said he.

"Will you put it back into the garage?" asked Thompson.

"Not just yet. I'll run up to the house first and make my wife a present." Pete started up the street, but suddenly he put on the brake and stopped. "Oh, I say, Thompson!" he called.

Thompson came hurrying out of the doorway. "What's the matter? Anything wrong with the machine?"

"No, the machine is all right. But say, Thompson, how's crackers beside of automobiles?"

"Don't mention it," laughed Thompson. "Crackers are nix."

THE DOCTRINE OF THE LEAN BAG

BY DONAL HAMILTON HAINES

WITH DRAWINGS BY PAUL BRANSOM

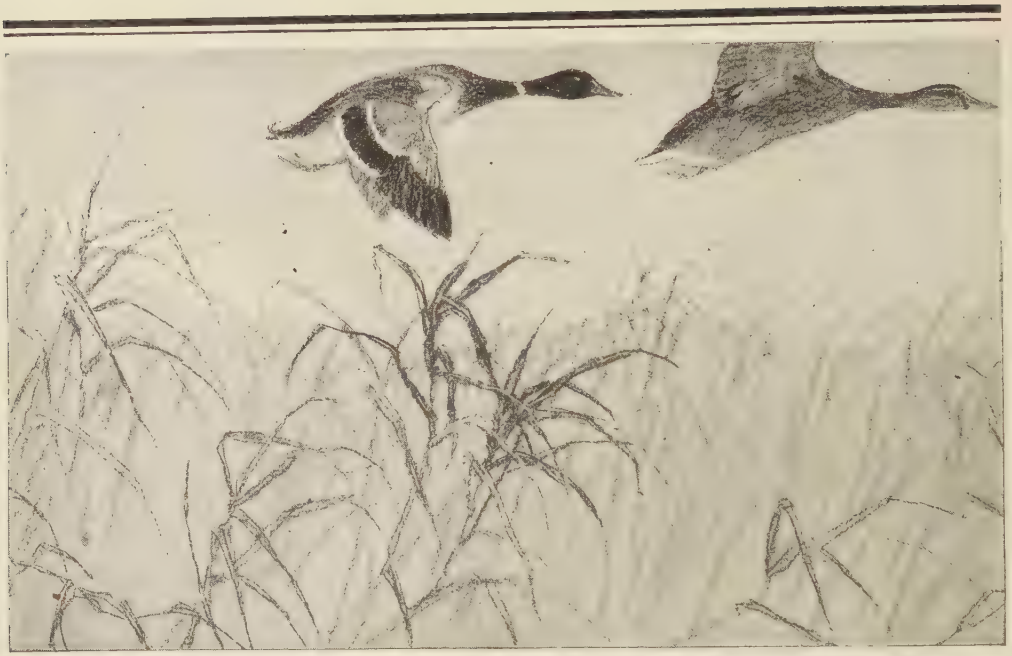
I AM only a fair shot. That may be at the bottom of my philosophy, but the result is the same. Sometimes I tell people that I am glad I don't shoot any better than I do. They don't believe this. Neither, in a measure, do I; but it answers the purpose, and gives my system a basis of respectable plausibility.

This is no attempt at proselyting. I abhor the idea. It is merely that a natural fund of vanity makes me mildly proud of my point of view. I do not care whether it suffices for another man or not. I merely like it enough to want to tell about it.

I have said that I am not a particularly good shot, and that the admission may be the underlying principle which supports the entire scheme of my duck-shooting. If I am not a good shot, it is not because I have not done my best to become one. I have read many volumes; I have listened to the advice of many a wizard of the gun; I have taken well to heart the ofttimes aggravating proofs of experience in the field. Yet am I far short of that standard which I once thought to reach. And therein lies the great charm of my shooting. Every time I judge distance aright I flatter myself that I have learned—and am happy. Every time I know that I have shot behind, I vow that I will shoot well ahead of the next bird—and am hopeful, which is but happiness spelled in terms of the future.

Some day I may find myself becoming expert. If I do, and I find at the same time I am losing one grain of the fine joy of uncertainty, I shall deliberately buy a gun which does not fit me, and begin where I began years back.

Proceeding along this line, I suppose I ought to say that I am content to shoot with a camera—but no! There is enough of the savage in me to demand that sudden closing up in the air which spells not so much the death of a living thing as the working out of an almost divine destiny. I want to bring



THEN THEY COME—NEVER FROM

down a duck as earnestly as does the veriest pot-hunter holding his breath among the reeds while the feeding flock swims into a thick bunch before him. But (and here lies what point I have to make) I do not demand that there shall be a long-necked mallard or a stumpy blue-bill toppling over every other minute, or every other five minutes for that matter.

I want breathing-space. I want time to think about every kill, or prod into the reasons of every miss. I want time to fill my pipe, and spread out the bird in front of me, and pat the breech of the gun, and exchange congratulations with the dog. After I have done these things I may be ready for another shot, but, even then, I am in no hurry. I can be content to sit back and watch them circling out over the lake with contemptuous side glances for the stool, or sailing over my corner of the marsh to another where the food is better.

This is not a pose built on a long experience of lean bags. I had one big day—and it was not the best I have known. The blue-bills could not get to the decoys fast enough, and I smashed at them with dense powder until the base of my neck throbbed like a drum and the blind was a litter of feathers and empty shells.

Once I thought this was merely the slight disgust of being surfeited. Now I know better. I had lost my respect for the ducks themselves! They were playing too much into my hands. I had come out for a battle and had found a shambles. They were obtruding themselves into the cosmos too much. I wanted to watch the decoys riding the waves, and note with some small satisfaction the job of repainting I had done on some of them; I was prevented. A single blue-bill wallowed in and had to be blotted out before I could watch the decoys. Then I had to go out in the boat after him, and got wet doing it!

A lot of people will think this last bordering on the edge of folly. That is exactly where I lay claim to being a superior order of human! I am not so dependent upon the game. I detest a blank day as heartily as the next man, but I want things in proportion. There are so many things you miss if your mind is altogether on the birds.

In the first place, there is the weird charm of that intensely black, cold hour when you get out of bed. You wake up with the firm conviction that it is seven o'clock, and that the strip of moonlight across the floor is daylight. You get out of bed with a rush—otherwise you might not get up—and discover that it is an hour until the first streak of dawn.

THE DIRECTION YOU EXPECTED

You are a light sleeper (or at least I am), but subject to attacks of heavy sleep at just such times. It will not do to take another chance with bed. So you shiver into your clothes and putter with the coffee-pot and what is going to be a fire, while Charlie or Win and the dog go on sleeping.

Every few minutes you go to the window and study the sky in the east. You don't trust that sky to wait for breakfast, almanacs and calendars to the contrary notwithstanding. Your distrust increases, and you wake the others. Then you have the few unpleasant minutes of the day. You are hungry, in a hurry, and chock-full of enthusiasm; the rest are sleepy, regard all ducks as nuisances, and any man who would wake them as a brute deserving of instant annihilation. The coffee changes all this. They become as reasonable as you are, and by the time the pipes are lighted they are pulling on their boots with the same sidelong glances at the growing light you have been giving these many minutes.

And then, whether it be in a blind with the decoys showing dimly against the gray water, or on the edges of a marsh where the long grass is full of a thousand little whisperings that *may* be quick-moving wings, you stand and watch the day come. You are not there for the dawn—you are there to shoot ducks, and you swear fervently if they do not fly. But the dawn happens, and you watch it, whether you will or no, and afterwards you remember it—every pink and yellow detail! You remember it because you are so much a part of it, so thoroughly in sympathy with every element of the moment. You shiver in the thin, cold wind as does the blade of sedge at your side; your dirty hunting clothes take on a glorious shade of brown as beautiful as the tawny colors of the maple behind you; if you could voice your feelings without bothering to put them into words, you know that they would sound very like the vibrant singing of the red-wing blackbirds among the cat-tails where the night mist still hangs.

All this but puts you in shape for the great moments which may be in store for you. Fifteen minutes of this and you are ready. You have not grown impatient. The first pipeful is still alight, and the chill of the unsunned air has not cut through cloth and flesh. Your nerves are winding up slowly toward a point that is going to be delightful—almost painful in the intensity of its tension. Your ears are as keen as a dog's. You find, to your surprise, that you have been listening to the ticking of your watch and

thinking it the morning tapping of a woodpecker. Your eyes are very gimlets. You wonder if it is yet light enough to see the ducks; a small dark object darts in front of you, and your fingers tighten on the wet wood of the stock. You discover that you have fixed your straining eyes on a spider stringing his web from reed to reed ten yards away! Your mind is a succession of doubts. Of course you have loaded your gun, but you open the breech to be sure, then you change the shells and put in your most perfect loads—for the first chance may also be the last one. You are certain that the ducks are coming from one particular direction. You have nothing on which to base this feeling, but it remains stuck in your mind. You watch that point of the compass until your eyes ache.

Invariably there will be one thin black cloud in that part of the sky which fools you. You focus your eyes on it suddenly, unexpectedly, and it assumes the form of a fast-moving flock! You will be fooled more than once, and then the cloud changes form and your peace of mind is preserved.

Then they come! Never from the direction you have expected, but from exactly the opposite. Your first warning is a quack—a hearty, unguarded, cheerful greeting that makes your blood hammer. Outwardly you are calm—very calm. Your face betrays the emotions of a cigar Indian—but inside! Five minutes before you were vowing to yourself that you would remember every tenet of shooting you ever learned; you would be effective if you could, but you would shoot calculatingly and according to the rules, if you had to let them get almost out of range.

You forget all this the instant that strong, reedy voice lets out its sturdy quack. You are excited—excited as you were the first time if you are fortunate as I am and you have not lost the first fine enthusiasm with the years. Only the fact that it is good, strong walnut prevents the stock from crumbling beneath the pressure your fingers put on it! You know that your legs are shaking the least bit in the world—and you are glad of it.

Then, before the soft whispering of wings sounds overhead, the man beyond you signals. We always do this, and it's another element making toward complete enjoyment. The first man to see the birds signals—a single whistled note, not sharp nor long-drawn. But how that whistle carries! You can sense in its insistent quality and its slight tremor all the pent-up eagerness of the man who has pursed his lips.

The actual *dénouement* comes quickly. A sudden rush of sound above your head, the double thud of a gun behind you, a fusillade of startled quacks from the birds—then the long-necked fliers swing out above you and your own gun flashes up.

Twenty-six grains of a certain brand of smokeless powder fired at a tin can on the end of a pole in your back yard will lame your shoulder and give you a headache that will last an hour. The same charge fired straight overhead at a string of mallards has no effect on your physical being. You are hardly conscious of the explosion.

You should score a hit on this first shot. Afterwards you may miss as often as you please, but the first soiling of the barrel should bring with it the downward plunge of the duck and your own mad, hasty wallowing through the mud and grass to the spot where he thumped down so satisfactorily. You pick him up and gloat over him; the sun whips up a long feeler of light and warmth, and his red edge shows over the hill. A voice shouts from beyond:

"Get one?"

"Yep!"—thus happily your own voice.

"So did I—drake!"

And a fine day is finely begun!

One duck is not enough for one day of hard work in the marshes—but twenty-five are too many. There should be time for cheerful callings back and forth—discussions of shots made and missed, of that single who sizzled through like a streak of feathers and passed unscathed through the fire of your three guns, of that big flock which veered off just as it was getting into range, of how well the dog behaved chasing two wounded birds at once through the tangle of weeds and bushes.

Let there be two or three birds to the man, say, when you wade out of the marsh and make for a little hard-wood knoll where Charles has already got a fire blazing, and the wet, ridiculously happy dog is smelling about among half-stale rabbit scents.

While the coffee is taking its own time boiling, perhaps three big flocks will swing in over the place you have just left. If you can grin philosophically and watch them with an academic interest in the movements of their strong wings and the clean lines of their outstretched necks, you will have understood

"HE KNOWS I AM GOING TO SHOOT AT HIM"

something of what I have been trying to get at. If you swear persistently (and this with two green heads in the pockets of your shooting-coat) at the combination of circumstances that has set you before the fire and taken you out of the marsh fifteen minutes too soon, you—well, you do not deserve the two in your pockets.

And then, finally, the ducks themselves! If you are inclined to look at only one side of the relationship of duck-shooting, and consider the birds only as so much animated target before you pull trigger, and as so much feathers and meat afterwards, you lose half the enjoyment.

It's hard for me to say just how I regard the duck. I feel that the relation is rather close between us. I always feel that he *knows* I am going to shoot at him, and that he regards the possibilities of the situation in much the same way that I do. Of course it may mean death for him, and the worst it may spell for me is disappointment, and yet when I have folded one up I do not feel that I have broken a commandment or even been a brute. He does not appear to me as the victim of an unfair adjustment of things, nor can I feel that I have been the means of wrecking some minor cog of the universe. I suppose I fall back on a sort of fatalistic doctrine—which is convenient because you can't possibly explain or defend it.

If you have gone through the day in this fashion, living every minute of it, losing no whit of the great clean-smelling outdoors about you, using the shooting only as a leaven to make the day perfect, you face the red glow in the evening sky with the same fine enthusiasm of the morning, and you pick up another mallard who splashes down into the darkening marsh, unload your gun, and wave a good-natured "So long!" at the tail of the flock which lost him.

On the other hand, if you have sweated and struggled through the day, blind to everything but the downing of another duck, and another, and yet a third, you have filled your pockets with—no, not ducks, but meat! You have seen neither the sun rise, the grass and sedge waving in the noon breeze, the pleasant afternoon shadows among the tree-trunks, nor the smoke from your pipe eddying up against the crimson western sky.

You are as the man who comes to a table set for an epicure, and kills his appetite by emptying a dish of stuffed olives and dill pickles ere ever the soup has been served. He may go through the courses, but he will not enjoy them—and subsequently he will have indigestion.

DR. HENRY MOSKOWITZ

HENRY MOSKOWITZ: A SOCIAL REFORMER IN POLITICS

BY J. SALWYN SCHAPIRO

"OTHER times, other men," might well be the motto of the present radical movement in American politics. In every great epoch in history—and we are living in one now—there appear upon the public stage personalities who hitherto have been content to work behind the scenes for the betterment of mankind. To the Progressive party have now been drawn men and women with no axes to grind and no wires to pull, whose uppermost thought is to make this world a better place to live in. Social reformers of every type have enthusiastically rallied to the standard of the new party, for it alone has boldly taken up the "condition of the people question." It is to the lasting credit of Theodore Roosevelt that these new personalities have been given a directing hand in the political life of the American people. Many of the leaders of the third party are college-bred men and women, students of sociology, economics, and philosophy; but they are not the type of the "college man in politics," so often praised in commencement addresses. Rather are they the exponents of a new and far more democratic ideal, the "college humanitarian in politics."

An excellent example of this new type is Dr. Henry Moskowitz, head worker of the Madison House Settlement in New York and associate of Professor Felix Adler, leader of the Ethical Culture Society. After leaving the public schools, Dr. Moskowitz entered the College of the City of New York, from which he graduated in 1899. He then took courses in economics, ethics, and philosophy at Columbia University. Later he left for Germany

and studied at the Universities of Berlin and Erlangen. From the latter institution he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1906. On his return to America he associated himself with the Ethical Culture movement and became the head of the Madison House, a non-sectarian settlement on the lower East Side.

Dr. Moskowitz's public career is quite short—only six years—yet this brief period contains an amount of civic activity that is amazing. He is largely responsible for the existence of the Board of Moving Picture Censorship, of which he is a member. The widespread movement to organize facilities for wholesome recreation among the working classes has enlisted the co-operation of many reformers. Dr. Moskowitz, who is an active worker in this movement, pointed out its real significance when he declared in an address that, "under our modern industrial system, people work to exist, but they live in their play. Because industry wears out the body and does not feed the soul, the question of recreation has become a matter of prime importance." The law regulating dance halls, which was enacted several years ago by the New York State Legislature, was the result of an agitation conducted by a group of settlement workers of which Dr. Moskowitz was the moving spirit. This measure aims to eliminate those semi-vicious resorts in which the first step towards degradation is often taken.

One of the most interesting features of the Fourth of July celebrations that were held in New York City the last two years was the part taken by the East Side. Mayor Gaynor had appointed Joseph Barondess and Dr. Moskowitz to direct the celebration in that part of the city. For the first time the adult immigrant was aroused to participate in an American festival. Independence Day was an opportunity to bring home to the foreigner "the higher mood of American democracy," for the immigrant often gets his first impression of this land of the free from those who seek to exploit his ignorance. There were monster parades, patriotic speeches, and music. The Declaration of Independence was read to vast crowds that manifested the greatest enthusiasm. So many East Siders voluntarily contributed their mite to the appropriation made by the city for the expenses of the celebration that there was an actual surplus, which was turned over to the Mayor.

Dr. Moskowitz, like Jane Addams, has come to the conclusion that the social settlement would lose its main significance if its influence were confined merely to those who come within the walls of the institution; that a settlement, to be a power for good in the neighborhood, must be a center radiating social and political reform. In other words, he is a settlement expansionist, who is intent on carrying the ideals of the movement into larger fields. For this reason he is intensely interested in economic and political reforms. New Yorkers will not soon forget the horrors of the Triangle factory fire, in which so many lives were sacrificed to the greed of employers forgetful of everything but profits. At the great indignation meeting held at the Metropolitan Opera-House Dr. Moskowitz read a report of an investigation he had made of the bad sanitary conditions in many of the New York factories, as a result of which a Committee on Safety was formed to secure legislation that would safeguard the lives of those employed in factories. Most of the recommendations made by this body to the Governor and Legislature of our State have now been enacted into law. Dr. Moskowitz was also a member of a group of social reformers that secured the passage of the law prohibiting the employment of women in factories for more than fifty-four hours a week.

Living in a crowded neighborhood, and understanding the people and problems of the East Side as very few do, he has perceived clearly enough the intimate relations that exist between bad conditions and bad conduct. "I ask a fundamental question," he declared in an interview with the New York "Globe." "Are these tenement-houses homes? Are they not, after all, merely places to eat and sleep in? Are they the spiritual anchorages that homes ought to be? Do they give the members of the family the opportunity to enjoy free and intimate experiences? No; the tenements are not homes. That is why boys and girls go wrong. Dark hallways are not good places for courting, nor crowded streets good playgrounds. Congestion is a fundamental evil which causes juvenile crime, high death rate, and immorality." His interest in the problem of overcrowding has led him to become a member of the Committee on Congestion, which seeks to prevent exploitation of the land for the benefit of real estate speculators. The ability that this young reformer has displayed in getting the Government to take a hand in the reforms in which social settlements are vitally interested has surprised and delighted many

of his co-workers. For this reason he was made Chairman of the Committee on Legislation of the Association of Neighborhood Workers.

Some of the most notable achievements of Dr. Moskowitz are in the field of labor disputes. As may be expected, he is a strong champion of the cause of unionism. To him the labor union means an appeal to the worker to lift his class to a higher level. In an address delivered before the Brooklyn Ethical Society he declared that the union was a "school of social responsibility and a moral check to the appetite for profit." "Worst of all," he went on to say, "is the fact that the law, which operates instantaneously to protect property, moves with leaden feet when measures are proposed to lighten labor's burdens. Adverse court decisions, which paralyze strikes or keep the worker from just compensation for injuries, have made countless law-abiding citizens declare that the law is weighted against the workingman." The great strike of the cloak-makers two years ago, which involved about seventy thousand men and women, and which threatened the existence of the entire industry, was brought to a peaceful close largely through the efforts of Mr. Louis D. Brandeis and Mr. A. Lincoln Filene, prominent citizens of Boston, and Dr. Moskowitz. The terms of peace between the workers and the manufacturers known as the "protocol" are unique and deserve a detailed explanation. In the first place, the principle of collective bargaining is maintained not only by the recognition of the union of laborers, but of the union of employers as well. Machinery for the adjustment of any grievance which either organization might have is fully provided for in the document. The agreement also establishes what is called the "preferential shop," by which is meant that, while union men are preferred, non-union men are not excluded. A permanent board of arbitration is established, with power to settle all controversies between the union and the employers. Another feature of the "protocol" is the establishment of a Joint Board of Sanitary Control, whose function is to elevate sanitary standards in the industry. On this board are two representatives of the workers, two of the employers, and three of the public. Dr. Moskowitz, representing the public, is secretary of this body. This settlement, so fair to all parties concerned, has succeeded in establishing peace in an industry that has been strike-ridden for years.

In order to bring about an abiding peace between labor and capital it is absolutely necessary that a third element, representing the general public interest, be given recognition. Dr. Moskowitz is an ideal "representative of the public." Absolutely independent in his judgment, utterly devoid of any sense for money-making, and gifted by nature with a most genial personality that invites confidence, he is eagerly sought as an arbitrator in labor disputes. While his sympathies are always on the side of the under dog in the fight, yet his wholesome common sense often saves him from allowing his emotions to run away with his judgment. Employers of labor, too, have confidence in Dr. Moskowitz, for he has educated many of them to the new point of view—that if the public interests are safeguarded, private interests have nothing to fear in the long run. He has taught them a fundamental lesson in modern economics, namely, that the labor unions are here to stay, and the wisest policy would be to recognize and co-operate with these organizations instead of trying to cripple them. It is no small thing in these days of class bitterness to have won the confidence of both sides. He was also one of the men who drew up the memorial to Congress to establish the Commission on Industrial Relations, with power to examine the conditions of labor in large industries, the causes of strikes, etc.

The political activity of Dr. Moskowitz is inspired by the same motive that inspires his other activities—his passion for the common weal. He has proved himself a true "son of the city," in the eloquent phrase of Dr. Finley, the President of his Alma Mater, for he has participated in many of the reform movements that seek to make New York a better and nobler city. He is a member of the City Club and of the Executive Committee of the Citizens' Union. The fight against Tammany Hall during the last mayoralty election, which resulted in the almost complete triumph of the Fusion ticket, was conducted by the Committee of One Hundred, of which he was one of the leading spirits. During the campaign he had charge of the famous exhibit known as the Chamber of Horrors, which so effectively dramatized the facts of Tammany misrule. He also aided in the election of Governor Hughes by taking charge of his campaigns on the East Side.

When the Progressive movement came along, Dr. Moskowitz was one of the first to enlist under its banner. To him, as well

as to other socal reformers, it means that now, for the first time, a great National party has recognized the existence of a "social question." To unify the scattered endeavors of many Progressives and give form, color, and substance to their demands is the avowed aim of the new party. "To me," declared Dr. Moskowitz, "this third party movement is infinitely bigger than any man. It represents a sort of American crystallization of two of the great movements of our time—the social movement and the woman movement, especially the former. This was the psychological moment in which these movements have been crystallized Nationally and brought into politics." The alignment of settlement workers with the new party is very significant. It is interesting to notice how a person entering the settlement movement a conservative frequently emerges a radical. The reason is not far to seek. The settlement worker at first goes merely to reform the bad conditions of a certain neighborhood. Before long he, like a wise physician, begins to realize that local diseases are really symptoms of general debility of the entire body. Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago, Lillian D. Wald of the Nurses' Settlement, John D. Adams of the Lincoln House, Boston, and Dr. Moskowitz are types of social workers who see in bad housing, lack of recreation facilities, child labor, the signs of a diseased social organism. Intimate knowledge of actual conditions, even more than the study of sociology, forced these men and women, some of them conservatives by temperament, into the radical current. At the Chicago Convention of the Progressive party Colonel Roosevelt was in constant touch with a notable group of social workers, who advised him on the social justice planks in the platform.

At the Syracuse Convention of the Progressive party Dr. Moskowitz was one of the most notable figures. To him was assigned the chairmanship of the Committee to Draft Resolutions. He, in conjunction with other prominent social reformers, prepared the excellent reform programme contained in the Syracuse platform. Dr. Moskowitz is now the director of the campaign on the East Side. Very wisely did the Progressive candidate for Governor, Oscar Straus, choose him as his "guide, philosopher, and friend." There are very few men in the State who could advise him more soundly, particularly in social reform matters, than this young man of thirty-three.

About twenty years ago a little group of men and women came down the lower East Side and organized the Neighborhood Guild, now the University Settlement, the first social center in America. This was the golden age of the settlement movement, the age of obscurity, of small establishments, of self-sacrificing devotion. There was a touch of the early Franciscan spirit in persons like Stanton Coit, Charles B. Stover, James K. Paulding, John D. Adams, and Helen Moore. These men and women, representing America at its best, gave a spiritual propulsion to those who came in contact with them that has lasted down to this day. Among the children who came to this settlement, absorbed its influence, and was inspired by the ideals of its founders was Henry Moskowitz.

ART

BY E. ELLSWORTH SHUMAKER

Where Nature's hand undoes her loveliest scroll,
Two painters, finding beauty without flaw,
Sought to record the vision that they saw.
One had the master mind; the other's soul
Glowed with a fire lit by the living coal
From off the altar—fanned with the breath of awe:
Each wrought according to the inner law
That holds the creative hand in its control.

Untiringly they labored, and with fine
Unerring touch portrayed in colors true
Rock, tree, and stream, exact in curve and line,
Till to completeness the two landscapes grew:
One was a *picture*, perfect in each part—
The other was a living work of Art.

OUT OF THE WORKSHOPS OF FASHION

SOME TYPES OF PARIS WORKING-GIRLS

BY ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

WITH DRAWINGS BY ARTHUR COVEY

ONE evening in the late spring I was sitting on the bench of the raised stern platform of a river-boat that was steaming in the sunset light down the Seine. Before us the Trocadéro rose purple against the yellow sky, with a glorified pictorial effect that its ugliness can never claim in the daylight; on the opposite shore the Eiffel Tower lifted its black mechanical traceries into the pale upper blue. Behind us the old gray bridges and towers of the past were shining out of the dim evening haze. The guard went about the decks, jingling his bag of small brass tickets and exchanging them for the sous of the passengers. The boat slid every few minutes, with a bang, to a landing-place by a bridge, discharged one little jostling crowd, took on another, and then spurted quickly off again.

The three who had chosen the stern with me got on at the bridge of La Concorde. The two young girls, I gathered from their talk and the unmistakable "air" of their perfectly simple clothes, were apprentices at one of the great dressmakers' on the Rue de la Paix. They had been followed to their bench by a dapper young man—boy, I should call him but for the look of weary decadence that the Parisian face assumes, long before twenty, when its lines are cast in certain places. He had small, sharp eyes, well-oiled black hair, and cheaply smart clothes that smelled of musk. He was on his way to Issy-les-Moulineaux, where the aeroplanes race, and seemed to be a clerk of some sort who went the rounds of the dressmakers with samples. When I began to observe the group, he was telling the elder girl that he had seen her "in the stock-room" that morning.

"You were getting a yard of mauve crêpe," he said. "Didn't you see me? I noticed your blouse immediately. *Chic*, that!"

His ferret eyes stared her in the face over his jaunty little cane, and passed appraisingly from the buff blouse over her whole person.

At this, the younger girl, who could not have been more than sixteen and was shy and softly innocent, gave her friend a quick, troubled glance. The friend was a year or two older, and had a small, seductive face that might one day grow hard. She listened to the compliment with the ironic little smiling manner of one who knows her world, and threw a reassuring look to her companion. "I can take care of myself. Listen, and you'll soon learn how to manage them," she seemed to say.

"You think so, Monsieur? Do you really like it?" she encouraged very prettily.

"Yes, *parbleu!* What do you call that model—the 'Madeleine,' isn't it?" He spoke as one possessed of all the secrets of the sanctuary. She quickly brought him low.

"The 'Madeleine'! Pray, who would wear a three months' old model? This is our latest; one of Madame Jeanne's." She knew that he knew that she had made the blouse herself, out of a remnant from a bargain counter. But she also savored his appreciation of the *chic* that was hers by inheritance and acquisition—a *chic* that no Anglo-Saxon customer of her establishment could ever buy.

"It suits your coquette type," the young man began again, pulling the waxed ends of his mustache and fixing his eyes on hers. "Women should always dress for their type."

"Monsieur knows a great deal about women."

"I should be glad to know more about you, Mademoiselle Marie."

"Ah, I don't take up with the first comer, not I." Having fairly caught her fish, she turned her slim back and entered upon an impassioned discussion of "skirts" with her blushing friend. The young man, touched at last, edged nearer.

"Mademoiselle!" His tone was humble, and she turned her head slightly.

"You're ravishing! Won't you—consider me?"

"Thank you for nothing, Monsieur.

"HIS FERRET EYES STARED HER IN THE FACE OVER HIS JAUNTY LITTLE CANE"

We're very happy as we are; aren't we, Marguerite?"

"But," anxiously, "you haven't already a *petit amoureux?*" (sweetheart.)

"Naturally!" with bravado.

"You don't want to change?" he asked, low and eagerly. "Think of it!" He was really in earnest now.

"Thanks. The present one suits me very well. I'm quite content as I am. Isn't that so, Marguerite?"

She got up, nodded with a semblance of insolent carelessness, and, taking Marguerite's arm, walked to the gangplank. The boat stopped at Passy, and they hurried off. I looked back and saw them making their way quickly along the *quai* towards a row of poor white houses, where they doubtless lived honestly and frugally in an attic room together. But how long could it last? I saw my question reflected in the young man's face. He, too, was following the girls with

his eyes, and, like the bird of prey he was, noting the direction they had taken. He chewed the end of his cigarette, tapped his cane on the floor, and gave an occasional half-angry, half-admiring exclamation:

"Humph! satisfied! satisfied! There's a cheeky one for you!" he muttered to himself, screwing up his white eyelids and puffing smoke from his lips. But his small black eyes gleamed.

When the boat drew in to the next station, he was in the line of stragglers who handed in their brass tickets and stepped ashore, and I saw him turn back towards Passy, regardless of the aeroplanes. His furtive air suggested that, first of all, he was going to find out the truth about that imaginary little lover of hers.

It is from scenes like this that the stranger concludes—and not entirely without reason—that the young Paris working-girl of to-day is the direct descendant of Mimi Pinson, of whom Alfred de Musset drew so immortal a portrait: Mimi of the charmed fingers, light-headed, light-hearted, living from hand to mouth; Mimi of the round face, the turn-up nose, and the sparkling black eyes, who plied her needle all day for small recompense, but was not averse to making merry at night with Bohemian students:

"*Mimi Pinson est une blonde,*
Une blonde que l'on connaît.
Elle n'a qu'une robe au monde,
Landerirette!
Et qu'un bonnet."

Art and literature have liked to perpetuate the tradition. What is Charpentier's "Louise" but a modern version of the same young woman? Louise wears a hat, to be sure, instead of a little white cap, but in other respects times haven't changed much since 1840, we say to ourselves, as we see her in her giddy dressmaker's shop, and at last, rebelling against the parental onion soup, carried away on a wave of intoxication to seek joy of life with artists in Montmartre.

When one visits, as I did last year, the establishments of the great dressmakers and the milliners in the neighborhood of the Rue de la Paix, a Mimi-Louise seems the inevitable flower of the artificial soil in which she grows. This world of the *métiers de luxe*—the gilt-edged trades, one might call them, which minister only to luxurious tastes and large bank-accounts—is a world apart; a world, moreover, of striking contrasts. On one side of a door all is splendid glitter and a suave, extravagant ease that sounds in the smooth voices of the saleswomen, in the rustle and trail of the frocks displayed by the *mannequins* (living models), in the very chink of the bottomless pockets of the millionaires. On the other side of the door, dingy back stairs, bare corridors, crowded, confused workrooms, an atmosphere tense with effort and frenzied haste. The forewoman from a raised platform drives the needles forward with quick, sharp gestures and watchful eyes: "A little more care with that cuff, Marguerite." "You're slow, Alice; hurry up a bit there, my little girl!" She knows to a sou what every girl is worth and how far she may be goaded. The only standard common to both sides of the door is that of the Parisian secret, the *cachet Parisien*. Its form changes, subtly or fantastically, from week to week; its value never changes but to increase. The girl of the skillfulest fingers, however, thinks herself lucky if her *métier de luxe* gives her three or four, or at most five, francs a day.

Yet from these very workrooms and from those of the region to the eastward of "the center"—the region of wholesale houses, of flower and feather shops, which, in proportion as it stretches out towards the suburbs, declines in standards of workmanship and wages—from these countless *ateliers*, as I discovered, trudge home at night to their humble rooms, not only the light-headed grisettes, but girls whose hearts are burning with an ardor for social regeneration as keen as that felt by any Russian Jewess or any English factory hand; and gentle souls of another stamp, who live out their days in the glow of a sort of romance that no *petit amoureux* has ever known how to kindle.

At the Café du Sillon from Justine and Henriette, at the Bourse du Travail from Mademoiselle Marcelle, and from a milliner called Marie Constance, I learned many things about the life and outlook of the Paris working-girl that opera and fiction have not celebrated.

Marie Constance illustrated for me just how hard it is for a girl of fastidious taste to exist alone on five francs a day. She considered it impossible, indeed; that is why she trimmed hats in the evening on her own account.

Our first meeting occurred, characteristically, after ten o'clock, one October night. Hearing a timid knock at my door, I looked out, and found her standing in the corridor, where the lights were turned low. I could

see nothing at first but an enormous scooping hat-brim. It was as if the hat's owner, with a kind of inverted ostrich instinct, sought to hide away under its smart roll her beseeching dark eyes, her shabbily modest figure, and the bulging yellow-paper bags with which she was laden.

"Ah, pardon; Mademoiselle was retiring?" She seemed all ready, timidly and silently, to vanish into the gloom, and I almost put a hand on her arm to hold her back. She was the modiste whom my friend Madame B. had sent. "But if it were too late for Mademoiselle?" Her voice was as frail and thinly sweet as her little face.

As she came in and sat down in a tired heap on the couch to open her bags, I said that if lateness were in question she was the person to be considered. She hastened eagerly to explain away her obvious weariness. There was no resisting the radiant appeal of those soft dark eyes.

"It was her busiest season, that was it," for she was trimmer at a milliner's who "created" the models for the Rue de la Paix. Having worked through the summer on the winter's models, they were now beginning "on the spring." It was just a little fatiguing to think in straw in October! Every night her forewoman said, as she bade them goodnight, "Ideas, ideas, young ladies!" One really had to lie awake, for one couldn't let the other trimmers get ahead of one. And then there were her private patrons for evening work—ladies like Mademoiselle's charming friend Madame B. "And if Mademoiselle would say what sort of hat she wanted?"

That was our first meeting, but the slim, black, drooping figure, with the big, modish hat, the paper bags, that had odd protuberances to fit a feather or a bow, and the Bazin novel—she always read on the "Metro," she told me, and Bazin was her favorite novelist—was soon a familiar presence in the house, and to be seen gliding through the court and up the stairs in the early morning, at noon, or in the late evening. She worked in the *atelier* from nine until seven, and therefore must visit her own ladies in the scraps of time that remained. Yet she would come again and again for a single hat. The difficulty was to make her spare herself at all. Her artist's soul was no respecter of her bodily needs; hers was a real cult of service and of perfection.

Even the *concierge* (janitress), suspicious of everybody, and, above all, unfriendly towards those late-comers or late-goers who forced her to pull the door-rope from the bed where she was always comfortably snoring after ten o'clock—even Madame Lise referred to her affectionately as "that nimble, silent little fairy." "Your little fairy of a modiste is waiting for you," she would call to me from her lodge as I went up the stairs.

Léonie, the chambermaid, too—Léonie was a woman of the south, and in general conscious, in the presence of these Parisians, of her thick waist and her clumsy fingers—found pretty ways of describing her: "She's so dainty, Mademoiselle, like some little flower." This native, flower-like refinement, which in the Paris working-girl is so often touched with corruption, was in Marie tempered with nothing more urbane than an exquisite politeness that took heed of every delicacy, and seemed to deny herself the right to a personal existence.

If she were very late, for example, she was "heartbroken to keep Mademoiselle up; but I was at Madame B.'s, on the Boulevard St. Germain. I waited indeed from eight to ten, but she was dining, and I couldn't dream of disturbing her—a lady so distinguished in all her person, and so kind!" On rainy nights, when she came in dripping, without an umbrella, her fears were all for my carpet: "I! Why, my big hat makes my umbrella—a little creature like me!" And, though her long journeys from one end of Paris to the other were made without a morsel of food, I could not induce her to take so much as a glass of milk. Patrons were patrons, and, if American ladies did not know what was suitable (I was made to feel), no customer of hers should ever see her milliner eat.

"I have told Mademoiselle," she said, bending a bow over my eye, "that I always make my little dinner when I get to my room. An omelet, or something like that. It suits me perfectly, this arrangement. I am never hungry till midnight. After my dinner I am refreshed; I dash off my customers' hats in no time. I need little sleep, and I assure Mademoiselle that I am never late or tired at the *atelier*. Monsieur Louis winks at my copying his models, just because I am so prompt at nine o'clock, and come with courage in my heart and imagination in my fingers."

Monsieur Louis was a thoroughly satisfactory patron. At Louis's what you needed was a *flair* of a special sort; the *flair* to

THE OTHER SIDE

OF THE DOOR

foresee through the mists of autumn the forms and colors that would take shape on worldly heads in the spring, and in the spring and summer to forget the green leaves and "think," in turn, "in velvet." The best, the most intoxicating materials, were at your disposal: old lace, silky plumes, and flowers. Marie's love of beauty and elegance here found their reward, it was clear, and every fiber in her being responded to the subtleties of tone and texture in which she worked.

There was no dull season at Louis's, either. That was another advantage, for most milliners had only half a year's work. And if, like all steady work, hers did not pay well, there were her own ladies besides, many of them as charming to make hats for as those one saw at the "five o'clocks."

"The 'five o'clocks'?" I asked.

"Ah, didn't Mademoiselle know? Twice a month we trimmers go with our *première* [forewoman]—a most elegant person herself—to make a round of the tea-rooms where society assembles. We go—wearing hats that Monsieur Louis lends us, of course—to observe, to get our ideas stimulated."

If Marie lacked anything, it was not ideas. She conceived them and carried them to their logical conclusion with a doctrinaire rigidity that couldn't have been surpassed at the Sorbonne. I shall never forget the horror with which she discovered that I was wearing a straw hat in October—"Straw at this season!"—she almost gave me up on the spot; nor her scornful appraisement of some old hats for which I had a liking. One was pure *camelote* (ready-made), the other was simply not worn. I might take it from her that in the right places it never had been. I was not, however, to get the whole savor of her blend of the doctrinaire and the romantic until the evening when she brought me my "small hat."

"Mademoiselle Marie! Is that what you call a *small* hat?" The peaked Gothic extinguisher with curving sweet-pea sides that she had proudly taken from the dejected bag made me gasp. Marie's sensitive little face stiffened with a sudden authority, and her voice rang out hard and clear.

"But yes, Mademoiselle. *Of course* it is a small hat. As I explained, there are only two kinds of hats this year—the large and the small. This is the best model of the *petit chapeau*, the greatest success of our house this season."

I wondered, weakly, whether it could not be modified a little to suit a New England nose.

"Mademoiselle may mock all she likes, but I cannot suppose she really wants a modification," said Marie Constance, very distantly. And I realized that she was thinking to herself that it would be far more fitting to change a mere nose than to make a poor compromise with perfection.

As I continued to look doubtfully in the mirror I became conscious at last of the small shadow face reflected behind my own. The pale image, all sharpened and wan, that stared there, indomitably, at the creation of its night vigils gave me a sudden pang. It was inconceivable that so frail and dainty a creature should be leading this hard, this implacable life. I could not help asking her why she had chosen to be a milliner.

"But it's a beautiful trade, Mademoiselle—an artist's calling!" she cried, sparkling and revived again, and heart and soul for her work, as every Frenchwoman is. "And then, you see, I could not live at home, in the provinces."

Little by little her story came out. Her mother was a widow, the principal of a primary school. Her elder sister was a real "intellectual" who had taken scholarly honors and taught in a girls' *lycée*. Marie was not the intellectual type, and her mother had expected to marry her off at seventeen to an adoring cousin. He was a good sort, her cousin Henry, rich enough, and—oh, well, very likely he had all the virtues. It was a tragic situation, because her mother had a disease of the heart, and might die of the least over-excitement.

"My presence excited her, this poor *maman*, when I refused to marry. So I just had to come away," she ended, as if it were the simplest thing in the world.

"Ah, Mademoiselle, I couldn't marry a man for whom I had only respect. I couldn't. *Il me faut une âme sœur!*" (I must have a twin soul), she added, very shyly, but with a sort of touching tenderness in her voice and eyes.

Remembering the Bazin novels, I reluctantly suggested that true affinities weren't too easy to find in real life.

"Ah, yes, Mademoiselle, I think—one finds them"—she hesitated, and then, taking a sudden resolution: "You won't laugh, like my Parisian comrades? Say what you will, romance is truth! Well, then, I *have* found one. He is an intellectual, too, just gradu-

"SHE CAME IN AND SAT DOWN IN A TIRED HEAP ON THE COUCH TO OPEN HER BAGS"

ated from the École Normale, and now he has his military service before he can get his professorship. So, though I am twenty-seven, I must live my little hard-working life for a long time yet."

"Twenty-seven? But you look nearer seventeen!" I exclaimed.

"Mademoiselle flatters me," answered Marie, resuming her workaday formality again, as she began to gather up her sewing materials. "I look my full age; nobody knows it better than I. But, *mon Dieu*, one must have courage. See what a beautiful hat I've given you, Mademoiselle! You will have many compliments for it in America. Good-evening, Mademoiselle." She vanished through the door, and I was left to reconcile myself to an "unmodified" Gothic hat.

That was the only time she spoke directly of her love affair, and I felt, in her shy manner, with an increased confidence, an appeal to me not to reopen a sacred subject. She could not afford to stop to think of love, poor girl, as the season advanced and the search for ideas became more frenzied. All sorts of ideas were needed: those that should crown the heads of the newly rich automobile people—"'the New York type,' we call it," explained Marie; then there was the elusive, the delicately decorative, to be expressed for ladies who cared for details of elegance; and the stiff tailor-made type, and much besides.

One Sunday morning, just before I left Paris, she came to bring her bill. It was absurdly small. I could not persuade her to take one extra sou. She accepted eagerly, however, some tattered novels. The bundle was heavy, and, as I was driving in her direction, I induced her to break the conventions as she understood them and go with me in my cab to the *quais*. When we separated, I happened to say that I was lunching with the family of one of her beloved novelists—one of those who believed in "romance." Her quiver of excitement was instantly suppressed. She merely murmured, "*Merci*, Mademoiselle, thank you for everything!" and flitted silently away. But a few minutes later, from the *salon* window that opened to the river, I had a last glimpse of her. She was standing on the Pont-Neuf, staring at the house, and screened from

observation, as she supposed, by the moving stream of carriages and wayfarers that flowed past her over the bridge. But I could see how, from under her hat-brim, and weighed down with her humble bags and her novels, she was absorbing, drinking in, as it were, every detail of that old façade. "To think in straw in October" had its painful moments; still, "say what you would, romance was truth" for Marie Constance.

It was a very different sort of truth that the Bourse du Travail (labor exchange) insisted on; here misery was truth, low wages were truth, and the greatest truth of all was that nobody had the right to lead a life that left out of account the difficulties of his fellows. Marie's shrinking fastidiousness, which took offense when she met so much as a group of working-girls walking arm in arm through the streets in their blouses, would have shriveled up indeed in this hardy, grim atmosphere where pink posters announce the latest strike, and the echo of voices declaiming in the "Hall of the Strikes" resounds through the ugly passages. Any girl who goes to the Bourse du Travail—the headquarters furnished by the French Government to the labor unions, and fronting suggestively the Place de la République, that old battle-ground of the social revolution—must hold impersonal ideas higher than romance.

Mademoiselle Marcelle, whom one found on Monday evenings in the tiny headquarters of the women flower-makers' union, was no friend to the men. She refused to have anything to do with the *syndicat mixte* of her trade, on the ground that women were not yet sufficiently emancipated to hold their own in a mixed union. She was a plump little person, with a sleek round head and no angles—such a Frenchwoman as Degas liked to paint, in a tight-fitting black dress, looking out at the world with competence and self-satisfaction. You might have mistaken her for a home worker—one of those women whose years revolve within the narrow confines of one small household, one small, perfect bit of work, and who, if they seem to carry a miniature model of the philosopher's globe in their capacious black pockets, never survey it with any more positive emotion than an ironic resignation. Mademoiselle Marcelle, though she had not chosen to marry, had shown herself a mother at heart by adopting a child. She had extended her love of good work and good housekeeping to the dirty corners of her trade—one family, after all, when seen "in the large," as she said; and, though she obviously mistrusted almost every one but herself, she had a firm and matter-of-fact faith in the Socialist state.

She was suspicious, for example, of "the intellectuals"—the women of the thinking classes, who in France, as elsewhere, are beginning to be preoccupied with social problems. If she was gracious to me, it was, I believe, because I came from a land where the torch of liberty is supposed to be held aloft.

"Oh, yes," she assured me, "I know how they talk, these ladies. We have a comrade of the Typists' Union who is employed at the Ministère du Travail [Labor Office]. She gives us reports. They go in, these ladies, to the Director, and they say to him: '*Cher Monsieur le Directeur*'"—Mademoiselle Marcelle pinched her lips and spoke in a mincing voice—"'Dear Monsieur, help us to raise up this poor working-girl, who can never, without our help, lift herself above her troubles.'" Mademoiselle Marcelle's mouth tightened into a small, hard circle. "Ah, I tell you, I want no help except what the State owes me and what my comrades can give."

She would not accept help from "these ladies," for fear of patronage, even when the co-operative flower-making shop into which she had put her whole heart, and the savings of ten incredibly economical years, was in difficulties. It was to the dignified corridors and the high-ceiled rooms of the Labor Office, in its archbishop's palace on the Rue de Varenne, that she had gone, before launching her undertaking, to ask for a subsidy. That the subsidy was accorded did not surprise Mademoiselle Marcelle; it was a matter of course that the State should help the workers. And when her co-operative venture seemed on the point of failure, she wrote to a well-known Socialist editor and Deputy.

"Of course I got no answer from *him*," she said, "in spite of his promises in his newspaper, just because I'm not a voter. Perfectly natural! Why, even my *concierge*, a woman altogether limited, would be interested in social questions if she had a vote. 'The day I can vote, Mademoiselle,' she says to me, 'that day I will organize myself!'"

Because she herself believed so firmly in the ideals of Socialism and the power of women to stand on their own feet, the failure of the Co-operative Shop had been the bitter-

est experience of Mademoiselle Marcelle's thirty-eight years. The twenty years of her *fleuriste's* existence had been consecrated to this plan. She had worked in every sort of factory, in every grade of flowers, that she might learn all the details of her trade in their largest industrial bearing. The cult of her profession was strong in Mademoiselle Marcelle, too, and she raged against the increased use of machinery, and all the dismal results of commercialized standards. For years, after her working day, she had taught an evening class in order to train young girls in the traditional secrets of flower-making. The union had been another of her efforts, and at last to the "Co-operative" she had given her very life's blood. And, after all, because of jealousies, disagreements, impatiences on the part of the comrades, the experiment had flamed into ashes.

Mademoiselle Marcelle had then swallowed her disappointment and gone back to work in an *atelier* like anybody else. She was no dreamer, but one of those obstinately practical people whose courage is inexhaustible. When I went to see her in her own room, I realized that her propagandist spirit had now found a new center and dear hope; she was arming her little girl to do in the future the great deeds that she herself, in a blind age, had not been able to achieve. The child was an orphan whom nobody had wanted. Mademoiselle Marcelle had not hesitated to adopt her on an income of five francs a day—she earned a little less in the dull season, she said, a little more in the good season. Marie Constance thought it impossible for one person to exist alone on five francs in Paris. Mademoiselle Marcelle's stoic virtues and her economic genius were such that she and the child were able with this sum to live very pleasantly in a clean, airy room in the center of the wholesale district.

She sometimes worked at home there, for a while, so that little Juliette might see, very young, what beautiful flowers were like. Apprentices had not half a chance now in the *métier*, she said.

"If I can make this little girl, first of all, an excellent *fleuriste*, and then send her out to spread the propaganda among her comrades, I shall perhaps do as much for my kind and my trade as if my Co-operative had succeeded," she said, looking fondly at Juliette, who was at that moment eating a large bowl of strawberries. "Do not put your elbow on the table, my child," she interrupted. I had found them at lunch; and Juliette's piquant face, the face of a potential Mimi Pinson, had registered a vivid interest in our conversation.

"Listen, *Maman*," she now broke in, mischievously. "I need a new hair-ribbon for Sunday."

"Good heavens," whispered Mademoiselle Marcelle, as she followed me to the door, "suppose she should turn out a little coquette, like the others!"

"A coquette, like the rest of them"—how often I heard that phrase! The men at the Bourse were always telling one, with a grin, that the Paris working-girl cared more for her mirror than for progress. Justine said that she would have been "as light-headed as the rest" but for the Sillon. The Sillon was a Catholic organization, later condemned by the Pope for its preoccupation with social reform, and the atmosphere at the little Café behind St. Sulpice was quite unlike that of the Bourse. There the spirit of one class, asking for revenge on all the others, had seemed to dominate. The minute you went into this funny little place, where the napkins of the *habitués* were in numbered pigeonholes by the door, and the sanded floor was as clean as the bare tables, you felt, on the other hand, in the presence of the actual fact of fraternity. The men and women who haunted the Café de Sillon appeared to hold their ideals in common, though some of them worked with their hands and others with their heads.

It was an art critic who introduced me to Justine. Remembering how the joyous consecration of her bearing struck me that night when she pushed open the low door, at last, and crossed the room, smiling, to sit beside us, I realize that my first impression of her was the true one. Her eyes were very blue, and had the inspired, mystic look of those who, from some desert land, spy on a dim horizon a sail of blessed hope. Though the depths of human misery had been revealed to her, she seemed to have had, at the same time, a vision of redemption. She was extraordinarily pretty, and wore her old clothes and her rusty black taffeta hat with the same inborn ease that gave her manner its charm. She made one at home in the café very much as if she were a great lady doing the honors of her own table.

Justine was as deeply concerned as Mademoiselle Marcelle with the theory of Socialism, the pains of the toilers, and the

necessity of organization as a protective armor for women, but in a less practical, a more exalted way. She lived with girl students and read Marx far into the night. The Sillon had persuaded her that she was a creature with a mission, and she felt this all the more because of the discouragement that she met everywhere else. Her family told her that she was a fool for her pains; her comrades laughed, and, of course, employers were ill-disposed, if they heard of her propaganda.

"My good fortune," she explained, "is in looking pretty and vain like the others. And then I am as nice as can be to everybody; they all adore me!—the ladies of the firm, too. I help the girls with their little blouses while we wait for our work, and gradually I get my influence!"

Justine's talk of the *ateliers*—she, too, was a *fleuriste*—and the sense that she seemed to have of her own phenomenal courage brought out very strikingly the defenseless position of the girl who works in an *atelier* in Paris. Every one knows the assurance of the woman of the small tradesman class, who is not only her husband's partner at the café desk or behind the counter, but usually the better man of the two. The women who follow the rougher sorts of trades, the market gardeners, the street venders of vegetables, and the rest, certainly fear no human being, not even a police officer. The *ouvrières en chambre*, or home workers, for their part, though their obscurity makes them fair game for the exploiting contractor, are intrenched behind the respectable ramparts of their home. But girls like Justine, whose hours and working conditions are carefully protected by law, walk, nevertheless, in terror of their forewoman or their *patron*, and—is it because custom has decreed that the unmarried have no influence in France?—dare not lift their voices in protest. Very few of them are organized in labor unions.

"Think of it!" said Justine, leaning across the table; "two months ago I was working in a shop; the piece rates declined so that we did not make two francs a day. Fifteen of us left together, but I was the only one who had the courage to say, when the *patronne* asked why, 'Because I do not earn my living here, Madame.' I spoke very politely, you may be sure, but how furious she was!" Justine shivered. If she ever did succeed in persuading the girls to ask for better pay, she was always ill afterwards, from terror and excitement.

Mademoiselle Marcelle did not dream of concealing her trades union sympathies, and maintained that they had never injured her professionally. A good worker, she said, was always welcome. Justine was haunted by the fear that her strong-mindedness would lower her earning capacity. She was a first-rate *fleuriste*, but she had never been able to support herself entirely, without some assistance from her parents. She respected Mademoiselle Marcelle, though she disliked her violent feminism—men should be treated as friends, not as enemies—and shrank from the anti-Christian spirit that prevailed at the Bourse. For all that, one felt in her, as in the other working-girls, a distrust of all authority—a hatred, on principle, of the *patron*. The ideals of Socialism seem far enough away when a democracy brings out such violent class distinctions. Justine and her friend Henriette, the feather-worker, had never permitted themselves, I am sure, a sneaking liking for an employer. Theirs were the sentiments of the *papillons*, those small oblong stickers, with anything but a butterfly significance, that one finds on the backs of benches in the industrial parts of Paris. "The heart of a *patron* is a strong box," they read, and, "The thinner the workman, the fatter the employer." Justine even suspected the factory inspectress.

"I should like to get hold of that woman," said Henriette. Henriette's mother, who had been forewoman in a feather shop, was now dying of consumption, and she herself was evidently already under the influence of the disease. "I'd say some things to her. She comes in smiling, well dressed. She says: 'Good-morning, young ladies. Are the windows open here? *Au revoir, mesdemoiselles.*' Why doesn't she pitch into the *patron* in our presence if she really means business?"

Justine was willing to concede that before the abolition of night work—until recently it was permitted during the busy season in the *métiers de luxe*—the inspectress, who had to be on hand by night as well as by day, had to deal with a complex question. Women inspectors are in charge of women's work in France, except where there is power machinery; and since Paris has few great factories or mills—since it is a town of so-called "small commerce," of innumerable small handiwork industries—inspection becomes a delicate matter.

"One is born skeptical in Paris," pleaded Justine, when I taxed her with injustice.

Where the *patron* or some other authority

was not concerned she was, nevertheless, anything but skeptical. She would jump up from the most absorbing of her industrial discussions and run to speak a word of friendly gossip or sympathy with the people who went in and out of the café, and never forgot, I noticed, to bring a newspaper to the waitress. This hard-featured, middle-aged person, it seemed, lived for the continued novel at the bottom of the page, and in the intervals of passing dishes retired to a corner with the smudgy sheet glued to her near-sighted eyes.

"Well, Mademoiselle, what has happened to her now?" Justine would ask with an air of intense interest, when Louise set down her plate of *purée*.

"Ah, Mademoiselle, just fancy! she is beginning to doubt whether he really loves her!"

"Little fool!" Justine's happy laugh reminded one—even though she herself never read anything less serious than Marx—of that inevitable Mimi, in whose heart bloomed "the white rose of gayety."

I wish that those who believe only in the Mimis of the river boats might once look through the low door behind St. Sulpice, where Justine, with a consecrated hope shining in her blue eyes, leans across the table to expound the future to an adoring group of enthusiasts. I wish they might see Mademoiselle Marcelle, in her more matter-of-fact way, teaching her adopted Juliette to be a good *fleuriste* and stuffing her with strawberries and propaganda; I wish they knew Marie Constance, who thinks boldly in straw and timidly conceals romance under her hat-brim.

THE JUDGMENT OF MOTHERS

BY CLARA GRIFFITH GAZZAM

And God spake: "Now bring me the mothers,
The women whose travail has wrought
The strength and weakness of nations."
And straightway the mothers were brought.

First Mary—the mother of Jesus—
Drew near to the feet of her Son,
As into the Infinite Presence
The women were led, one by one.

They came from earth's outermost borders,
From palace and hovel they came;
And some bore the heart of a mother,
While some were but mothers in name.

Behold them! so strong in their weakness,
These mothers of men; at whose breast
The kings of the earth have been suckled
And beggars have laid them to rest.

The brawn and the sinew of nations
Was born of these women, whose blood
Ran warm in the veins of our heroes
And marked them "the chosen of God."

The mothers of kings, in whose bearing
The pride of their offspring is shown.
The mothers of serfs, who had suffered
And carried their children—alone.

The mothers of men who have conquered;
The mothers of men who have failed;
Each bearing a cross on her bosom—
For each to that cross has been nailed.

And lo! at the feet of the Master
One bends—with the cross on her breast,
Although she has carried no children—
(Her place is apart from the rest).

The mothers of kings and of beggars
Withdraw from the spot where she lies.
"What right has *this* woman among us?"
They question, in startled surprise.

But Mary—the mother of Jesus—
Looked down on the woman, and smiled;
"Her soul is the *soul* of a mother,
Although she has suckled no child."

And God spake: "Oh, ye who are mothers!
This woman has surely her part
Among you; for though she is childless,
She still is a mother—at heart."

BY THE WAY

Eight Russian survivors of the battle of Borodino recently celebrated the hundredth anniversary of that bloody conflict between the Russians and Napoleon's Grande Armée. This seems incredible, but the newspaper reports give the names and records of these hoary veterans. One of them, at the age of 122, has recently been granted a pension by the Russian Government. Another, Peter Laptieff, aged 118, actually met Napoleon face to face during the campaign and has a vivid recollection of the interview.

The steel exports of the United States, Mr. O. P. Austin, assistant chief of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, announces, now amount to the enormous total of a million dollars a day.

Home-brewed beer has of late years, says Harold Simpson in his recently published "Rambles in Norway," largely displaced spirits as the national drink of the Norwegians. It is so popular that it is used even at breakfast to wash down the stock dish—fried pork smothered in onions. The first sight of a Norwegian breakfast-table, adds the author, is apt to astound one. It is covered with small dishes, principally fish—fresh fish, smoked fish, fish in tins, fish in miniature barrels; there are also cold meats, and an endless variety of cheeses, of which the Norwegians are very fond.

Only about one per cent of the total wealth of the United States is invested in church property, but, according to Dr. Booker Washington, over eight per cent of the wealth of the Negroes of the country is invested in this way. They have 35,000 churches, with 3,700,000 members.

Peter Roberts, miner, pastor, and author, in his just-published book "The New Immigration," tells of his method of teaching English to foreigners. The miners would not fuss with alphabet and grammar, so he taught them by acting out and repeating over and over the words describing the daily experiences of an ordinary man. The method met with great success.

The largest amount ever collected from a single estate under the inheritance tax law of New York State was recently paid by the heirs of John Jacob Astor—$3,150,000. The total estate amounted to about $77,000,000, and of this the principal heir, Vincent Astor, receives $67,000,000.

Oddly enough, this sum, $67,000,000, is the exact amount of the next largest estate on which an inheritance tax has been paid, and this was accumulated by a Scotch lad who came to New York in 1856, and in a liftime acquired what it had taken the Astors generations to amass. This was John S. Kennedy, honorably known as a great distributer as well as accumulator of wealth.

Three accidents on one railway have within fifteen months cost the road $1,500,000, according to newspaper reports. That sum would have gone a long way toward providing every possible safety device. Railway men assert that these wrecks were the result of false economy.

Before joining a theatrical company, stage-struck girls might well stop to think—if their temperament ever allows them to think—about Miss Julia Marlowe's recent statement in announcing her prospective retirement from the stage: "The world owes a certain amount of home life to every human being." The famous actress is as eager to escape from the continuous round of dressing-room, stage, hotel, and railway train as the often misguided amateur is to experience it.

An improved gate for stopping runaways has saved over a hundred horses from serious injury since it has been installed on the Williamsburg Bridge in New York City. This gate, instead of being, like the old one, simply a barrier across the roadway, brings the runaway horse into a V-shaped chute, in which the vehicle that he draws becomes wedged. The animal is thus stopped before he can strike the apex of the gate, and so escapes injury.

Cities that are planning to erect library buildings may find a suggestion worth considering in Mr. Charles G. Soule's recently published book, "How to Plan a Library Building for Library Work:" "I not only believe, but know, that one per cent of the cost of building, put into employing a really competent expert librarian" to collaborate with the architect "will save from ten to forty per cent on the cost, in space, convenience, and material."

The Suez Canal, according to "Shipping Illustrated," is owned by a private company, the Cie. Universelle du Canal Maritime de Suez. Its president, secretary, manager, and a majority of its directors, are French. Great Britain, it is stated, has never interfered in the management of this company, nor has the French Government.

Professor Herschel C. Parker, on his third attempt to reach the summit of Mount McKinley, the highest mountain in North America, was obliged to turn back when within 300 feet of the summit. The party attained a height of over 20,000 feet, and gave up their attempt to gain the highest point only when proceeding farther, in the face of a mountain blizzard and intense cold, meant certain death.

One settlement worker in New York City has made a specialty of teaching boys how to make articles of furniture out of old packing-boxes. The boys are said to be enthusiastic over the products of their industry. They learn to make tables, chairs, cribs, washstands, and even hammocks out of these unpromising materials. The city has recently recognized the value of this work by placing a building at the disposal of its originator, Miss Louise Brigham.

Throw away the superfluous furnishings of your rooms, says a contributor to "Good Housekeeping," and thus lighten housekeeping burdens; let five minutes' work suffice to set a room in order. In this matter the Japanese have ideas; a room that has one handsome rug, one fine picture, one beautiful vase of flowers, they consider well furnished. Americans must to this add a chair or two, since we cannot, like the Japanese and our own children, sit comfortably on the floor, no matter how handsome the rug that covers it.

A Girton undergraduate, says an exchange, having inadvertently changed umbrellas with a fellow-student, evolved this note: "Miss —— presents her compliments to Miss ——, and begs to say that she has an umbrella which isn't mine. So, if you have one that isn't hers, no doubt they are the ones." The exchange neglects to say that this epistolary entanglement was probably a "grind" by a Girton senior on her junior friends.

The Outlook

NOVEMBER 2, 1912

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor

An Open Letter from Lyman Abbott to the Doubtful Voter

YOU have not yet decided how to vote on November 5.

You believe, heartily believe, that the popular discontent is not without some justification. You recognize the existence of serious social injustice, and you are as earnestly desirous as any of your neighbors to see that social injustice righted. You do not believe that little children should be robbed of their childhood, and taken from the school and the playground and put into the mine and the factory. You do not believe that mothers should be compelled to leave their children and their homes to eke out the insufficient wages of their husbands. You know that the Supreme Court of the United States has decided, conservative as it is, that the long hours of labor in store and factory, to which young girls have been called by labor conditions, have unfitted them for the high offices of wife and mother, and you believe in protecting them from those too onerous conditions. You are not satisfied to see the Nation grow rich while tens of thousands of its willing workers grow poorer. The mob violence at Lawrence, Massachusetts, has not blinded your eyes to the conditions which excited that mob. You may not have personally suffered any very serious inconvenience from the high prices of living, but you know that some of your fellow-men are less fortunate than yourself, and you would gladly join in any rational movement which promised them relief. You do not believe in monopoly, whether in oil, or coal, or transportation, or land, or anything else. You are alarmed at the growing concentration of power in a few hands, due to great aggregations of capital, even though you do not sympathize with the bitter denunciations which have been leveled against the men who possess that power. You have seen with increasing irritation the increasing power of the political bosses, and with increasing discouragement the mere transfer, by alternate elections, of political power from the bosses of one party to the bosses of another. You have perhaps tried to do something to right the social injustice, or at least to relieve its victims, by social settlement or other philanthropic work; and to rectify political abuses by sporadic political reforms, or by attending your party primaries, where you have generally found your single vote count for as little as it seems to you to count for in a general election.

But yet you are not quite prepared to join the Progressive party. It is new, inexperienced, untried. It was born only last August as a National party. To intrust it with the destinies of the Nation seems to you somehow extra-hazardous. Most of the men whose counsels you have been accustomed to follow are in one or the other of the old parties. The remedies of the new party seem new, and you are afraid to try so many experiments at once. You do not believe in the present high protective tariff; but a tariff commission is an experiment. You do not believe in social injustice; but labor laws limiting the hours of labor, limiting the liberty of contract, fixing a minimum wage, are an experiment. You do not believe in monopoly; but a Government commission to deprive the great corporations of the power which makes them a monopoly is an experiment. You do not believe in the old political machinery which has transferred political power from the people to the bosses; but direct primaries, refer-

endum, initiative, recall, are experiments. You might be willing to try any one of these experiments. But you hesitate to try them all at once. Had you not better give one or the other of the old parties one more trial, make one more attempt at reform within the party?

I think not. I believe that it is safer to trust the new party than either of the old parties, and here sum up briefly the reasons for this carefully considered judgment.

New problems require new solutions, and our National problems in their present form, if not in their essence, are new. They are four in number:

The Tariff.
Social Justice.
The Trusts.
The Rule of the Bosses.

The Tariff. Neither party professes itself satisfied with the present tariff. The Republican party admits that "some of the existing import duties are too high." The Democratic party proposes to abolish the protective duties altogether and throw the American market open to the world. The Progressive party proposes an immediate downward revision of the tariff based on the report of a non-partisan scientific tariff commission, and aimed to secure protection for the laborer and the consumer. Thus both the Democratic and the Progressive party propose an experiment.

Which of these experiments do you prefer? Whenever the free trade experiment has been tried in this country it has invariably been followed by commercial disaster. It has been tried in England; and the poverty in free-trade England is immeasurably more abject and the discontent more widespread than in this country. The commission experiment has never been tried in this country, but it has been tried in protected Germany, and protected Germany leads the world in industrial development. And the discontent in Germany is political, not industrial. The Progressive tariff proposal is therefore, after all, not an experiment.

Social Justice. The whole country recognizes the need of measures to protect the rights of the common people. This need is recognized in the platform of each of the three great political parties. Contrast their respective remedies. All three would limit the hours of labor for women and children. All three would provide a workman's compensation law. The Republican party adds protection to wage-earners engaged in dangerous occupations; the Democratic party adds freedom of laborers to form labor unions. The Progressive party approves of all these measures, but adds seven other specified remedial acts: (1) Protection against involuntary unemployment. (2) Minimum wage for workingwomen. (3) One day's rest in seven for all wage-workers. (4) Eight-hour day in all twenty-four-hour industries. (5) Abolition of convict contract system. (6) Social insurance for wage-earners. (7) Industrial education.

Are these experiments? If so, they are experiments which have been tried out in Germany and in Australia, and some of them in some States in the Union, with successful results. They are experiments recommended with substantial unanimity by all experienced workers for the social betterment of their fellow-creatures. The Democratic and the Progressive parties agree in approving and recommending voluntary labor organizations. They differ in this: The Democratic party leaves the workingmen to maintain their rights and interests by labor organizations, which are largely framed and officered for the purpose of giving the laborer a better chance in industrial war. This is the only remedy for the wrongs of wage-earning men which is suggested by the Democratic platform. The Progressive party calls on the Government to define and protect the rights and interests of workingmen, that labor wars may cease, and favors labor organizations to supplement, not to do, the work of government.

The Democratic party trusts to labor wars, the Progressive party trusts to labor laws, to secure social justice for the workingmen of America. Between these two methods which seems to you preferable?

The Trusts. To deal with monopoly the Democratic and Republican parties propose the same experiment—civil suits or criminal prosecutions to dissolve any combination which becomes strong enough to establish a monopoly. The Progressive party proposes to prevent any establishment of monopoly, and for this purpose to maintain "a strong National regulation of inter-State corporations" by "a strong Federal administrative commission of high standing." The Democratic party waits till a monopoly is established, and then fights it. The Progressive party prevents its formation. Both proposals are experiments; both experiments have been tried.

The first experiment has failed. Great combinations have been forbidden by law; they have grown up despite the law; they have been prosecuted; their dissolution has been ordered; they have complied with the order of the courts, and, as a result, the wealth and power of the combinations have become greater than they were before.

The second experiment has succeeded. The Inter-State Commerce Law has forbidden the railways from charging unreasonable prices, and the Inter-State Commerce Commission has prevented them from charging unreasonable prices. The Pure Food Law has forbidden corporations to sell adulterated foods and drugs, and a bureau of the Government has saved the dinner-tables and the sick-beds of the Nation from the robbers of the home. A Federal Eight-Hour Law and Safety Appliances Law has protected workingmen when under Federal jurisdiction from the cupidity of contractors and from the carelessness of employers. Monopoly consists in power to fix prices, deteriorate quality, determine labor conditions, destroy rivals. The Democratic-Republican attempt to abolish monopoly by destroying it after it has been formed has signally failed. The Progressive attempt to abolish monopoly by putting all corporations under such administrative control that they cannot fix prices, deteriorate quality, lower wages, or destroy rivals has succeeded whenever it has been tried.

It is between these two experiments that you have to choose in the present election. Which do you prefer?

The Rule of the Bosses. Concerning the rule of the bosses the Republican party is silent and it proposes no remedy. Concerning the rule of the bosses the Democratic party is silent, though it proposes a measure which may be regarded as a partial remedy. The Progressive party declares it to be the first task of the statesman of to-day to destroy the invisible government which sits enthroned behind the ostensible government, and to dissolve the unholy alliance between corrupt business and corrupt politics, and for this purpose proposes direct primaries, the short ballot, the initiative, the referendum, and the recall. These specific measures are not untried experiments. They have been tried in different forms in different States with varying degrees of success. Nevertheless you regard them as experiments. Suppose they are. Still:

The choice of the voter in this election is between a party which sees no objection to the invisible government which sits enthroned behind the ostensible government, owing no allegiance and acknowledging no responsibility to the people, and a party which challenges the right of that invisible government, and forms the stern resolve to destroy that invisible government and give back the power to the people.

New issues involve new duties. New problems require new solutions. We have not to choose between old paths and new paths. We have come, in our National journey, to a fork in the roads. Both paths are new. We have to choose whether we will have—

A retrial of free trade, or a trial of a scientific, non-partisan tariff.

The pacific protection of the rights and interests of our fellow-men by labor laws, or their self-protection through labor wars.

Lawsuits to dissolve the great combinations after they have become a monopoly, or a Government administrative regulation and control to prevent any monopoly from ever being formed.

The rule of the bosses, with nothing done to destroy it, or a united resolve and definite measures to transfer the power which they now possess to the people from whom they have taken it.

Perhaps you would not hesitate which of these alternatives to take. But you are a little afraid of Mr. Roosevelt. I wonder why. Certainly he is not an experiment. He has been active in American politics for more than a quarter of a century.

As a member of the Civil Service Commission he gave that needed reform new life. During the six years of his Commissionership more than twenty thousand positions for Government employees were taken out of the realm of merely political appointment and added to the classified service to be obtained and retained for merit only. As President of the Board of Police Commissioners of the City of New York, though working under great disadvantages, he introduced a new morale into the police service, and life and property have never been safer than under his administration. As Assistant Secretary of the Navy he did efficient service in preparing the navy for its brilliant record during the Spanish War. As Governor of the State of

New York he reformed the administration of the State canals, strengthened and extended the merit system, was instrumental in securing for New York City its ownership of the subway system, and against vigorous and influential opposition secured a law for the taxation of corporation franchises.

When he returned to America from his African trip in June, 1910, he was perhaps the most popular public man in the world. He had been received in Europe with almost equal enthusiasm in the royal Courts, in the universities, and by the common people, and alike in every country which he visited.

He had an every way creditable record as a soldier. He had won the Nobel Prize as a peacemaker. He had a recognized standing among scientists as a naturalist. He had an honored, if not an eminent, place as a historian.

Under his Administration the National and international difficulties in the way of an Isthmian canal had been overcome, and the Panama Canal was well on its way to completion. By the promptitude of his action he had saved the Nation from serious international complications in a threatened Central American war. He had initiated a policy for the development and conservation of natural resources, for the Government regulation of corporations, and, by the creation of a new Federal department, for the direction and promotion of commerce and labor. He had given the nations of the world a demonstration of our strength by sending our navy around the globe. While these new enterprises had been initiated, and some of them prosecuted to their consummation, none of the established interests of our Nation had suffered. It is true that he had been accused of disregarding the Constitution, but no specifications had been given. It is true that he had been accused of being reckless, but no interests of the Nation had been imperiled. And, despite some petty jealousies and some personal malignancies, he was given, upon landing upon these shores, a reception rarely if ever before accorded to any private American citizen.

What has he done since to justify doubt either of his honest patriotism or his political capacity?

Nothing but this. He has thrown down the gauntlet of defiance to the unholy alliance between corrupt business and corrupt politics. He has rallied to his standard men and women who believe with him that to dissolve this unholy alliance is the first task of the statesmanship of the day. The battle will be fought to a finish. What its ultimate result will be I cannot doubt. I am glad, looking back, to remember that I joined the Republican party in its birth and worked under its leaders for justice and the rights of the people even before I was old enough to cast a vote. And I believe that every man and woman, every voter and prospective voter, who takes part with the Progressive party in this battle now will in the future look back with pride upon the fact that he understood the signs of the times and had his share in initiating the campaign for social justice and popular government.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

THE WEEK

The Assault on Mr. Roosevelt and its Causes

The people of the country last week followed from day to day, with an anxiety and sympathy that cannot be overstated, the story of the journey of Mr. Roosevelt from Mercy Hospital at Chicago to his home in Oyster Bay. The reassuring reports of his continued improvement led to the hope, which by the end of the week seemed almost certainty, that Mr. Roosevelt would be able to take some part in the great Progressive campaign rally at Madison Square Garden, New York, the date of which had been changed, to meet the emergency, from October 26 to October 30. Meanwhile the country is thoroughly aroused to hatred and contempt of the vilification and false accusation which lie at the basis of the crime. No one believes that the man Schrank has a strong or intelligent mind, but it is precisely because such persons become inflamed by newspaper excesses in language that crimes of this nature are possible. That this was the case with Schrank is not a matter of inference but of testimony. We have before up as we write a sworn transcript of the stenographic notes made at Schrank's examination in Milwaukee. Here is one passage:

Q. What did you read in the paper that directed your mind to Mr. Roosevelt?

A. You read a lot of things in the papers and especially in the New York "World;" the New York "World" practically come out that the country is in danger if he has the Chair again.

Q. Did they say anything in particular that centered your attention on this act?

A. No, sir, not at all. Perhaps a million people read it and didn't think anything and I just happened to read the matter over, I was interested from there.

Q. Editorial page?

A. Editorial page.

Q. You remember any particular editorial?

A. No, sir, I do not remember, I could not repeat it.

Q. Well, did you read anything else in any other paper except the "World" that made any impression on you of Mr. Roosevelt?

A. Well, in fact I have been following up all papers of the political views and I have been taking out the "World" as the right thing, she is right the way she talks and one paper I read, the New York "Herald," and she never speaks about Theodore Roosevelt but the third termer and she don't mention his name, only the third termer.

This shows what kind of newspaper assault impels a man of weak intellect and a brutal temper to a physical assault. That more than one man has been so influenced is shown by the fact, vouched for to The Outlook by one who knows, that since the crime Schrank has received letters from different people who signed their names saying that they were glad of what Schrank had done. But it is not only yellow daily papers which use language provocative of passion. In proof we may quote from two weekly periodicals nominally respectable and supposedly reasonable. "Harper's Weekly" of June 1, last, said editorially: "Mark these words! Roosevelt's election to the Presidency would spell revolution within ten years. And by revolution we do not mean mere political overturning of a system of government. We mean actual warfare by force of arms upon the rule of a despot. We mean bloodshed and carnage." The correspondent who calls our attention to this quotation quotes also a newspaper heading used just after the assault, which shows precisely how just such an assertion as that above might act on such a mind as Schrank's:

ASSASSIN IN FEAR
OF A BLOODY WAR

Believed Roosevelt a Menace to Country and thought it his Duty to put Colonel out of the way.

The same outrageous assertion that Mr. Roosevelt might become a tyrant, urging his claims by bloody war, appears in an article in the New York "Independent" of October 17, written by an ex-Attorney-General of Massachusetts, Mr. Albert E. Pillsbury. In this article, after asserting that it would be difficult to believe anything else than that if Mr. Roosevelt should be defeated he would be crying aloud that he had been cheated of the election, the writer declares that "it needs the addition of but one element to set the stage and furnish all the paraphernalia of a revolution, and that element is supplied by the circumstance that Major-General Leonard Wood, the original creation and bosom companion of Theodore Roosevelt, a man of whose personal characteristics the public knows but little, is in command of the army."

What the Assault Teaches

We have nowhere seen the lessons of personal and newspaper vilification and their consequences so well expressed as in an address by ex-Attorney-General Bonaparte, made the night following the assault on Mr. Roosevelt. We think it eminently worth while to quote at some length from this address: "We all know the American people have been taught by repeated and painful experience that among us, as in all other countries of the civilized world today, there are men of perverted sentiments and feeble intellect ready to conceive a blind, murderous, senseless hatred towards public servants or popular leaders when they hear these charged with imaginary misdeeds or blamed for evils, real or fancied, which they have had no share in causing. The passions of Wilkes Booth, of Guiteau, of Czolgosz, had been inflamed by furious abuse of their several victims before the homicidal purpose developed in their distorted minds; but, so far as I know, there has never been in American history a public man so persistently and so systematically traduced and vilified, week in and week out, month in and month out, year in and year out, as Theodore Roosevelt. I do not refer only, or even mainly, to what has happened during the present campaign; nearly all those calumnies about him which some of the most widely read newspapers in the Union have been trying for weeks to bolster up through deceptive headlines, suppression of facts, and all the other time-worn devices of slanderers by trade, are as old as the hills. . . . For ten years at least it has been the deliberate, unbroken purpose of certain interests and of

certain newspapers controlled by these interests to undermine public confidence in Colonel Roosevelt and public respect for him by misquoting or garbling his words, misrepresenting his every act, and always attributing to him the least worthy motives and the most alarming intentions. So far as the general public is concerned, these attempts have been utterly futile; the American people cannot be hoodwinked, like those silly sheep in the fable, which were persuaded by the wolves to send away their watch-dogs; they love and believe in Theodore Roosevelt all the more because of the enemies he has made and of the ways in which these enemies seek to harm him. But it was only a question of time when all these unscrupulous falsehoods, all this virulent abuse, would arouse in some clouded mind, in some heart embittered by disappointment or misery, a purpose of lawless violence towards their object, and, at last, that time has come. Now that it has come, now that the men and the newspapers who have done all they could for years to expose this man to this danger, see him overtaken by it, and their teaching bear its proper fruit, it is not enough, nay, it is no merit at all, for them to join in a chorus of 'So sorry!' 'So shocked!' 'Such a dreadful thing!' 'So awful!' The people ought not to be satisfied, I feel sure the people will not be satisfied, with mere empty lamentations over a result which has been long foreseen, which has been again and again predicted as inevitable if the conditions which caused it should continue unchanged."

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Campaign Contributions

Perhaps the most striking fact elicited by the so-called investigation of campaign contributions which has been conducted by a Senate Committee during the past few weeks is that while Mr. Parker, in 1904, was making his charges about the collection of contributions on behalf of Mr. Roosevelt's campaign, his own campaign received a contribution from Mr. Thomas F. Ryan of nearly half a million dollars. This fact was discovered through the testimony last week of Mr. Ryan himself. Inasmuch as Mr. Parker's charge was based on the assumption that great contributions put the party under obligations to special interests, this contribution of Mr. Ryan's takes on special significance. Mr. Ryan's connection with great special interests, such as the Tobacco Trust, is well known. The mere fact that he contributed $450,000 to Mr. Parker's campaign does not bring any reproach upon Mr. Parker personally; but it does show how irresponsible was the method of campaigning which was used in the attempt to defeat Mr. Roosevelt eight years ago. This lesson has application at this time.

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The Popular Vote and the Electoral Vote

Four years ago the total popular vote of all candidates for the Presidency was nearly fifteen million votes. Of these, Taft, the Republican, had over 7,600,000; Bryan, the Democrat, over 6,400,000; Debs, the Socialist, over 400,000; Chafin, the Prohibitionist, over 200,000; Hisgen, the Independent, over 80,000; Watson, the Populist, nearly 30,000; and Gillhaus, the Socialist-Labor candidate, nearly 14,000. Thus Taft won over Bryan by over 1,200,000 votes, and over all candidates by nearly 470,000 votes. So much for the popular vote. The electoral vote is represented by the so-called Electoral College, in which there are as many votes as there are Senators and Representatives from the States. In 1908 there were but 483 votes in the Electoral College. Based upon last year's Reapportionment Act there are now 531 electoral votes: 266 are thus necessary to a choice. The following will be the electoral representation by States for 1912. The States in order are:

New York, with	45	votes
Pennsylvania, with	38	"
Illinois, with	29	"
Ohio, with	24	"
Texas, with	20	"
Massachusetts and Missouri, each with	18	"
Michigan and Indiana, each with	15	"
New Jersey and Georgia, each with	14	"
California, Iowa, Kentucky, and Wisconsin, each with	13	"
Alabama, Minnesota, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia, each with	12	"
Kansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Oklahoma, each with	10	"
Arkansas and South Carolina, each with	9	"
Maryland, Nebraska, and West Virginia, each with	8	"
Connecticut and Washington, each with	7	"
Colorado, Florida, and Maine, each with	6	"
North Dakota, Oregon, Rhode Island, and South Dakota, each with	5	"
Idaho, Montana, New Hampshire, Utah, and Vermont, each with	4	"
Arizona, Delaware, Nevada, New Mexico, and Wyoming, each with	3	"

The Presidential Succession

The question has arisen in regard to the electoral vote as to what would take place in case no one of the Presidential candidates received a majority—266—in the Electoral College. The Twelfth Amendment to the Federal Constitution provides that the electors shall meet in their respective States and vote by ballot for President and Vice-President; that they shall transmit their votes to the President of the United States Senate, who, in the presence of the Senate and the House, shall open the certificates of votes, and the votes shall then be counted. But what if no candidate has a majority of votes?

> Then, from the persons having the highest numbers, not exceeding three, on the list of those voted for as President, the House of Representatives shall choose immediately, by ballot, the President. But in choosing the President the votes shall be by States, the representation from each State having one vote, . . . and a majority of all the States shall be necessary to a choice.
>
> And if the House of Representatives shall not choose a President . . . then the Vice-President shall act as President, . . . The person having the greatest number of votes as Vice-President shall be the Vice-President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed; and if no person have a majority, then from the two highest numbers on the list the Senate shall choose the Vice-President, and a majority of the whole number shall be necessary to a choice.

But suppose neither the House elect a President, nor, this failing, the Senate a Vice-President to act as President. In the event of these failures, there would be no President after March 4. The Federal Constitution gives no authority for any Presidential succession in the event of a failure to elect a President. In 1792, however, Congress provided for the Presidential succession in the case of the death, resignation, removal, or disability of the President and the Vice-President. It passed a law providing that the President of the Senate should act as President, and, if he could not serve, the Speaker of the House of Representatives should act as President. In 1886 a new law took the place of this law and declared that, if the President and Vice-President could not serve, the succession was to fall upon the Cabinet officers in the order of their rank: first, the Secretary of State; second, the Secretary of the Treasury, etc. As Cabinet officers are not appointed for specific terms, and always hold over into a new Administration until their successors qualify, and if the purpose of the succession act should be applied to an exigency in which there is no President at all, it would seem to come reasonably within the province of the Secretary of State to issue a proclamation convening Congress for the purpose of ordering a new Presidential election.

Mr. Brandeis on Labor and the Trusts

The only speaker on the Democratic side who has been seriously discussing with any definiteness the issues of the campaign on a National scale is Mr. Louis E. Brandeis, of Boston. Mr. Wilson, the Democratic candidate, has been content to deal in very wide and indefinite generalizations. Mr. Brandeis, however, in his statement of the Democratic position on the trusts and on social justice, has been more specific than any other speaker who has had a wide hearing. In a series of addresses he has been speaking largely to those who are called "social workers." He has called this a "year of jubilee" because for the first time in a political campaign there has been a recognition of the "true humanities." He expresses his gratitude to the new party for bringing this discussion about. In spite of that fact, he advocates the election of Mr. Wilson. He agrees with the planks of the Progressive platform proposing the prohibition of such things as child labor, night work for women, and conditions of work destructive to health. All these things, however, he regards as negative. On the other hand, what the Progressive party proposes regarding the trusts he thinks will destroy "the possibility of self-help" on the part of working people. He believes that the hope of the working people lies in their labor organizations, and says that the plan of the Progressive party not to restrict the mere size of large business enterprises is dangerous to labor organizations. He holds that there ought to be a measure of equality between the labor organization and the capitalists' organization in their struggle the one with the other, and undertakes to show that the whole tendency of combination in business enterprises is to destroy the labor unions. He cites in particular the Steel Trust, and refers also to the Tobacco Trust, the Beef Trust, and the Smelter Trust. He says that the laws, on account of the interpretation of the courts, cannot adequately protect the

laborers. The laborers must therefore protect themselves. The conclusion he would reach is that the way to deal with business combinations is to keep them from getting large. On the stump he has repeated his statement, in spite of authoritative denials from Progressive leaders, that the Progressive party stands for the regulation of monopoly as distinct from the Democratic proposition of the regulation of competition. We are informed that even after his attention was called to these denials, in one case by means of an editorial statement in The Outlook, he has continued his characterization of the Progressive position. Mr. Wilson has also repeatedly said that the Progressive proposal is to regulate monopoly. The only charitable interpretation of these statements is that Mr. Brandeis and Mr. Wilson do not understand the plain and clear language of the Progressive platform. That platform specifically declares as insufferable in a free government the uncontrolled system by which there is placed in the hands of a few men enormous, secret, irresponsible power over the life of the daily citizen. The Progressive party does not propose to regulate or even tolerate monopoly. Mr. Brandeis's plan is to deal with corporations by prosecution in the courts. He refers specifically to the so-called Stanley Bills, which would declare any combination which controls more than thirty per cent of a product to be presumptively in restraint of trade and a monopoly, unless it can prove itself to be otherwise. Mr. Brandeis would depend for justice upon reducing the size of business organizations so that they will not be so strong in their struggle against labor organizations, and then would depend largely upon that struggle between business men and laboring men for securing a fair degree of justice. In other words, Mr. Brandeis seems to look upon industrial war among business competitors and between employers and employees as the normal way by which to secure good results.

The Weakness of the Democratic View

Nothing more definite than Mr. Brandeis's statement of the Democratic position on the trusts has been given unless it is the statement in the Democratic platform in regard to State's rights. Briefly, then, what the country would have a right to expect of the Democratic party if it came into power would be the reduction of the size of business, the regulation of big combinations by prosecuting them in suits-at-law under a more rigid anti-trust law, and the leaving of any other kind of regulation to the States. The Progressive leaders hold that these three methods would not only be ineffective, but that in so far as they would have any result the result would be hurtful. Attempts to keep business from growing large must necessarily be accompanied by serious business disturbance. Moreover, the proposal to limit the size of a combination to that which controls no more than thirty per cent of a product is at best impracticable. What does thirty per cent of the steel business mean? Does it include iron ore and other ore products, or only the finished products? Would a combination that controlled over thirty per cent of steel rails but less than thirty per cent of steel products be in restraint of trade? Would control of coal mines supplying fuel for steel manufacture be included in the total? Ought these questions to be answered by a court? How could all the possible questions like these be anticipated in a law? In the second place, regulation by suits-at-law has proved futile. The recent illustration in the cases of the Standard Oil Trust and the Tobacco Trust is sufficient to show that courts require evidence, and court methods involve technicalities that make the speedy and prompt control of great business corporations by their means out of the question. In the third place, the Democratic proposal of invoking the powers of the States to deal with great National enterprises seems scarcely credible in view of what the States have done to allow these great corporations uncontrolled power; the State of New Jersey, of which the present Democratic candidate is Governor, is the worst offender of all. If these three methods of reducing the size of combinations, of prosecution by suits-at-law, and of leaving other regulation generally to the States, do not constitute the Democratic proposal, the Democratic candidate and his supporters ought to have made it clear long ago just exactly what they do propose. The Progressive plan has been made perfectly clear. It is stated at length in its platform, and has been repeatedly set forth during the campaign.

The Progressive View

As stated specifically in the National platform, the Progressive party is in favor of labor organizations; but, unlike Mr. Brandeis, it does not believe that the question of justice between employer and employee should be left to be fought out by the labor organization on the one hand and the business corporation on the other. The Progressive party believes that the question of the control of business is a National question; that it cannot be left to the States any more than the question of slavery could have been left to the States. It does not believe that the trust question can be settled by attempts to keep business comparatively small. In its platform the party distinctly says that it has no fear of commercial power. This has been curiously interpreted as a declaration in favor of monopoly. It is no more a declaration in favor of monopoly than Mr. Wilson's statement, in which he says "power in the hands of great business men does not make me apprehensive, unless it springs out of advantages which they have not created for themselves." The Progressive party does not believe in trying to make big business little. It does believe in trying to make little business big, and in regulating all business that needs regulation. It does not believe in trying to control business through the slow, technical methods of the courts. It does believe in regulating business by the prompt and efficient methods which have been used in regulating the railways. There is no danger to labor organizations in the administrative control of industrial corporations; and this has been proved because the same kind of administrative regulation has been applied to railway companies, and the labor organizations on the railways are among the strongest and most useful labor organizations in existence. The Progressive party's plan is definite and specific. Its plank on the subject would occupy more than half a page of The Outlook. The party would establish the same kind of Federal Administrative Commission for the regulation of great industrial combinations that now controls the great railway systems. It would give that Commission the power to prevent unfair competition and unfair privileges and those practices which lead to monopoly. It would no more give to that Commission complete discretion in the exercise of its power than it gives such complete discretion to the Commission that controls the railways. It would supplement the Anti-Trust Law by provisions stating more specifically than is now stated what practices are unfair and monopolistic, and it would keep that law on the statute-books as a guide to that Commission. This view is practically opposed to that which Mr. Wilson has taken, for Mr. Wilson has in public speech expressed a contempt for the expert. One of his journalistic supporters has hinted that Mr. Wilson might favor such an Administrative Commission, but if he should do so it would be entirely inconsistent with the view that he has taken, and with his attacks upon the Progressive plan. Such an Administrative Commission as the Progressive party proposes has been tested in the control of railways, as we have said, and in the control of banks. In each of these two cases, when it was first proposed it met with the same kind of opposition that the Democrats now put forward; but now no public man of any standing would dream of proposing to abolish administrative control for banks or administrative control for railways. It is in general this same method that the Progressives would apply not merely to inter-State business but also to the tariff. By such an Administrative Commission it could be definitely determined whether the tariff schedules were used to swell unearned dividends and promote monopolies. With an Administrative Commission to make public the facts with regard to the effect of the tariff, and with an Administrative Commission to control the operations of great industrial concerns, there would be maintained the advantage of the protective principle and of business co-operation, and there would be eliminated the evils that have grown about a non-regulated competition in tariff favors and in industrial privilege.

A Blow at Police-Protected Crime

By the conviction on the charge of murder in the first degree of Charles Becker, formerly the police lieutenant in charge of the so-called "strong arm" division of the police, the District Attorney of New York City, Mr. Whitman, and his associate, Mr. Moss, have dealt a telling and effective blow against the organized criminal conspiracy which has long existed between New York criminals and the police force. If the murder of the gambler Rosenthal had merely been, as Becker's counsel maintained, the cold-blooded killing of one gambler by

others whose lawlessness he was on the point of exposing, its significance would have been comparatively small, although, even so, it was astounding enough that such a bold murder could be committed in the heart of the city and in a spot all but surrounded by policemen without the immediate arrest of the assassins. But the evidence adduced at Becker's trial, and its acceptance by the jury as truth, sustains the reluctant belief of those who have studied this case and have studied also the defects and dangerous weakness of the New York police system as to collusion between police and criminals. The difficulty of establishing the facts was enormous, because, in the nature of the charge against Becker, the chief evidence against him had to be gained from his accomplices. All the more, therefore, is the victory for justice a triumph, and one which may prove a point of departure in the overthrow of police corruption. In this atrocious crime, as Mr. Moss pointed out in his argument, there were three kinds of murderers involved in one general purpose—first, the "gun men" who actually committed the deed, mere hired assassins who had no personal hatred of Rosenthal; second, the wretched go-betweens who arranged the murder and who may be called the brains of the deed; and, finally, the man who ordered the assassination and who rightly may be called the will back of the deed. The trial incidentally brought out abundant direct evidence against the four men who took part in the killing of Rosenthal, and their trial will follow in due course. The go-betweens who borrowed from Zelig for this crime his "gun men," just as a corrupt nobleman of the Middle Ages might borrow or hire bravos to kill an enemy, have probably saved their skins by turning State's evidence. The heartless and cruel police official who ordered the murder because his former accomplice was about to expose his evil deeds now stands convicted of one of the deepest and foulest crimes defined by the law. The jurymen were evidently convinced that in the main the truth was told by the informer Rose, and that he was sufficiently corroborated by the other witnesses. Briefly, Rose was intimate with Becker, saw him constantly, breakfasted with him repeatedly at his home, and was the agent who collected hush money for Becker from the gamblers. Rose testified flatly that Becker repeatedly urged him to procure the killing of Rosenthal, who was on the point of giving evidence as to Becker's criminal acts before the Grand Jury. If the story told to the jury is true, Becker not only furnished money to pay for the crime, and repeatedly drove Rose and others forward in arranging the details, but after the crime went to see the body of his victim, and in that presence burst into a foul and profane tirade of abuse of the dead man and exulted in his death. Becker's conviction, whether or not it is sustained on appeal, will be of immense value in the campaign to make New York a clean city.

Mr. Norman Hapgood and "Collier's Weekly"

Mr. Norman Hapgood has resigned the position which he has held for nine years as editor of "Collier's Weekly." Mr. Hapgood has a deservedly high reputation as a journalist and a man of letters, and, in common with thousands of other appreciative readers of that excellent periodical, we regret that "Collier's Weekly" is no longer to have the benefit of his trenchant and fearless pen in its interpretation of public questions. But it is quite clear that Mr. Hapgood does not take all the trenchancy and fearlessness with him in leaving his editorial chair, as will be seen from the following editorial which we reprint in full from this week's issue of "Collier's Weekly:"

A MAN

Theodore Roosevelt is a fairly close presentment of what this Nation likes to call a *man*. Such faults as fault-finders like ourselves have been able to descry in him are faults of the highly tempered, hasty, and not always reasonable Nation which selected him to govern it. No man probably could have risen so high in American politics and emerged as stainless from his early struggles. No man could have used his power with a larger moral usefulness to his whole people. And we doubt whether any man in history has undertaken late in life as high an unselfish venture in the field of politics as the Bull Moose. It is fortunate that those who value lightly the important things of life—courage, personal honor, and the well-being of those about them, and who guard closely safety, comfort, and their pocketbook—are almost the only Americans cynical enough to disbelieve in the honesty of Theodore Roosevelt's words within five minutes of an attempt upon his life:

> Friends, I want to say this about myself: I have too many important things to think about to pay heed or to feel any concern over my own death.

"Collier's" is not so hypercritical that it cannot recognize a man.

Mr. Hapgood has said in newspaper interviews that he resigned from "Collier's

Weekly" at least partly because he feared that the recent appointment of Mr. Patterson, formerly advertising manager, to become general manager of the Collier Publishing House might make the editorial policy of the journal less independent of commercial influences than it has been in the past. But it is very clear from the correspondence which has been made public by Mr. Collier that the immediate cause of Mr. Hapgood's resignation was the publication of the foregoing editorial on Mr. Roosevelt. Indeed, in an interview in the New York "Times" Mr. Hapgood called the editorial, which was written by Mr. Collier himself, "hopelessly commonplace," and adds: "If the office boy had written the editorial I should have rejected it." We do not agree with Mr. Hapgood, and we do not wonder that Mr. Collier did not agree with him when he protested as editor against the publication of the editorial, for, in our judgment, it states in admirable English and with readable terseness plain and exact facts. It has long been known among newspaper men that in the present political campaign Mr. Hapgood's sympathies were with Governor Wilson, while Mr. Collier himself, and Mr. Mark Sullivan, the able associate editor of "Collier's," were strong supporters of the Progressive party under the leadership of Mr. Roosevelt. We think it will strengthen "Collier's Weekly" to have its editorial atmosphere cleared by this temporary electrical disturbance, and to have its political convictions thoroughly understood by its readers, as they have not been understood during the last two or three months.

The Balkan War

Why the Balkan War? Why have the Bulgarians captured the city of Kirk-Killiseh ("Forty Churches") and why are they closing in upon Adrianople? Because Turkey has been oppressing the Balkan States: Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, and Greece—the last named not really a Balkan State, but included in the number. Hundreds of thousands of Bulgarian, Serb, Montenegrin, and Greek Christians live in Turkey. They have always been oppressed, and lately several hundred of them have been massacred. But the resentment of the Balkan States is not alone against Turkey; it is also against a continuance of perfidious European diplomacy. In 1878, with a view to a settlement of the Balkan question, the European Powers signed the Treaty of Berlin. Article 23 of that treaty provided for the local government of Turkish provinces, with large autonomy. Despite her promises, Turkey has never put that article into force, and the Powers have practically acquiesced in Turkish oppression, fearing that interference might be interpreted as a first step toward the fulfillment of their selfish, and not their unselfish, ends. Turkey and the Powers have also counted, and not vainly, upon the animosities which have divided the Balkan people. Now, however, they cannot so count; because, for the first time since their liberation from Turkey by the Treaty of Berlin, the Balkan States have been able to sink those animosities, and to be moved by the one thought that their blood-brethren in Turkey are really bound by ties of race and religion, not to the Empire of which they are subjects, but to the several states across the Turkish frontier. This is the great human reason for the present war. And it is this which has made possible the victories already obtained by all four armies—by Bulgaria in her advance on Adrianople; by Servia in the Turkish district called "Old Servia;" by Montenegro in rescuing the Christian Albanians; and, finally, by Greece in bursting through the famous Stone Gates. We have heard much about two of the bonds—race and religion—which unite the Christian races in Turkey to the Balkan States. But we have not heard so much about a third—tradition. We are likely to hear more. The newspapers are now pointing out what an inspiration it must be to the Servian army to capture the country about the field of Kossovo, where in 1389 the Servian Empire perished when engaged in its death struggle with the Turks; it is recalled that throughout the Serb folk-songs a continual prophecy runs that after five centuries have elapsed the Serbs would again go to war and win back their land. Such a tradition also animates the Bulgars as they think of the old Bulgarian Empire of their Czar Simeon, extending beyond the mountain passes through which they are now struggling into the Turkish plains. If this is true of the nations to the north, how much more is it true of Greece, once more winning back, as she did last week, the island of Lemnos, with its memories of Menelaus and Agamemnon, and Mount Olympus itself! But all this is to receive a rude shock. The Turks have really not yet begun to fight, despite the severe losses already sustained. Everywhere pos-

sible the Turks have shown their policy of a masterly retreat in order to draw their enemies as far as possible from bases of supplies and to condense their strength in the open country where their tactics are superior to those of their opponents. This is wise military strategy. Unfortunately, it has been accompanied in some instances, notably on the Servian and Greek borders, by the very thing which led to the present war—massacre of the Christians. As the population of European Turkey is half Christian, and as several million Greeks are scattered throughout Turkey in Asia, a general massacre is feared by the timorous. This fear is, we hope, not justified, but, in any event, the Christian Powers have before them an insistent duty in acquainting the Turkish Government with their feeling in this matter.

The Militant Programme

The English Suffragettes must be distinguished from the English Suffragists, of whom there is a large and influential body, and who have conducted the movement for the extension of the suffrage for women in an orderly and constitutional way. England is not Russia. It is a self-governing country. Women can secure the suffrage whenever they can persuade the English people that they ought to have it. They have a perfectly free field. Miss Millicent Garrett Fawcett contributes a very interesting article to the current number of the "Century Magazine," in which she states very effectively that, while no great emancipating evolution for men has been accomplished without violence, "the women's movement toward freedom did progress, and progress marvelously, for the first half of the nineteenth century till about six years ago without the use of any kind of violence. We shot no one, we exploded no bombs, we destroyed nothing; but we have been building up and creating a new social order in which the women of to-day occupy a wholly different and better place from that occupied by the women of preceding ages." She calls attention to the fact that the universities have been opened; girls' schools made over; medical and legal professions opened; municipal and all other local franchises in Great Britain and her colonies have been won; women have been made eligible for election on local governing bodies; civil service has been opened; mediæval laws modified; all these victories have been won without violence. She concedes that credit must be given to the "militants" for making the claims of women more widely known, but when they departed from the attitude of suffering violence to using it, they put themselves in the wrong morally. If militancy is renewed, Miss Fawcett predicts the defeat of the suffrage amendment to the Government Reform Bill. She regards the militants as the most dangerous obstacle in the way of the immediate success of the cause of suffrage in England. Meanwhile, Mrs. Pankhurst, the leader of the militant suffragettes, has taken a still more radical position. If newspaper reports are to be trusted, at a suffragette demonstration recently held in London she said: "I incite this meeting to rebellion. Those of you who want to go to the House of Commons and refuse to be sent away, do so. Those who will face party mobs at Cabinet Ministers' meetings, do so. Those who can break windows, break them. Those of you who can still further attack the sacred idol of property so as to make the Government realize that property is as greatly endangered as it was in the days of the Chartists, do so. . . . Our militancy consists in defiance of legal enactments and in attacks upon property. The only limit set is that human life shall be respected." But it is apparently a matter of pure luck that that limit has not been passed. The flinging of a hatchet into the carriage which contained the Prime Minister in Dublin, and the attempt to set fire to the theater, were not attacks on property but on life. Meanwhile, Mr. and Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence have declared against the new militant campaign planned by Mrs. Pankhurst, and have left the organization. Beyond doubt the English Government will be compelled in the near future to face some very difficult and painful duties; but the time for treating women who, in a country under such a political system as the English, endeavor to secure political rights by the destruction of the property of innocent persons, with the consideration which has always been accorded to women, is past. Women who voluntarily become lawbreakers ought to be punished as lawbreakers.

President Meiklejohn's Induction

Amherst has a new President. It chose Alexander Meiklejohn, Dean of Brown University, and he has now been inducted into his new office. As was fitting,

the October day was serene and the Connecticut River country lay in a blaze of autumnal color. The representatives of more than a hundred universities walked in stately procession and witnessed the delivery of the college charter, seal, and key into the hands of the new President. The addresses on the occasion were notable. President Hyde, of Bowdoin, described "The College President's Job," and President Faunce, of Brown, whose subject was, naturally, "Academic Reciprocity," praised "the Amherst idea" as the broadest interpretation of the word "classical." President Garfield, of Williams, suggested that "educational programmes should be framed with reference to National tendencies," and spoke strongly in favor of a more serious upholding of scholarship. This was also touched upon by President Lowell, of Harvard, who declared that "flowery beds of ease" were out of place in a college. The word "vital" characterized the address of President Meiklejohn. Concerning "freedom of election by the student" in his studies, there are, asserted the new President, "vast ranges of knowledge which have virtually no significance for the purpose of a liberal education, while, on the other hand, there are certain elements so fundamental and vital that without any one of them a liberal education is impossible." As "the college is fundamentally a place of the mind," there must be the kindling of an intellectual enthusiasm for these things as vital and fundamental. Dr. Meiklejohn continued—and his words contain at once a warning and a suggestion to all educators :

> A little while ago I heard one of the most prominent citizens of this country speaking of his college days, and he said: "I remember so vividly those few occasions on which the professor would put aside the books and talk like a real man about real things." Oh, the bitterness of those words to the teacher! Our books are not dealing with real things and for the most part we are not real men either, but just old fogies and bookworms. And, to be perfectly frank about the whole matter, I believe that in a large measure our pupils are indifferent to their studies simply because they do not see that they are important. Now, if we really have a vital course of study to present, I believe that this difficulty can in large measure be overcome.

It might be said that in this speech there was added to the "Amherst idea" the Meiklejohn idea—namely, that a college ought to deal with life.

THE PEOPLE AND THE PRESIDENCY

The country has not taken seriously the outcry against the third term. Nor has any public man of National reputation taken it seriously—except Mr. Bryan.

The argument against a third term is a distrust of the people. It is that they are either not wise enough to know whether they are well served or not strong enough to reject one who does not serve them well.

The framers of the Constitution had more trust in the people than Mr. Bryan has. There were politicians in those days who did not believe that the people were wise or strong enough to choose their own President freely, and they proposed to make the President ineligible for re-election. The framers of the Constitution rejected this proposal, and their conclusion, as reported by Alexander Hamilton ("The Federalist," No. 69), is recorded as follows :

> "THAT MAGISTRATE IS TO BE ELECTED FOR FOUR YEARS; AND IS TO BE RE-ELIGIBLE AS OFTEN AS THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES THINK HIM WORTHY OF THEIR CONFIDENCE."

With this conclusion of the framers of the Constitution Alexander Hamilton himself agreed, as is made clear by his words ("The Federalist," No. 72) : "Nothing appears more plausible at first sight, nor more ill-founded upon close inspection, than a scheme . . . of continuing the Chief Magistrate in office for a certain time, and then excluding him from it either for a limited period or forever after."

The reasons which led the framers of the Constitution to their conclusion he states at length. The following sentence sums up the argument :

> "There is an excess of refinement in the idea of disabling the people to continue in office men who had entitled themselves, in their opinion, to approbation and confidence; the advantages of which are but speculative and equivocal, and are overbalanced by disadvantages far more certain and decisive."

Washington, in a letter to Lafayette written April 28, 1778, affirmed the same conclusion, based upon the same reason :

> "There are other points in which opinions would be more likely to vary. As, for instance, on the ineligibility of the same person for President after he should have served a certain course of years. Guarded so effectually as the proposed Constitution is in respect

ence in the choice of President, I confess I differ widely from Mr. Jefferson and you as to the necessity or expediency of rotation in that office. . . . I can see no propriety in precluding ourselves from the services of any man who on some great emergency shall be deemed universally most capable of serving the public."

Mr. Bryan, and other men less well known, who, in the name of democracy, wish to prevent the people from exercising their free choice, are less democratic than George Washington and the other framers of the Constitution. There is something amusing in this phenomenon: men who fear a broad construction of the Constitution, or an easy amending of the Constitution, in the interest of the people, would engraft upon it an alleged tradition which does not exist, and thus secure a practical amendment to limit the power of the people.

The answer of George Washington and his associates to these counselors of distrust is as complete as it is simple—the people should not disable themselves from continuing in any office, from that of roadmaster to that of President, any servant of theirs for as many terms as he has the people's approbation and confidence.

VOTES FOR WOMEN

The question of woman suffrage is to be submitted to the voters this fall in the following five States: Michigan, Wisconsin, Kansas, Oregon, Arizona. It ought to be submitted to the women, not to the men. Therefore we recommend the man to submit it to the woman. Ask her counsel and vote in her stead.

Are you married? Ask your wife if she would vote for suffrage. If she would, vote for it. If she would not, vote against it. If she is undecided, vote against it. The duty of voting ought not to be imposed on her unless and until she is ready to assume it.

Are you unmarried? Take counsel of some woman whose interests you are bound to serve—mother, sister, friend. Act as her proxy. Vote in her stead.

The chief opposition to woman suffrage does not come from the liquor interests. It does not come from the politicians. It does not come from men who hold to restricted ideas of woman's sphere. It comes from women who find themselves already bearing able to bear. The women ought to decide this question. Let some trusted woman decide for you how you shall vote on this subject. Vote as she would vote.

WHEATHEDGE PAPERS

THE ORPHAN

There has been for some time a gypsy encampment upon the stream which flows through the village of Wheathedge. The sanitary conditions of this encampment were very bad, and the doctors in the village thought it perilous to health, and traced some cases of serious disease to the pollution of the stream, produced by the gypsies. Ineffectual attempts were made from time to time to induce the gypsies to introduce some sanitary reforms, and occasional demands were made by individuals in the village for a campaign against the gypsies to drive them from their camping-place. At last it was reported about the village that the gypsies had in their camp a boy of ten or twelve years of age who did not belong to them. It was believed that he had been stolen, and it was currently reported that he was very badly abused. Some investigation was set on foot, with the result that both facts were established—that he was stolen and that he was badly abused. This the village would not endure. A raid was made on the camp; the boy was taken away from the gypsies; and the gypsies themselves were compelled to move away from the vicinity of Wheathedge.

Then the question arose, What should be done with the boy? He was an Italian and could not speak the English language. He had had no education and was unable either to read or write. He was a remarkably bright boy and had in him the making of a fine man, but he had had no training, either social or industrial, to fit him to take care of himself. But naturally he did not entertain this opinion, and objected to being brought under any more thorough and systematic discipline than that to which he had been accustomed in his roving life with the gypsies. The result of this incident has been to create three parties in Wheathedge.

One party urges the authorities to set the boy free immediately. They say that the village never ought to have interfered with the gypsy camp. The maltreatment of the boy by the gypsies was none of its business, and

the village makes itself his guardian, it will be at considerable expense and involve itself in no end of responsibility. And what can the village hope to get out of it? Even if he grows up to be a self-supporting citizen, his custom never will bring back to the village enough to pay for the cost of his education.

A second party says that this boy should be set free, not because it is not profitable to retain him, but because the village has no right to retain him. He must decide for himself whether he wishes to remain in the village and go to school or whether he desires to take to the road. Liberty is sacred; it is better that he should suffer some misfortunes and be free than that he should be guarded from misfortune and be kept in a state of dependence.

The third party insists that it was well to take this abused boy from the gypsies, who did not know how to take care of him and were maltreating him; that, having taken him from the gypsies, the village has become responsible for his welfare; that it has no right now to set him free and put upon him the responsibility of deciding for himself what he will do; that it is its duty to provide for him an industrial education that he may be able to earn his own living, and such moral and political education as is necessary to make him a self-supporting member of a self-governing community. It is also necessary to teach him the English language. When it has done these things, it should then leave him to decide for himself whether he will remain a citizen of Wheathedge or go elsewhere. The village authorities have no right to put the responsibility of that choice upon him now.

The right decision in this question is important because it affects the honor of Wheathedge; but there is some danger that in this fall election the people of the village will be so much interested in other questions that they will let this question have the go-by.

The Outlook believes that the American war with Spain was not only justified but was greatly to the credit of the American Nation; that we did well to rescue the Filipinos from the despotic government exercised over them by Spain; that, having rescued them from Spain, it is our duty to maintain our sovereignty over them until they have learned a common language, acquired industrial and political education, and so have become able they wish to maintain relations with the United States or to be wholly independent; and that the question of their relations to the United States should be left until this work of industrial and political education is completed.

MR. MABIE'S VISIT TO JAPAN

A most interesting and, we believe, valuable extension of the system of exchange in lectureships between different countries is that under which Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie will during the coming winter deliver before the great universities of Japan a series of addresses which will aim to interpret "The American Spirit, Ideals, and Life." Last year Dr. Nitobé, of the Imperial University of Tokyo, was sent by Japan to this country, and his lectures here did much to give American students and thinkers a just conception of the Japanese people, their modes of thought and their aspirations. It is as a return for Dr. Nitobé's visit that the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, in cooperation with the Japanese Government, has arranged that Mr. Mabie should deliver in Japan the proposed series of addresses on Western civilization and ideals.

At a farewell dinner given in honor of Mr. Mabie by the Japan Society in New York last week President Butler, of Columbia, who presided, summarized the purpose of this exchange of ideas by saying: "Dr. Mabie is to go out in the footsteps of other Americans, to live in intimate contact with the Japanese, to leave his personality impressed upon them, and to reveal by his acts, words, and attitude the kindness with which the people of the United States view the people of Japan." It is in a true sense, therefore, that Mr. Mabie was repeatedly referred to in the addresses of the speakers at this dinner as "an ambassador of peace." In his response Mr. Mabie laid stress on his feeling that there should be variety and not uniformity among the peoples of the world, that as between the East and the West what is to be hoped for is not identity but unity, and that we might well strive to get an understanding of that discipline which in Japan has been perfected by centuries, of the deep love of the beautiful in Japan, and of that subjection of the individual will to the welfare of the State which together have made Japan so great and so centralized as a nation. Among the speakers of the evening

Numano, the Japanese Consul-General; President Finley, of the College of the City of New York; Dr. Henry van Dyke; Dr. Talcott Williams, head of the Columbia School of Journalism, and Mr. Hamilton Holt, of the "Independent;" and it is noteworthy that all of the speakers in one way or another have had an active part in the exchange of lectures between America and other countries, or in establishing the friendly feeling between Japan and America.

As all our readers know, Mr. Mabie is now, and for many years has been, the Associate Editor of The Outlook, and on the eve of his departure for this important undertaking his associates (writing, it need not be said, without consulting him) desire most cordially to join in expressing their personal good wishes and affectionate friendship toward him, and to express also their belief that his receptive and friendly attitude of mind and his appreciation of what is best in American life and literature make him peculiarly suited for the task he has now undertaken.

PUTTING ON IMMORTALITY

It would be difficult to call a more convincing or eloquent witness to the mutability of life than the Apostle Paul, one of the heroes of the spiritual romance of the world. His life reads like a sublime fairy story, so great were its transitions of condition, so marvelous was its unfolding. Honored and obeyed as the representative of an elect class, and clothed with the authority of that class, he became an outcast from his own people. The persecutor of a new religion, he became its foremost interpreter and apostle; a teacher of recognized position and of high intellectual power, he spent many months in a dungeon. He was born in the purple, so to speak; he died as the thieves and murderers of his age died.

If experience of change qualifies men to know how mutable life may be and what revolutions it may work in character and career, Paul is certainly one of the foremost witnesses in history. But through all these changes and in the course of these manifold vicissitudes there was no man in the world whose life had greater stability, nor was there one in whom the spirit was more invincible. His feet walked in dark places; but the track of his spirit shines like the day. Living in a and spirit in radical ways, the soul of Paul defied change and for two thousand years has defined stability.

Many a man, facing the ceaseless changing of the external world and the persistence of the human spirit, has asked himself, "What does it mean?" Paul answered that question when he said, "This mortal must put on immortality." This was not only the declaration of faith in a life beyond life, but it was also a statement of what goes on in us and about us in this world. We are all putting off the mortal and putting on the immortal; that is the sublime process of life; the purpose for which the world stands. There is no longer any dead matter, as our fathers thought; the whole material world flows like a great Amazon of force through space. There is no present; while one speaks of it it is past. It is sometimes said that it is impossible to step twice into the same stream; it is not even possible to step once into the same stream. Before the foot which touches the surface has buried itself in the water it is another stream. We do not live two days in the same body. The man who rounds out his seventieth year has had seven or eight bodies; and yet, though living in the sweep of this uninterrupted motion, his personality not only survives, but becomes stronger. If he lives with righteousness of brain and hand and with love in his heart, his whole life is a putting off of mortality and a putting on of immortality.

It is in one sense a deeply mystical and elusive process, and in another sense it is the most obvious and the simplest thing in the world. Every man and woman who submits to the discipline of life, and out of temptation gathers strength, out of sorrow peace, and out of work vigor of purpose, and who submits to the discipline of experience, not to resist, but to co-operate and to grow, is always putting off this mortal and putting on immortality. We all see the external process; what we do not always understand is the internal change. But men are beginning to understand it and to recognize the putting off of the mortal and the putting on of the immortal. Until a few years ago, if France had been asked to name the greatest man in her history, she would have answered, "Napoleon;" but when she was asked that question not long ago, she answered, "Pasteur." She had changed her ideals. She chose a man who had rendered great external serv-

different from the spirit of Napoleon as the spirit of the teacher, the liberator, and the spiritual leader is different from the spirit of the conqueror. Napoleon worked with perishable things for mortal aims. Pasteur gave himself to the service of humanity. The one destroyed, the other preserved.

It makes very little difference how little capital a man has when he starts the business of life; it makes all the difference in the world how he uses that capital. There are men of enormous material wealth who have not begun to put on immortality. When Dr. Grenfell went to Labrador he had little money, no buildings, no co-operation. He carried with him only the passion of helpfulness, the desire to teach men how to live in the spirit of Christ. Now that little capital has become immense wealth; the country is full of his friends, everybody group of young men, he is like the Pied Piper: they are eager to follow him. All men are born to work; the idlers are never really born into life, they simply sit on the outside and look on. All men who live work in some fashion; all women work and suffer. No man or woman has yet escaped the discipline of work or the discipline of sorrow; and to those who do not see what Paul saw, and what Dr. Grenfell has illustrated in his life, this experience which we call life is a mere round of duties and of toil, a long and hopeless drudgery, or a putting of the cup of pleasure to the lips only to dash it to the ground. But to those who see what Christ came to reveal, and what all the saints and heroes have learned, life is neither hopeless drudgery nor idle pleasure, but a glorious adventure of the spirit; a putting off of mortality, a putting on of immortality.

FOLLOWING THE CAMPAIGN

A WEEKLY DIGEST OF POLITICAL OPINION AS EXPRESSED BY PEOPLE AND NEWSPAPERS

THREE ATTITUDES

THE "Saturday Evening Post" of Philadelphia, a well-known popular weekly, has just published three articles by the three principal Presidential candidates. The authors reveal their personal attitudes and they reveal the attitudes of their respective parties.

The question uppermost in the minds of all three writers seems to be: "What is the chief issue of the campaign?" As regards the Progressive party, Mr. Roosevelt says that its social betterment programme is the thing most worthy of attention. What particular things are included in "social betterment"? They are thus recounted in an editorial which we find in the Missoula, Montana, "Missoulian" (Prog.):

> In the development of the United States into a great industrial Nation terrible evils have shown themselves. Child labor, the employment of women at less than a living wage, industrial accidents, destitution resulting from these accidents and from preventable disease, involuntary idleness, and a mass of other unwholesome products of modern civilization have begun to menace the country. These fearful problems are recognized only in the Progressive platform.

We do not get this attitude of concern from the articles by President Taft and Governor Wilson. Of course neither of them are opposed to social betterment, but their articles do not reveal Mr. Roosevelt's intensity of feeling. In any event, they would differ from him as to the way in which social and industrial justice should be brought about. For instance, Mr. Taft, referring to the Roosevelt plan of securing social justice by the review of judicial decisions, writes thus:

> The recall of judges and judicial decisions is hostile to that form of government which has made the United States the greatest nation in the world, which has fostered liberty, promoted equality of opportunity, and achieved a prosperity beyond the most sanguine dreams of our forefathers. The recall as applied to judges and their decisions would undermine the independence of the judiciary, subject our judges to political influences, and render it futile for the poor and the weak to look to the courts for justice. It should be our constant aim to achieve as complete a separation of the judiciary and politics as we have of Church and State.

Governor Wilson's way would be "to cut privilege absolutely." But Mr. Roosevelt

now famous decision of the New York State Court of Appeals, that a law providing for a ten-hour working day for women was unconstitutional, Mr. Roosevelt says:

The Court of Appeals said that under their interpretation of the Constitution the small sweatshop keeper or the big factory owner may work haggard women twelve, fourteen, and sixteen hours a day if he chooses, and we cannot stop it. Personally I will not submit to any such interpretation of the Constitution, and our proposal is this: When a court decides that we have not the power to do such an act of social and industrial justice as described, then, in decent, law-abiding, orderly fashion, the people shall decide for themselves whether or not the Constitution is to be a defense of vested wrong or a means of permitting the people to work for righteousness. That's all.

Governor Wilson believes that one way to cut privilege would be to cut the tariff, and therefore presents it as the campaign's chief issue. Speaking of the attitude of the other two parties, he says:

They both admit that some of the tariff duties are too high, but they fail to see the principle upon which they must be lowered.

According to Governor Wilson, that principle is:

Every part of the tariff that has afforded a covert to those who have organized monopoly in this country, and have thereby created high prices, shall be cut out as quickly as it can be cut out without risk of business disaster.

But this does not mean a tariff for revenue solely, according to one of Governor Wilson's most eminent interpreters, the New York "Times" (Dem.), for it says:

No one is foolish enough to think that under the Democratic party these lines will be strictly followed. In planning a tariff for revenue, a large measure of protection will remain. Some will be proper and unavoidable, and some will be sneaked in, as it always is.

But the Democratic position is not progressive enough even from the "regular" Republican standpoint, according to Mr. Charles D. Hilles, Chairman of the Republican National Committee. Writing in the New York "American" (Dem.), Mr. Hilles points out the fact that Mr. Wilson says nothing about a Tariff Commission and is necessarily committed to dealing with the tariff in an unscientific and destructive fashion.

As to the strenuousness of the three candidates on the tariff question, the Sioux Falls "Press" (Prog.) sums up as follows:

The tariff must be reduced, of course, and all three candidates indicate that revision downward can be fairly judged by examining the platform declarations on the subject. The Roosevelt platform "demands" such revision. The Wilson platform "favors" it, and the Taft platform appears to think something "should be" done. And there you are.

In his "Harper's Weekly" interview President Taft declares that "the trust question and the tariff seem to be the two crucial questions during the present campaign."

In the minds of many the trusts form the campaign's chief issue. In his "Saturday Evening Post" article the President thus defines the Administration's position:

During the less than four years of this Administration twenty-two civil suits and forty-five criminal indictments have been brought under the Anti-Trust Law. It is not surprising that the powerful interests that hitherto have enjoyed immunity from prosecution should employ strenuous and devious methods to create the impression that these prosecutions are ineffective, on the one hand, and certain to destroy the prosperity of the Nation, on the other. The fact remains that the law is now respected and observed, and that whereas in the past the organization of trusts designed to acquire monopolies of the industries in which they were engaged was an almost daily occurrence, none has been organized during the last two years.

In Governor Wilson's recent article the attitude of the Republican and Progressive parties is criticised as an acceptance "of the evil developments" of the trusts on the assumption that it is impossible to prevent monopoly. On the other hand, Mr. Wilson would preserve competition, and, where he could not, would dissolve the trusts. He would proceed against them, under existing law, apparently just as Mr. Taft has done.

"Governor Wilson favors the dissolution of the trusts, he says, and his platform agrees"—to quote again from the Sioux Falls "Press"—"by means of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law with which President Taft has had so much harmless fun." The "Press" adds:

Standard Oil and American Tobacco, both New Jersey trusts, have already been "dissolved" by the Supreme Court of the United States, and both are getting higher prices than ever before in their history and paying greater dividends. These combines, first prosecuted by Roosevelt, later "dissolved" by Taft, have been certified to Governor Wilson as guilty of gross illegal practices, of flagrant violations of the law. . . .

We do not intend to draw the inference that Governor Wilson is a trust man. Rather would we conclude that he simply does not grasp the subject as a practical man. Mr. Wilson has

made many utterances that show him a theorist rather than a practical statesman.

We will, until we are shown to the contrary, assume that Mr. Wilson would be glad to curb the trusts in New Jersey but does not know how. Certain it is that he has at his command a statute providing for the suspension or repeal of the charter of any corporation, and also a statute defining the guilt of trust officers and directors who violate law, and has not employed it.

"Here are the facts," says the Philadelphia "Evening Times" (Prog.):

The Legislature stood: Senate, eleven Republicans, ten Democrats; friendly to Wilson upon all his measures. House, forty-two Democrats, eighteen Republicans; wholly at Wilson's command upon party measures.

He never asked either House or Senate to frame a bill or enact a law regulating the trusts of New Jersey, although some of them had been declared unlawful by the Federal courts.

A bill to regulate the trusts *was introduced* by Senator Colgate, a Republican, whose vote for it, together with the ten Democrats, would have passed it to the Democratic house.

That bill was referred to a committee. The committee strangled it. Governor Wilson's attention *was* called to it and *his assistance asked* in its behalf. He gave no heed.

Those are the facts.

Against them you have Candidate Wilson's excuse.

Would he do in the President's chair?

As Mr. Wilson's position seems thus revealed by his course during his Governorship, the Richmond "Virginian" (Dem.) rises to his defense:

Governor Wilson . . . cannot work miracles. He tried to secure a change in the incorporation laws of the State of New Jersey and failed. Why? Because the Legislature was controlled by friends of President William Howard Taft and ex-President Theodore Roosevelt. . . . In his inaugural address he promised to try to change these laws. On three other occasions he demanded of the Legislature that it enact such legislation.

"Governor Wilson's explanation . . . is one that does not explain," replies the Boston "Journal" (Prog.).

His excuse that this opposition was believed to exist does not explain his own inaction. He was able to force the Legislature, he declares, to secure reforms of election laws. He does not know what would have come of a real, vigorous demand for trust law amendment, for he did not make the test. He must stand or fall on his own action. And his record on trust regulation is a blank.

To sum up on the Trust issue, the New York "Press" (Prog.) speaks as follows:

The Republicans are without definite plan. They have tried "dissolution," and the trusts have laughed as they pocketed enormous gains. Wilson, for the Democrats, has proposed State regulation. But when he had the chance right at his hand in New Jersey he did not take a step to secure it. How can any one expect him to do more in Washington? In New Jersey he sought to blame the Republican legislators. In the White House he could argue that he considered it work for the States, not for the Federal Government.

Roosevelt's plan will block decisively unwarranted monopoly. Roosevelt would prevent commission of monopolistic abuses under cover and not reached by the present machinery.

To which the Sioux Falls "Press," above quoted, adds:

We already know what a great good the Inter-State Commerce Commission has done in preventing unlawful railroad combinations and adjusting rates fairly for both the public and the railroads. Within the past few months that body has brought express rates down and stopped the dishonesty of express companies. Roosevelt simply proposes to establish a similar commission to deal with trusts. His proposed industrial commission will see to it that the law is obeyed: that prices are fair; that industrial and commercial interests are brought to a recognition of the rights of the people as the railroads and express companies have been compelled to do.

To this should be added a statement which has appeared in the daily press from the Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, of Columbus, Ohio:

Upon the trust question the policy of the Progressive party commends itself to me more strongly than that of the Democratic party. The Democratic party proposes to maintain and enforce competition by judicial process. The Progressive party proposes to supervise and control combinations of capital by an administrative commission. The one looks toward the dissolution of the trusts, the other toward their regulation by stringent laws enforced by an executive commission.

Clearly such a portentous monopoly as the Steel Trust or the Sugar Trust cannot be permitted to flourish unrestrained, and the formation of such trusts ought to be rigidly supervised by the Government. Equally certain is it that when they begin to assume the character of a monopoly they should pass immediately into the possession or under the control of the Government.

As a result of these three attitudes, the impression is conveyed that the Republicans would leave things as they are, that the Democrats would like to change some things but do not know how, and that the Progressives would like to change some things and do know how.

Through a regrettable inadvertence, a statement on page 300 of The Outlook for October 12 was wrongly attributed to the Milwaukee "Journal."

A WOMAN TO HER FELLOW-CITIZENS

BY MARY ANTIN

AUTHOR OF "THE PROMISED LAND"

Many of us who have been born in America realize less what America means than some of those who have arrived here from another shore and have become American citizens by choice. Mary Antin, who writes these words to her fellow-citizens, knows what is meant when it is said that America is the "golden hope" of the world. Her early home was in Polotzk, Russia. She has known what it is to fear torture. Perhaps such a fear was not a mere idle fancy of a little Jewish girl "within the pale." She has come to America and has written the story of what it means to come out of the Middle Ages into American liberty. She has written that experience in a book called "The Promised Land." That book has made a great impression. Louis D. Brandeis says of it that "it teaches anew the blessings of freedom, and will enkindle the latent patriotism in many a native American." Rabbi Stephen S. Wise calls it "a human document of deep impressiveness." Mary Antin knows, if any one does, what American freedom is, because she knows what it means to be without it. The article printed below is a plea for a great mass of working men and women, who cannot speak for themselves. In it the dumb speak. It is not a party plea, it is a human plea. Some may read it without conviction; few will be able to read it without awakened interest and broadened sympathies.—THE EDITORS.

WHEN I was a school-girl and read in the history books of the stirring times when the Republic was in the making, I envied the little girls who lived in those days, in the midst of heroes and battles and patriotic conspiracies. That I should ever happen on such valiant times I could not hope; for was not the tyrant repulsed, and liberty enthroned in his place? The Republic was finished, perfect from the hand of Washington. There was nothing left on which to exercise my patriotism.

To-day, when I am old enough to smile at my childish notions, I am amazed to find intelligent men and women among my neighbors who appear to entertain just such ideas as I have long outgrown. They talk as if American history ended with our last war, whereas the most superficial survey of the life of the Nation shows that the Republic is still in the making. At this very moment the country is gathering itself together for a leap forward that shall carry it as far again as it was carried by the Revolution, and later by the Civil War.

Because, happily, there is heard no boom of cannon, many of our citizens fail to realize that we are facing a crisis as grave as any we have dealt with in the past. The American people have been taking stock of their political resources, and they find that existing conditions do not tally with the promises of the Constitution. They find the springs of liberty polluted, the machinery of justice clogged. Moreover, they have become aware of the need of many things that the founders of the Republic did not provide for. And all the alarm and longing born of these discoveries became articulate the other day, when the new political party announced its programme.

The Progressive movement fits easily into a general outline of American history. The War of the Revolution was a fight for political standing-room; the Civil War was a fight for order within our domain; the Progressive movement is a fight for righteousness that shall hallow our heritage of independence and unity. Whoever fails to take sides in such a fight is unworthy of the title of citizen. Whoever is influenced in his choice of a side by selfishness or prejudice or fear ought to forfeit his rights. Whoever, knowing on which side justice is, allies himself with the other, ought to be branded as a traitor.

A great many people who ought to know better have allowed their choice to be confused by the notion that there are several parties to choose from. There are only two parties in this fight: the party that insists on human rights, and the party that is concerned with materialistic quibbles. The latter, to be sure, is split up into two camps, distinguished mainly by the difference between low tariff and high tariff; but, as they are equally bitter in opposing the undivided human-rights party, every loyal citizen who is homesick for the kingdom of God ought to turn his back on both of them.

Complex as are the issues of the present campaign, there has been no lack of authority for the stand taken by the Progressive party

on each and every question involved. An army of statesmen, economists, humanitarians, and men of affairs—each a specialist in his line—have come forward voluntarily to defend every plank of the Progressive platform. If the revered head of a great university expressed an unfavorable opinion of the Progressive leader, a champion was ready at his elbow, one of his own colleagues, to disprove the validity of his criticisms. All over the country men who had stood aloof in previous campaigns—scholars who had been preoccupied with their researches, and happy-go-lucky citizens who thought the country could take care of itself—have surprised their neighbors by taking an active part in the present campaign. A cry has gone out that the State is sick of neglect, and the people, stirred to their hearts, are flocking to her assistance.

Here is the difference between this and other campaigns: that the issues of to-day do not turn exclusively on political theories, with which the layman feels incompetent to deal. Plain questions have been put to the people this time, questions that the plain citizen is competent to answer just because he is a plain citizen. Are you content to be ruled by political bosses, or will you rule yourselves? they are asked. Shall we run this Government for the benefit of the few, or for the benefit of the many? Shall we live for to-day only, or shall we provide for to-morrow's happiness? Have we the courage to put upon our statute-books laws that shall protect all our natural resources, from the forest on the mountain-side to the child in the city street? Have we the sense to put into power men who will do our will in these matters? Democracy or oligarchy, homes or slums, schools or jails—which shall we have?

Any man who has wisdom enough to prefer universal justice to private comfort, and education enough to read and mark a ballot, is competent to answer these questions. The people are answering them by rallying around the Progressive standard. Seeing this impetuous movement, the cautious ones have tried to check it by intimidating questions: "Do you really understand how initiative and referendum will work out? Do you know just how the cost of living is affected by the tariff?" And if the rank and file of voters are unable to give an academic answer to these questions, the cautious citizen declares that they are not competent to vote on the issues of the campaign. He feels safer, does Mr. Dare-Nothing, to vote under the familiar emblem of one of the two parties that have been taking turns in ignoring the problems that have arisen since the primary questions of liberty and equality were thrashed out in this country. I want to ask my cautious neighbor if he believes that every farmer's son who shouldered a flint-lock in '76 was an expert in political philosophy. Perhaps Mr. Dare-Nothing's great-grandfather asked the farmer's boy, "How do you *know* that all men are born free and equal?" Perhaps he added, out of the fullness of his timidity, "How do you reckon your homestead's going to be safe without no king's soldiers patrolling the country?" And what did the farmer do in the face of such posers? He went and oiled his musket against the coming of the Redcoats.

No! let nobody dare to tell you, Mr. Voter, that you are not fitted to pass on the plain questions of the day because you do not hold a college diploma, or have not completed a course on Wall Street, or have no back-door intimacy with the political patron of your ward. If the common man of '76 was competent to decide the novel question whether the people should be their own rulers, the common man of 1912, who has had a hundred times as much schooling and training and political experience, is quite competent to decide whether the theory of democratic government shall be carried out in practice. Very properly you have listened to the discussions of the wise before making up your mind as to what the country needs and how it is to be obtained. The plain man of '76 did just so. You noticed that estimable authorities disagreed among themselves. You watched to see how they grouped themselves in opposing camps. You attached yourself to that party which attracted the largest number of great-hearted public men and women. These you easily recognized; they are the men and women who have served the people heroically and unselfishly on many occasions that you have in mind. In the camps of the opposition you noticed here and there a fine figure standing out—an honest gentleman, a known patriot, a leader of thought whose opinion you have been accustomed to respect. This puzzled you. "Can it be that the Hon. Mr. So-and-So, that Professor So-and-So, is on the right side, after all?" you asked, for you are a man of conscience, and you hold your vote sacred. And, having listened to all sides

and given heed to every worthy counselor, you threw in your lot with that party which lays more stress on justice than on prosperity, because you in your heart crave for justice.

"What!" cries the cautious one again; "are we to vote from instinct?" From instinct, Mr. Voter! By all means follow your instinct. Instinct is sublimated common sense. Every political speaker you have heard has appealed to your common sense. If you take him at his word, you will be following your instinct. Instinct is the verdict of your ancestors formed in cold blood and issuing through you in the heat of an emergency. If you come of an honest race, you need not be afraid to trust your instinct. After you have taken thought, if your heart inclines decidedly in a certain direction, follow your heart.

I tell my neighbors that I have taken thought on the questions of the day and that my heart inclines decidedly toward the Progressive platform. "Oh, of course!" they smile; "it was to be expected of you. You are a radical." A *radical!* One who goes to the root of every question to be solved! Yes, I am a radical. I want the bosses thrust out as a preliminary to setting up a clean government. I'd rather see the slums torn down than ever so intelligently tinkered. I'm in favor of healthy mothers in place of milk stations. I would eliminate costly consumptive homes by widening city streets and planting trees and insisting on air spaces. My ideal city would supply so many amusement halls and open-air playgrounds and free concerts and single-fare trolley rides that the judge of the children's court and the superintendent of the house of correction would be out of a job. To be sure I am a radical. There isn't a sin or error that I wouldn't pull up by the roots, if I knew how.

To which my cool neighbor replies: "Oh, of course, we all want reforms. If that's being a Progressive, I'm a Progressive too. But you can't improve the country by plunging it into anarchy." Or he may go so far as to say that he believes in the Progressive programme, but—

"Now, I don't want to hurt your feelings, Madame Enthusiast, still, I am obliged to say that I don't like your *leader.*"

My leader, thank God! does not depend on my feeble logic for defense. Not a single slur has been cast on him that some unprejudiced judge, equipped with unassailable proofs, has not shown to be unmerited. In the chorus of his defenders I can pick out the voices of the men and women whom I admire most among all my contemporaries. Nay, more; when I push away the newspaper, and shut myself into my study, where the discussions of the street corner cannot penetrate, there come to me the voices of the great dead, iterating that my leader and his cause are just.

> Self-trust is the essence of heroism. It is the state of the soul at war, and its ultimate objects are the last defiance of falsehood and wrong and the power to bear all that can be inflicted by evil agents. It speaks the truth and it is just scornful . . . of petty calculations and scornful of being scorned. It persists; it is of an undaunted boldness and of a fortitude not to be wearied out. . . . That false prudence which dotes on health and wealth is the butt and merriment of heroism.

Who but a man like the Progressive leader was in Emerson's mind when he wrote those words?

> That false prudence which dotes on health and wealth is the butt and merriment of heroism.

Now I know what it was that stirred the great heart of America when Theodore Roosevelt, with the assassin's bullet buried in his side, told the people in Milwaukee that he was "ahead of the game, anyhow." It was the essence of heroism in his conduct.

But I am almost sorry I referred to that incident. I don't ask anybody to vote for Roosevelt because he came near dying like Abraham Lincoln. The better reason for electing him is that he has labored for humanity like Lincoln.

There are men of generous nature who cannot withhold their admiration from Roosevelt the man, who yet mistrust Roosevelt the statesman. He disturbs them in their political inertia. They take it that the Constitution has provided everything we can ever need politically, and they will not hear of altering it to suit new conditions. Hear what Edward Everett Hale has to say to them:

> It is no fault of the makers of the Constitution that they did not state in advance all the details of duty which would demand our attention a century after their time.

If we are not going to take our great teachers and philosophers at their word, and apply their ideas to actual life, we might as well set fire immediately to all the libraries where their golden sayings are stored. The following words from Emerson's noble appeal to "The

Young American" seem to me to have a personal message to every voter who stands undecided in this the eleventh hour of the campaign:

> I call upon you, young men, to obey your heart and be the nobility of this land. In every age of the world there has been a leading nation, . . . whose eminent citizens were willing to stand for the interests of general justice and humanity, at the risk of being called, by the men of the moment, chimerical and fantastic. Which should be that nation but these States?

I am not a suffragist, but I wish I had a vote just this once. I am very jealous for the reputation of these States. I want America to be the leading nation of this age in respect to justice and humanity. All I have of reason and instinct tells me that the first step towards putting this country in advance of other nations is to send a Progressive President to the White House. That is why I wish I had a vote. I'd like to put my mark under the Bull Moose emblem.

Enthusiasm is not argument, I know; but the measures that argument decides on enthusiasm has to carry out. The Progressive party is strong in both.

Reduced to the simplest terms, the Progressive movement is an attempt to record in our state papers the progress of humanity since the founding of the American Republic. Now the greatest achievements of this interval have been in the accumulation of scientific knowledge. But all this knowledge is useless until it is applied to daily life, both public and private. It is the intention of the Progressive party that our legislators shall be the clerks of the wise men of our time. If the scientists find that heredity and environment are equal factors in shaping a man, then the legislatures shall pass such laws as will insure to every future American the best possible birth and the finest possible nurture. If it is the opinion of experts that deforestation destroys the soil, and so impoverishes the Nation, then not a stick of timber shall be cut without State supervision. The inspiration of the legislatures shall be the laboratory, and not the counting-room. The man of wisdom shall not be elbowed out of the law courts by the man of means. The law of the land, in every instance, shall be the law of nature, in so far as we have ascertained it.

This is the Progressive programme in part. Is there any one who objects to utilizing the brains of the Nation for the happiness of all the people?

The Republican and Democratic leaders also talk of reforms, but what half-hearted measures they propose! They are not radicals, no; they don't dare to go to the root of the evils to be treated. And what reason have we to hope that even the little they promise will be carried out by either of them if put in office? Governor Wilson is undoubtedly as true a patriot as the present generation can boast, but what can he do against the Democratic machine? He has been accurately described as "a kid glove on Tammany's paw." And Mr. Taft, to refrain from coining a new epigram, is the mate of that glove on the paw of the Republican mascot.

For my faith in Roosevelt I have cited enough authority, I hope. Or, if the testimony of Emerson and Dr. Hale, our predecessors, and Jacob Riis and Oscar Straus and Heber Newton, our contemporaries, is not sufficient to identify Theodore Roosevelt as the leader of leaders, there is still one more sponsor to be called. There is Jane Addams, of Hull House. If Jane Addams says that Roosevelt stands for righteousness, I know that he stands for righteousness. The woman who has succeeded in injecting a little righteousness into the municipal veins of Chicago ought to know a righteous man on sight. The woman who has stood like a rock in opposition to determined politicians, who has fought prejudice and treachery and organized enmity, ought to know how to take the moral measure of a man.

Turn to the other candidates, and we see Wilson supported by Charles Murphy, and Taft supported by William Barnes. Now it may be that Mr. Murphy is a better authority than Jane Addams on such a matter as the tariff—he surely appreciates a wide-open town; and Mr. Barnes may be more familiar than Miss Addams with questions of currency—he has handled more than his share of it in his time; but there is considerable evidence that, of the three, Jane Addams has been most intimate with the Ten Commandments. For this reason, if for no other, I would beg every voter who is still in doubt to let Jane Addams's candidate have the benefit of the doubt.

Turning once more from the personnel of the Progressive party to its platform, one is struck by the definiteness with which it treats every subject touched upon. I note, for example, that there is definite provision for

dealing with the problem of immigration. Recently my fellow-citizens all over the country have paid me the compliment of listening to what I had to say concerning America as I found it, when I came here an alien, eighteen years ago. If in these exciting days they can recall what my story was about, they will admit that I am not unqualified to form an opinion on the immigrant problem. I am very sure that it is a bigger problem than most people think, that it affects not only the seaport towns, but every part of the country. Even if the restrictionists should have their way, there will still be thousands upon thousands of aliens pouring in from Europe every year. What effect they will have upon the country will depend largely on the attitude of the Government towards them. If they have hitherto herded in the slums, it is because the Government has allowed them to do so. The immigrant stops in New York because he has not been directed to go anywhere else. That he responds to direction has been recently demonstrated by private philanthropic agencies which have taken the matter in hand. But the United States Government ought not to leave to chance charities a matter of such importance. It is possible to send the immigrant where additional population would be welcome. It is possible to spare him some of the sufferings of transition that undermine his mental and moral strength, and so lessen his value as a citizen. It is possible to hasten his assimilation, for his own and for the country's good. The restrictionists could afford to hold their peace while the Government tries out a logical method of dealing with the immigrant. It is hardly fair to call immigration a burden before a consistent National effort has been made to turn it into a resource. I call the attention of all naturalized citizens to the fact that the Progressive party is the only one that has any idea of what is due to the immigrant.

My closing word is to the pessimists, the grumblers, of whatever political persuasion. They are fond of dwelling on the mistakes we have made in our political and social life. They do not realize that most of the mistakes are experiments that have failed, and that need not be repeated again. What nation in the world's history has ever tried so many and such vast experiments in so short a time as America? Self-government, separation of Church and State, transcontinental jurisdiction, universal education, amalgamation of races—these are a few of our experiments. Does not the world owe us something for daring so much? And our principal experiment, at least, has not failed. We have realized the dream of the rule of the people. We have proved that for every tyrant democracy has a sword.

Here we are in the year 1912, the 123d year of the Republic, beset with sins that we abhor, grafted on the body politic by the selfishness of a handful of unscrupulous citizens. Are we, then, discouraged? Not in the least. We know that the machinery for National right-doing exists; we have only to set it in motion. We recognized the first whir of the mighty wheels when Jane Addams rose to second the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt at Chicago.

YOUTH IN AMERICA

BY TERTIUS VAN DYKE

I ask no easy living,
With tithe of love and gold.
This brave world owes me nothing,
Nor shall when life grows cold.

Let some adventure take me
In this forward-looking land,
For my heart is fain of the battle strain,
And the sword leaps in my hand.

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE OR THE SALOON

BY EDWARD J. WARD

IF you go to what was Schlitz Beer Garden on Vliet Street in Milwaukee and enter the old beer hall, go up to the bar, and ask for something, you will get a book from the branch public library.

Schlitz Beer Garden is not the only one which has been transformed into a leisure place where entertainment may be had without payment of a wet tax.

What is the explanation? It is not that Milwaukee has *gone* Prohibition; it is simply that music—good music—began to be provided in the public parks. Mr. Schwartz and his family used to go of a summer evening to the beer garden because they wanted to hear the music and they wanted to sit about where they could visit with their neighbors. They wanted the music and the social opportunity so much that they were willing to pay thirty, fifty, eighty cents a family in the purchase of beer to get the music and the sociability.

When the opportunity was established to have the music and the neighborhood gatherings without the necessary expenditure of the thirty, fifty, eighty cents, the Schlitz Beer Garden property became unprofitable and for sale cheap.

To say that the saloon problem can be as easily and speedily solved by the equipment and opening of the public school-house in each district, and its use as a common center of neighborhood gathering for free discussion, for wholesome recreation, for music and entertainment in the evening, is true, provided there can be secured in the service of each community a man who will create in the school-house the same atmosphere of comradely and, for the weaker ones of the community, fatherly welcome which is the secret of the successful saloon's success.

When Colonel Roosevelt, at the Progressive Party National Convention, was interrupted by a voice from the gallery asking, "How do you stand on the liquor question?" his answer was, "My friend, you should go to school." Whether Colonel Roosevelt intended merely to shut off an interruption or not, the fact is that in these words (taking the term *school* constructively, as including the possible wider uses of the building) was suggested the solution of the liquor problem in this country.

One evening, in the city of Rochester, at a meeting of the Neighborhood Civic Club—*i. e.*, the deliberative organization of the voters of the district—at the West High School Social Center, William Schalber, the Chairman of the Prohibition County Committee, introduced a resolution that the body invite Clinton Howard, a prominent prohibition advocate, who happened to be in the city, to speak on "The Evils of the Saloon" at its next meeting. An amendment was offered that Mr. Joseph Reuter, the President of the Rochester Turnverein, be invited to appear on the same evening to defend the saloon from the attack of Mr. Howard. The motion, as amended, carried. The two men were invited, and both accepted the invitation.

The large audience at the meeting the following week was made up of a small group of ardent Prohibitionists, a small group of equally ardent saloon advocates, and a large majority of citizens who had not taken sides on the question, but came with minds unbiased.

Mr. Howard opened with a bitter attack and catalogue of evils, political, moral, physical, which he attributed to the presence of the saloon in American life. Mr. Reuter followed with an address in which he admitted many of the abuses which Mr. Howard had mentioned, but in which he pointed out in a manner convincing in its sincerity that the saloon now stands as the one institution in which the man of small means may find the indispensable comradeship which the wealthy man finds in his club; and he said that, while society can ill afford the losses which come through drunkenness, society cannot at all afford to get along without the social opportunities to the coming man which the saloon now alone supplies.

In the discussion which followed these two addresses a tendency thrust itself forward which may be expected always to be shown by such neighborhood gatherings of citizens, since they include a minority of people whose minds are already made up and a majority who are without prejudice either way. This was the constructive, what-are-we-going-to-do-about-it attitude; and upon the demonstration with which these men were familiar of the possible attractiveness of the School-House Social Center was based the conclusion of this

discussion, *in which both Mr. Howard and Mr. Reuter agreed*, that the practical answer lay in making of the convenient common school-house a place in which men might find the freedom, the *bon camaraderie*, the democracy, of the saloon.

Finley Peter Dunne makes his typically human saloon-keeper, Martin Dooley, say of the project to make the school-house the social center wherein " us proletaries " gather and form " nuclei :" " It's goin' to be bad f'r me bizness, . . . but I'm willin' to make a sacrifice. I'll go mesilf."

This attitude is being shown by more than one big-souled Mr. Dooley in real life.

In one of the cities of Minnesota a public school principal was working to secure for the school-house a motion-picture machine as a part of its equipment for use as a social center. One day he met on the street the keeper of a neighboring saloon, who stopped him with the question, " What are you trying to do ?"

" I'm trying to get the people in this neighborhood to spend their evenings in the school-house," answered the principal.

" Do you know what that will do to my business ?" asked the saloon-keeper.

The principal was a Yankee, and he answered with the question, " What are *you* going to do about it ?"

The saloon-keeper put his hand into his pocket, drew out a five-dollar note, and, handing it to the school principal, said : " That's all I can do about it now, but if you do not get enough to buy the machine, let me know. I'm against the prohibition idea and always will be, but I'm for the thing that will make a good place for fellows, especially young fellows, to be evenings, even if it puts me out of business."

The fact is that one of the big supporters of the Social Center Association of America, whose aim is the promotion of the larger uses of the public school-houses as a common center of democracy and wholesome recreation, is a man whose income was derived from the manufacture of whisky. He opposes the negative, he welcomes the constructive, solution of this problem.

My own way to the Social Center idea was by the acquaintance of a workingman who, when I asked him to help in the effort to close the saloons in the town in one of whose churches I was serving, gave back the challenge: " Provide a place where the fellows will be just as free as they are in the saloons, without the headache, and I'm with you. I don't like the booze, but take away the sociability, the man-to-man frankness, the practice of the brotherhood that the church is talking about, which the saloon supplies, leave nothing in its place, and the town will quit being human."

The old name of the saloon was the " public house." The saloon as it is to-day is not a public house ; it is a private house, run for private profit with a financial premium upon its intemperate use. The opening of the public school-house, first as a civic headquarters, a common place where the citizens of the district gather, not only to vote upon public questions but to discuss them, the establishment upon this democratic foundation of a neighborhood club with such recreational and loafing equipment as the citizens themselves may desire, with a community-hired man of catholic interest and from-behind leadership on the job—all this will give each district a real public house. And with the opening of this center of more real democracy and truer freedom than a private place can ever offer, indoor saloon properties will be on the market " for sale cheap," as were the outdoor saloon properties (the beer gardens) in Milwaukee.

Moreover, if some of us patronize the saloon, not primarily to find fellowship, but to dull the hurts and relieve the fatigues of bad economic conditions, the use of the school house as " the Senate Chamber of the people " provides ready means by which in working out the economic problem we may use our heads instead of " lose " our heads.

THY BLOW

BY MYRTA LOCKETT AVARY

Thou smotest a weak thing and laid it low ;
It could not rise and smite thee back. And so,
Thou thinkest thou shalt go unsmitten ? Know,
The Force Invincible received thy blow !

DOES IT PAY?

ONE WOMAN'S HOME-MAKING EXPERIENCE

AS a rule, the home-making woman does not wish work or care. Her whole attitude toward life is different from her husband's. He looks on work and difficulties as *his* opportunity to show what is in him, while his wife looks on work and troubles as so many stumbling-blocks in her career of personal freedom and socia activities.

A man loses his trusted bookkeeper or finds some of the office machinery not running smoothly, and at once he is on his mettle to meet the trouble. A woman loses her nurse or cook, and she is immediately bewailing the servant problem. Yet managing the home is woman's business, as bread winning is the man's.

One of the greatest fallacies of the present day is the slogan of the suffragist, "Woman's work has been taken out of the home; it doesn't pay to do things at home."

When I look back over my housekeeping books of the past twelve years, I am appalled at the increased cost of living, and it is largely on the labor side.

IN 1900 I WAS PAYING

Cook, per month	$20.00
Waitress, per month	18.00
Laundress, per day	1.25
Seamstress, per day	1.25
Outside laundry, per dozen	.75
Shirt-waists, each	.15–.20
Children's dresses, each	.25–.50

IN 1912 I AM PAYING

Cook, per month	$30.00
Waitress, per month	25.00
Laundress, per day	1.50
Seamstress, per day	$1.50–2.00
Outside laundry, per dozen	1.00
Shirt-waists, each	.25–.35
Children's dresses, from	.50 up

In 1900 two maids did all the work of a fair-sized house. Laundry work was all done by the two maids, except a few starched pieces averaging five dollars per month. The extra work caused by company was well and cheerfully done. We gave small lunches and dinners, with everything cooked and served by our two maids. In the spring and autumn the house-cleaning was done by them, with the help of a man for heavy work.

In 1912 we are living in an apartment with one less in family. In addition to the increased wages of $17 per month (which twelve years ago would have paid an extra maid) we sent out $10 worth of laundry each month. This was an increase of $22 per month in our labor or service department.

When we give a lunch or dinner now, some part of it must usually be bought—either ice-cream or cake, or whatever happens to be cook's weak point. An extra maid, at $2 per lunch or $3 per dinner, must come in to assist the waitress. With the semi-annual cleaning, besides the man for heavy work, we must also engage a woman to come in for those things which the maids declare to be "not their work."

Now this is an average two-maid household. Some women get more work out of maids, others less, but I think all housekeepers will agree that this is a fair statement. The same proportion of *increased* wages—with *less* work—applies equally to the one, four, or eight maid ménage.

Then, too, the complications of modern life and the "doesn't pay" attitude have led us to stop doing many things which a few years ago saved us money.

Ten to twenty years ago each household had its tool-chest and glue-pot. Some one in the family liked tools, and many a broken piece was mended or upholstered seat recovered, while now madam goes to the telephone and calls in carpenter or upholsterer, and another bill is added to the monthly pile. A housekeeper can have the painter mix her a bottle of equal parts of raw linseed oil and turpentine. She can hire a handy man at thirty-five cents an hour and, personally directing his work but without soiling her fair hands, in a few hours will have her furniture shining like new. For this work a professional polisher charges $5 a day and loiters over his job. A friend of mine last fall paid $40 to have her mahogany polished. And still you women say it "doesn't pay."

In the good old times many a bit of fine laundering was done by madam's own hands. To wash fine lace or a dainty embroidered bit was a fine art, and one not despised. Now, even where a laundress is kept, how many things must go to the cleaner's! Cur-

tains? Oh, no; Hilda "never does curtains." And those fine centerpieces and lace frills? Oh, no; she is "not a French cleaner." As madam and her daughters could not even launder a pocket-handkerchief, they cannot, of course, be expected to lend a hand, and so the monthly bill at the cleaner's adds many more dollars to the rapidly growing pile.

Then the preserving. In small quantities it is undoubtedly as cheap to buy. But if one uses much of this class of food and deducts the first year's cost of glasses and jars, she will find, on calculating cost of materials, that doing it at home does pay.

On soups, bread, cake, and desserts I have also made careful calculations, and find that they are better and more cheaply made at home. For instance, for a household of six we average a barrel of flour in three months. This covers all our bread, muffins, and biscuits. A barrel of flour costs $7.50, or $2.50 per month; add to this a little extra for yeast and baking-powder, and we find an average cost of $3.25 per month. In buying bread from the bakery we use at least one ten-cent loaf per day, or $3 per month, and extra rolls and muffins double this expense, making $6 per month, and sometimes more.

Cake I find much more expensive to buy, and soups also. Ice-cream which we pay 75 cents per quart for I find costs me between 40 and 50 cents to make. Yet women keep on telling us it "doesn't pay." One cook tells me, "My last lady bought all her cake at the Exchange; she said it didn't *pay* to make it," or, "My last lady said it didn't *pay* to bother with freezing ice-cream, it *only* costs seventy-five cents to buy."

And yet the 25 cents on each quart of ice-cream, the doubled bakery bill, the filling out our menu with canned soups, bought preserves, and Exchange cake is what makes the cost of living go higher. To say nothing of the carpenter sauntering (I use the word advisedly) in to do some odd job which takes him one hour of actual time—but, when the bill comes in, they have counted the time he ran in to see what was to be done and the time consumed in his leisurely walk back to the shop for his tools, and we are charged for half a day, four hours at 65 cents an hour, or $2.60 for our "small job."

Oh, you young housekeepers and you young men about to marry, beware of the leakages! It is the countless *small* items which make housekeeping expensive.

And now I want to speak of this "doesn't pay" attitude in regard to sewing. I know I shall not be popular with many of my sex. If a woman can afford to spend a fair amount on clothes, I most certainly do not advise her to have home-made dresses. Personally I prefer, and think it actual economy, to get a few well-made clothes at a good dressmaker's than to have many home-made ones. It is more of the mending, repairing, and fine sewing of which I wish to speak.

A few years ago a gentlewoman preferred to wear fine, well-mended lace, linen, and stockings rather than cheap things. But now one hears well-reared young girls say, "Oh! I buy cheap stockings and throw them away when the holes come; it doesn't *pay* to mend nowadays," or, "Make shirt-waists at home? No, it doesn't *pay*. I can buy a pretty lace-trimmed waist for three dollars. Now you know I could not make it at home for that." No; it could not be made at home for that price; it would cost:

Seamstress, 1 day	$2.00
2 yards Persian lawn	.70
Lace, 6 yards at 20 cents	1.20
Making a total of	$3.90

But it would last twice as long as the bought waist.

A crepon waist, however, which costs $10 to buy I have reproduced at home for $7:

Seamstress, 1½ days	$3.00
2 yards Japanese crepon	2.00
Irish lace	2.00
Total	$7.00

In this case the waist was not only better made, but actually cheaper.

One of the most pathetic things to me in a working-girl's budget published last year was the item of twelve waists at a total cost of twenty-four dollars for one year—probably all tawdry, and all worn out at the end of the year. Allowing that she had no time for making, but understood the care and mending of a good waist, would not six tailor waists at $3.50 each, or a total of $21 for the year, have been a better investment? Nowhere is this false idea of its not paying to sew or mend doing more harm than among our working-girls. Who buys the $1.98 shirt-waist, all lace and embroidery, which tears out in a few washings? Why, the salesgirl, factory girl, and household maid. The very ones who should get the best value for their money are the ones who are caught the

hardest by the cheap, ready-to-wear articles.

The same comparison of figures holds good in underwear as in shirt-waists. The plain lingerie can be reproduced at home for the same price as, or a trifle more than, is charged in the shops, but with finer material and better made. The fancy lingerie can be made much more cheaply at home, as here the hand-work is what costs. In all these items I have counted a seamstress's time; but if a woman can do all, or part, of the sewing herself, she actually saves so much money in labor.

To show how the fine art of darning is neglected, I bought at a sale a fine lace-trimmed child's frock. It had a small ragged tear, and the salesgirl said they would either mend it for the original price, $25, or let me have it for $20 if I could get it mended. Ye gods! $5 for a darn! I carried it home, took out my spool of two hundred cotton, and in half an hour my darn was complete, and $5 saved.

I am not trying to insist that women shall spend all their time in sewing or household drudgery. But when I see the strained, anxious faces haunting the bargain-counters, I cannot help wondering whether the same amount of time and thought quietly spent in the sewing-room at home would not show better results.

I also feel that we are going around in a circle in regard to the industrial question. We are told that it "doesn't pay" to do things at home—this creates a demand for factory-made goods—and then we are asked to inspect factories, laundries, and bakeries, and told that we would be horrified if we knew the terrible conditions under which our food and clothing are produced.

If we women can keep homes sweet and attractive for husbands and children, have their food cooked in clean kitchens, their laundry done in light and air, and guarantee that their clothing is not made in sweatshops, does not this pay?

If by our good management we plan our homes so that our husbands do not dread the monthly bills, and so train our daughters that the young men shall not be afraid to marry, will not this pay? H. P. T.

OUR FRIEND THE "EX"

BY JAMES FORBES

DIRECTOR NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE PREVENTION OF MENDICANCY

A SOFT-SPOKEN and well-mannered young man, whose card bore a well-known Hungarian name prefixed by the title Baron, came into my office the other day in response to an invitation. He had written me, a total stranger, begging me to do something for him in the way of employment. The young man pleased the eyes, and, what was more, seemed capable of many good things. His references showed that, notwithstanding the physical handicap of a slight limp and the disadvantage of noble birth, he had held some important executive positions in New York. Yet he was at the end of his resources, moral and physical, and was willing to offer his services for the barest wage necessary to sustain life. He had lost an estimable and beautiful young woman of his own race to whom he had been engaged, and who, he passionately declared, united in herself all the attributes necessary to a perfect romance. And why? Because, fifteen years before, a boy in a strange land, speaking the language imperfectly, unfamiliar with the customs, high-spirited, generous, and trusting to the point of credulity, he had made a terrible mistake. In a city not far from New York, where he had found humble employment, an evil chance threw in his way a wallet containing some three hundred dollars which a careless and suspicious man had left in the dining-room of the boarding-house at which both lived. He admitted that he was tempted in his poverty by the comparative wealth it contained. While he still counted the bills the suspicious man burst into the room, accompanied by a detective whom he had chanced to meet and in whose company he had discovered his loss. The detective, one of the old, unmoral school, eager to get a case for himself, arrested the boy and by insidious advice restrained him from telling the Court the true circumstances. The unhappy lad was sentenced to two years

in State's prison. Finally released, he did not sink into the mire, but, by the force of energy and courage, won first a private secretaryship, and later one executive position after another, each more valuable than the last.

He became a man of some note in the community, and presently his engagement was announced to a well-born and wealthy girl of his own race. The newspapers eagerly printed portraits of the pair, giving the biography of the baron, so far as they knew, and a sketch of his family history.

That publication was the means of striking the death-blow at the man's hopes for happiness and success. An anonymous miscreant identified the title and portrait as belonging to the boy victim of fifteen years before, eagerly imparted the story to that particular newspaper, and soon the jackals of its editorial department were scurrying about to "connect up" the links for a full-page story that would be a real sensation. They succeeded in securing from the prison keepers identification of the photograph and the name, printing all, and by this devilish act crushing the man at a blow.

As I write, the young man is in the position I have already outlined. There is but one thing in his favor: he still has great courage, faith in the efforts of his friends who can at the best secure for him a humble position, and a determination to "win out."

It is not the purpose of this article to dwell upon the cases of men who have been ruined by prison life, but to tell of the men who have refused to be ruined by it, and of some who have actually been regenerated by the discipline of penal life.

There was a foreign-born youth who was habituated from childhood to labor on the farm. His name was Ludwig. He was clownish, inarticulate, but with strong muscles and great physical endurance. On the very day that Ludwig landed in America he stood gaping wonderingly at the entrance of the ferry-house. He had been directed to go to an employment agency on the other side of the river for a job. While he stood there, a man approached leading a horse, and, putting a piece of silver into the young immigrant's hand, directed him in his own language how to lead the horse on to the ferry-boat and take him ashore on the other side and wait until he should meet him. But just as Ludwig got ashore with his charge he was arrested for horse-stealing, and was railroaded to State's prison for ten years. In prison the lonely, despairing boy found solace in the visits of a good woman who represented a militant religious organization. Presently he expressed himself converted, and, the true facts being made known, through the efforts of his friends a free pardon was issued after the boy had served some five years of his sentence.

The prison had wrought a marvelous change in Ludwig—or possibly it was the religious influence of the woman. In any event, the youth who had entered the dark walls a clown, apparently foreordained to be a hewer of wood and drawer of water only, left that house of suffering a most accomplished carver in wood and ivory. By reason of the underlying stolid endurance of his character he had been able to concentrate upon this developing work, and in the long, silent hours when men of more nervous temperament had gone mad he had put to advantage every minute of spare time, and emerged a master in this particular craft.

The labor union in this special field was found responsive to the human appeal, and Ludwig was admitted to membership and was soon earning a comfortable living as a layer of parquet floors.

Ludwig never lost his grip from the day he left the prison. During the first few years of probationary effort he remained in close touch with those who had been the means of his salvation. In time he married a young woman attached to this same organization, and, after thriftily accumulating a sufficient sum, left the city behind him and is now a prosperous truck farmer with a growing family about him. Owing to the comfortable obscurity of his life, it is not at all likely that his past will ever be raked up.

Ludwig is typical of many upon whom the prison and the world of crime make no real impression.

In Pittsburgh, three years ago, the writer saw a familiar face in the person of a fireman in full uniform who was sitting at the door of a hook and ladder company. The recognition was mutual, though marked by a slight embarrassment on the fireman's part. But comradeship was soon established, and soon Tom Sinclair was telling how he had "squared it," got a job, married, and settled down. Less than three years before, the writer had seen Sinclair in the workshop of a big State penitentiary, where he was about completing a long term for grand larceny.

He had the reputation of being one of the best "dips" and "rock getters" in the country. He was a slave to the "hop," and, like many of his kind, suffered untold miseries when for any reason a "right" guard was unavailable or the girl on the outside failed to make good. One could hardly expect a city fireman to make good in such a trying life unless he were rid of so debasing a habit. But Sinclair stoutly claimed that by will power and prayer he had conquered his attachment for the drug. His appearance bore him out, and I mentally added to the agencies he had mentioned the fact that he was out of the criminal world and no longer consorted with men and women who habitually keyed themselves up by stimulants like opium.

Now it may shock the kid-gloved reformer, but we have to assure him that it was a political boss of the unregenerate type who had given Tom Sinclair his "chance." The boss had been a schoolfellow of the fireman, and, unhampered by civil service regulations, he took it upon himself to put the young fellow who had been "away West" the sort of job that any active, intelligent, and ambitious young man might well covet. Sinclair's fight was the fight against the allurements of "easy living" which men of the pickpocket type so love. It was the fight against the drug habit so common in the Great White Way sphere of life.

Terence McQuaid was the son of an ambitious carpenter who had become an influential police captain. The father's ambition left but little room for personal attention to the boy. But the mother made up for the neglect the boy suffered at the hands of his father. They were now domiciled in a brownstone house with servants and money galore. Unrestrained, the boy drifted from bad to worse in the matter of associates, until the day arrived when all his father's "pull" had to be exerted to save him from State's prison for grand larceny. But long before this the father had driven his "wayward son," as he called him, from the house. But the mother surreptitiously harbored the boy and supplied him with pocket money. Unfortunately for all concerned, the newspapers chronicled the incident of the crime and hinted at the influence of the captain that was used to save him from his deserts. The father, ambitious for preferment in the service, was furious at the implied stain upon his honor, coming at such a time, and harshly destroyed all opportunity for the mother to help her son as in the past. The inevitable happened. The son was arrested again, this time for a ferocious assault upon a man who taunted him with his former crime and his father's "pull." He found himself deserted, and was sent to a reformatory.

This was the best thing, apparently, that had happened to him in his twenty-four years of life. Bright, capable, and likable, he responded cheerfully to the semi-military discipline of the establishment, became a leader in the band, and soon an expert worker at a new industry, instruction in which had been added in the reformatory workshop by a progressive superintendent.

The day Terence left the reformatory he went to a Western city, entered the employ of a great automobile-making concern, and, owing to the skill acquired in prison, soon became one of its most responsible employees. Before leaving he advised his mother that his salvation lay in keeping away from Broadway and its associations, and that she must not expect to see him for five years. Last Christmas he paid a visit to his mother. He is a strong, wholesome, thoroughly regenerated man. When it was suggested to him in a jocular way that he'd better look out for the dangers of Broadway, he replied quietly that the allurements of the Great White Way had passed as entirely from his consciousness as if they had never been there.

Ernst Schultz was the son of a Prussian financier. Every whim of his youth was indulged. The most conspicuous achievement of his early manhood was to steal from a Russian diplomat his mistress, Alma Nordlingden, one of the most beautiful women in Berlin. The dissipations into which Ernst plunged put too severe a strain upon the purse-strings even of a great Prussian banker. Presently we find him and Alma in London, hiding from the Scotland Yard people and holding on to several satchels crammed with bank notes—nearly two million marks—the plunder of the elder Schultz's banking house.

In less than five years—years of wandering upon the face of the earth—the money was dissipated, squandered in a thousand extravagances, and the couple are located in a squalid furnished-room house in the poorest quarter of the city of New York.

Chance friends interested wealthy relatives in Schultz, who gave him another opportunity. A little later he organized a corporation and styled himself "banker." A measure of

material prosperity followed, but reactions came, and once again Ernst was a fugitive from justice—this time an unsuccessful one. He was captured and sent to State's prison in the Southern State where he had located. Many pitiful letters were sent out from the prison walls, but relatives turned a deaf ear. Stay he must. Here again a prison industry was the making of a man who at forty years of age still prided himself on having never done a stroke of manual labor in his life. In a mechanical department of the prison Schultz was put to work. Here he found opportunity for the development of a certain aptitude which he had never known he possessed. He was very clever at mechanics, and soon acquired great skill. Further than this, he took a deep, almost affectionate interest in his work. By it he seemed to be revolutionized morally and mentally.

Once more a free man, he succeeded, after many and disheartening obstacles surmounted, in establishing himself in connection with a machine industry. In such good measure has he "made good" as a high-class mechanician—now running a shop of his own and employing a considerable number of persons—that he is in comparatively easy circumstances. Those who knew Schultz as a young man would find it impossible to recognize in the man of dignified bearing the dashing blade of Berlin's night life. Those who knew him in his former American days when, under the influence of absinthe, he used to grow inspired with mad financial schemes—all completely unmoral—would never recognize in the respectable middle-aged business man the wildcat and dishonest banker.

Among the most difficult of these human problems is the rather finely bred, feminist type of young man who steals to supply himself with good clothing, good eating, and good surroundings. These youths are only too common in our prison population to-day, which means that a very much larger percentage exists outside, since it is the exceptionally unfortunate man who goes to prison. This fellow is largely the victim to the get-rich-quick charged air which is so vicious. The infection seizes him and he succumbs. He is especially pat to fall where he has inherited over-refined and delicate susceptibilities, which render contact with the rougher sides of life something to be avoided at any cost.

But this man is not intrinsically vicious. He requires to be "kicked" into hard work and kept there until his muscles harden and he gets the cigarette poison out of his blood. His regeneration is worth while, although at times more from an economic than from a spiritual standpoint. Here is a case in point.

A young man graduated from a pretentious college, through which he had worked his way. Securing a position in which he was brought into contact with the wealthy, he had little difficulty in applying the secret methods of stealing which his intelligence showed him were easy for one employed in a confidential capacity. His salary was small, his tastes expensive. In fact, his tailor bills alone accounted for all that he earned. By stealings through forgery and the abstraction of cash donations to the educational institution which employed him, he paid his other expenses. He was detected at last, and tearfully pleaded for another chance. This was afforded him, but it proved to be only another chance for him to pit his predatory genius against the good-natured and tolerant board of directors. At last the crash came again, and this young man declared himself deserving of punishment, and suggested that he be put in a correctional institution, as such a course might help him to gain moral strength to fight the impulses which he claimed he had yielded to ever since childhood. "I never entered any employ or established relations with any individual or institution but that I immediately and instinctively gauged the opportunities for secret thieving," were his exact words.

The accommodating board of directors got for him a brief term in the penitentiary. Here he was coddled because of the influences behind him, and he was given a post as warden's secretary. He was visited from time to time by well-meaning sons of wealthy directors, and came to regard himself as a person of considerable consequence. "A very complex case," he used to say. His ego suffered no diminution by this so-called punishment, but it did effectually break the obsession to steal which had held him. And to-day, thanks to the helping hand of wealthy friends, he is earning an honest living as a traveling salesman, though psychologically one feels that his regeneration is more material than spiritual.

The case of a clever young American youth whom I know is typical of the betrayals that ex-prisoners have to contend with—the tendency in debased human nature to drag down to the level of the "gang" any individual who tries to get away from old asso-

ciations. This youth was an expert bookkeeper and cashier for a large commission house in New York. He was married, had two children, and got along very comfortably on the moderate salary he drew. But, being a likable young fellow, he was patronized by buyers, salesmen, and others of expensive and dubious tastes. In time the attraction of a misnamed sporting life got hold of him. He became known in the high-priced restaurants and in the night life along Broadway. To be brief, he wound up by stealing many thousands of dollars from his firm in the three or four years which elapsed before detection. He was sent to prison, whereas in this enlightened age he should have been paroled and compelled to support his family. However, he came out resolved to redeem himself.

He accepted humble employment, and, thanks to the loyalty of his wife, succeeded in re-establishing his home in a modest way. Step by step he won his way back in six years to an important commercial position. But, by an evil chance, a fellow-prisoner with himself learned of his success and began to blackmail him. When, in desperation, the poor fellow refused to be bled further, the blackmailer wrote letters to his employer, who dismissed him. Fortunately for our Nation's conscience, employers of this sort are growing fewer daily.

But for this unfortunate man the whole desperate struggle had to be begun over again. And, while he did not lack courage, it drove him almost to madness to witness the deprivations forced upon his wife and children. It is needless to give the details of his sufferings and struggles here. It is enough to add that courage, loyalty, and perseverance have again triumphed, and, though it took seven years for the second climb, he is to-day holding an important position with a large corporation, and in all human probability his lapse is buried for all time.

The burden of the ex-prisoner is heavy enough, yet the outlook for him grows more hopeful day by day. Awakened social conscience is fast leavening our whole course of criminal procedure. A few enlightened judges, prison directors, police chiefs, and district attorneys have set the pace. More and more the ex-prisoner finds men "on the outside" willing to give him a square deal. He who knows may find friends in most of our large cities to-day. Astonishing instances multiply of the redeeming of men by their own steadfast fortitude and perseverance, and the co-operation of individuals and employers. In banks, railway and steamship offices the ex-prisoner is to be found. Many good people believe, or pretend to believe, that the wicked labor unions are eager to impose upon the released prisoner the intolerable torment of idleness. Nothing could be further from the truth. In machine shop, foundry, and factory generally he is employed in positions of all grades. The attitude of all men of affairs towards the ex-prisoner is changing. Many institutions make a specialty of helping him. But, as a matter of fact, most ex-prisoners who get on to their feet do so by their own efforts, shunning the various prisoners' associations and prisoners' aid societies as resolutely as the self-respecting poor shun the big charitable agencies. There is, however, a large field of effort open in behalf of the exceptional man who, because of some inherent defect, cannot get back into the normal relation to things through his own efforts, yet earnestly desires to abandon crime.

Such a man is handled about as follows: John Doe, released from Auburn, Concord, Rahway, or any other penitentiary, has heard among his fellow-prisoners or from some well-disposed warden or guard that our Association wants to help him. He shambles into our office and makes a shambling request for work. I say shambling, because John Doe feels thoroughly ashamed of the ill-fitting prison suit which he wears. Such a suit always has a certain sinister individuality which simply "screams" of the prison, as though it were a sentient thing, eager to betray the wearer to his downfall. Usually it is a product of corrupt alliance between rascally contractor and thieving politician, and has cost the State the equal of the best broadcloth. The color of this suit is the worst thing about it—a peculiar shade of black with a hideous suggestion of dull green, and it has a woolly sort of finish. I never saw anybody else wearing anything else like it. John Doe knows, too, that the pallor of his face shows recent intimacy with the prison. In spite of himself, he betrays timidity, nervousness, the natural results of the unnatural repression to which he has been subjected. But he wants work. That is the encouraging feature.

The first thing usually is to get rid of the prison suit, not alone because of the intrinsic horror of that article, but because of its

depressing psychological influence on the man. The mere offer of other clothing will often win his confidence. It makes him feel that he has a friend who understands. This must be followed by immediately providing in a decent measure for his necessities. For there is no man in the world so poor as the ex-prisoner. While the canvass of the group of business men—at the best a small one—which will employ such men is going on, John Doe must be taken care of. He must not be turned out upon the street with only a meal ticket and the guarantee of a few nights' lodgings. He must have money in his pocket—not enough to lead him into temptation, but enough to help him get over the terrible feeling of being "different" from other men. Having been provided for in one of the Mills Hotels or in a decent boarding-house, he must, in addition, have money enough for car-fares, laundry, shaving, shine, newspapers, and the little incidentals which crop up and the dealing with which makes him feel like a normal human being. This is especially true of men who have suffered long imprisonment. Throughout the whole preliminary period the feeling of personal interest in and sympathy for Doe must be carefully cultivated. It is not advisable to go deeply into his past. It often happens, however, that, the terrible repression of the prison being removed, such men seek the opportunity to talk freely to those whom they can trust. Often a considerable time passes before employment can be found for John Doe, and there is no getting away from the fact that he must be maintained in spirit as well as in purse during that period.

Eventually we succeed in placing all such men as stick by us in some position, assisted as we are by the merchants, even though such places be humble ones. They prove to be stepping-stones by which Doe definitely establishes a barrier between himself and the prison. With such a position as a reference, the ex-prisoner steps forward into more lucrative and agreeable employment.

The positions secured for prisoners are to a degree a matter of capacity and previous experience. They usually go back to their own calling; even bank clerks who have violated their trust return to the field of finance. In our work we are careful to remove any suggestion of prison flavor. For example, in our reports we do not say that we have placed so many ex-convicts, but that we have placed so many bookkeepers, clerks, salesmen, mechanics, porters, etc. Where it has been necessary for the men to carry union cards, we have found that the union is brotherly and sympathetic—in some cases the officials of the union making themselves personally responsible for the good behavior of the new member. This means a good spirit and sacrifice on behalf of the unions and their members, for always there is a long waiting list of men in good standing and a perfectly understandable prejudice against an increase of membership while such conditions exist. Occasionally our men have been placed in positions in which it would be necessary to provide bonds because of their handling money—not because they are ex-prisoners, but because such positions are bonded in any event. It is creditable to human nature that men and women able to shoulder the financial burdens involved through giving such bonds have not hesitated to do so in these particular cases, and have had no cause to regret their act.

Some of our men drop out from time to time before they are placed. But we try to keep in touch with them, and it usually develops that they have found employment through their own efforts or the efforts of friends or relatives. Sometimes it happens that the impulse to resume criminal activities is too strong to be successfully fought. But the percentage of relapsed men is small.

In order to strengthen the work further by enlarging its social side and appealing still more to the individual man, our Association has opened a branch called "Stepping-Stone House," which in some sides of its work will be zealously devoted to the helping of ex-prisoners. However, it will not be a work for ex-prisoners solely, but will be designed to avoid the taint which fastens, in the prisoner's mind, to all social efforts of the mission, home, shelter, rescue order of things.

Many of our applicants are not men just out of prison, but the "old-timers" getting on in years and unable to keep up the criminal life, even if desirous of doing so. To help such men permanently is a very difficult proposition. Their immediate wants may be supplied, and temporary employment found for them. But, in the end, the truest charity seems to be to get them admission to some home for the aged, where their past is obliterated among the many poor folk there awaiting the end. Quite a number of the more promising men, however, are those who come direct from the prison gates, sometimes with written introductions from wardens who

believe in practical work for prisoners and who are many of them men of good instincts, earnestly desirous of bettering their charges.

On the whole, it is the system more than the men that is at fault in the administration of American prisons. It has been a scandal for years that the low wages paid prison guards and keepers are such that periodically reformers or charlatans, as the case may be, are enabled to make capital out of the illicit trading in supplies from outside the walls by guards among the prisoners. Slowly the trend of things is for the better. In many States the barbaric hair-cropping is now a thing of the past, and the hideous lock-step is fast sharing a similar fate. This fact leaves the prisoner in a much better condition of manhood and reliance with which to face the world when he gets out.

We handle about twenty a week, old-timers and all, and, as I have said, it is encouraging that the younger men eventually can be placed.

Unfortunately, there is no law providing for the helping of ex-prisoners, even when proved innocent and wrongfully punished. One of the most conspicuous and deplorable cases that would be avoided under such a beneficent law, or to a degree atoned for at least, was that of Andrew Roth. Roth was a Slavic workman. He was charged with murder, convicted, and sent up for life. When he had been in prison twenty years, another man confessed the crime and Roth was liberated and cast out upon an apparently unfeeling world. The Legislature of Pennsylvania would have passed an act indemnifying the man, but it was found that such a proceeding would be unconstitutional. Then it was reported that Mr. Carnegie had pensioned Roth. Later it was reported that this was not the case. The unfortunate man, broken by the long prison life, found it impossible to secure employment, and actually went back to the prison office and tearfully implored the warden to receive him again into a servitude which at least guaranteed shelter and food of a kind.

THE ABBÉ'S ROSES

TRANSLATED BY ALLIS JACKSON AND H. TWITCHELL
FROM THE FRENCH OF GUY CHANTEPLEURE

AS the sun was sinking in the west, depicting the glory of God in long lines of gold on meadow and hill, Abbé Cyrille peacefully sprinkled the roses in the garden of the presbytery.

He was a frail, gentle little man, so frail that the outlines of his figure were quite lost in the folds of his cassock, so full of loving kindness that in Fontanettes, his parish, he was venerated as a saint, and one look from him calmed anger and assuaged sorrow.

He loved his humble peasants of Fontanettes; he loved his house and its blooming garden; he loved the church with its delicate tracery—in fact, in his adoration of God he attached himself to the multitude of God's creatures.

On this June evening the fragrance of the flowers, the magnificence of the rays flaming in the west, so filled his soul with exultation and gratitude that, as he drenched the plants with showers of fresh water, he began reverently to murmur, in homage to the Eternal Giver of so many blessings, the beautiful canticle of St. Francis of Assisi:

"Praise the Lord for all things, especially for our brother the Sun, who gives us the light of day. Praise the Lord for our mother the Earth, who sustains and nourishes us, who gives us fruits of many kinds and the many-hued plants and flowers."

At a time long past, when he had no thought of becoming a priest, Jean-Cyrille Morel had passed through a terrible ordeal. Thus it was that, far in advance of winter, the snow had fallen upon his locks. Often he saw himself as he was in the days of his youth, full of hope and confidence. It was then that he went to Paris to seek employment suited to his modest tastes. He had presented himself at the office of the commercial house to which he had been given a letter of recommendation. While waiting alone in the room into which he had been ushered, a young man, presumably an employee, had entered, a pen behind his ear, a bundle of papers in his hand. He had not

noticed the humble solicitor who sat back in the shadows. Ah! when the Curé of Fontanettes thought of this trivial incident he trembled to the very marrow, and a distinct recollection of every phase of the drama that followed surged through his brain.

Then he would quickly thrust away the hideous nightmare. Ought he not to bless the cruel experience as a divine purpose? Had it not led him to the Healer of all wounds, to the one Comforter of earthly sorrows? Unjustly accused, despised of men, he had remembered the first aspirations of an orphan boy reared by priests, and, profoundly attracted towards the joys of the holy priesthood, he had consecrated himself to God.

Now all the revolt that had once filled his heart had forever disappeared. He excepted no man in the prayers he offered up to God, not even that unknown, whose name had remained a mystery to him, that unpunished wrong-doer who had not hesitated to doom him to dishonor. He was happy, asking nothing beyond the gentle pleasures of his calling except a bit of land to till and some roses to cultivate.

The garden gate opened, giving entrance to a miserably clad peasant, who stopped, his eyes full of entreaty, a few feet away. Immediately the Abbé set down his sprinkling-pot.

"Ah, it is you, my poor Charbonneau," he said, kindly. "Yes, Pauline has told me everything. I went to the château this morning, my friend, but Monsieur Minoussier was not at home. I shall go again."

A silence followed. Charbonneau fumbled his hat with his calloused hand, scuffing the gravel underfoot. The Abbé continued, with extreme kindliness:

"But why will you poach on the property of Monsieur Minoussier? It's a bad business, the seriousness of which you don't seem to understand. It's only one way of stealing."

Charbonneau's head dropped still lower as he tried to explain:

"I don't intend to steal, Monsieur Curé. I wouldn't go after the Mayor's game if I only had a little more money or a little work."

Then, changing his mood, he shook his fist towards heaven.

"Curses on the luck!" he exclaimed, defiantly. "Why did Pauline sew my name in my cap? That's what told on me. I have good legs; no one could have laid hands on me. But just as I was getting away a branch caught my cap, and that gave them the best of proofs against me. That stupid Pauline!"

"She thought she was doing the right thing, my friend," replied Abbé Cyrille in a paternal tone, "and she is an excellent wife; you know that very well."

Charbonneau's manner softened. "Yes, she's a good wife, and takes good care of her children. And it's all wrong, I know; but, you see, if I didn't love them all so much I wouldn't be drawn into trouble so easily. I tried to say as much to the Mayor, but he has no ears for poor people."

"Did you show him a real repentance and promise that you would not do it again?"

"Bah! promises don't count with such as he is. I said to him, 'Monsieur Mayor, I am a good man at heart, and, if you will let me off, I will never again poach on your property.' Then he began to laugh with that silent, sneering laugh of his that gives you gooseflesh. He said: 'Père Charbonneau, you are wasting your breath; I detest whining. I have no grudge against you for poaching in my woods; you take your property where you can find it. As for me, I defend mine, and, as I have caught you this time, I intend to profit by it. You may or may not be a good man; I won't dispute that. Success doesn't come necessarily to the good, who are often stupid, but to the clever, who are often rogues. If I were your friend and were giving you good advice, I shouldn't say, "Don't poach any more, it's wrong," but rather, "Don't lose your cap, it's careless." And with that, let's have done!'"

Instinctively the good priest had clasped his hands as he listened to Charbonneau's story without interrupting.

"Then, Monsieur Curé, I saw there was nothing more for me to do, and I thought, if there is any one who can do anything with this tiger—not on my account; no, indeed, but because of the good wife and the little ones—it is Monsieur Curé. Beast that he is towards the poor, he esteems you, and it's well for him that he does. It's just this respect that lets us still think that he might have a soul, like the rest of us."

A smile flitted over the lips of the listener. He had had only business relations with the Mayor of Fontanettes; but it had been impossible for him not to be struck by the deference always shown him by that functionary, who frankly detested priests.

Indeed, on one occasion, on taking leave

of him, the Mayor had extended his hand and had said in a brusque yet cordial tone:

"Monsieur, I know very well that saints do not exist; but every one tells me you are as good as a saint, and I believe you to be quite capable of inventing them. And, as I am quite sure that you take an interest in my affairs up above, permit me to take an interest in yours here below to the extent of granting any favor you may ask of me."

Touched by the remark, the Abbé had replied: "I thank you for your consideration, Monsieur Mayor. You are right about my taking an interest in the affairs of your soul. I pray for you every morning and night."

The memory of this little incident came to the Abbé's mind now. Amicably patting the peasant on the shoulder, he said:

"Certainly, my boy, the Mayor has a soul, just as you and I have. Rest assured that God does not forget it, any more than he authorizes us to forget it. And who can know his designs upon this soul whose existence you are so willing to deny? St. Paul was only a Pharisee at first. In the meantime, my good fellow, I am going to use, for the first time and to the best of my ability, the influence that you fancy I possess with Monsieur Minoussier. Sleep soundly, and don't scold Pauline. Ask her, on the contrary, to sew your name in your new cap. That will teach you to lose it where it might be found without any harm. Somewhere I have read a saying like this: 'If you don't want any one to know it, don't do it.' How true that is! Even though men do not see us, my son, God sees us—and that is much more serious."

Charbonneau now took his leave, and as his footsteps died away on the highway Abbé Cyrille again took up his sprinkling-can; but it was decreed that the roses of the parsonage were not to be permitted to drink in peace this beautiful evening. A dull rumbling was heard, and soon a carriage drew up before the little gate. It was the victoria of M. Leon Minoussier, Mayor of Fontanettes. A man already gray, but still robust, tall, proud, correct, even elegant, alighted and respectfully bared his head on entering the garden.

"Good-evening, Monsieur Curé," he said, extending his hand with a smile. "They told me you climbed up to the château this morning, and, as your visit permits me to hope that I may be able to render you a service, I have hastened down to save you the fatigue of a second trip."

Quite overjoyed on Charbonneau's account at this good humor and friendliness, the Curé led the way into his study. This was a small room, scantily furnished. A large ivory crucifix on the wall seemed to protect the narrow cot, and here and there flowers bloomed in earthen jars, giving quite a festive air to the dark, wainscoted walls.

When the Mayor was comfortably settled in the only armchair, the Abbé hastened bravely to the attack.

"Monsieur, I am the more grateful for your kindness in that I have a great favor to ask of you. I have just seen Charbonneau, who has deeply offended you, and who—"

In a flash the Mayor's face clouded. With a brusque gesture he cut short the phrase just begun.

"Do not finish, I beg of you," he exclaimed. "I came here with the sincere desire to please you, Monsieur Curé. But even if that man up there himself," pointing irreverently to the crucifix in the alcove, "were to come to life and make the request that is in your mind, my answer would not vary by a single word. Charbonneau has been robbing me long enough. I have repeatedly warned him to look out for himself. Now I have caught him in the very act; so much the worse for him!"

Disconcerted and wounded to the depths of his being by the scornful term applied to his beloved Saviour, Abbé Cyrille nevertheless restrained himself, and replied, very gently:

"I know quite as well as you, Monsieur Mayor, that Charbonneau is guilty. I have rebuked him for his deeds, and he has promised me that he will respect your property in the future. And then, consider that he is poor, more tempted perhaps than another, and that he has a wife and two children—"

At these words the Mayor laughed with that silent mirth that had so repelled Charbonneau.

"Come, Monsieur Curé," he said, "that song doesn't sound well in your mouth. How well I know it! 'The wife and children!' Unless it's a blind mother, a feeble father, and all the rest of it! No. I am too old a rabbit; I can't be caught that way."

As the Curé, completely discomfited this time, remained silent, Minoussier settled himself still more comfortably, and continued, with a courtesy wherein was perceptible a touch of chill irony:

"Disinterested as you are in worldly matters, Monsieur, you cannot have failed to

hear of a man named Charles Darwin, and of a book entitled 'The Origin of Species.' I do not flatter myself on being a scholar, still less a philosopher, and I will confess that of all the balderdash of the English physiologist I have retained but one formula; but that one, applied to the needs of practical life, is worth a fortune. It is, 'Kill me or I will exterminate you,' or words to that effect. That is my motto. Teach it to Charbonneau, who will perhaps profit by it. As for me, you see that, so far at least, no one has killed me."

This cynicism caused the poor Curé not only deep pain, but also a sort of embarrassment, and, as a little while before at the words of Charbonneau, his thin white hands clasped in silent prayer.

"Ah, Monsieur Mayor," he cried, "do not pride yourself on accepting a principle so cruel, so utterly inhuman! I could wager that you are better than you yourself believe —and—"

"You would be wrong," replied the Mayor with the same calm politeness and veiled sarcasm. "For, if in this matter of Charbonneau I am acting only within my province, it might be possible that I would apply my Darwinian theory to more debatable cases. Now," he continued, drawing his chair still closer to the table upon which Abbé Cyrille was leaning, "do not ask me why, but you have always inspired me with the greatest confidence—a confidence so great that if you were to say to me, an unbeliever, as you know, 'I give you my word that God exists,' I should almost be tempted to believe you. But we will leave that. What I want to say is that I desire to give you a proof of my respect by making to you, not a confession, for that would imply the idea of a repentance which I do not feel, but a confidence which will enlighten you as to my position."

The Curé shook his head with an air of dissent.

"Really, Monsieur," he replied, with lack of interest, "all this talk seems idle, and I do not see—"

"I shall be brief," interrupted the Mayor in his peremptory tone. Then, drawing his chair still farther forward, he began his story.

"When I was a very young man, I worked for a small salary in a commission house. I was so poor that when I decided to try my luck in Paris I was obliged to leave my wife and two children with my mother-in-law at her home in the country until better times should permit me to take them with me. Work had no terrors for me. I felt myself quite capable of making a fortune. It would be only a matter of time.

"One day—it would take too long to explain the circumstances—I found myself in a position where I simply had to have a small sum of money at any price. I was desperate, and fate came to tempt me. On entering an office where my business seldom called me I found myself alone presumably, and in an open drawer lay the exact sum I needed. Without hesitating a moment, I took the money."

Here the Mayor paused, almost suffocated, in spite of himself, at the memory of his theft. He did not notice that the Curé had grown very pale and was staring at him searchingly.

"I said that I believed myself to be alone," he resumed, collecting himself. "That was not quite true. "Hidden in the shadow of a curtain—it was late in the afternoon—there was a person, a solicitor doubtless, who was awaiting my employer, and he must have seen me. He did not make his presence known, however, so apparently no one had seen me enter or leave the place.

"At the close of the day's business they searched in vain for the missing money. I was not suspected for a moment. The unknown person, whose pallor and agitation had been noticed by the director, was held responsible for the theft. He had no proof of his innocence, but I think he must have defended himself very clumsily. At any rate, if the director had not been a man who dreaded any scandal that might work injury to his business, the poor fellow would have had to go to prison. As it was, he was made to feel all the contempt his act inspired, and was warned to leave Paris. I was saved.

"Twenty-five years have passed since then, and I give you my word that in all that time I have never committed an act for which I could blush. I am now rich, and long ago I returned to the bank anonymously the amount I took. I am universally respected, if not beloved. I am Mayor, and I hope to be chosen Deputy at the next election. Where would I be to-day if the man who was accused in my stead, and whom I refrained from justifying, had had the slightest advantage over me? Fate did not give him the chance to ruin me, and I ruined him. I never knew what became of the poor unfortunate," concluded the Mayor.

As he talked he had not noticed the varied expressions that flitted over the face of his

listener. Looking closely now, he was struck by the look of majesty and peace on the priest's countenance. For a moment he felt a sort of remorse for having soiled the whiteness of a pure soul by his personal souvenirs. Mingled with this was a touch of malice at arousing horror in an inexperienced man who had voluntarily fled from the sins and struggles of a worldly life.

The Abbé sat for a time with his eyes fixed on the floor, across which streamed the rays of the late afternoon sun. Suddenly he threw up his head and, in a voice full of suppressed emotion, he said:

"Monsieur, the duties of a priest bring him into close contact with many people and an intimate knowledge of many things. It happens that I am acquainted with the unfortunate man whose fate has remained unknown to you, and his story coincides with yours in almost every respect. One detail, however, you have omitted to relate. When, in your frightened haste, you took out your pocketbook to thrust the bills into them, a paper fell to the floor without your notice. It was a half-sheet, the end of a letter.

"When he was left alone, the man who had been the mute witness of your—weakness—picked up the paper and had the indiscretion to read it. It was from your wife. The document was placed in my hands, and, since the occasion now presents itself, I will return it to you."

Slowly, painfully, as if the years had suddenly become heavy to bear, the Abbé rose, went to his desk, opened a drawer, and took from it a paper upon which could still be deciphered a faded feminine scrawl. He handed this to the Mayor.

"Good-by, my dear husband," it ran, "or rather *au revoir*. Ah, how I long for your embrace! You see, dear, I am so afraid of that great Paris, of all that I know about it and all that I do not know. I hope you will make some friend, some one who will protect and comfort you. Every night the children kneel beside me and we pray God to watch over you and bring us all together before many days. We all love you dearly.

"Your wife,
"GABRIELLE."

The Mayor's hands trembled so violently that the paper fell to the floor, while his eyes, full of bewilderment, questioned the priest.

Leaning heavily on the table, his face as white as his locks, his frail form appearing almost transparent, the Abbé looked squarely into the face of his visitor. Then, averting his gaze, he said:

"Monsieur, the poor solicitor who was condemned in your place had never read 'The Origin of Species,' and was quite ignorant of the teachings of Darwin. But he had read the holy Gospel, and he knew that a certain Jesus of Nazareth had said, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' Moreover, this person was very young and doubtless very stupid, for, instead of ridiculing this wife's letter breathing her great love for her husband and children, he was moved almost to tears at it. He said to himself, 'Who knows? Perhaps this man is not so bad as one might think. Circumstances might have tempted him too strongly. Certain it is, his wife is good and pious; his children are small, and they all pray for the absent father. With this letter, which establishes the identity of the guilty party, it would be easy for me to free myself from all false charges; but then I should send this husband and father to prison, and the wife and babies would weep and mourn.' The poor foolish boy thought all these things, and so he refrained from showing the letter. Thus, without your knowledge, you found the friend your wife had prayed for to protect you. You were saved by a prayer—you who deny God. The simpleton was accused and treated with great indignity. He insisted upon his innocence, but there could be drawn from him no word of defense, no sign that would indicate the guilty party. He remembered that his Christ had died in ignominy and shame, bearing the sins of all humanity, and he thought that a son of Adam might well find the strength to bear the offense of only one of his brothers and live. He suffered much, but God comforted him and sent him peace. He afterwards became a priest."

As he listened the Mayor's head drooped, and gradually his whole body followed, until he seemed bent almost double in his supreme humility.

"Forgive me," he murmured in choking tones. Seizing the priest's thin hand, he stammered:

"I am not worthy of your forgiveness. I must earn it by the good I shall henceforth do, by charity—"

He paused, and his robust chest heaved with sobs.

"I am not a believer," he said, as soon as he had mastered his emotion; "but I venerate a faith that has made you what you are. Monsieur, will you pray for me?"

"Blessings upon you, my brother, for that

request," replied the Abbé, gently. "If I have recalled the past, it is to bring you closer to our heavenly Father. May he send you light, and forgive you as I forgave you long ago!"

Then he knelt down, and in tender, pleading accents he prayed to God, the friend of sinners, who had comforted the dying thief and absolved the woman of sin.

The sun had disappeared behind the hill and the first stars twinkled in the dark-blue sky before the Abbé could resume his task. He was very pale and he trembled with emotion, but he was happy. Noticing a rose of marvelous whiteness that had bloomed that very afternoon on a sickly bush, he reflected that certain souls, like certain flowers, burst into bloom at the moment when one least expects it.

In his gratitude the good priest bent over to breathe the odor of the new rose, and two great tears dropped on its petals.

I fancy that in days of old the whole bush would have suddenly become a mass of blossoms under those tears of love and pity.

THE SPECTATOR

THE Pilgrims came to Plymouth in the Mayflower, as every one knows. The Spectator is glad that he did not have to come that way. As a descendant of nine of the Mayflower band, he attended the latest triennial Council of the descendants, held in the old First Church, and he found modern voyaging in a touring car along the winding, elm-shaded roads in the golden autumn air far pleasanter than the historic and original voyage must have been. The Pilgrims were a progressive set; they would have been as quick as Kansas farmers to use automobiles, the Spectator is sure, and their descendants showed the same up-and-coming spirit.

Nobody knows how many Mayflower descendants there really are in America. John Alden, the Spectator has heard, has five thousand and more, and Governor Bradford's descendants are said to reach almost ten thousand. Be that as it may, there is no doubt that the lines of Mayflower descent spread over America like a cobweb. The official societies gather in their thousands—the Alden Kindred, the Howland Descendants, the Pilgrim Society, the Mayflower Descendants, and so on—and yet a greater multitude stretches outside of all these again, covering the whole continent until, as Daniel Webster said at Plymouth in 1820, "it loses itself in the murmur of Pacific seas."

The triennial Council was a pleasant and friendly affair, as became a family gathering. The church in which it met is midway between Burial Hill and Plymouth Rock, and is full of reminders of the Pilgrims. From the pew in which the Spectator sat he faced the triple window, with the figure of John Robinson in his preacher's gown on the one side, Myles Standish clad in armor on the other, and between the two the signing of the Compact in the cabin of the Mayflower, where not only the Pilgrim fathers but the Pilgrim mothers are given a place, as befits the historic value of the latter in the little colony. Close beside the Spectator on one side sat a descendant of Mary Chilton, the first woman to step ashore on Plymouth Rock. In the pew behind was Myles Standish, of the ninth or tenth generation in lineal descent. The pulpit was draped in the American flag, and on the arched doorway to one side was the classic saying of Robinson: "The Lord hath more truth and light yet to break forth out of his holy Word."

The roll, called by States, showed Massachusetts ahead, with 733 members; New York, with 693, next; and at the end, Washington, just starting with twenty. The names of the officers had an old-time turn—Captain-General (Myles Standish's own title), Elder-General, Governor-General, Deputy-General, and so on. To the student of old times, however, those old times continually repeat themselves in the new, and in one of the speeches following the roll call it was shown how, in "the first state paper of America," the Compact, signed by every man of the forty-one, the Pilgrims put themselves on record for the square deal, by resolving "to enact such just and equal law" as should be the foundation of the colony. Among all political documents on record, this one stands out as beginning "In the name of God" and binding each and all in equal authority by the word "together."

Not long before the triennial Council, on the other side of the Atlantic, England had celebrated the setting sail of the Mayflower from Southampton on August 15, 1620, by laying the corner-stone of a memorial to the Pilgrims close

by the spot where they embarked, and a graphic account of this was given by one descendant who had been there and taken part in the ceremonies. Some of the ancient walls, with their battlements, still remain as on the day the brave little band left Southampton, and the old West Gate under which they passed to their ships is exactly as it stood when that "right hopeful young man, John Alden," threw down his cooper's hammer and doffed his apron to join the daring voyagers for the New World. Here at Southampton, too, the departing Pilgrims received that farewell letter from John Robinson which contained in its counsels the essence of the future Compact signed in the cabin in Provincetown harbor three months later.

The tercentenary of the Plymouth landing, in 1920, is looming ahead, and by one consent the subject of commemoration was taken up. The usual trouble with such a wide-spreading historical celebration is that all sorts of memorials are left scattered by its receding flood to disfigure the vicinity. In this case the one thing needed is a large and simple one. Plymouth Rock is at present a truly saddening sight. On either side of it are coal wharfs and excursion piers, moldering and dingy. Above and behind it, on the slope of Cole's Hill, are excursion hotels and restaurants. It has a canopy over it like an ancient soda-water fountain. The gates in the iron railing that is supposed to protect it are open, so that trippers can have their photographs taken in the act of standing on the Rock, and couples are occasionally married on its summit. One eloquent New Yorker has urged lately that it should be removed from "the trespass, the neglect, the profanation, which has been its share during long years," and transported bodily to Riverside Drive, "where twentieth-century patriotism perpetuates that of the seventeenth and eighteenth." One wonders whether the Pilgrims would really feel akin to Tammany or would prefer the coal-sheds!

They will not be left, however, to this dilemma, for 1920 is to show a restored Pilgrim landing-place. The Pilgrim Society and the Colonial Dames both had representatives at the Council in the interest of this restoration. It is proposed to buy and tear down the disfiguring sheds, remove the unsightly wharfs, and allow the tide to ebb and flow upon an open shore, lapping almost to the Rock, though by the changes of the centuries it is now lifted above high-water mark. Cole's Hill is likewise to be cleared, and on its top the order of Red Men have volunteered to place a fine statue of Massasoit, the historic chieftain, looking down upon the sands as he did when he first greeted the adventurous voyagers. The Spectator, strolling down to the Rock to see its present indignities and its future possibilities, was struck by both. A graceful portico or peristyle is proposed over the historic pebble, but the whole effect will be simplicity itself—and, like all exquisite simplicity, will probably be extremely expensive. Still, if the coal-sheds soar too high, is there not a law of eminent domain—and can any domain be more eminent than that held in the American mind by the first settlers of New England?

From the Rock the Spectator's steps wandered to the Howland house, built by Jabez Howland, the son of John, and described as "the last house left standing to-day in Plymouth where the feet of the Mayflower pilgrims have trod." It is frankly tumbledown, and is elbowed off its own lot, so to speak, by a rickety livery stable. The Howland descendants are trying to buy and restore it, and it is to be hoped they will, not because it is beautiful, but because of its very bareness and sturdy plainness. The Mayflower band were simple folk, no matter how aristocratic their posterity may feel at times, and it is a good thing to see just how primitive their dwellings and their lives were. The broad planks of the floors in Jabez Howland's house were hewn by hand, and the iron latches were hand-wrought, too. There was no cellar—only foundation stones at the corners to raise the timbers from the ground. The ceilings were low, the rooms cramped; but what mighty men and women came forth from these plain houses of Plymouth to rear the fabric of a new nation!

"Why not run down and see the Cape Cod Canal while we're here?" suggested another delegate to the Council to the Spectator after luncheon; and, basely deserting the afternoon session, which was wrestling with new and amended National by-laws, the two set out in the touring car, swinging along the innumerable wood-road curves, mile after mile, down to Sandwich. Purple asters fringed the roadsides and the spicy scent of the pines breathed in the sunny air. A wide new boulevard was in process of building, and every now and then the road came in sight of it and then curved away again into thicket and glade. The land must have been fine hunting-ground indeed when Massasoit and his allies roamed here. Wild turkeys, deer, quail, wild pigeon—the Pilgrims had their compensations, though how they ever bagged anything with a matchlock the Spectator cannot see. The Indian arrows must have whistled merrily through the greenwood in comparison.

Sandwich clusters peacefully along one side of the half-finished canal. Two years has the big ditch been advancing across the seven miles

of land that used to join the Cape at this point to the rest of Massachusetts. Now only four miles remain, and the worst of the work is over. In another year the canal will be completed, and Sandwich will be a metropolitan Corinth—at least so the present inhabitants are peacefully sure. "Stands to reason, Sandwich hez to be a big place," said one white-haired citizen, leaning reposefully on the bridge rail. "No more wrecks round the Cape; everythin' movin' through here safe's a church, 'nd all stoppin' at Sandwich." Tragedy retiring—prosperity advancing, wreathed in smiles and dividends; no wonder the inhabitants congregate around the bridge and contemplate the canal workers with sustained satisfaction! By this quiet flank movement Cape Cod is forever conquered, and its storms can no longer take toll of human lives. No stern and rock-bound coast has any chance against man in the end. The Pilgrims threw down their gauntlet to the wilderness, and look at it now!

THE NEW BOOKS

Homer Martin, Poet in Landscape. By Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. Privately Printed, Frederick Fairchild Sherman, New York. $12.50.

"It is said that he coined the phrase 'the Hudson River School.' If so, it would have been only half in jest, for he was introspective enough to realize that he himself was the last and the greatest expression of that discredited movement." So writes the art critic Mr. Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., of the late Homer Martin. The volume before us has a double merit. It is a story of real life. The descriptions of Martin's friends of his early years—that period which opened in frank emulation of Kensett and ended under the leading of Corot—is graphically done, especially so the account of the struggle with constant poverty. But the interest in the book as a biography yields to that in it as a criticism. We are particularly interested in reading that what Martin "drew from Corot was chiefly an increased sense for elegance and clarity," that Martin usually brought to the observation and interpretation of nature a "definite and poetical mood full of that noble and measured melancholy which in poetry we call elegiac, . . . the mood proper to a lover of Keats and Beethoven," and that what Martin sought in nature was "solace, suspension of the will, expansion of the contemplative self: the mood I have in passing called Virgilian." Mr. Mather says that his grudge against those who decry Homer Martin is that they do not discuss his sentiment, but assert some weakness in his diction. The critic adds:

> He splits his pictorial infinitives or ends his phrases feebly with a preposition, or otherwise breaks the rules. Whose rules? I admire those who know so exactly how a vision they themselves have never entertained, save through what they call a defective form of expression, should be conveyed. Yet there is a professional realm in which these technical matters are subject of legitimate interest. Only we should keep in mind that such considerations are subæsthetic and quite secondary. Taking the work of Homer Martin on this lower plane, it is obvious that he is not, strictly speaking, a great painter. The zest, variety, swiftness, and deftness of the consummate practitioner he has fitfully, and on the whole rarely. An impeccable sense of mass and close-knit atmospheric balance was not his. Tryon, who in some respects may be regarded as his closest living affinity, is more skillful and curious in these matters. . . . Yet it is precisely the twilight, and occasionally unsure, vision of Homer Martin that we value. And the unsureness in no wise affects what he has to say to us. Beautiful pattern, vibrating color, distinguished mood—all these things are precisely and fully conveyed. What matters it, while the "Harp of the Winds" balances rhythmically in pellucid air and shimmering water, that perhaps you couldn't walk on the nearer strand? The fact that you conceive the feat shows that you have missed the picture entirely.

To Mr. Mather, Homer Martin was an appealing type of the minor artist, "the kind one loves better than those of accredited greatness." For variety, copiousness, and vitality, Inness, Winslow Homer, and perhaps Wyant are his superiors, this critic admits; "any of these comes nearer to meeting the usual notion of the great painter, and yet I would sacrifice all their work if I might keep the 'Manor House' or 'Adirondack Scenery.' Not because I underrate these large and genial personalities just mentioned, but because I believe that the future is more likely to duplicate approximately their type of vision and degree of skill."

Poetical Works of William Henry Drummond. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

It will surprise many readers to find so small a volume large enough to contain all of Dr. Drummond's poetry; and the book is to be commended because of its moderation of size and its general modesty of demeanor. The writer, who more than any one else has caught the spirit and interpreted the experience of the Canadian habitat, did not begin writing until comparatively late in his life; and his audience is probably limited to those who are willing to face what may be called the intellectual inconvenience of a dialect. But it happens to be a very taking dialect, and one that is easily surmounted, and it is well worth surmounting because Dr. Drummond has enriched it with very genuine and often moving poetry. His little book is an original contribution to literature. It has the vital quality which belongs to the poetry which deals with the real feelings of real people; and no one can read it without a deep sense of the loss which poetry on this side of

the ocean sustained by the early death of this warm-hearted and greatly loved man. The volume contains an introduction in French, an appreciation of Dr. Drummond by Mr. Munro, and an appreciation in verse by Dr. Mitchell.

The United States Catalogue. Books in Print January 1, 1912. Edited by Marion E. Potter. The H. W. Wilson Company, Minneapolis. $36.

Indispensable for librarian, publisher, and book reviewer is this mammoth volume, while its usefulness in other directions is manifold. Its appearance has long been impatiently waited by those who have occasion to search for titles, authors, publishers' names, or prices of books, or who desire to see the grouping of book titles under one subject. To do any of these things it has been necessary to consult two large but already semi-antiquated volumes, one dated 1902, the other covering the years 1902 to 1905 inclusive, and then follow out the search through six single volumes for the years 1906 to 1911. Now, although the book is necessarily ponderous, we have the whole subject-matter before us under one alphabet. The work involved must have been tremendous; 150,000 American books in print January 1, 1912, and all American books published since January 1, 1905, whether in print or not, are here described through 450,000 entries under one alphabet, with ample cross-references; scientific classification, full division by subjects, excellent bibliographies under such titles as, for instance, Children's Literature (in itself a most valuable and, we believe, novel feature), all in 2,837 three-column quarto pages. This is now the only cumulated record of American books, and it will be kept up to date by new and supplementary cumulative lists from month to month and year to year. We congratulate editor and publishers on the conclusion of their gigantic task, the admirable physical appearance of the work, and the scientific way in which the needs of those who use it have been met.

Left in Charge. By Victor L. Whitechurch. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.20.

Mr. Whitechurch's "Canon in Residence" made his reputation. It was a pleasant tale of English village and clerical life, and it also had invention and incidents of a surprising as well as humorous turn. This description is exactly true also of the present story. It tells what took place when the worthy but conservative vicar of a sleepy little Devonshire village was obliged to leave his parishioners in charge of an athletic and unconventional curate from Australia, who, moreover, had a singular past personal history. A delightful poacher is one of several well-drawn minor characters.

Lost World (The). By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Hodder & Stoughton, New York. $1.25.

The author of "Sherlock Holmes," and of what some of the readers of pre-Sherlockian days liked even better, "Micah Clarke" and "The White Company," here tries his hand at creating a bit of South American country cut off by nature from the rest of the physical world, where the animal life of the Jurassic period still survives, and the reader may revel in their gigantesque and horrifying forms and their jaw-breaking names. Into this lair of the prehistoric breaks a quartet of queerly assorted Englishmen—two scientists, an explorer, and a reporter. Their adventures are calculated to make the hair of the timid stand on end. The book has a good deal of fun, incidentally, and it has also animation and dash.

Miss Philura's Wedding Gown. By Florence Morse Kingsley. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.

How Miss Philura, whose earlier experiences have entertained and instructed many thousands of readers, married at last, and more especially how she reached out by faith into the Encircling Good for her white wedding gown, and how, moreover, she helped make two younger lovers happy—all this is told with cheerfulness and good will in this pretty little volume, suited for a holiday gift to just the right person.

Lifted Masks. By Susan Glaspell. The F. A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.

Capital short stories, some with a serious suggestion toward good citizenship and square dealing, almost all with a quiet but effective humor, and a few (such as that of the elevator boy who thwarted the lobbyist) heartily funny.

Marshal (The). By Mary R. S. Andrews. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $1.35.

A tale of France and of a peasant boy who was made a *chevalier*, when a little child, by the great Napoleon, half as a jest, and with the hope expressed that the boy might sometime do a great thing for his country and even become, perhaps, a Marshal of France. How the boy's life upheld this prediction makes a romance of real charm and with plenty of incident. Young readers especially will enjoy the tale.

Pan's Garden. By Algernon Blackwood. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

The reader who should notice the sub-title of this book, "A Volume of Nature Stories," would be likely to find that his conception of the word "nature" needed expansion. In these tales, as elsewhere, Mr. Blackwood delights to cross and recross the line that separates the natural from the supernatural. "The Man Whom the Trees Loved," for instance, is an exquisitely wrought and truly imaginative conception. One reads it as if it were a poem by Keats rather than a "nature story." So with most of the others; the author plunges with boldness, yet with consistent invention, into the realm of the fantastic, and the pictures thence evoked may well long haunt his reader's memory.

Romance of Billy-Goat Hill (A). By Alice Hegan Rice. The Century Company, New York. $1.25.

Mrs. Wiggs's philosophy, if not her hopeful spirit, reappears in Myrtella, the faithful, sharp-

tongued serving-woman in Mrs. Rice's latest story. The romance is of the pure, old-fashioned sort, and, although tragedy enters in, it is relieved by much nobility and sweetness. The many humorous scenes and bright sayings keep the book upon a high level of interest. The pretty, humorous tale will find a warm welcome among those who like everything to end happily.

Out of the Wreck I Rise. By Beatrice Harraden. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.35.

A unique character in fiction is that of Tamar Scott, the Jewess, who dealt in curios and faked antique jewelry "for the Americans" in London. She and Nell Silberthwaite, the founder of the Society for the Abolition of Sweated Labor, are the two women to whom Adrian Steele turned when he found himself facing the humiliation of discovery as an embezzler. He was a fanciful man of small stature and of temperament, who, as Tamar said (though she loved him), "never could run straight." This situation Beatrice Harraden handles with all her accustomed skill, yet she only succeeds in making us wonder why she did it. These three character studies and the other one, apart, yet influencing them, young Richard Forest, the mystical English rector of a desolate parish, are most cleverly done. But if Robert Browning, in the motto chosen for the book,

> "Out of the Wreck I Rise—past
> Zeus, to the Potency o'er him,"

meant, as we are asked to suppose, that, pursued by "temperament" (a comfortable word), one might escape by death, chosen deliberately, from the consequences of dishonorable dealing with friends, and be justified, then our understanding of Browning is wrong.

Jingo (The). By George R. Chester. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $1.35

The fun of this lively tale is like that of Mark Twain's "A Yankee at King Arthur's Court." A clever, resourceful, capable American is shipwrecked in Isola, a kingdom cut off from the rest of the world, civilized in its own way, but centuries behind as regards invention and finance. Jimmy Smith, aided by a pocket handbook, teaches the people how to make telephones, mirrors, gunpowder, face-powder, how to use the latest American slang, how to manipulate stocks, and how to play baseball. To all this they eagerly incline, and Isola ends up by becoming an American dependency after Jimmy has married the King's sister. How did he communicate with America? Why, by air-ship, of course; Jimmy could make *anything* in three weeks. The story is jolly and amusing.

Olympian (The). By James Oppenheim. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.35.

Kirby Trask, in the words of the author, emerged out of the millions and finally dominated. His was the power of brain and money. First drudgery, then a precarious kind of business success, and in time the adventurer became an Olympian. The story is well told in colloquial, every-day talk, with some underlying apprehension of the spiritual significance of life. This, however, comes within Kirby's horizon very occasionally, and only through the inevitable facts of birth and death. The various scenes in the tale which represent the drudgery of ordinary men and the empty days of ordinary women are marvelously graphic.

Voice (The). By Margaret Deland. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.

There cannot be too many Old Chester tales; and this one of Dr. Lavendar, the wise old minister, and of a younger minister who was unwise because he knew too much, and of a charming, simple girl and of her father who was an Irvingite and ever listened for the Voices—this story, we say, with its tragic-comic catastrophe and love disclosure, is one of the very best of all Old Chester tales.

Concerning Sally. By William John Hopkins. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.35.

At first it seems a pity to waste such rare and elusive powers as are possessed by the delineator of Sally upon such a theme. "The Clammer" never could have met Sally's horrible father, the gambling professor. Yet the further we read the more attracted we are, and, in spite of uneasy suspicions of De Morgan's influence, we accept Sally and acknowledge her potency. If only she did not chuckle continually—really, that is too bad. Her admirable management of everybody within her reach is truly De Morganesque, as are also the witty reflections and affectations of ignorance and detachment cultivated by the author.

Woman of It (The). By Mark Lee Luther. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.

Realistic pictures of Washington officialdom as seen by the representatives of our Government and their families, transplanted from provincial surroundings, serve as a background for the extremely human people in this story. The common sense of Olive Braisted, originator and beneficiary of her husband's well-known "Relish," did not prevent her family from follies and pretense, but, in the end, triumphed over a snobbish son and daughter and a vain, misguided man.

Son of Columbus (The). By Molly Elliot Seawell. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.25.

An especially interesting book for American boys is the story of Diego, the son of Columbus, during the anxious months when the fate of the bold scheme presented to the Spanish sovereigns hung in the balance, and the discovery of America might not have been in 1492. The faith of Diego and his companion, Don Felipe, never wavered, and when the noble

Admiral returned in triumph they welcomed him with true boyish enthusiasm.

Dickens's Children: Ten Drawings by Jessie Willcox Smith. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.

It may be said with certainty that of all the many attempts to present the children of Dickens's imagination to the eye, none have been more successful than these ten drawings. The types indicated by the early illustrators of Dickens have been so far followed that there is no feeling of strangeness in seeing these new pictures. Yet each child is individualized and its character comes out strikingly and sometimes beautifully. The picture of Jenny Wren and that of Little Em'ly, for instance, are charming in the fullest sense.

New China (The). By Henri Borel. Translated from the Dutch by C. Thieme. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $3.50.

Most books on China have to do with figures and statistics, with linguistic lore and political economy. As Dr. Borel says, the Chinese have always been abused as inferior—as dirty, cowardly, cruel, and particularly as materialistic and egotistical. Not only merchants and diplomats, but missionaries and educators alike have often mistaken the external for the internal; they have described the Chinese as a nation of heathen, too much debased to feel any devotion to higher ideals. The author endeavors to show that the Chinese represent something else, and that there is in China itself a beauty—æsthetic and spiritual—of which we little dream. Instead of describing the upper reaches of the Yangtse River or the broad expanses of the Grand Canal, he takes what is to many the ugliest spot in all China, namely, Peking, the imperial capital itself. He finds beauty there, and he finds in the people men who are thinking not so much about crops and concessions, loans and exploitations, as about a more spiritual side of life. The idea at the heart of the movement in the Far East towards higher things is, says the author, essentially spiritual and even mystical, and the reason that China in particular, with her four hundred millions of people, is moving upwards in the world's course is because in the future she is to work mightily towards the intellectual and spiritual progress of all humanity.

Grant White Shakespeare (The). 12 volumes. Pocket Edition. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $18 per set. $1.25 per volume.

The reprint, in twelve volumes, of the plays of Shakespeare edited many years ago by Richard Grant White is eminently serviceable. Mr. White was a thoroughly equipped Shakespearean scholar. He was, moreover, a man of general learning, of an acute and penetrating critical instinct, and he had the gift of humor. Forty-five years have passed since this edition was published, and although in that period much has come to light which is of value to the Shakespearean scholar and reader, the critical acumen and sound judgment of Mr. White have kept this edition among the standards. The text needed revision at some minor points, and the editors tell us that some changes in matters of more importance have been made. But the text remains substantially intact. The edition has gained more, perhaps, by elimination than by addition; and the editors have come to the aid of readers by an enlargement of the glossary. The revision has been made under the direction of Dr. William P. Trent, of Columbia University, an accurate and thorough scholar; of Benjamin Wells, Ph.D., with whose work in other fields thoughtful readers are familiar; and of Professor John B. Hanneman, of the University of the South, who recently died. A short sketch of Mr. White prefaces the first volume.

Crime of 1812 and its Retribution (The). By Eugène Labaume. Translated by T. Dundas Pillans. McBride, Nast & Co., New York. $2.75.

A translation of Eugène Labaume's "The Crime of 1812 and its Retribution" is, of course, interesting historically. But it is especially and pathetically interesting because of an introduction by the late William T. Stead—perhaps the last thing he wrote. The introduction bears all the marks of Mr. Stead's vivacious and vigorous campaign in the interests of peace, and the reason why he wrote the preface is perfectly patent—to show the horrors of war. As Mr. Stead says:

> The most striking chapters in the book are those which describe the ghastly catastrophe of the headlong rush of the wreck of the Grand Army across the territory which Napoleon had desolated. Like a wounded mastodon, crippled and bleeding at every pore, the once invincible army staggers blindly, madly, through the snow, intent only on escape, until at last, a mere shadow of its former self, starving, frost-bitten, despairing, it reaches safety in Prussia.

Fourteen Years of Diplomatic Life in Japan. By Baroness Albert d'Anethan. McBride, Nast & Co., New York. $1.25.

The late Baron d'Anethan was for over sixteen years Belgian Minister to Japan. In the present volume his wife, an English lady by birth, chronicles much of interest in the diplomatic life at Tokyo during those years. Her story also reveals a sympathetic and broad-minded woman.

Joseph Pennell's Pictures of the Panama Canal. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $1.25.

"I did not go to Panama to study engineering—which I know nothing about," says Mr. Pennell; "or social problems—which I had no time to master; or Central Amercan politics—which we are in for; but to draw the Canal as it is." And excellent they are, these lithographs, drawn when the Canal was at just the right stage for picturesque art purposes. Excellent also for picturesqueness and sharply drawn personal impressions is Mr. Pennell's account of his visit and work. Together text and pictures make a permanently valuable as well as beautiful book.

BY THE WAY

"Vaudeville," says Mr. E. A. Woolf in the "Dramatic Mirror," "now demands that the material in a playlet must be weighted with an idea; it must be free from horseplay; it must be developed in consistent character-drawing; it must be along new lines; and, above all, it must be clean." Mr. Woolf writes thus encouragingly with the authority of one whose name last season "appeared upon more theatrical programmes than that of any other author in the United States," according to the editor of the "Mirror."

A happy idea in house construction, says "Country Life in America," is the new plan of combining conservatory and living-room. The idea has possibilities both for the elaborate mansion and the modest cottage. Ferns, flowers, easy chairs, and abundant sunlight make the conservatory living-room an apartment that radiates beauty, cheerfulness, and comfort.

Automobiles for children are the latest French novelty. These are not the toys with which the American public is familiar, but real motor vehicles with a three-quarter horse-power engine. They are so designed that they cannot exceed four miles an hour in speed, even on a down grade.

The assembling of the great fleet of war-vessels in New York Harbor recently was followed by a rush of applicants for enlistment in the navy. One day brought the largest number of such applications that has been received in a single day at any recruiting office since war time.

The steady advance of surgery in the treatment of wounds received in warfare is shown in the statistics of three wars. In the American Civil War the mortality of the wounded was 13.2 per cent; in the Franco-Prussian War, 11 per cent; in the Russo-Japanese War, 5 per cent.

Dr. Albert Weidemann, one of the German delegates to the International Congress of Chambers of Commerce, found one of the most agreeable features of American towns to be "the universal garden about the American dwelling and the absence of fences or hedges." The effect, he says, is very attractive; "most of the smaller towns are made to resemble parks." This praise should hearten village improvement associations everywhere to new efforts.

Gas mantles that have become black may be cleaned, a "Scientific American" note states, by sprinkling salt upon them while burning. Caution, of course, must be used in this experiment, or the experimenter will lose both salt and mantle, for the latter is a most fragile article.

Cheesecloth coverings for plants, a farmer tells us in an agricultural paper, are superior to glass, for they let the moisture through. The white shelter has a forcing effect, and also keeps out insects. Cucumbers from vines thus sheltered were gathered two weeks earlier than usual this season, and the enthusiastic experimenter is planning for large results next year through the use of these cheesecloth protectors.

The Bantu tribe in South Africa, an English writer affirms, were formerly much healthier than now. One of the reasons given for the change is a curious one. In the old times the Bantu smeared his body liberally with grease, and wore almost no clothing. The rain made no impression on his oil-protected skin. Now the native wears cheap European clothing, and when this gets wet the wearer is soaked through, catches cold, and is liable to contract pulmonary disease.

A new American submarine boat, the F-I, has made a world's record for depth of submersion—283 feet. The vessel maintained this depth for ten minutes while traveling at a speed of six miles an hour.

A laborer in a Connecticut town recently dug up an iron pot full of "pieces of eight," or Spanish dollars of the eighteenth century. Doubtless there are many treasure-troves like this in various parts of the country, for in troubled times our ancestors liked to put their dollars in Mother Earth's safe-keeping. Now here is a chance for the psychometrists, spiritualistic fortune-tellers, etc., to show their powers; let them tell where to dig for some more of those iron pots with silver linings! It should be easy for them to get the information from the original owners of the treasure.

New York City has 750 hotels—not counting the so-called Raines Law hotels—and they are said to be able to accommodate 350,000 persons. An exchange, in recording this fact, remarks that these hotels could quarter the entire standing army of Great Britain. The illustration, while no doubt hospitable in intention, is not entirely happy. New York City lodged a British army once, and we are sure that it would much prefer to entertain our English friends as civilians.

The flea, according to a Public Health report on "Flea Destruction," resists many insecticides—formalin, phenol, mercuric chloride, sulphur; he succumbs readily, however, to a mixture of soap and water! Simple cleanliness, then, is the most potent foe of one of the most annoying disturbers of human peace.

A curious bid to bargain-hunters is found in an advertisement of one of the great department stores of New York City: "It is often possible to give better values in Kurdistans than in any other rug," says the announcement, after speaking of the Kurds as a "robber tribe," "inasmuch as the Kurds steal from the semi-wild herds of sheep a large proportion of the wool that goes to these rugs." How about the ethics of the appeal?

"Would you save the picture or the baby?" is a question that has been discussed at English dinner tables recently and even in the London "Times." The question refers to Raphael's Dresden Madonna and to the ordinary, garden variety of baby: which would you try to save in a fire? One distinguished gentleman asserts that he would save the picture, for "there is only one Dresden Madonna," while "one can get another baby any day, by adoption if not by grace." To offset this, a well-known novelist says he would save even a live kitten rather than a dead picture.

The baby would undoubtedly stand a better chance of being saved in Australia than in England, where babies are so plentiful. In Australia, where they are scarce, the Government has just voted to grant a bonus of $25 for each child born in that empire of vast area and meager population.

The Outlook

NOVEMBER 9, 1912

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The exigencies of mechanical production are such that it is necessary to go to press with each issue of The Outlook nearly a week before the date of that issue, in order to secure its timely distribution in all parts of the country. The present issue went to press before Election Day, and therefore contains no comment upon the outcome of the election, which will be known to our readers before this issue reaches them. The election results will be reported and their significance analyzed in The Outlook for next week.

Vice-President Sherman

One of the most dramatic incidents of the very dramatic Presidential campaign just closed was the fact that while an ex-President of the United States, not yet recovered from a bullet wound, was speaking in Madison Square Garden in New York City, the Vice-President of the United States was dying in his home in Utica, New York. He was the seventh Vice-President who has died in office; the first was George Clinton, a distinguished citizen of New York, who died in 1812. We forget that the Vice-President is the second most important officer of the Government until we are reminded of it by death. Mr. Sherman's illness began four years ago; and although he made a brave fight under the most expert medical advice, he succumbed in the end to a complication of serious diseases. He came of a thrifty Central New York family. His grandfather was captain of the steamboat Burlington, of which Dickens wrote in his "American Notes;" and those who remember how carefully dressed the Vice-President always was will not be surprised to know that his grandfather left, besides a considerable estate, no less than forty-six fancy waistcoats. Mr. Sherman's father was a journalist in Rochester and Utica, and for many years a Federal officer in Washington. The Vice-President began life on a farm, working in the summer and attending the district school in winter. He prepared for college in an old-fashioned academy and was graduated from Hamilton in 1878, and at once began to read law in an office in Utica. Although he practiced law for a time, Mr. Sherman was essentially a business man, and a small interest which he secured at an early stage of his career in a factory prospered greatly. For many years he was a man of means, and at his death was president of an important trust company. For at least a score of years he was prominent in Congress, where his executive ability and skill in despatching business made him an important member of various committees. He was a conservative Republican of an aggressive type. He was also an astute parliamentarian. He was in no sense a statesman; he was a business man in politics, and belonged to the type of men, now rapidly passing off the stage, who felt that the interests of business and the interests of the country were at all times identical. Mr. Sherman's record in Congress was a record of active fostering of business interests. On the organization side of the Government he rendered valuable service, and as presiding officer in the Senate he was courteous, ready, and fair. On one occasion, when he was presiding, Mr. Bailey, of Texas, moved to lay a pending motion on the table. Mr. Sherman ruled the motion out of order as dilatory, and, when Mr. Bailey protested, said: "If the gentleman from Texas makes his motion in good faith and will assure the Chair that it is not a dilatory motion, the Chair will put it through." Mr. Bailey did not renew his motion, and said subsequently to the presiding officer, "Well, Jim, you had me that time!" Mr. Sherman's manner in the chair was always dignified and quiet. He was a man of many personal friends and of considerable practical ability. He was in no sense a man of vision, and he represented

the type of public men who conserve the material interests rather than advance the spiritual development of the Nation. If the country voted directly for President and Vice-President, the death of a nominee on the eve of election would introduce an element of confusion; but as the ballots in a Presidential election are cast for a group of electors, there has been no need for a change in the ballots.

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Mr. Roosevelt in Madison Square Garden

Spontaneous, heartfelt, personally affectionate, an indorsement of both man and cause—these are accurate and moderate terms in which to describe Mr. Roosevelt's reception at Madison Square Garden in New York City on Wednesday night last week by an audience of men and women variously estimated at from fourteen to twenty thousand, while outside many thousands waited to give him greeting. The meeting was not only the culminating event of the Progressive campaign, with the Progressive candidates for President, Vice-President, and Governor of New York as the speakers; it was a tremendous outgiving of admiration and belief, a public avowal of faith in the purpose and sincerity of a leader of men now first seen since he was stricken down in the fight. Even journals which have been both skeptical and hostile so interpreted the meaning of the enthusiasm; an illustration of this is seen in the comment of the New York "Evening Post;" after referring to the mechanism common to all political demonstrations, bands, banners, and lights, it says: "There was a thrust behind the demonstration that scorned this, as it either scorned or swept with it the cynicism of those who had come only out of curiosity. It had all loyalty to a cause and devotion to an individual rolled into one and offered to the man whom they regarded as the personification of that cause." How exactly this is true cannot be gained from description; it does not matter whether the cheering when Mr. Roosevelt appeared lasted forty-one or forty-five minutes, or whether Mr. Bryan years before or Mr. Wilson the night after heard a tumult which, timed by the watch, was a few minutes longer; the feeling of the people was in their faces, in their manner, in their talk to one another, in their combined heartiness, and it was felt in the stillness with which they listened as well as in the noise of their greeting. Nowhere more strongly was this last fact apparent than when Mr. Roosevelt quoted from his own words in the opening days of the campaign: "The leader for the time being, whoever he may be, is but an instrument, to be used until broken and then to be cast aside; and if he is worth his salt he will care no more when he is broken than a soldier cares when he is sent where his life is forfeit in order that the victory may be won. In the long fight for righteousness the watchword for all of us is spend and be spent. It is of little matter whether any one man fails or succeeds; but the cause shall not fail, for it is the cause of mankind. We, here in America, hold in our hands the hope of the world, the fate of the coming years; and shame and disgrace will be ours if in our eyes the light of high resolve is dimmed, if we trail in the dust the golden hopes of men." And there was a grave, thoughtful moment of silence which preceded a last tumult of approval when he reaffirmed this in his final sentence: "Friends, what I said then I say now. Surely there never was a greater opportunity than ours. Surely there never was a fight better worth making than this. I believe we shall win, but, win or lose, I am glad beyond measure that I am one of the many who in this fight have stood ready to spend and be spent, pledged to fight, while life lasts, the great fight for righteousness and for brotherhood and for the welfare of mankind." Throughout the speech was noteworthy for its calmness, its poise, and its penetrating note of conviction and of duty; to quote the hostile "Evening Post" once more, the speech "was in good taste, grave yet with a moving quality, and breathed aspirations for the betterment of the world to which every humane person must say amen." It was practical also in its references to the constructive programme of the Progressive platform—or, better, its Contract with the People to make specific changes.

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Campaign Contributions

One of the distinctive features of the Presidential campaign which is now closed was the use of the machinery of the Senate to create political capital. The Committee on Campaign Contributions which held its sessions during the campaign was a sub-committee of one of the standing committees of the Senate. It exhibited on a National scale what has often been shown within the limits of State politics, namely, the bi-partisan character of the opposition to the Progressive movement. Immediately upon the adjournment

of Congress that Committee heard charges against Mr. Roosevelt made by Senator Penrose, of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Archbold, of the Standard Oil Company. The members of the Committee immediately scattered, allowing no opportunity for the prompt answer that Mr. Roosevelt offered. Although the answer was given in the form of a letter to the Chairman, it was not officially received or given the weight of sworn testimony until more than a month later. From that time on until a few days before the campaign closed the Committee held daily sessions. Some of the more important statements made before that Committee have already been reported in The Outlook. A great deal of the so-called testimony consisted of hearsay evidence that was practically worthless. Some of the facts elicited were given a significance which they did not possess. For example, every large contribution established by the evidence has been supposed in some quarters to be a sign of corruption, or at least of political demoralization. This is pure assumption. There is no reason why a man of wealth should not give of his money to a political cause in which he believes, so long as there is no agreement expressed or implied that he is to get special favors in return. One reader of The Outlook, who is evidently not a Progressive, thinks that it was unfair of The Outlook not to state that Mr. Dan R. Hanna, of Ohio, had contributed one hundred and twenty-seven thousand dollars to the Progressive cause. This reader evidently thinks that that is damaging. But that is no more damaging either to Mr. Hanna or to the Progressive cause than it is damaging to Mr. Charles P. Taft or the Republican cause that Mr. Taft contributed very many thousands of dollars on behalf of his brother's candidacy. It seems to us that both of these contributions are entirely creditable.

A Wrong Impression

One witness before this Committee, whose testimony we referred to, has objected to The Outlook's report of it. We used the following words:

> Indefinite statements with regard to the expenditure of these funds seemed common in the testimony before the Committee. Thus Mr. Ogden Mills, the New York County Republican treasurer, could only estimate what was spent in the primary campaign in the county.

Mr. Mills writes us as follows:

> This is grossly inaccurate in every particular. I submitted to the Senate Committee an itemized statement of money received and expended by me in my capacity as treasurer of the Republican County Committee, showing from whom the money was received and for what purpose each specific sum was expended.
>
> I also submitted the full amount raised by me in my individual capacity and turned over to Mr. McKinley's agent, giving at the same time the name of each contributor, together with the amount contributed by him.
>
> In answer to a question of the Committee as to how much was expended by Mr. McKinley's local agent, I stated that I was unable to give the figures from my own knowledge, but it was my belief that such a sum did not exceed $24,000.
>
> It was perfectly clear from my testimony that every cent handled by me, either individually or in my capacity as treasurer of the Republican County Committee, was accounted for, not in round figures or from memory, but that in each case the exact amount was given and copies of my books submitted.

The statement which we made is not incompatible with Mr. Mills's statement, but it evidently has given to Mr. Mills, and therefore probably has given to other readers, an impression which The Outlook did not intend to convey. We had not thought of implying that Mr. Mills did not give an accounting of the money for which he was responsible. Mr. Mills's own statement, however, shows that there was money raised in New York County for that primary campaign of which he had no exact account, and concerning which he can offer only an estimate. The statement made by The Outlook is in substance that which was made by newspapers friendly to the party, and to the candidate of the party, to which Mr. Mills belongs. For example, concerning Mr. Mills's testimony the Boston "Evening Transcript" reports: "Mr. Mills raised seven thousand and twenty-five dollars for that organization. He said he had no information as to the amount of money raised in New York for the general use of the Taft National campaign." The New York "Tribune" uses the same words. The "Sun," another supporter of Mr. Taft, says that Mr. Mills "estimated" the sum expended by the Taft managers in New York County in the primary campaign. There is nothing at all derogatory to Mr. Mills in this statement. But it does afford an illustration of the indefiniteness of the statements made before the Committee concerning the expenditure of campaign funds. We take this first opportunity we have for putting Mr. Mills's side before our readers. Our original statement, it seems to us, correctly states the facts. The Outlook has

reported the contribution of Mr. Cyrus H. McCormick, of the International Harvester Company, to Mr. Wilson's pre-Convention campaign. It has now been announced that upon hearing of this contribution Mr. Wilson requested a few days ago that that contribution be returned. We see no reason why it should be returned any more than any other contribution. Certainly the return of the contribution does not affect the result which that contribution helped to secure—Mr. Wilson's nomination—and, moreover, it singles out Mr. McCormick's contribution as if there was something wrong about it. We believe that this is entirely unjust to Mr. McCormick. It is possible that some of the facts secured by means of these hearings may help the framing of laws concerning the financing of campaigns. It is, however, equally likely that a good deal of this so-called testimony may help to darken counsel on the subject. We trust that when the heat of the campaign has subsided Senators and Representatives will approach this subject with more common sense than has been shown during the hearings themselves.

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The Balkan War: Land Warfare

Last week the most important battle so far in the Balkan war was fought. It occurred at Lule-Burgas, a town on the line of the railway running northwest from Constantinople. It resulted in the rout of about two hundred thousand Turks under the command of Nazim Pasha, Minister of War and Commander-in-Chief. This defeat exposes the capital itself to attack. The main Turkish army has now fallen back to the forts of Tchataldja, only twenty-five miles from Constantinople. As the more timorous fear for the safety of foreigners in Turkish towns, the European Powers have sent their war-ships to various Turkish ports for the protection of foreign life and property. The Balkan war has now been three weeks in progress. It has been a wonderful three weeks. The first week the war was between Turkey and Montenegro only; the Montenegrins had an uninterrupted success. The second week the Bulgarians, Servians, and Greeks joined the Montenegrins. The Bulgarians advanced from their frontier to Adrianople, which they have now "bottled up;" the second week brings them to within fifty miles of Constantinople. The first week saw the Servian occupancy of Novibazar; the second week finds the Servians in possession of the city of Uskub to the south, in their former territory, now known as Old Servia. The first week of the larger war saw the Montenegrins in possession of all the fortresses between their southern border and Scutari, the most important town in northern Albania; they have now entirely surrounded the city and lake of Scutari; the Montenegrin operations to the east now include the captures of the cities of Prizrend and Ipek—in the Middle Ages Ipek was the capital of the Servian patriarchs. The first week of the war saw Greece advance through the Stone Gates into her ancient province of Epirus and capture the towns about Mount Olympus; the second week finds the Greek army within fifty miles of Salonika. In accordance with the understanding among the allies before the war began, every captured town is being fortified as quickly and as strongly as possible, cannon taken from the Turks being mounted and made ready for use. Why all these successes on the part of the allies, and why the corresponding failure in Turkish resistance? The Turks have disputed the way, it is true, and there have been fierce and long-contested battles. But it is also true that the Turkish army has fallen back, not only in the endeavor to draw the allies further from their bases of supplies, but also for the more mortifying reason that the Turks have made a sorry spectacle in the fighting so far. There may be three reasons for this. The first, of course, is that the allies struck a swifter blow than was expected, and at a time when the Turkish army had not had time to meet the blow. The second is that the recent Young Turk Cabinet had recalled many of the older and more experienced officers of the army, replacing them by Young Turk officers. The third is that, in its desire to Ottomanize the Empire, the Young Turk Cabinet had compelled non-Mohammedans to fight in the army, not realizing that these, if opportunity presented itself, would prove deserters.

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The Balkan War: Sea Warfare

Alone among the allies, Greece has a navy as well as an army, and the work of that navy has been interesting. The first week of the war the Greek navy captured the important island of Lemnos, off the coast of Asia Minor, and last week captured the islands of Samothrace, to the north, and Thasos, off the south coast of Turkey-in-

Europe. As the population of all these islands is mainly Greek, the captors were received with enthusiasm. As to the islands further south, Turkey has the advantage of continued control. It was feared that Italy would not conclude peace without insisting that Rhodes and the other eleven islands captured by her should become either Italian or, as their population is mainly Greek, pass to Greek control. At this point, however, Italy collided with the other European Powers. For the vital point to them was not the cession of Tripoli, but the occupation of the islands. Germany and Austria, acting together, wish to control the country between the present Austrian border and the Ægean Sea. For Austria there would be enough local advantages to make up for any effort in thus rounding out her empire. For Germany, her ally, there would be the advantage of having a friendly country between the Fatherland and Asia Minor, which may become Germany's greatest colony. But Russia also wants to move southward. Italy, in possession of the islands, might have threatened both Austrian ships and Russian ships. It is now Greece's turn. The gallant little Greek navy may now upset the plans of the Powers—indeed, the British naval adviser appointed last year may have been doing double duty. Another deed of the Greek navy last week was the sinking of the Turkish battle-ship Feth-i-Bulend by a Greek torpedo-boat in the Gulf of Salonika, the enterprise being carried out apparently unobserved within range of the guns from the Turkish forts. The battle-ship's crew numbered over two hundred men.

The Balkan War and the United States

The Balkan war is of special interest to the United States because of the large numbers of Greeks, Bulgars, and Serbs in this country. There are more Greeks here than any other of the above peoples. By the new army law in Greece, all reservists are called back from foreign countries to service in the army. It is said that ten thousand Greeks have already left this country, and that twenty thousand more will go. Should the war continue, other thousands will probably go; and, with this prospect, those industries in which Greeks are employed will probably suffer. In the cities the Greeks are most prominent in hotels and restaurants —indeed, some restaurants employ Greek waiters, dishwashers, and helpers exclusively. Throughout the country, however, Greeks are employed in large numbers in other callings—especially in those so curiously contrasted as the manufacture of tobacco and confectionery, and iron, coal, lead, and zinc mining. The Utah coal mines and the lead and zinc mines of Illinois employ many thousand Greeks—indeed, a dozen of the Illinois mines have had to close because of the exodus of Greeks and other foreigners. All the returning Greeks are enthusiastic over the prospect of war success, especially as they read the accounts of the victories already achieved. They fully expect that these successes will finally assure to them what they were fighting for in 1897 with Turkey—the definite possession of the island of Crete—as well as the possession of the islands once theirs and captured during the past fortnight. Enthusiasm also marks the other returning peoples. Like the Greeks, the Bulgarians and the Serbs look forward to a recovery of lost territory—the Bulgars to getting again the Bulgarian Empire, such as existed under their Czar Simeon centuries ago; and the Serbs to getting back Old Servia, to which they have an even greater ethnic and historic claim. Several thousand Servians are waiting in New York to be sent back, but as there is no Servian port they must perforce go by way of Greece or Montenegro. As to the Montenegrins in America, although the smallest in proportion, as would be expected from a nation of only a quarter of a million inhabitants, their patriotism is in disproportion to their numbers, as will be noted from the remark of one of the Minnesota miners: "There will not be an able-bodied Montenegrin left on the iron range if the war continues."

"Recognition" in International Law

The seizure of the port of Vera Cruz in Mexico by insurgents under the leadership of Felix Diaz, a nephew of the deposed President of that name, brought into discussion recently the question as to whether it might not become desirable for the United States to recognize the new insurgent movement so far as to concede to the insurgents the rights of belligerents. The sudden collapse of the Diaz movement and the capture of its leader have made the immediate importance of the question slight, but the general condition of affairs in Mexico, and, still more so, the relations of this country to the new Republic of China, which are dis-

cussed below, make it worth while to consider what a neutral country may do in this matter of recognizing belligerents or in recognizing a new government. A confusion of ideas seems to exist on this subject. There seems to be a prevalent belief that the recognition of a state of belligerency is equivalent to an indorsement of the justice of a cause. Nothing is further from the fact, nor does such recognition in any degree imply an acknowledgment of the independence of a dependency in which a revolution may be going on. Generally speaking, recognition of belligerency means that the forces so recognized are not merely rioters, brigands, or lawless mobs, but that their armed acts are in the nature of a war. Recognition of belligerency as to insurgents is merely, in the words of one authority on international law, "the granting to the revolutionary party in a foreign state the rights of war which it would have if it were in the position of an independent belligerent." This is simply admitting that the conflict is not local or trivial, but one which may affect the interests of other countries. The most notable illustration is that of Great Britain's recognition as belligerents of the Southern Confederacy in 1861, which was quickly followed by the same action on the part of other foreign Powers. This was beyond doubt entirely justifiable, but the proposed recognition of the Confederacy's independence by France was, says, in effect, Woolsey's "International Law," at no time justifiable, because at no time was the success of the South more than a possibility. In short, recognition either of belligerency or of independence, to be in accordance with international law, must be based on actually existing conditions. The reason why it seemed probable that the occupation the other day of Vera Cruz might call for action on the part of the United States was that for the first time the Mexican insurgents had possession of a seaport, and that questions of blockade and of neutral commerce would be likely to arise. In several cases the United States has done precisely the thing proposed as regards the Mexican insurgents with relation to revolutionary movements in other countries, and without in any sense making itself an ally of or committing itself either to one side or the other. Recognition of belligerency is made by proclamation. On the other hand, the recognition of a new government as being a government *de facto* is almost always informal, and really consists only of acts by which a working relation is maintained between the two governments in the usual transactions between two countries carrying on commerce and other amicable relations one with the other. So, too, when a government *de facto* is so well established that it is entitled to be considered a government *de jure;* a friendly foreign nation does not necessarily issue a proclamation of recognition, but shows its stand by such formal acts as the crediting of an ambassador to the new government and by the taking up of really important diplomatic questions with it. Let us now apply this definition of the various processes of recognition to the interesting state of affairs which exists between the United States and China.

The Recognition of the Chinese Republic

While our Government is in practical and every-day working relations with the new Chinese Government, there has been as yet no formal recognition. This has occasioned protests, and during the past month two important public protests have appeared. The first comes from the Chinese-American League of Justice. It declares that "all actual revolutionary conflict has terminated in China, and the disturbances reported in the daily press are not of a revolutionary character, but are only semi-political." Hence the new Chinese Government, it concludes, should be formally recognized by ours. The protest fitly includes these words: "The Republic of China cost its people much suffering, much bitter sacrifice, and much bloodshed. It is built on the same sacred principles that form the foundation of American freedom, liberty, and equality." The second protest is an open letter to the President by Major Louis Livingston Seaman, the eminent surgeon and authority on the Far East. Dr. Seaman is also President of the China Society of America. He says that our delay "not only prevents the prosperity and development of the country [China], but menaces its very life by threatening the maintenance of the integrity of its territory." No specific instances, however, are mentioned. Dr. Seaman adds: "The opportunity of cementing the friendship of a third of the human race should not be lightly neglected." Certainly not. Our general feeling towards China was shown last spring by the unanimous passage through Congress of a resolu-

tion recommending the immediate recognition of the Republic. Why, then, do we not formally recognize it? A first reason, we may assume from the protest, is that our Government has been somewhat "held up" by the other Governments—the English, French, German, Russian, and Japanese—with which it has been connected in the friendly proposal to loan enough money to the Chinese Republic to start it adequately in the business of government. Dr. Seaman refers to a "feeling" that the Powers expected to use this loan "for their own purposes and not for the best interest of the new Republic." That may be true of a few bankers, and possibly of Russia and Japan among the Powers. But most of the bankers, and at least four of the Governments, there is reason to assume, honestly believe that the conditions of the loan are in China's real interest. Of course no banker expects to engage in any loan without proper recompense and guarantee. Yet, with one exception, the conditions of the loan do not indicate a lack of appreciation of China's "best interest." The one exception is the provision for foreign supervision of the salt tax—the security for the loan. Any proud and self-respecting nation, we agree, would hardly submit to such a provision, even though it had for many years submitted, as China has done, to a foreign supervision of the collection of maritime taxes. But as those are collected at the ports, they do not touch the country as a whole as would the collection of the salt tax. The provision should be removed, and doubtless will be.

The Reason for Delay

The real reason for the delay in recognition is revealed in the State Department's reply to the China Society: "It is the disposition of the Executive to accord recognition at the earliest opportunity afforded under the established usages of international law." So far as we understand it, our Government's policy in the recognition of new governments has been to apply the *de facto* test; that is to say, when we are satisfied that a new authority in power exists, with the acquiescence of the governed, and is able to discharge all international obligations, our policy has been, pending final organization, to enter into practical relations with the temporary Government of such a state. But were "the established usages of international law" followed in our recognition of the Republics of Brazil and Portugal? asks Dr. Seaman. As to Brazil, immediately upon the Emperor's dethronement, in 1889, our Government instructed the American Minister at Rio de Janeiro, first, to obtain diplomatic relations with the Provisional Government, and, second, as soon as a majority of Brazilians should assent to the establishment of the Republic to give to it on behalf of the United States formal and cordial recognition. When it was ascertained that the Brazilian Government had popular approval and support, our Government recognized it as a Republic *in fact*. In the case of Portugal, our Government entered into practical relations with the proclaimed Provisional Government formed in 1910 under Senhor Braga's Presidency. When that Government summoned a Constitutional Assembly, and that Assembly proclaimed a Republic, our Government instantly recognized the Assembly's action. The Portuguese precedent will, of course, be followed in the case of the new Chinese Government, with which we are already in cordial working relations. But we wait on China's necessary action as a precedent to formal recognition. Last February the Chinese Foreign Office notified our Legation at Peking that China had entered upon a formative period of new government, and that the "Provisional United Government" had decided to continue the Chinese Minister accredited to the United States, and to designate him, temporarily, "Provisional Diplomatic Agent." The following day that Minister officially informed our Government that the Emperor, in abdicating, had invested Yuan Shi-kai with power to establish a republican form of government, and that, pending such establishment, the diplomatic and consular officers of China abroad would continue in the discharge of their functions. Hence, agreeably with our established policy, our Government admitted the Chinese Minister to full relation with the State Department, and ordered our Minister at Peking to continue in the exercise of his office. Thus, during the earliest period of the new Chinese Government—which announces itself to exist provisionally in virtue of an Imperial decree, and to be formative only—the two countries have been practically in full relations. When the existing Provisional Government is changed into a permanent constitutional Government, with the assent of the governed, it will, of course, be promptly recognized.

When will that be? Presumably as soon as the Chinese hold their elections and the parliament convenes and takes action. The delegates to the present Assembly at Peking were not elected by the people at large. Elections for a permanent Parliament were to take place not later than six months from last April, when Sun Yat-sen, the Provisional President chosen at Nanking, resigned in favor of Yuan Shi-kai, chosen at Peking. Thus the elections should occur about this time. As Article 53 of the Provisional Constitution declares that the Provisional President shall convene Parliament within ten months of the promulgation of the provisional Constitution, we may expect the first meeting of Parliament to take place in February, at which time we hope and expect the formal recognition of the Chinese Republic by ours, and not only by ours, but by the other Powers, among whom we are regarded as a leader in all that concerns China. That recognition will, we are convinced, swiftly follow the convening of a duly authorized national Parliament, and its declaration in favor of a Republic, together with its election of a permanent President.

The Woman Suffrage Movement in China

The impression has gone forth that women in China have already been granted equal suffrage with men. The rumor obtained because, when the provisional Assembly was in session at Nanking, the ancient Chinese capital, a number of native suffragettes marched into the Assembly and petitioned that the suffrage be immediately granted to women. This being refused, the ladies acted exactly as their British sisters have done—they shouted and shrieked and smashed windows. They petitioned the Assembly again and again. Finally, in order to free itself from further friction, that body passed a resolution expressing an opinion in favor of equal suffrage. Now the Assembly was only a provisional body, and hence could not make any final decision on this question for the nation; but it did recommend favorable action to the National Assembly, then being organized to represent the country after the definitive union of the north and the south, a body soon to be superseded by a regularly elected Parliament. But the suffragettes took a different view. They acted as if the suffrage had already been granted to them. When the National Assembly opened its sessions, last June, at Peking, the capital, a petition was presented reminding that body of the provisional Assembly's promise. But the petition was in vain, if we may judge from the Suffrage Act passed in July, which will soon be tested by an actual popular election to a permanent Parliament. The Act made no provision for women's votes. Even the vote to male citizens was granted only under strict limitations. Any male citizen of the Chinese Republic over twenty-one years old may vote if he has resided two years in his election district and has paid a direct tax exceeding two silver dollars, or owns real estate valued at more than five hundred silver dollars, or is the graduate of a primary school. But no citizen may vote if the Government had suspended his citizenship, or if he is an illiterate, a bankrupt, an insane person, or—last but not least—an opium-smoker.

American Missions Imperiled in Korea

An important conference was held recently in New York City to consider a somewhat serious crisis that has arisen in Korea, one which seriously affects Christian missionary work in that country and conceivably may grow into such proportions as to affect indirectly the relations between Japan and the United States. It is an old proverb that a little matter may kindle a great fire, and it is a subject of congratulation that wise men have taken this matter up in time to prevent what might otherwise grow into serious contention. Christian missions have had a great success in Korea. There are said to be 300,000 members of Christian churches in that country, including catechumens—that is, those who have definitely become Christians, but have not yet been received into full membership pending further instruction and observation. Japan grants, both in her own country and in her provinces, full religious liberty, and the Christian Church has the same standing before the law in Japan as the Buddhist Temple. But the Koreans are uneasy and discontented under the Japanese occupation of their country. It is certain that under that occupation order, peace, and civilization have been promoted. It is also certain that conditions are far more favorable for the Christian Church under Japanese occupation than they would have been under Russian occupation; and such was the course of events in the East that, if Japan had

not occupied Korea, Russia would have occupied it. But Christianity is the only social religion in that country. The Buddhist worships in his temple in solitude. The Christians gather in assemblies of considerable size, and their worship is accompanied with singing and with public addresses. In many villages the Christian church is the only assembly-room, and the Korean Christians gathering in these assembly-rooms become an object of suspicion to the military authorities. In some cases this suspicion is intensified by wholly innocent incidents, such as the singing of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," or a sermon on David and Goliath. In other cases it may conceivably, though not at all probably, be justified by incidents that are not wholly innocent. The American missionaries have apparently taken very great pains to keep the Christian churches from any appearances of revolutionary or even political tendencies; but some of the native Christians have been accused of not being equally careful. Some of them have been arrested and tried for stirring up insurrection. These trials have been conducted according to the Japanese criminal law, which is largely borrowed from the Code Napoléon and in its methods is unlike the Anglo-Saxon law, and seems to the Anglo-Saxon lacking in necessary protection for the accused. It is even affirmed that in some instances these Christians have been subjected to torture and that confessions have been thus extorted from them. This is denied by the Government officials, and the American must bear in mind that what is euphemistically called the "third degree" is not uncommon in police examinations in some of our own States. One hundred and six of these Christian Koreans have been condemned. An appeal has been taken, and their case is now to go to the higher courts. The conference to which we have referred was called by certain of the missionary boards working in Korea for the purpose of getting the counsel of disinterested Americans upon the situation as presented.

Pacific Counsels

Among those who took part in this conference were Dr. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard; Dr. Hadley, President of Yale; Dr. Seth Low, former President of Columbia; Professor Jenks, now of New York University; the Hon. John W. Foster, ex-Secretary of State; the Hon. James Brown Scott, formerly solicitor for the Department of State. The importance of the conference is indicated by the fact that, although the notice was very short, all those who were invited attended, except two or three unavoidably detained by previous engagements. The judgment of the conference was unanimous that the Mission Boards were right in believing that the United States Government could not, directly or indirectly, interfere. If American citizens had been arrested, the Government might possibly interest itself in the matter, but it would be an international impertinence for the American Government to interfere in the trial of Japanese subjects by Japanese courts, as it would be an international impertinence for the Japanese Government to interfere with the trial of Filipinos by American courts. There was, however, a general agreement that, informally and unofficially, representatives of the American interests in Korea, especially representatives of the American churches, might bring the matter again, as heretofore, to the attention of the Imperial Government in Japan, and might with entire propriety raise the funds necessary to secure eminent Japanese lawyers to present the case of the Korean ministers before the Japanese courts. There appear to us to be two perils involved in this situation: one, the peril to individual Christian ministers who may be unjustly condemned because of natural, though perhaps groundless, suspicions; the other, the peril to the amicable relations between Japan and the United States, which might easily be aggravated if unscrupulous journals were to lay hold on the facts which we have here stated, and, by misrepresentation or partial and imperfect representation, take the occasion to inflame American prejudice against Japan. So far as we can judge from such examination of the facts as we have been able to give, the American leaders of the Christian churches in Korea are taking the utmost pains to avoid every occasion of offense. If the actual facts can be brought in a conciliatory manner to the attention of the Japanese Imperial authorities, there is no reason why the not unnatural suspicions of local officials should grow into a national suspicion, and we trust that the conference may result in both providing a fair trial for the accused Korean Christians and preventing any inflaming of race and religious prejudice between the Japanese and the Americans.

Safeguards for the "Movies"

Three hundred thousand people in New York City alone throng the seven hundred motion-picture shows every day. Yet for this vast public there is no law fully protecting health and safety. This result is partly due to the fact that the Building Code exempts those places under a 300 seating capacity from its elaborate and costly provisions, yet provides no special rules for those below 300. Hence the vast majority of moving-picture shows are of the typical "store-front" kind, which seat not a soul over 300. For these places there remain only old, hopelessly insufficient laws, the duty of enforcing which is scattered among seven city departments, with numerous twilight zones of authority. Much confusion and neglect result. The public is served by hundreds of cramped, ill-ventilated houses, poorly lighted, sometimes overcrowded, sometimes dangerous. Many of these houses defy the State law by admitting children under sixteen without parent or guardian. The entertainment is lowered in many cases by vaudeville of necessarily the cheapest kind. To remedy all this and to bring healthful, safe, clean conditions into the theater, and to give a better show, there is proposed a "Folk Ordinance," framed after searching investigation here and in Europe, and indorsed by the People's Institute and recreation societies. This safeguards the public and gives the showman fair measure. It recognizes that the latter cannot pay for the imperative improvements without a larger income; so it raises the seating capacity of strictly motion-picture houses from 300 to 600, while still freeing them from the excessive cost of coming under the Building Code. The improvements required are excellent, and for the most part the ordinance is retroactive on all existing moving-picture theaters. Every such building, for instance, must be lighted during the entire performance so well that one may be able to read ordinary print. As an aid in fire and to prevent panic, the public is to be further protected by many minutely specified improvements, such as adequate exits, fire-escapes, outside doors opening out, fireproof stairs, metal-covered floors and ceilings, seats fastened to the floor, ample aisles, the prohibition of "standees," and by a safer operating booth, with flues reaching the outside air. To safeguard health reasonable appliances are required, not only to insure a specific amount of cubic air space, but for the introduction without direct draughts of copious fresh air, to be kept in motion by electric fans; when the temperature is below 60° outside, it must be between 62° and 70° within.

Other Improvements Would Follow

Vaudeville, stage, and scenery would be abolished, by the passage of the Folk Ordinance, in these small motion-picture theaters, though song, recitation, music, and lectures could be given. Two things would be accomplished by thus abolishing vaudeville: the fire risk would be much less, since everything inflammable—scenery, costumes, etc.—would be gone from the front of the hall; and the entertainment itself would be more dignified, since in the small houses the vaudeville is almost impossible to regulate. All these improvements could be installed without raising the present price of admission, because more tickets would be sold. Authority would be given to inspectors from the License Bureau to issue licenses only after all improvements have been installed, and to investigate shows and report violations of decency to the Mayor, who can revoke the license. With the vaudeville eliminated and the films judged, as now, by the National Board of Censorship of Motion Pictures before "release," there should be a minimum of objections to the entertainments. It is believed that much of the Folk Ordinance could be adopted in many other cities which desire to improve the conditions surrounding the moving-picture performances. Though the Folk Ordinance makes provision for educational and religious moving-picture entertainments in schools and churches, this vast possible development in New York State must wait for a proposed amendment to an antiquated State law. This law provides that the operating booth shall be of such size and of such heavy materials that a practically permanent structure weighing about two thousand pounds is required—out of the question to build into most churches and schools. The amendment permits a much lighter but just as safe portable booth, and also provides for the use under proper restrictions of the "home" miniature moving-picture machines, which have almost endless possibilities for school, charitable society, and scientific institution. The Folk Ordinance will doubtless meet with opposition from rivals and commercial interests concerned, and to some extent from persons whose

motives are conscientious but whose knowledge of the subject is incomplete.

Offensive Advertising: England and France

The crusade against offensive advertising has been vigorously started in this country, chiefly by the American Civic Association, and is having more or less success. Our crusaders should take heart from the example of England and France. In 1893 the Scapa Society of England began its work of calling public attention to inartistic advertising; and finally, in 1907, Parliament adopted the principle advocated by the Society by passing an Advertisements Regulation Act. This act empowered local authorities to frame by-laws "for regulating, restricting, or preventing the exhibition of advertisements in such manner or by such means as to affect injuriously the amenities of a public park or pleasure promenade or to disfigure the natural beauty of a landscape." It is only now, however, so we learn from the London "Spectator," that local authorities show a general disposition to avail themselves of the provisions of this law. The Home Office was to carry out those provisions. Its method was to schedule defined areas. But this did not work. So the Home Secretary ordered that no advertisement should be exhibited on any stand or other erection visible from any highway and so placed as to disfigure the natural beauty of the landscape. The "Spectator" instances such a pleasure resort as Scarborough and such a historic city as Exeter as among those places where the success of the crusade against offensive advertising has been specially evident. Turning to France, we find that in 1906 the French Parliament passed a law providing for the protection of sites and natural "monuments" of artistic character. Under this act commissions were constituted for each of the eighty-six departments into which France is divided. The commissions consisted of the prefect of the department, its chief engineer, the heads of the forest and water bureaus, two members of the council, and five persons of distinction in art and literature. The commissions were to frame a list of lands whose preservation would have general interest because of the picturesque character of the views involved. The owners of these lands were then to be asked not to destroy or alter the aspect of the lands in the list without the departmental commission's permission. If the owner refused, the prefect was empowered to expropriate any such property. The next step was to obtain legal powers to prevent defacement. In 1910 the Legislature granted these; indeed, it empowered the prohibition of any advertising at all within a zone to be defined by a prefectoral order. The legislation just passed goes still further. Its aim is to tax the *affiches*, or large signs, out of existence. Advertisers will have to pay fifty francs (ten dollars) a square yard, and a proportionate rate for larger areas of advertising space. But, in the view of the new law, the persons putting up the *affiches* are not alone responsible. The owner of the sites is also responsible, and is liable to a special duty on his gains from this source. When we record the fact that the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate passed this law unanimously and without discussion, the impressive character of the event is sufficiently indicated.

A School Gymnasium

The development of secondary boarding-schools for boys in this country during the past few years has been notable. Old foundations, like the Phillips Academy at Andover and the Philips Academy at Exeter, have gained in material and educational resources. Schools founded within the present generation, like St. Paul's, Groton, Hotchkiss, Lawrenceville, and The Hill School, have established themselves on permanent foundations. This result has sometimes been accomplished by devoted and clear-headed masters dealing with large bodies of alumni, and sometimes by men like Dr. John Meigs, who have the genius not only for teaching but for school-building. The Mercersburg Academy, in the beautiful Cumberland Valley in Pennsylvania, has grown in like manner and for the same reason, Dr. and Mrs. Irvine bringing to a great opportunity the spirit of leadership, unselfish devotion, and tireless industry. The equipment of this school, which now numbers more than four hundred boys, has been materially enlarged by the building of an impressive and well-appointed gymnasium in memory of a Mercersburg boy, Carl Lewis Nolde by name. In his address of dedication Dr. Irvine spoke of him as a boy of "clean, pure character, energetic, self-controlled, and faithful," who died very near the day of his graduation, and of whom the head master said, "Like a lighthouse, he simply kept shining." A Mercersburg boy

was one of the conspicuous winners in the Olympian games at Stockholm last summer. And the head master finely interpreted the spirit of the Academy when he declared of the new gymnasium that it was "to tell the story of divinity in the human body." The Rev. Dr. N. M. Waters, of Brooklyn, who also spoke, said that a man who develops his brain only is one-third of a man; the man who develops his soul only is one-third of a man; but the man who develops his brain, his soul, and his body is a complete man; and he gave a vivid interpretation of the picture of the Mercersburg athlete which Mr. Blashfield is to paint on the walls of the trophy room in the gymnasium.

Safe Travel, the Saloon, and Railway Employees' Clubs

Nearly twoscore lives were lost within the year through collisions on railway lines protected by automatic block signals. Though the mechanism did its duty, the human factor failed. Signals were either not seen or disobeyed. These disasters emphasized the fact that safe travel depends as much upon the clear eyes and brain, upon the effective coordination of the railway man's mind and senses, as upon automatic safety appliances. Further emphasis was given this fact by a recent bulletin of the Inter-State Commerce Commission analyzing the accident records of the country's railways. This bulletin reported that the Southern Pacific system had carried 150,000,000 persons in the four years ending June 30, 1912, without killing a single passenger through collision or derailment. In connection with this report it is significant that the Southern Pacific and the allied lines of the Harriman group have for six years carried on a systematic, startlingly effective war against the saloon—the railroader's worst foe. The lines supplemented the strict enforcement of Rule G, prohibiting the use of intoxicants on or off duty, by erecting sixteen club-houses for the employees at operating centers. Neat rooms, well-cooked, wholesome food of the best quality, non-intoxicating drinks, cigars, candy, and tobacco were provided for the men in these club-houses. Billiard and pool tables, bowling alleys, libraries, shower-baths, lounging-places, halls for dances and meetings, were placed at their disposal. Almost from the beginning these club-houses became extremely popular, and proved to be powerful factors in enforcing Rule G, effective competitors of the saloon. In one small railway town of three thousand souls twenty-nine saloons flourished when the club-house was opened. Six months later half a dozen drinking-places closed their doors. The others showed fight. Club-house employees were bribed to give poor service, cooks were induced to poison the men's food; as a last resort, the entire club-house crew was bought to go on strike. But the saloons lost. Two years after the opening of the club only seven of the original twenty-nine bars were left. Twenty two closed their bars for lack of patronage. At Tucson the floor of the club-house had to be relaid four times in six years. At Green River, a Wyoming division point so desolate and dreary that few workers remained after the first pay-day, the club-house lengthened the average term of service from less than thirty to more than ninety days. Everywhere the division superintendents reported greater efficiency, sobriety, and self-respect among club-house patrons. Undoubtedly the clubs' influence upon the human factor assisted materially in bringing about the record of four years' safe travel. The victories won in the fight against the saloon by the institution have been permanent and progressive, thanks to the novel principles upon which the management of the club-houses is based. F. G. Athearn, the social engineer who founded the clubs, realized that institutions similar to the Young Men's Christian Associations would not reach the class of men he dealt with. Departing from the accepted standards of social welfare work, Mr. Athearn studied the methods of the enemy, the saloon, and adapted them to the railway's purposes. The saloon requires neither dues nor membership cards from its patrons. Neither do the railway clubs. They are open day and night to every employee who wishes to make use of their facilities. As in the saloon, all club patrons stand upon a plane of social equality—the same courtesy that greets the aristocratic engineer or conductor is extended to the humble section worker. Like the home and the saloon, the walls of the club-houses are innocent of signs prohibiting swearing, smoking, expectorating. There are no rules of conduct. The men's freedom of movement and action is as unrestricted as it is in the saloon. But the subtle influence of wholesome, neat environment has in no instance failed to prevent abuses. The men are expected to behave as gentlemen—and they do. They pay their way just as they

do in the saloon, though no profit is derived from the operation of the club-houses except the indirect benefit resulting from cleaner, stronger, healthier manhood. Social welfare workers will find food for reflection in the remarkable success of this enterprise, which vigorously suppressed every tinge of paternalism and patronage in order to lay hands upon that most elusive, unwilling individual, the adult, independent, self-respecting worker, and keep him out of the danger zone of the saloon.

Is Art Decadent?

Mr. George Moore is a well-known English art critic. But he is a pessimist, and the habit of being a pessimist seems to have grown upon him. He recently issued a statement to the effect that art had now reached its climax, and that henceforth we must expect to go down hill. Mr. Moore's position seems to be that ours is emphatically an industrial and commercial age; hence the expression of that age is seen in various mercantile enterprises and works of engineering rather than in art production. The rejoinders of American art critics have not been wanting, and among them that of Mr. William M. R. French (as published in the New York "Times"), Director of the Art Institute of Chicago, deserves quotation. "My own prosaic idea," he says, "is that it is a matter of supply and demand." He explains this thus:

> In Athens the State furnished a demand for art. In the Renaissance the Church furnished the same demand. . . . With us the same thing is happening through the extension of mural painting and the freer use of sculpture in connection with architecture. On a lower plane modern illustration has made the practice of art into a profession equal in its rewards to other professions, so that an enterprising young man need not fear to follow it. With the opportunity will come the men.

As to art in general, Mr. French denies that it is at a low ebb. It is true, says he, that Greek sculpture stands confessedly unequaled, and yet "within fifty years we have had sculptors equal to any except the Greek, unless it be one or two men of the Renaissance." As to painting, we have of course the inevitable reference to Whistler. His production in painting looks limited, Mr. French admits, when compared with that of the great masters. But that is no reason for asserting that there are no longer any national schools of painting. "I believe it is true," declares Mr. French, "that a practiced critic can pick out the American paintings in the Paris Salon by sight as soon as his eyes rest upon them. No doubt the same is true of the English and Spanish, for example." Mr. French's position is justified by the facts, and we are therefore glad to add further publicity to his statement.

Forestry in New York State

During the past summer the New York State College of Forestry at Syracuse University acquired over eighteen hundred acres of cut-over land in the Adirondacks for educational and experimental work. The land was given to the University by the Rich Lumber Company. In its operations this Company has endeavored not to denude the immediate shores of Cranberry Lake, along which it has been operating for a number of years; consequently the lands contain more green timber than is usually found. It is also significant that a lumber company which has long operated according to older methods of logging should wish to help in educational work by placing so large a tract of land in the hands of an educational institution. While lumbermen have been taking an active interest in forestry education, few of them have done more in adopting improved methods of management than to carry on utilization a little more fully and to pay more attention to the protection of their timber. This latest gift of forest land, though relatively a small tract, should, of course, be so effectively reforested and managed as to become an object-lesson for the entire State. A particular and gratifying immediate result to be noted is the establishment of a State Ranger School. There has long been need to train a class of young men to fill the gap between the average woodman and the trained forester; indeed, in this country it seems difficult to train a man for any intermediate position when so much opportunity for advancement exists, fortunately, about us. Some attempts have been made to establish regular courses in the Western States, and one or two colleges there are now giving regular range work. The New York College of Forestry's Ranger School will offer a one-year and a two-year course of training. Both courses will lead to such positions as guards, rangers, forest estate managers, tree-planting experts, and nursery foremen.

Billy Rugh, Hero

The rôle of heroes is a long one, and is always receiving additions; for this age, which is so often described as unheroic, lives from hour to hour by the heroism of an army of men and women. The latest name to be added to the shining list of those who face death for some principle or cause, or who make some great sacrifice for an unselfish end, is that of Billy Rugh, of Gary, Indiana, who sold newspapers. A young woman, severely burned as the result of a motor cycle accident, was in danger of death because skin could not be procured for the grafting operation. Rugh, who had been a cripple from childhood and whose left leg was practically useless, heard of the case, went to the hospital, and offered his leg to the surgeons for use in the emergency. He was warned that amputation would be necessary, and very dangerous. His answer was, "If it will save the girl, take it off;" and he added, with the quick humor characteristic of his class, "I'll save money—you know I'll have to buy only one shoe." The leg was amputated and the grafting operation successfully performed; but Billy Rugh paid the extreme penalty of his heroism, saying quietly, as he went out of the world, "Yes, I'm going; but I was some good to the world, after all." Such a modern instance of the old virtue of the men about whom Plutarch wrote is only one of the countless refutations of the slander that heroism has died out of the modern world. On the contrary, it has become so much a part of modern life that it is taken for granted. But Billy Rugh ought to be remembered. His was the quiet courage which faces death without the support of the bugle-note or the encouragement of a multitude of onlookers.

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A Bird Haven

Mrs. Russell Sage has added another item to the list of her public-spirited benefactions. Her latest good deed is the purchase of Marsh Island, in the Gulf of Mexico on the Louisiana coast, as a bird haven. This island, it is asserted, is one of the best which could be chosen for refuge purposes. In their spring and autumn migrations it is the stopping-place for many varieties of birds, and in the winter it is frequented by great numbers of wild fowl. It is a natural refuge and building-place, especially for egrets (which have been almost exterminated, owing to the demand for their snowy plumes), and also for herons, bittern, and loons, while in the winter there are many species of shore birds. Of course the island has attracted the pot-hunter and has furnished its quota to the four million game birds killed in a single season in Louisiana alone. The birds will now be protected. And not only will they be able to feed and nest, no longer molested by poachers and plume-gatherers; their sanctuary will be a reminder to certain Southern States that they have not, as yet, afforded the most elementary protection to the migrating birds.

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The Beecher Memorial

A full description of the memorial at Brooklyn, New York, about to be erected to Henry Ward Beecher and dedicated next year, the centenary of his birth, has recently appeared in the Brooklyn "Eagle," with plans of its component parts. These show the space westward of Plymouth Church cleared of dwellings to the corner of Hicks Street, on which, fronting the church, stands the memorial edifice, a three-story building, connected by an arcade with the church. It is to be the church's working plant for the benefit of a multitude of young men and women rooming in the numerous boarding-houses on and near Brooklyn Heights. There they will have their club-rooms, assembly-room, library and reading-room, with gymnasium, swimming-pool, and lockers for use on alternate days, besides class-rooms for evening instruction in vocational and other lines. In the reception-room this inscription will be placed:

PRESENTED
TO PLYMOUTH CHURCH
AND
THE PEOPLE OF BROOKLYN
IN RECOGNITION OF
HENRY WARD BEECHER
AND WHAT HE DID TO
SAVE THE UNION

The arcade is to bear bas-reliefs measuring about five by eight feet, commemorating leaders of the anti-slavery struggle—orators, preachers, poets, statesmen. On the little park in front of it will stand a bronze statue of Mr. Beecher. It represents him making his successful appeal, in 1848, at a mass-meeting in Plymouth Church, for the ransom from a fate worse than slavery of two sisters of remarkable beauty who had been shipped from Washington to the slave-market in New Orleans. At the base of the marble pedestal of the statue these sisters, whose tragic lot

had aroused deep sympathy, appear in the attitude of supplication. The artist, Mr. Gutzon Borglum, specimens of whose bronze work are in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in this city, is now engaged on the heroic model of this statue. At the eastern side of the church, on ground cleared for the purpose, a memorial gateway is to be erected, the wall on either side of it bearing large bronze tablets. The memorial edifice was devised by the late John Arbuckle, the widely known Brooklyn manufacturer and merchant, for many years warmly attached to Mr. Beecher and his church. Desirous of testifying his affection, in a form that would be permanently beautiful, to the young men and women of the neighborhood, he and his architect made progress with the plan. Since his death this has been revived and matured by his nephews and successors in business, Messrs. William and Charles Jamieson, and its realization is secured by the gift of about one hundred thousand dollars by his sisters, Mrs. Jamieson and Miss Christine Arbuckle. The dedicatory service is announced for Sunday, June 1, 1913, at the end of the centenary commemoration week beginning on the Sunday preceding.

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The Farm Treatment for Insanity

The city of Philadelphia is making an interesting experiment. Since Mayor Blankenburg's advent a number of municipal improvements have taken place, but among them none seems more notable than the change in the treatment of the city's insane patients. Hitherto these patients have been herded together, and their malady has only been made worse by the conditions of crowding to which they have been forced. Fortunately for them, a large farm—known as the Byberry tract—of nearly nine hundred acres, near Philadelphia, was available for colony treatment, the only rational kind of treatment for the insane, the feeble-minded, or defective and delinquent cases. On the tract were several old and dilapidated farm-houses. These were reconstructed. Each became the home of some twenty-five men suffering from a mild form of mania, and harmless, but willing to make themselves useful. Each colony has been supervised by a man and his wife, the latter acting as matron. Each colony is separate and distinct in every particular, having its own farming implements, horses, cows, pigs, etc. A total of three hundred mild insane men have now been transferred from the main institution in West Philadelphia. Although the insane take kindly to farming work, Dr. Neff, Director of the Philadelphia Department of Public Health, informs us that they seem best adapted to the care of animals. He adds: "There seems to be some communion between them that is more marked than in those of sound minds." Another interesting fact noted by Dr. Neff is that concerning Sunday, on which day "there is a distinct restlessness not observed on other days." This is doubtless due to the fact that when working the insane are more quiet and sleep better. In general, however, the feeling of dependence and the chafing at the lack of liberty—the inevitable accompaniment of inmates of an institution—have given way to an atmosphere of greater self-respect. The patients have become not only contented with new surroundings, but have gradually learned to forget old grievances.

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Henry Martyn

Seldom, if ever, have six years of a life ending at the age of thirty-one left an impression resulting in the commemoration in many lands of the centenary of its closing day. Next after Raymond Lull in the fourteenth century stands Henry Martyn as a pioneer of Christian missions in Moslem lands. The day of his death, October 16, 1812, was widely observed as a day of united prayer for the evangelization of the Moslem world. The son of a man who had risen from the lowly lot of a British miner, Martyn at the age of nineteen won the first place in the list of honors at St. John's College in Cambridge University, and the next year was chosen fellow of his college. In the same year he resolved to become a missionary. His reading of the memoir and diary of David Brainerd, who died in 1747 at the age of twenty-nine, after three years of missionary labors among American Indians, is believed to have partly influenced his decision. After serving two years as curate under Charles Simeon, the leader of the evangelical or Low Church movement in the Church of England, he reached India in 1806. Here his evangelical spirit soon drew him into intimacy with the Baptist missionary Carey, who wrote of him, "We take sweet counsel together, and go to the house of God as friends." His rare linguistic genius so quickly mastered the vernacular that he soon became a fluent and attractive preacher to large audiences. In

1808 he had translated the New Testament and part of the Book of Common Prayer, but failing health induced him to remove to Persia. Here he began work at Shiraz among Moslems, winning respect both by his learning and his character. His grave in the American cemetery at Tokat is often visited to-day. A century has passed. The ice-barrier piled by thirteen hundred years of racial and political enmity between the Crescent and the Cross, though shaken by modern education, seems as solid as ever. Veteran missionaries look for its melting, but only in the moral temperature to be created by Christian lives of the blended strength and self-devoting sweetness that were exemplified in Henry Martyn. In this hope, and in view of signs of promise amid the general unrest throughout the Moslem world, the World's Evangelical Alliance and several other associations joined in a call to prayer on the 16th day of October for the work bequeathed that day by Henry Martyn a century ago.

THE BALKAN WAR

The Balkan war may be long or short. It may drive the Turk from Europe. It may add territory to the Balkan States. But whether these things take place or not, those States are already enjoying their greatest gain—the sense of federation.

Never before have they acted together. Their mutual animosities and conflicting claims have prevented. Indeed, on several recent occasions they have led perilously near to war. On one occasion they did lead to war. That was in 1885, when the conflict was between Bulgaria and Servia.

Keenly aware of all this, the Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid, now deposed, always fomented quarrels among the Balkan nations. But now that a less crafty monarch has been on the throne, the traditional quarrels and animosities have largely died out, and the four States have become proportionately animated by a sense of unity. The most notable evidence of this was on the occasion of the Bulgarian Crown Prince's coming of age at Sofia, when, as reported, the Crown Princes of Greece, Montenegro, Servia, and Bulgaria agreed to sink their differences in the face of a crisis common to all. Whatever ambitions for wider territorial boundaries may have moved them, their immediate aim was to get a proper government for the Christian Bulgars, Serbs, Montenegrins, and Greeks still living in Turkey. Such a government had already been promised both by Turkey and by the Powers.

The promise came about in this way. In 1878 Russia and Turkey were at war. Turkey was defeated. Peace was concluded almost at the very gates of Constantinople, namely, at the little town of San Stefano, on the Sea of Marmora, a few miles from the Golden Horn. By this treaty much of the province of Macedonia was to have been joined to Bulgaria, now an independent principality. But England, France, Germany, Austria, and Italy saw a bigger Russia behind that bigger Bulgaria. They finally forced Russia—of course Turkey was glad to be thus "forced"—to supplant the Treaty of San Stefano by the Treaty of Berlin. In that treaty occurs the famous paragraph 23:

> The Sublime Porte [the Turkish Government] engages itself to apply scrupulously in the island of Crete the organic regulation [autonomy] of 1886. . . . Analogous regulations adapted to local conditions . . . will be introduced as well into other parts of Turkey in Europe. . . . The Sublime Porte will charge special commissions—in which the native element shall be largely represented—to elaborate the details of these new regulations in each province. The projects of organization resulting from these labors shall be submitted to the examination of the Sublime Porte, which, before promulgating the acts destined to put them into effect, shall follow the counsel of the European Commission.

This article has for thirty-four years remained practically a dead letter. Now and then the Powers have stirred themselves a little to see if something could not be done. But the condition of the Christians in Macedonia and Albania still remains much as it was before 1878. From neither Turkey nor the Powers was there much to expect. If reforms could be instituted, there was apparently only one language which Turkey or the Powers could understand—force.

Who could apply it? The Balkan States. Two conditions were essential: First, they must sink their differences in the face of the common oppressor. Second, their united strength ought to equal the Turk's. Little by little that sense of union has come, and little by little their armed forces have grown equal at least to attempt the task.

But it is not alone against Turkey that resentment is felt. It is not surprising that the allied States felt moved to this irony in their "Identic Note" of last month to Turkey:

> Notwithstanding the promise of the great Powers to take in hand the realization of re-

forms in European Turkey, the Governments of the allied States feel bound to address themselves directly to the Sublime Porte, and declare that only radical reforms, sincerely and integrally applied, can improve the miserable condition of the Christian population of European Turkey, guarantee order and tranquillity in that country, and assure durable peace between Turkey and the Balkan States.

The reforms are defined as follows:

> The . . . States . . . invited Turkey to apply the reforms indicated in Article 23 of the Berlin Treaty on the basis of the principle of nationalities with administrative autonomy of the provinces, Belgian or Swiss Governors, elective assemblies, their own gendarmerie and militia, and free education; the reforms to be applied by a council composed of an equal number of Christians and Moslems, under the superintendence of the ambassadors of the Powers and of the Ministers of the four States (Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, Greece) in Constantinople.

Turkey declined to accede to these demands, on the ground that they constituted an interference with her internal affairs. Hence the war.

It has begun well for the allies. In fighting practically side by side they now feel a sense of federation such as they never felt before. But the most inspiring news that comes is not that the Bulgarians are closing in upon Adrianople and the Montenegrins on Scutari, that the Servians have taken Uskub and the Greeks Verria; it is that the Balkan States have entered into a formal written alliance, defining the zones of the respective countries as they may be enlarged, and, what is more important, providing for a common tariff and a postal union.

Thus the Balkan federation has already gone beyond the stage of a mere military combination. It seems like a permanent, if as yet loose, federation, for it is intended not only to exclude external authority but to provide also for a common internal government.

Even on that thorniest question, religion, there is a proposal to end the age-long rivalry by uniting the Orthodox churches of Greece, Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro, as in ancient times, under the Patriarch of Constantinople; the national churches, however, to retain their national rituals and languages.

It is rumored that the King of Greece, on nomination of the King of Montenegro, may become head of the Balkan alliance. This would seem to be a not unfitting choice, especially in view of the alarm in Europe at the sudden development of the purely Slav element as represented by Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro.

Be this as it may, the object of the alliance is certainly "the Balkan States for the Balkan peoples." Hence, whether those States enlarge their boundaries or not, we must believe that, under any circumstances, the boundaries of freedom and good government are now about to be enlarged.

NEITHER PARTISAN NOR NEUTRAL

The campaign which has just closed has been characterized in a marked degree by strong convictions regarding the political issues presented to the voters. It is not surprising that in the heat of such a campaign strong convictions should be mistaken for partisanship, nor are we surprised that The Outlook should be sincerely regarded as a partisan journal by some of those old friends who do not agree with its views. That the members of our increasing Outlook family may know the varying opinions of other members of their circle, we print on another page extracts from some of the letters recently received, both of protest and of indorsement. We are sorry to have any of our old readers leave us; we are still more sorry to have them leave us under a misapprehension of our purposes and spirit; but the facts seem to warrant our conviction that the number of our readers who think that the course of The Outlook during the campaign just ended has been partisan is but a small proportion of the whole number of our readers.

There are three kinds of journals: the partisan, the neutral, the independent. Each serves a useful purpose. Neither can serve the purpose of the other. All that readers have a right to expect of the journal which they read is that it shall be what it purports to be. The Outlook does not purport to be a partisan journal; it does not purport to be a neutral journal; it does purport to be an independent journal.

A partisan journal belongs to a party. It is the organ of that party, the means which that party possesses of communicating its convictions and its purposes to the public. The relation of such a journal to the party which it represents is analogous to the relation of a lawyer to his client. It is morally bound to tell the truth. It has no right to mislead its readers by a misreport of facts, or to misrepresent opponents by putting into their mouths words they never uttered, or imputing

to them opinions which they would repudiate. But it is under no obligation to tell the *whole* truth. It is under no obligation to report facts if the report will be injurious to the party whose organ it is, or to publish opinions if those opinions are adverse to its party. It is an advantage to the community to have some party organs: a Presbyterian organ from which we can learn authoritatively what Presbyterianism is, and a Roman Catholic organ from which we can learn authoritatively what Roman Catholicism is; it is similarly an advantage to have Republican organs and Democratic organs and Socialistic organs, from which we can learn with authority what the Republican, the Democratic, and the Socialist parties respectively stand for.

The neutral journal is simply a reporter of current events and current opinions. It is a talking-machine: all sorts of people talk into it, and what they have said it reports to others. The "Nineteenth Century and After" in England is such a neutral publication. One could never guess from reading it what opinions its editor entertains on any subject. The "Literary Digest" is such a neutral publication in America. It has no opinions; it gives free circulation to all. The convictions of the editor of a neutral periodical can no more be surmised from its pages than the convictions of the maker of a talking-machine can be surmised from the speeches which it gives out to the public.

The Outlook is not, and never has been, a partisan paper. It is the organ of no party, either in Church or State. But neither is it a neutral paper. It is not a mere reporter of other people's opinions. It is an independent paper. It has strong convictions on every moral problem which arises, whether that problem be social, political, or individual. If it has not such a conviction when the problem arises, it proceeds to study the problem that it may form a conviction. Such convictions it expresses with all the vigor it can command, and it will always continue to do so. It was not founded, and it has not been carried on, "as a news organ chiefly, with editorial comments;" it was founded, and it has been carried on, to inculcate certain fundamental principles of character and conduct, individual and social, and to inspire in its readers a spirit of open-mindedness to receive the truth and a spirit of courage to follow whithersoever the truth leads. It has not been a mere reporter of either news or opinions; it has been an interpreter of both, measuring them, not by their relation to any party or any Church, but by their relation to human welfare and social progress. We can best illustrate our conception of an independent journal by some pages taken from the past history of The Outlook.

It has not been a Protestant organ. It has spared neither effort nor expense to secure accurate and trustworthy reports of Roman Catholic opinions, and has heartily commended the service rendered to the community by the Roman Catholic Church, and has brought upon itself vehement censure from polemically inclined Protestants for so doing. But it believes profoundly in the right of private judgment, in the ultimate authority of conscience, and in the direct and immediate communion between the individual soul and God, and it has tested all claims of all churches, Catholic and Protestant, orthodox and liberal, by that religious faith.

It has not been a Christian organ. It has criticised the faults in organized Christianity and commended the virtues and excellencies in pagan forms of faith and life. But it believes profoundly in Jesus Christ as Master and Leader, accepts his teachings and his spirit as containing the solvent of all spiritual and ethical problems, and it has been as ready to commend and to co-operate with Jew or agnostic as with orthodox Christians, when Jew and agnostic were carrying on the work of Jesus of Nazareth in the spirit of Jesus of Nazareth. When, on the other hand, orthodox Christians have insisted that it is an essential tenet of Christian faith that the mercy of God is limited to this life, The Outlook has resisted that claim as inconsistent with the spirit and teachings both of the Old Testament and of the New Testament. It has refused to defend orthodoxy merely because it is orthodox.

The Outlook has carried the same spirit of independent, but not neutral, journalism into the political field. It is there more difficult to maintain, because political partisanship is more common in our time than ecclesiastical partisanship. It is our sincere belief that the men who have found The Outlook partisan in politics have found it so chiefly, if not solely, because they were partisan themselves.

When in 1896 Mr. Bryan committed the Democratic party to free silver, we urged our readers to vote for Mr. McKinley, because we believed that free silver would bring

upon the country a great disaster in which the poor would be the chief sufferers. But we never joined in the assaults on Mr. Bryan's motives; and we counted ourselves fortunate in having on our staff at that time an expert on economic questions who was an admirer of Mr. Bryan and an enthusiastic believer in free silver, on whom we could depend to give sympathetic summaries of Mr. Bryan's speeches and sympathetic interpretations of Mr. Bryan's principles. Before the war against Spain was declared we both anticipated and recommended it; and when it was ended we urged the doctrine, which the Anti-Imperialists condemned, that the Nation could own territory which was not a part of the United States and could govern dependent people who were not citizens of the United States. For maintaining this doctrine we were violently attacked as partisan at the time; but this doctrine has since been affirmed as Constitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States and is now acquiesced in by practically all the people of the United States.

When the Progressive party was born last August, The Outlook could not do otherwise than give to it a cordial support, for the new party advocated principles which The Outlook had advocated for years. Long before the Progressive platform was framed The Outlook had demanded a tariff arranged, not for revenue only nor for capitalists chiefly, but for the workingman and the consumer. Long before that platform was framed The Outlook had urged that lawsuits were no remedy for monopoly; that the only remedy was such regulation of great combinations as would make it impossible for them to acquire a monopoly. Long before that platform was framed The Outlook had urged the duty of securing by labor laws such justice for the workingman as would make labor wars impossible. Long before that platform was framed The Outlook had urged that "the remedy for the evils of democracy is more democracy;" that the only way to destroy the power of the bosses is to transfer that power to the people. It would have been a curious way of demonstrating our independence had we abandoned our principles because a party had been created to take them up and incorporate them by Federal and State legislation in the life of the Nation.

There is no one on the editorial staff of The Outlook who does not heartily believe in the four fundamental principles of the Progressive party: a protective tariff framed for the benefit of the wage-earner and the consumer; a governmental regulation, State and National, of all great corporations, in order to prevent the creation of monopoly; labor laws in place of labor wars; and the substitution of popular rule for boss rule. But The Outlook has not been, and will not be, an organ of the Progressive party. It has opposed woman suffrage and indiscriminate pensions, both of which the Progressive party advocates; and it has advocated that measure establishing Canadian reciprocity which the Progressive party condemns. It has reported, in interviews with them, the political opinions of Mr. Taft, Mr. Champ Clark, Governor Harmon, and Governor Wilson. It has presented, in a series of articles by business men of different parts of the country and different party affiliations, their answers to the question, "What's the matter with business?" It has presented by the very vigorous pen of Mr. Gladney the views of those who hold that big business is, by mere reason of its bigness, dangerous to the country and that it should be broken up and that those who have organized it should be treated as criminals and sent to jail—a doctrine which The Outlook disbelieves as untrue and condemns as unjust. Though opposed to woman's suffrage, it has secured the ablest advocate it could secure to represent the cause of woman's suffrage in its columns. Opposed to State-wide prohibition, it has invited Prohibitionists to present the grounds of their faith to its readers. When the charges of fraud against the Republican National Convention were made—charges which we believed, and still believe, were well founded—we gave to our readers the accusations in the words of the accusers, the official defense in the words of the authorized defender, and our judgment on the issues thus formed. In short, while other weekly journals in America have given more space to political questions than The Outlook has given, we do not believe that any other weekly journal has taken more pains to give to its readers a fair and able presentation of both sides of every question under public discussion.

This history of The Outlook in the past is our pledge to our readers for the future. The Outlook will continue to be a non-partisan but also a non-neutral journal. It will spare neither pains nor expense to give its readers accurate and trustworthy accounts of disputed events, as it did in the case of the Lawrence tragedy.

It will not only open its columns to conflicting opinions, but it will seek the ablest expression and interpretation of opinions the reverse of its own. But it will not merely report events; it will interpret them. It will not merely report the opinions of others; it will urge its own convictions upon its readers. For it is founded and carried on to be not merely a reporter of news, but an interpreter of life and a guide and inspiration to life. And its steadily increasing subscription list justifies it in the belief that there is an increasing number of Americans who wish in their homes a journal that is neither partisan nor neutral, but is independent.

MARK TWAIN'S PORTRAIT

Benjamin Franklin stands for the practical genius of the American; Emerson, for his power of vision; Lincoln, for the romance of the man of slight opportunity; and "Mark Twain," for humor. All these men represented other qualities; but when one thinks of American sagacity, spirituality, opportunity, or humor, this group inevitably come before the imagination. They were all men of the soil; they could not have been produced in any other country. There have been many distinguished Americans who might have grown up in other surroundings and conditions; but not one of this group could have been what he was on any other soil or under any other sky. Mark Twain was all his life an exponent of the pioneer qualities of the Mississippi Valley; the large, free, unconventional, humorous point of view of the men who crossed the Alleghanies, built up the Central West and Southwest, and created in the thirties and forties of the last century a world of their own. They were hardy spirits, divorced from European association, with small access to libraries, with great native energy and power of imagination. They were thoroughgoing Americans in their love of their Government and their pride in it; but they lived their lives with very little governmental interference, and they would have resented any curtailment of what they regarded as their individual rights. In the amplitude of the great valley through which the Mississippi passes there was a sense of opportunity which was so accessible and led so far that it took on the more romantic aspects of adventure. The Mississippi was then, as it has since been, a river of careless habits. It had small respect for private property; and when the floods came, it changed its course without consulting the real estate records. The same spirit of freedom animated those who lived upon it; and Mark Twain appeared on the scene at the moment when to be a pilot on a Mississippi boat was the highest ambition of the boys who lived along the river. It presented a rare combination of exalted position, large responsibilities, and personal independence. It was a thoroughly masculine life. It had much more to do, even among its sober practitioners, with the bar than with the drawing-room. It was lawless so far as conventions were concerned, and it was not specially deferential to statutes; but it had its own standards, and woe to the man who did not meet them.

In that free and easy life men formed the habit of looking at things in the large, of minimizing discomforts, and of regarding a man's dependence on external conditions as a subject for humor. In fact, all life was looked at with a large and careless eye, and men were judged by the possession of primitive qualities rather than by conformity to accepted standards. Everything rested on elementary bases; the upper ranges of social life were yet to be climbed. But there was the stuff of which heroes are made in the men of the Mississippi Valley. Their courage, buoyancy, and sense of fun set them in striking contrast with the people who live on the Volga as they have been described by Gorky. Good-fellowship, readiness to help, indifference to the opinion of the world but great deference to local opinion, quickness to turn a hand to any occupation, and general resourcefulness were the characteristics of the men with whom Mark Twain had to do in the early days.

He never was in any sense a literary man. It was probably to his advantage that in that early period he read few books, but dealt with life at short range, and used the vocabulary of his contemporaries. It was a very fresh, pictorial, and unconventional vocabulary. A good deal of it would have sounded profane in the ears of any other section. As a matter of fact, it was profane, but it was picturesque, hyperbolical, and, in a rough sense, poetic swearing. It was an age without reverence, but not without respect for the fundamental verities of life. When Mark Twain, commenting on his inability to remember names, said, "I'll forget the Lord's mid-

dle name sometime, right in the midst of a storm, when I need all the help I can get," he was not conscious of any irreverence; he was using the most vivid form of words in which he could put a defect which annoyed him.

Mark Twain never had any sense of reverence, any more than he had the sense of reticence or the sense of privacy. The free and easy habits of his early life, the ease with which he took the fundamental attitude towards his fellows without reference to the conventional attitude, remained with him to the end; and he was quite as much at home talking with royalty at a garden party at Windsor Castle as he was talking with his old friends in the pilot-house of a Mississippi steamboat. The whole valley was a big neighborhood. Everybody was more or less interested in everybody else. There was no formality, and any stiffness of social intercourse would have been regarded with as much opprobrium as a dress coat. It was a fresh and, in a sense, an original development of humanity; and Mark Twain arrived on the scene just in time to know it at first hand and to report it in his own speech. For this reason his descriptions of life on the river, his "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," will probably form the basis on which his future reputation will rest.

A man with such original force and such indifference to conventions needs an open-minded biographer; and Mark Twain was fortunate in finding such a reporter in Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, who has drawn a full-length portrait of his subject on a very large canvas. This biography (Harpers) fills three large volumes. It is much too long; but it presents the apology of being interesting from cover to cover; and Mr. Paine is entirely within the truth when he says, commenting on the death of Mark Twain, "Nations have often mourned a hero—and races—but perhaps never before had the entire world really united in tender sorrow for the death of any man." Mark Twain was undoubtedly more widely known than any other American whose reputation rests on what he has written; and if the interest in his work sometimes rested on its contrast with European opinion and standards rather than on its intrinsic vitality and veracity, it remains true that the world had a great respect for the author of "Innocents Abroad." It did not always approve of him; but it was immensely entertained by him, and it discerned the tenderness of the man's heart and the resolute integrity of his nature. For Mark Twain was also a representative American in his love of his home and his devotion to his wife and children. No man could have been more fortunate than was he in the intimate relationships of his life; and no romance was ever more tender or beautiful than his adoration of his wife, herself a woman of exquisite nature, not unaware of her husband's limitations and defects of taste, but splendidly loyal to the pure gold mingled with the alloy, and year by year, with intense patience and devotion, helping him in his career. And all the world knows how his innate integrity came out when financial misfortune overtook him, and how, on the edge of old age, he set forth on an adventure which might have taxed the energies of a young man, and returned with his debts behind him.

Humor was the very atmosphere of his mind. When he began to observe or to speak, it was inevitable that he took the humorous point of view. Like all other humorists, he was profoundly serious at heart; but when he looked at the world it was bathed in the great liberating atmosphere of a quality which is as much an element of genius as imagination. Sometimes this humor was pictorial, sometimes fantastic; for a time after the death of Mrs. Clemens it was corrosive and destructive. It was often homely. When he returned from his wedding trip and found a house ready for him, completely furnished, the gift of his father-in-law, he promptly invited that gentleman, whenever he was in town, to send his bag there and spend a night or even two nights, remarking that it would not cost him a cent. That was the easy, familiar speech of the old frontier. It was the equivalent of the most elaborate expression of gratitude, and had the great advantage of being both fresh and entertaining.

Mr. Paine's biography will always be a mine for students of the American life and literature of our time. Although it is too long, the material which should have been omitted will be of great service for other uses than that of immediate biography; for it gives at full length the portrait of the most original American representative of a section and a time, the exponent of certain qualities which are not original on this continent but which have here taken on original forms. Read in connection with such a tender tribute as Mr. Howells's "My Mark Twain," this biography recalls one of the most fascinating personalities of the age.

WHAT EUROPE THINKS OF THE BALKAN WAR

A POLL OF THE EUROPEAN PRESS

"THE Christian populations in Turkey-in-Europe have been systematically despoiled," affirms the "Journal de Genève," the well-known Swiss paper.

How can this be stopped? The paper answers:

Only by the effective and permanent control of all the Powers would there be a guarantee for the little Christian States [the Balkans] whose aim is to better the condition of their racial brothers who are Turkish subjects.

The position of these Turkish subjects, says the London "Times," might have been made tolerable if Turkey had tried to win their allegiance by humane government; and it adds:

For a brief moment after the overthrow of Abdul Hamid in 1908 it looked as if the Young Turks had set some such goal before themselves. But if they ever intended to pursue this policy they speedily abandoned it. Many things doubtless were better under the Young Turks, but among them was scarcely the lot of the Christians of Macedonia. Bulgars, Serbs, and Greeks continued to suffer from an oppression which had become only more unendurable . . . by being directed toward their forcible Ottomanization. Little or nothing was done to give them that security for life and honor and property which it is the first duty of a government to give.

The London "Daily Chronicle" declares that the Balkan States "have vindicated their claims to be treated as something more than pawns." A writer in the London "Daily Mail" calls attention to the fact that in Turkey the last three years have been spent in "internal dissension." This has given a chance to Turkey's enemies. The writer rather cynically comments thus:

The Balkan States have strengthened their armies, increased their equipment, speeded up their mobilization, and at the same time have been careful, by their bomb outrages and by the activities of their bands, to maintain that misery and unrest in Macedonia which should serve them as a pretext for war when the moment was ripe. Aggravated by the recent Kochana massacres and fired by the Salonika and Kuprili bomb reprisals, the Macedonian Bulgar now calls upon the Bulgarian Government to make war and obtain autonomy for Macedonia.

A prominent protestant against the war is Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, the well-known French Senator, member of the Hague Court, and formerly secretary of the international commission for the delimitation of the Montenegrin frontier. He writes to the King of Montenegro, in part, as follows:

You are again threatening to put the world on fire just so that you can cook an egg. You have no contradictors under your régime in depopulated Montenegro. That is a pity, for it is through them that you would receive without delay the chastisement that you deserve and that the civilized world's judgment reserves for you.

The Liberal Turkish attitude is thus defined by the editor of the Constantinople "Tanzimat" to the Paris "Temps's" correspondent:

Unfortunately there is between us Turks and Europe a reciprocal distrust. I recognize the fact that we have, to a certain extent, justified it. But Europe ought to recognize that while the Unionist party wanted absolute supremacy of the Turks over the other races, ours, much more liberal, wishes to establish complete equality among all the citizens of the Empire. . . .

Most of the Bulgarian demands have been already inscribed on our programme; for example, the proportional representation of nationalities and the recognition of the equality of the Christian schools.

The general Turkish attitude, however, says the "Temps's" correspondent, is reflected in these words: "Rather war with all its catastrophes than the shame of these reforms compelled by the menace of our former subjects."

Turkish opinion concerning military success in the war is doubtless revealed by a cartoon in the current London "Punch," displaying a powerful-looking armed Turk glancing towards a lowering cloud on which one reads the legend, "Balkan Crisis." Remembering his Tripoli experience, the Turk remarks, "Well, this time, at any rate, I should be able to get at 'em!"

Turkish interpretation of what is assumed in Constantinople to be the real significance of the war was reflected with epigrammatic cynicism by Kiamil Pasha himself, Turkey's Grand Vizier and the head of the Cabinet, in an interview with the London "Daily Mail's" correspondent:

This war against the little Balkan States is really a combat which we are waging for Austria and Russia. If Turkey wins, Austria wins; if Turkey loses, Russia wins.

The Sultan's proclamation to his troops reads in part as follows:

In centuries no movement so important has come to our country. Our neighbors, with whom

we wish to live in peace, . . . have—not heeding the counsels of Europe—provoked us, rendering of no avail the efforts which we were using to maintain peace.

You must . . . defend the honor and the rights of the Government and prove to the world that the virtues of our Ottoman ancestors remain intact.

Now follows a most astonishing and gratifying passage ; it is in dreadful disaccord with the report, quoted later, from the Leipsic " Neueste Nachrichten :"

It is not necessary to shed blood unreasonably and cruelly. It is necessary to treat well the aged, the women, and the innocent children, to save the lives and property of unarmed peoples. . . . You must, in short, prove before the civilized world, which little knows you, that the Ottomans are among the most civilized peoples.

Contrast this with the Leipsic " Neueste Nachrichten's " account of the battle of Kirk-Kilisseh :

All the Balkans wounded on the firing line were massacred by Kurds and bashibazuks. When the ambulance corps men came up, they found in all directions dead and dying. Those whom bullets had not killed outright were in the last agonies, having eyes gouged out, noses and ears cut off, and bodies ripped with knives by the Turkish irregulars. The Turks defended every inch with the utmost stubbornness. Axes, scimitars, knives, rifle butts, and even bare knuckles and teeth were their weapons. The ambulance corps found more than one Balkan with his neck bitten through by some mad tribesman.

What will be the final outcome? The writer of the article in the London " Daily Mail " sees no solution unless " Austria, as well as England and France, and probably Russia," interpose. " It is evident," he adds, " that the Balkan States need some absolute overlord." The most obvious overlord would be Austria, he thinks. But would the other Powers stand her interposition? At all events, Austria's attitude is the governing factor. We read :

It is difficult to believe that Austria would be willing to see Bulgaria and Servia, or Bulgaria alone, consolidated as a powerful Slav state, lying across the road to Salonika. A successful Bulgaria would bar the eastern sea road to Austria for all time. It is no less difficult to believe that Austria would calmly view the gathering power and progress of a completely independent Albania, or welcome the effect which the examples of Slav independence and power would have upon the minds of Montenegro, Croatia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina.

The Vienna " Fremdenblatt," thought to be used occasionally as the mouthpiece of the Austrian Foreign Office, defines Austria's present general policy as one which does not aim at preventing any territorial changes or preserving Turkey, but merely at maintaining the interests of the great Powers and of Rumania in the Balkans. Commenting on this, the London " Daily News's " correspondent at Vienna declares that it is " a great step taken toward the maintenance of European peace."

Now as to Russia. Writing in " La Revue Hebdomadaire," M. Gabriel Hanotaux, the former French Cabinet Minister, declares that in the present crisis the European nations divide easily into two groups, following the rivalries of Austria and Russia. For instance, Germany is certain to support Austria. On the other hand, the sympathies of France are naturally with Russia, not only because France is Russia's ally, but because under any circumstances France would continue to sympathize, as she has ever done, with the struggles of new nations for liberty.

Russia, as always, stands behind the Slav states in the Balkans. Hence some Paris papers are clamoring to know whether the Franco-Russian alliance binds France, in terms, to support Russia in a Balkan war. Other papers reply that their country must follow Russia unless France wishes to end the alliance and revert to the old days of isolation. In general, the Paris press is pessimistic.

Let us turn to the Russian press. A well-known newspaper in Russia is the " Novoye Vremya." It is especially interesting reading just now, for it is attacking Russian allies in the " Triple Entente," England and France, and declares that " Russia is disposed to support the demands of the Balkan States."

The " Dien," a new democratic paper, thinks that Russia is not outspoken enough. It says :

At the moment when Russia should show the greatest decision . . . in supporting the legitimate demands of the Balkan States she finds herself obliged by her interior decadence to continue a foreign policy double and contradictory. . . . That interior decadence has brought us to a complete paralysis with regard to all international questions.

An important statement concerning the war has been that of M. Raymond Poincaré, the French Prime Minister, who outlined the way, prepared on the initiative of France, for mediation by the great Powers, but, if war must come, for localizing it.

The " Kölnische Zeitung " is the semi-official mouthpiece and the " Norddeutsche

Allgemeine Zeitung" is the official mouthpiece of the German Foreign Office. It may be significant of more harmonious relations between Germany and France to find in these papers homage paid to the French Premier's endeavor. The "Kölnische" says:

Other peoples may take part in the war. The only barrier, however, is an assurance that the conflagration will not spread to the great Powers, and the merit of all this is M. Poincaré's.

The "Norddeutsche" says:

In face of the peril of war, the great Powers have a unanimous attitude. It is no longer possible to hope that we can prevent the Balkan war. . . . But it is worth while to say that, since the beginning, M. Poincaré's proposition and the following diplomatic action comprehended the possibility of war. In consequence, the Powers, in advance, did not limit themselves to the endeavor merely to prevent the conflict. Their principal object was to take measures to prevent the great Powers from being drawn into the conflict.

The London "Times" adds:

The concert of Europe may not have averted a local war, but it has been successful in its endeavors to preserve the larger peace of the Continent.

Mediation generally precedes war, and it was so proposed by M. Poincaré. But in this case, says the London "Daily Express:"

After another decisive battle and more bloodletting, the task of the peacemaker may not be impossible.

To this the London "Standard" adds:

Berlin argues that the Powers can only act in the interests of peace when one or the other of the belligerents scores a decisive victory. We are inclined to lay more stress, however, on the French Minister's belief that the day is near when intervention will be possible.

The "Frankfurter Zeitung's" Vienna correspondent thus advises:

The time for intervention by the Powers is near, whether requested or not. . . . Blood enough has been spilled, and peace can be offered to both sides.

For the present, however, many will agree with the London "Times" in this conclusion:

There is something intensely dramatic in the spectacle presented by the Balkan States just now, a phase of modern warfare for which more populous countries have shown no complete parallel. . . . By the wholesale summons to arms we get the measure of the intensity of the conflict. . . . This is to be no war in pursuit of a limited object. . . . The day is at hand when the fighting qualities of both sides will be put to the severest tests. The issue will probably depend less upon strategy than upon staying power.

PARTISAN OR INDEPENDENT?

THE VIEWS OF SOME OF OUR READERS

(See editorial comment elsewhere in this issue)

The Outlook has ceased to be of service to me. For years it has been my political guide, as it was an independent, unprejudiced paper, but obviously it is that no longer. I do not care for it now.

Malden, Massachusetts,
October 26, 1912.

Kindly stop sending me The Outlook. I have read it for years as a paper in which I could find a fair presentation of both sides of public questions, but at present it has become so hopelessly partisan that it presents only one side in many cases. Why keep up the pretense when every one except a partisan on your own side treats the situation as a joke? Your paper would gain by frankly announcing its real character. In fact, I should be inclined to take it on that basis, for my policy is to read partisan papers on all sides of current questions.

Middlebury, Vermont,
October 25, 1912.

I would not insult the intelligence of my friends by asking them to subscribe for or read as untruthful and partisan a paper as The Outlook. I have read it for many years, but now I swear every time I look it over. It is not alone the political partiality, but the gross untruthfulness about the Lawrence strike and the courts of Essex County.

Salem, Massachusetts,
October 26, 1912.

I am writing to ask you to discontinue The Outlook for the rest of the year. We have taken it for more than twenty years and have thought it the best periodical published. Since it has become such a decidedly partisan periodical, and devotes so much space to Mr. Roosevelt and his ideas, it has become very disagreeable to our whole family. I feel as if "the mighty" had indeed fallen in regard to The Outlook, and it is with regret that I am sending this word.

Concord, New Hampshire,
October 26, 1912.

Since The Outlook has become the personal organ of Theodore Roosevelt I no longer approve of it. In fact, I so thoroughly disapprove of it that I do not care to promote its circulation anywhere. . . . When the sweetness and light which used to characterize and

pervade The Outlook, and the sanity and sense of its former course, shall again prevail, I shall feel differently.

Kansas City, Missouri,
October 26, 1912.

The Outlook has degenerated so much since it espoused the cause of Mr. Roosevelt that I cannot recommend it to my friends.

Rosemont, Pennsylvania.

I have been a subscriber for thirteen years, and prized the magazine highly so long as it was independent. Now that it is no longer independent its chief value to me has ceased. In closing, I wish to say that I shall especially miss the good Spectator, who still seems to retain his non-partisan attitude toward men and manners.

Hingham, Massachusetts,
October 29, 1912.

For twenty-three years, nearly, I have been a subscriber to The Outlook. I have enjoyed its coming from week to week, and the paper now seems like an old friend. In spite of my high regard for The Outlook of the past, I cannot longer remain a subscriber, and ask you to discontinue the paper on November 1. There is too much Roosevelt in the paper for me. Besides, I do not care to read a personal campaign organ.

Springfield, Vermont,
October 25, 1912.

I have been a reader of The Outlook for many years. It has always seemed to me to be a magazine of broad vision. In it I was sure to find a sane, unbiased view of both sides of all important questions, and the judgments pronounced in its pages I most generally accepted. No other magazine has filled quite such a field of usefulness or has had the opportunity of educating the general public to such an extent. But The Outlook is no longer worthy of its former prestige. It has become a party organ. As such it is no longer of any use to us.

Orange, Connecticut,
October 25, 1912.

I have always welcomed in any magazine editorial discussions and occasional articles bearing upon the political controversies of the day. But I resent as highly improper the course of any journal, of whatever political faith, whose character has been fixed through years of publication, in converting itself into a political organ of any candidate, having accepted subscriptions on the assumption that it would continue as a news organ chiefly, with editorial comments designed to illuminate rather than to promote party aspirations.

San Francisco, California,
October 22, 1912.

Unless the policy and character of The Outlook should greatly change, I shall want it until I cease to have an interest in the world and its inhabitants.

Placentia, California,
September 5, 1912.

Permit me to say that The Outlook has front rank upon my library table, and is valued, not alone for its fair comment upon public matters, but also for the many lucid articles upon subjects religious. With the conclusions reached I, of course, do not always agree, but those from the editorial pen are always luminous and fair.

Butler, Missouri,
September 6, 1912.

I wish all the papers in the land would copy The Outlook's methods in time of political campaigns. It is refreshing to turn from the average daily, with its columns of personal abuse, ridicule, and misrepresentation, to The Outlook, with its clear presentation of the issues involved, the entire absence of personal invective, and the evident spirit of "malice toward none and charity for all."

Hackettstown, New Jersey,
August 15, 1912.

I believe you are taking the right stand in politics. There are many, many men whose views are clarified by your able articles. We are in this movement for better government to stay, no matter who may be the leader.

Montclair, New Jersey,
September 25, 1912.

I want the magazine again, and I wish to commend the editors for the stand they are taking in the present political affairs.

Galesville, Wisconsin,
September 12, 1912.

The Outlook has the rare power to see the right on every subject and fearlessly and forcefully, though without passion, proclaim it.

Sandeval, Illinois,
August 25, 1912.

I wish to send your most excellent magazine to my grandson, who with his family has gone to England to live. His place of business is in London, but he lives in Harrow. He says the papers there have little or no news from the States, and, as he is anxious to keep in touch with affairs at home, it occurred to me that The Outlook would be the very best and most reliable news I could send him, it is so impartial and gives all sides of the different questions that come up, besides a large amount of other good reading.

Ann Arbor, Michigan,
September 25, 1912.

We could not get along without the weekly Outlook. Could much better do without a daily paper.

165 West 80th St., New York,
October 30, 1912.

Years ago I thought ——— to be the best weekly. Later ——— was the favorite, but now The Outlook seems to be the one that has the best matter and the best manner of presentation. I give a course on contemporary American society that keeps me on the alert for the best discussions of current questions.

Lawrence, Kansas,
October 12, 1912.

I want to express my increasing sense of obligation to The Outlook for its missionary service in bringing me and, I am sure, many another into the political light.

Boston, Massachusetts,
October 11, 1912.

THE SPIRIT OF THE BALKANS

BY EDWARD A. STEINER

"GOOD-BY, Europe," said Carl Emil François when he left Vienna on the Northern Railway; "I am going to Halfasia." He was leaving behind him order and cleanliness, the intelligent obedience to authority, the careful attention to detail, the feeling that the word spoken was the word meant. Although more than half of the continent of Europe was still to be traversed, he already felt the atmosphere of Asia when he left the domain of Germanic civilization, with his face turned toward the "Slavic World."

The explanation for this strange phenomenon is not to be sought in the racial psychology of the Slav, but rather in the impress left by Mongol, Tartar, and Turk, who, like Attila, the chief of their first invading host, "left no grass growing underneath the ruthless trampling of his horse's feet."

European civilization still has a struggle for existence eastward from the walls of Vienna, from which the Turks were driven more than three hundred years ago by Sobieski and his heroic Polish soldiers. This in spite of the fact that Germans and Latins have settled in Transylvania and that Magyar and Slav have left but scant standing room for the Turk upon the continent of Europe. The spirit of the Balkans differs in many respects from that of the rest of the vast territory upon which Asia has left her indelible imprint, and this difference is not all created by climate, food, soil, and other geographic factors. It is true that the Balkans are largely mountainous and that freedom thrives on mountain-tops. But in the Carpathians the Slav is subdued, his spirit broken, and he is all but assimilated by the semi-Asiatic Hungarian. There he cringes before his master, and the Tatra peaks do not stir his imagination nor keep alive in him the lust of battle. In the Balkans another spirit broods, and one feels it as soon as one leaves Trieste facing the hot Shirokho or the cold Bora which blows across the Adriatic. Like other Slavic territory, it is ancient battleground. Illyricum, Istria, Dalmatia, recall Roman legions. Zara, Spalato, and the ruins of Salona are witnesses still of this vital period. Sebenico and Ragusa tell of Venetian fleets of pillaging Crusaders, and all these barren shores were denuded of their verdure that the city of the Doges might rest upon mighty oaks driven into the sands of her lagoons.

Age-long poverty, French invasion, Austrian regiments and fortresses, have failed to break the spirit of this Slav, who but waits the day when he can shake from his shoulders the galling yoke of the alien invader.

Strong as this spirit is on the shores of the Adriatic among the disarmed and conquered and reconquered Dalmatians, it is stronger still in the "hinterland," Bosnia and Herzegovina. Held by Austria since the Berlin Treaty, and recently incorporated into her territory without the formality of asking the consent of the signatory Powers, its spirit is neither conquered nor incorporated. Austria has held Bosnia and Herzegovina as a foster child and treated it most benevolently, in strange contrast to Turkish misrule, but the child is not weaned from its Servian mother. Everything a shrewd diplomacy could invent has been done to accomplish this end. The Roman Catholic Church has been favored where it was wise to do so, checked again in other places and the Greek Orthodox Church made dominant. Moslems were treated with such consideration that the soldiers of that faith served in special regiments and a *mollah* was assigned to watch over their spiritual welfare. Neither Austria's autocratic and unjust rule in Dalmatia nor her benevolent government of Bosnia has broken the spirit of the Balkans.

It is a temptation not easy to be resisted to pause in this analytical study and to let one's eyes wander again from the heights of the Lovchin over the bay of Cattaro down to the Lake Scutari, over the ragged ranges of the Albanian Mountains, and to joy in the mere pleasure of the scene, not easily rivaled in beauty and variety. But here is the unhewn altar, the unenshrined holy of holies, of the Balkans. Here the Slavs

> "Rose to where
> Their sovran eagle sails—
> They kept their faith, their freedom on the height,
> Chaste, frugal, savage, armed by day and night
> Against the Turk, whose inroad nowhere scales
> Their headlong passes, but his footstep fails,
> And red with blood the Crescent reels from fight

Before their dauntless hundreds, in prone flight
By thousands down the crags and thro' the vales.
O smallest among peoples! rough rock throne
Of freedom! warriors beating back the swarm
Of Turkish Islam for five hundred years.
Great Tsernagora! never since thine own
Black ridges drew the cloud and brake the storm
Has breathed a race of mightier mountaineers."

Thus Tennyson sings of the people on this, the only uninvaded, unconquered spot on the Balkan Peninsula; and in the Montenegrin's dreams he has heard Czar Duchan call to arms in these last decades of inglorious peace.

To these bleak mountains came Servian peasants and nobles three hundred years ago, and neither an inhospitable climate nor scant food nor years of famine have broken the spirit of those who preferred to starve, if need be, upon these mountains rather than live on the fat of the land under Turkish rule. If spirit is ever tangible, it is here; and one learns to value a historic inheritance which survives three hundred years of isolation, of almost continuous conflict, not only with the Turk, but with poverty, hunger, and cold.

Twenty years ago the writer followed the mule-path which leads from Austria to Montenegro, then the only approach to this mountain fastness, since that time often over a military road built by Austria—not yet by automobile, which now carries one in two hours from Cattaro to Cettinje. Each time this spirit seemed real, virile, almost tangible.

In the wretched village of Nyegus, in front of low stone huts, stood these Montenegrin peasants armed for the conflict. They were soldiers born, not made. The children greet the stranger with the military salute, and the woman lifts her fingers to her heart—for she too shares in the warrior dream of her mate. They all walk with head erect, the neck unbowed, fearless, dauntless, and unsubdued.

The writer had the unique privilege of being the guest of the Prince of Montenegro when the rulers of the Balkans came to Cettinje, ostensibly upon a friendly visit, but in reality to reach some agreement in regard to their relation one to another and to their common foes. While of course nothing which happened at their conference was revealed, both Turkey and Austria felt apprehensive. The little village capital of Cettinje grew into a metropolis overnight; from all the mountain ranges came the heads of the Bratstvos and the gun-bearing members of the tribe.

Albanians came from across the border—fierce, savage, undisciplined. The Prince of Bulgaria and his retinue, the Servian Minister of War, and the representative of the King of Greece, Dalmatians, Bosnians, and Herzogovinians came, in spite of the fact that Austria forbade their coming, and that they were not recognized officially.

The Montenegrin army was reviewed, and on an open, rock-circled field mass was said, and in the evening, by the camp-fire, the tribesmen danced the national *kolo*, while bards played the *gussla* and sang of the Balkan heroes.

Beneath all the ceremonies and civilities exchanged, the one sentence which in a way brooded over all was, "The Balkans for the Balkan people."

Prince Peter, the younger son of the Montenegrin ruler, an eaglet, a graceful and worthy youth, said to the writer then, "It may be ten years, but it will not be longer, before we march on to Scutari." During a three days' journey in company with Prince Peter, which the author shared then with the readers of The Outlook, the conversation rarely turned upon any other subject than "a war with Turkey."

Riding down to Lake Scutari, to the very border of his father's domain, the youth then dreamed of leading his Tsernogorczy against the Turk; and his dream has at last been realized. One can easily imagine the joy of the people when the cry went from village to village, across the crags and mountain barriers, that the war was really on against the Turk, and thirty years of weary waiting had an end.

They leaped to their guns and rushed "down the hills and headlong passes," and if the Turks had been less demoralized than they were they must have yielded to this human avalanche.

While the Albanian is not a Slav, and his grievance against the Turk is all his own, he shares this Balkan spirit, but it expresses itself in a somewhat different way. His tribal consciousness is not unified. Gheg and Tosk, the two main divisions, have running through them smaller lines of cleavage, creating inner hostilities, intensified by religious differences.

For the Albanian owes religious allegiance to Pope, Patriarch, and Sultan, and prayers are rarely said by any of them without a watchful eye upon their brothers of another tribe or faith, and across the bended knee lies always the ready gun.

The one thing which unites them is their hatred of their master, the Turk, to whom they have given their best soldiers and statesmen, and for which, in return, he has made the burden heavier in taxes and thraldom.

These centuries of Turkish misrule have told heavily upon the Albanian national character, and the best in it is nearly crushed. The Albanian is nevertheless a vital factor in the make-up of the Balkan spirit, and a firm, stable, enlightened government would give back to the world, and that in a short time, a brave and useful people.

Bulgaria owes much of the dominance of its spirit in Balkan affairs to the fact that its people are of mixed origin, an illustration of a rare phenomenon, where the conqueror took on the speech and nationality of the conquered. Industrious and capable of continued effort, growing in intelligence and in national wealth, the Bulgarians have thrown off more readily than the other Balkan peoples the evil effects of Ottoman rule. It is good strategy that the Bulgarian army should meet the main body of Turkish soldiers, for it is the army best equipped for the Turk, and here the Balkan spirit is most disciplined and at its best.

The people of the Balkans have but little faith in Czar Ferdinand, the ruler of Bulgaria; and his own people are not over-loyal to him. He has shown himself not incapable of treachery; for the death of Stambuloff they hold him responsible.

Servia, the weakened mother country from which the Slavs on the Balkan sprang, more nearly approximates in its spirit the more docile northern Slavs. Though a rich and fertile country, it gives the impression of poverty, and the ruins wrought by the Turkish oppressor are still unrepaired. The Servian people are still undisciplined; their government has been unfortunate and tragic, and bloodguiltiness seems to hang like a pall over the country.

In spite of the fact that Greece is Greece, it not only shares in all the unfortunate phases growing out of Turkish rule, but in its inner spirit has suffered more than the Slavs. That it has seized its opportunity with decision, that it has faced without fear the enemy, are auguries of a recovery of the ancient Greek spirit. Nowhere has this been more clearly illustrated than in the United States, where her immigrants who followed petty trades or wielded pickax and shovel not only gave in large sums of their savings, but joyfully left their work in large numbers to return and join their brothers in this fight.

The people of the United States have seen thousands of immigrants come to their country because of war; rarely, if ever, have they seen tens of thousands of them return for the same cause.

The revival of the Balkan spirit, its cleansing from the effects of centuries of Turkish rule and ruin, is due to many causes: the awakening of the national spirit among the people of the Balkans, the desire to claim their historic heritage and perpetuate it, the world-wide sweep of the spirit of resistance to special privilege.

The growth of the spirit of democracy comes from many sources—from France, England, and the United States, embodied for the last in Robert College, Constantinople, and the many kindred schools established by Christian missionaries, and from the returning emigrant, who brings with him a clarified vision and new social desires.

The Balkan spirit as it manifests itself in the different national groups is primarily an unbroken spirit. Hemmed in on all sides by the great Powers, struggling in poverty and ignorance for centuries, it has never ceased to live, and has waited for an opportunity to manifest itself.

It is a religious spirit bearing the imprint of a great mission. To have been a wall against the battering-rams of the Moslem, to have borne the brunt of the first onslaught, to have felt the last assaults of his retreating armies, has been a sacrificial and a vicarious task.

While in the north of Europe our forefathers built schools and followed the arts and commerce, the people of the Balkans held watch upon their mountains, followed the plow sword in hand, that we in peace might prepare ourselves for the great tasks of Christian culture and civilization.

Crude, cruel, often undisciplined, the spirit of the Balkans is—for it is still the spirit of the soldier—a warrior spirit. One who knows the people of the Balkans, and loves them for what they have done and for what they are, cannot help but wish that this spirit shall have the opportunity to develop itself normally, without the constant fear of invasion, rapine, and plunder; and for this reason he hopes and prays that the Balkan peoples may be victorious in this the last of the age-long struggles against the Turk.

TRAINING CITY BOYS FOR COUNTRY LIFE

THE FIRST OF TWO ARTICLES

BY LYMAN BEECHER STOWE

THE wear and tear of modern city life bears hardest, physically and physiologically speaking, upon the two extremes of society; that is, upon the very poor and the very rich. That explains why philanthropists working in the interests of dependent children are tending more and more to fit them for earning a livelihood on the land, and also why rich men are more and more buying country estates and inducing their children to take up country life. A prominent New York physician whose specialty—if a generality may be so called—is the general health in distinction from any given malady recently gave this advice to one of his patients. The patient was an immensely successful and prosperous scion of an old family, who was suffering from nervous exhaustion. Worried as he was about his own health, he was even more distressed about his two boys—pale, nervous, overwrought, and anæmic youngsters of twelve and fourteen. The doctor finally said to him: "You want your family to be perpetuated, you want it to continue to be prominent and successful, do you not?"

He naturally assented.

"Well, then," continued the physician, "there is only one way out. Buy a farm, put your boys on it and keep them there, have them trained as farmers, and, if possible, extract a pledge from them that they will always live in the country. If this is done, and if they marry with any reasonable regard for physiological consequences, there is a fair chance that their children may be strong enough to return, if they choose, to the strain of city life."

While a great deal of nonsense is talked about the "back to the land" movement, is there not nevertheless a real movement countryward, which, like all real movements, has come in response to a real demand?

Between the years 1893 and 1896 the bottom fell out of the prices of farm products in this country, profits vanished, and a great country-to-city migration began. In spite of the fact that the prices of farm products and farm wages are now higher than ever before, this stream is still swollen beyond its normal and healthful proportions. To stop it would be as impossible as undesirable. To restrict it is certainly desirable, and would seem to be possible. There always has been, there always will be, and there always should be a country-to-city migration. Likewise there always has been, there always will be, and there always should be a city-to-country migration. Neither movement could we stop if we would, nor should we stop if we could. The migration cityward does, and long into the future probably will and should, largely exceed the reverse movement, but it should not so greatly exceed it as it has since the early nineties. Good farm prices, good farm wages, and improved facilities for agricultural training, as well as many minor causes, are now constantly increasing the city-to-country movement, but it has not yet reached the stable equilibrium of normal give and take between city and country. It should be stimulated in every legitimate way.

While untrained city-bred adults have in large numbers proved their ability to succeed on the land, they must, in all reason, be held the exceptions rather than the rule. Perhaps a majority of the native-born adults who go on to farms have been failures, or, at any rate, not successes, as town workers. Most of these merely exchange known and tested evils for those they know not. Starting as city failures, they end as country failures. Just as most people think themselves possessed of executive ability, so most people think they could run a farm successfully. Little do they realize that successful farming requires a wider range of knowledge and experience, more wisdom, skill, persistence, and resourcefulness, than almost any other calling. The spirit in which many city people enter this intricate and difficult occupation is well suggested by the following ingenuous letter recently addressed to the Secretary of the New York State College of Agriculture. It reads:

Mr. Secretary:

Dear Sir—I would like to know if you have on hand illustrated pamphlets on farming. Having lived in New York City, my parents are going to buy a farm up New York State; but, knowing nothing about farming, I was advised to write to you for a few pointers on stock-

raising and the taking care of the different fruit-bearing trees, etc.

Hoping you will oblige, and to hear from you soon,

Yours respectfully,

—— ——.

These people had probably read some *illustrated* articles on the joys of farm life. The Secretary replied in part:

Your letter leads me to doubt the wisdom of your anticipated change. You ask for "a few pointers on stock-raising and the taking care of the different fruit-bearing trees, etc.," as though it were possible in a letter to make a farmer out of a city man. For your own good I wish to say that many years of experience on a farm are required before a person gathers the "few pointers" necessary for success. We have a college course extending over four years covering the elements for success. The popular discussion of the opportunities in farming as presented in some of the current magazine articles is very misleading. There are big opportunities in farming for persons who are properly prepared for the work. There is practically no opportunity for the man who is not adapted to farm work. A great many persons are being caught in the present back-to-the-land movement who are making a serious mistake.

The city-bred youth with an agricultural training must be the really hopeful emigrant to the farm. He must form the sound and vital nucleus of this economically necessary city-to-country migration.

If the present city-to-country movement is real, it must be in response to real needs and demands. Are there such needs and demands, and, if so, what are they? Interesting light is thrown upon this question by Professor Liberty Bailey in his book "The Training of Farmers." In this book Professor Bailey gives the answers to a questionnaire which he addressed not long ago to the city-bred students in the State College of Agriculture at Cornell University. He asked these students why they were studying agriculture and why they intended to follow farming as their business. Professor Bailey divides the reasons given under two heads: first, "the personal or subjective desires;" second, "what farming provides." Under the first head, "desire to be out of doors and love of nature" appears most frequently; "love of farm life" comes next; and "natural bent for farming" third. Under the second head, or "what farming provides," "farming is an independent occupation" is the most frequent answer; "farming provides healthful life" comes second; and "there is money in farming" next.

The following are some of the more significant letters in which these reasons appear: A city-bred boy from the South, intending to take up "general farming," writes: "I have always had a natural desire to work among economic plants and animals and make my soils and barns the laboratories for such economic work. It is a supreme pleasure to see and to help accomplish fulfillment of certain laws of the fundamental sciences to as high a degree as possible under the conditions put in force, and get a result, in course of time, that brings much money and happiness. A farmer of this sort becomes an independent man in every sense of the term, and should prove a valuable citizen in his home community. His increasing love for and study of nature also become valuable assets."

Another city youth desires to follow farming "because it is the most independent life and the most healthful one; also, a man is free to do as he pleases, for he has not a boss standing over him all the time. The things around him grow up with him, and each has its own particular place in his life." Another says: "I like farming because it is independent, healthful, noble, useful, and wide enough to utilize all of one's faculties."

A boy from a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants gives as his main reasons for desiring "to get a position on some large, well-run farm:"

"(*a*) I much prefer the country to the city;

"(*b*) I think there is a good opportunity to make a success as a scientific, business-like farmer on a large farm;

"(*c*) The living expenses are less on a farm, and for me the pleasures are more numerous."

And, finally, here is what might be called a human nature reason: "Perhaps the farm is attractive to me for much the same reason that the city attracts country-bred lads—a desire for change. One thing is certain, I do not want to be cooped up in a factory or office all my life. I have seen all I want of factories. A farmer works hard; but he is never out of a job, never on a strike, and never subservient to a labor union. Lack of experience, lack of physical power to endure heavy labor, and the necessity for a reasonable income in the near future, will force me to take a town position; but sooner or later I hope to be a farmer, keeping a salaried position until the farm assures me a good living and is entirely paid for."

Professor Bailey points out as a particularly

significant feature of these replies "the prominence given to ideals" and "the subordination of mere personal emolument and desire for money." Very few mentioned "the expectation of earning money as the leading motive." "Nearly every one of them gives higher ideals of living as the propelling motive, and these ideals crystallize about two points—the love of nature and the desire of a free, independent life." To me the constantly recurring desire for an independent life is particularly striking. The desire for independence is mentioned in every letter, either as a dominant or subordinate motive. This protest against the highly organized, corporation-dominated, specialized, and autocratic structure of industrial life in the great centers is never entirely absent.

Twenty years ago a city-bred student in an agricultural college would have been regarded as a curiosity. To-day there are so many that in many instances the methods of instruction have had to be changed to meet their particular needs. In the New York State College of Agriculture at Cornell University during the decade ending in 1907 about twenty per cent of the students came from cities of upwards of one hundred thousand inhabitants, about forty per cent from large towns and small cities, and of the remainder probably not more than thirty per cent came from actual farms. Of the graduates of this college about fifty per cent are now on the land either as farmers, farm managers, farm employees, landscape architects, nurserymen, or gardeners. Last year half of the entering class at the Iowa Agricultural College were from the cities, at the Ohio State College between thirty-five and forty per cent, and at the Michigan College seventy per cent. During the past ten years very nearly half of the students at the Massachusetts Agricultural College came from cities of twenty thousand inhabitants or over. Of the classes entering this college during the last three years less than twenty-two per cent have come from homes where the father's occupation is agriculture or horticulture. In these colleges it has become necessary to segregate the city and country students, so different are their needs and aptitudes. Within the last ten years, and more particularly within the last five years, there have been opened secondary schools in agriculture in connection with the agricultural colleges of the following twenty-five States: Alabama, California, Colorado, Florida, Idaho, Illinois, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Vermont, Washington, West Virginia, and Wisconsin. While there are no definite figures to be had, most of the agricultural experts with whom I have talked believe that the proportion of city and town bred students in these State institutions is not only large, but constantly increasing—increasing faster, probably, than the relative increase of urban over rural population.

Besides these Government schools, private, quasi-public, and philanthropic agricultural schools have during the past dozen or fifteen years been springing up all over the country. Notable among these are the National Farm School, near Philadelphia, which is successfully performing the modern miracle of turning young city Hebrews into adequate farmers; the Baron De Hirsch Agricultural School, at Woodbine, New Jersey, which is doing the same work; the Lincoln Agricultural School, at Lincolndale, New York, which is turning in the same direction a great majority of the outcast Irish Roman Catholic street boys who are sent there from the New York Catholic Protectory; the New York State Industrial and Agricultural School of Industry, near Rochester, New York, where lawbreaking city boys of all kinds are being given country tastes and training to such an extent that in large part they never again permanently seek the dangerous allurements of the city streets; the Billings Polytechnic Institute, at Billings, Montana, which is fitting town boys of the new Northwest to meet the new conditions brought about by the transformation of the surrounding country from grazing to agriculture. By way of experiment the superintendent of this institute persuaded a judge in Butte to parole in his custody a young tough who was about to be sent to prison for his latest act of vandalism. The superintendent told the boy about the school and what it stood for. The boy became interested at once. His father, who had given him up as hopeless, was persuaded to pay his board. At last accounts, which was six months after the boy reached the school, he was one of the best workers on the farm and had given no trouble. He had become interested in his work, and too busy for escapades even had he had the inclination. If this boy is permanently successful, the superintendent plans to give the same oppor-

tunity to other boys of the same kind. This the boy knows, and it gives him an added sense of the importance of his own reformation. At the Interlaken School of La Porte, Indiana, the students, of whom a majority are the sons of rich or well-to-do city parents, are conducting intensive farming on a square mile of land under the supervision of agricultural experts. Then there are the various George Junior Republics, which are all located on farms run by the boy citizens, almost all of whom are from the cities, under the supervision of practical farmers who are in some cases graduates of agricultural colleges, and hence able to supplement practical information with theory. At the Good Will Farm in Maine, which is run for the purpose of converting dependent boys into independent men, they have gone further in this direction than have the George Junior Republics, and have established a systematic course in agriculture so that they may in the future turn out prospective farmers in distinction from mere farm hands. There are a number of other good agricultural schools, of which space does not permit even a passing mention.

There have during the last decade sprung up various agencies other than formal schools of agriculture which are imparting to city boys the tastes and aptitudes for country living. Of great importance among such agencies is the demonstration work for boys of the United States Department of Agriculture and the work of the Young Men's Christian Associations in connection with their back-to-the-land educational campaign. Up to the present the Government's work has been largely confined to the Southern States. Of the 75,000 boys enrolled last year approximately 25,000 were city or town bred. Some of those from the larger cities did the work during their summer vacations in the country, and many of those in small cities or towns lived in the suburbs where they could secure near their homes the necessary acre of ground. The boys of each locality are organized into cotton or corn clubs, as the case may be, and each boy cultivates an acre of cotton or corn under the supervision of an agent of the Department. At the close of the season the crops are graded and marked and prizes given to the most successful growers. In a list of 100 boys who raised from 133 to over 200 bushels of corn to the acre during 1910 several are from cities and a large number from considerable towns. The members of these clubs wear buttons upon which are designed four-leaf clovers with an H on each leaf. The H's stand for equal development of head, heart, hands, and health. These clubs were specially designed for farm boys. The city and town boys were neither urged nor asked to join.

There is, however, a branch of the work especially designed for city and town children which has thus far found its chief development in Memphis, Tennessee, and Greenville, North Carolina. Practically all of the mill operatives of Greenville now have back-yard vegetable gardens run by the children under the instruction of the Department's agent. One of these boys, with a garden 165 by 175 feet, cleared $150 in a year from the sale of his vegetables to the local grocers. In most of the more progressive cities nature study has been introduced into the regular curricula of the public schools. In many cities theory is supplemented by practice by school gardens. Each child has a small plot for which he or she is solely and proudly responsible. In a certain school district in Baltimore where these gardens are prevalent I found that about one-third of the children had started back-yard gardens at home. While, of course, this home gardening was encouraged by the teachers, they naturally had no authority to enforce it. Although nature study and children's gardening is a far cry from practical farming, it is nevertheless significant. Its value lies not so much in the knowledge imparted as in the tastes and desires implanted. By these means are tastes and aptitudes for country life being developed in thousands of city children.

The Government's work is ably seconded by the Young Men's Christian Associations. Last year over one thousand boys in various cities had gardens of their own which they cultivated under the supervision of agricultural experts whose lectures they were attending. A few Associations have given special attention to poultry-raising, and have started what are popularly known as "Chicken Schools." The members of these schools actually raise and care for chickens, reporting progress every week to the teacher and the class. The National or State Agricultural officers often co-operate in the leadership of this work. There is such a school, with one hundred members, in Portland, Oregon. The Chamber of Commerce of Portland has reported that this one school during its three years of existence has been worth

over half a million dollars to the Pacific Northwest. Besides this more practical work the various Young Men's Christian Associations are giving each year hundreds of lectures connected with the back-to-the-land movement, which are attended by thousands of city boys.

By these means and for these reasons an ever-increasing army of city boys is each year leaving behind the nerve-wearing stir and confusion of the city streets for the invigorating quiet of the open country. How they measure up in aptitude and training with their country-bred fellow-craftsmen, and what success they are meeting, I shall describe in a second article.

GLORY

BY JAMES BARNES

CAPTAIN PHILIP SYDNEY GLYNN-EYRE stood outside the post-office tent, pitched on the veldt back of the remount station. The sunlight was blinding, and the Captain's deep-set eyes, that were never very wide open, were narrowed to little slits as he glanced at the envelopes he was shuffling in his hand. It was two months since he had read a line of writing addressed to him, except the terse notes of his colonel, the very unintelligible information supplied by the brigade intelligence officer, the reports from his lieutenant, young Ramsay, or McLeod, his first sergeant.

These letters he was holding were from "home;" some postmarked at the little town in Gloucestershire, some from Scotland, and some from London. The very latest was a month old, and one had been chasing him through the ramifications of the army postal service for at least ten weeks. Letters from home! As a rule, men did not delay long in opening them, but Captain Glynn-Eyre, after he had shuffled them sufficiently to get them in order of their dates, put them all in the breast-pocket of his tunic and buttoned the flap.

Six months' active service—days spent in the saddle under a grilling sun, nights on the dew-soaked ground—mark a man's general exterior, but in Captain Glynn-Eyre's case it showed only in his brick-red complexion; he was as neat as if he had just been turned out of a Jermyn Street outfitter's. His boots and leggings were polished, and his khaki uniform no one would ever have thought had been worn for more than a week. His straw-colored mustache was waxed at the ends to neat stubby points, and his handsome chin still showed traces of the powder he had used after the morning's shave. Not only did the Captain's neatness attract the attention, but his high-pitched, cultured voice did also. It had the unconscious affectations of generations of slow, musically drawling ancestors—the inherited accent of caste.

"I say there, Rawlins," he called abruptly, turning in the direction of a group of men who sat opening letters and packets of newspapers that had come in by the last convoy, "saddle up the dun mare, and look alive."

"Yessir." A bright, curly-headed lad in a gray shirt and broad canvas belt jumped to his feet, saluting as he answered.

Captain Glynn-Eyre stood watching the saddling up with a keen, observant eye. He noticed the saddle galls on the dun mare's back. "Still a bit tender, eh, Rawlins?"

"Yessir, but fit for ridin', sir." The rising inflection proclaimed the soldier's birthplace. He stood aside and saluted again as the officer slung his long legs over the mare's back and slipped his toes into the stirrups.

"Good news from home, Rawlins, I hope?" He noticed the letters stuck into the canvas belt.

"Yessir, thank you, sir. Hope the same with you, sir."

The Captain smiled and nodded and rode away—still good to look at, apparently at peace with the world; and yet at that very moment he was more afraid than he had ever been at any time in his whole life. And afraid of what? Nothing tangible that any one could see, or that he himself had yet seen. He was afraid of the letters that a moment before he had buttoned into the breast pocket of his tunic! It was the most miserable and abject coward that ever wore

a uniform who sat so gracefully on the lithe dun mare as she walked down the hoof-worn path toward the river-bed. Every now and then soldiers with towels slung over their shoulders, fresh from the swimming-pool, saluted him. Across on the opposite bank a bathing party of Highlanders, looking like so many mediæval blacksmiths in their khaki aprons, were being coaxed along by a perspiring and persistent piper.

Captain Glynn-Eyre, urging the mare to an ambling fox trot, followed the edge of the stream, and came at last to a group of mimosa trees. It was shady here, and at last he was alone. He threw the reins over the thorny branch of a wait-a-bit bush, and, seating himself on the ground, drew forth the unopened letters. Slowly he read each one, and when he had finished the lot he took out his silver match-safe, and, striking one of the precious Vestas, made a little bonfire and scattered the ashes with his foot. No one else would ever read those words—no one would see the names mentioned therein, or the signatures attached.

"Leaves me about two weeks," he remarked to himself, quite casually. "It's all up! What a rotten blighter—what a God-forsaken waster!"

No more bitter arraignment could have been framed by the use of any words known to the Captain's vocabulary. There was no loophole of escape—not the least possible chance for him. There was no reprieve—no question of any pardon forthcoming. He was condemned just as surely as that Roi-Kaffir boy whom he had sentenced to be shot, offhand, for tearing the earrings out of that Boer woman's ears the other day. No one had interceded for the poor savage black. No one would, or could, intercede for him. He sat there with his head in his hands thinking. A proud name the Glynn-Eyres had borne for years—soldiers since the old red-coated days, the elbow to elbow and hollow squares, and long before that. From Flodden Field to Culloden, from the Plains of Abraham to Quatre-Bras, from Lucknow to Khartum, and thence to now. The uniform worn by a Glynn-Eyre had never been disgraced. Yet in two weeks how would it be? He could hear that honored name as people would speak it—an undischarged bankrupt was bad enough, but *forger, thief!* Awful, unspeakable; and nothing—nothing he could do to stave off the inevitable!

One sentence in the old lawyer's heavy hand had fairly shouted in its insistence, like words heard in delirium: "To return here before the warrant reaches South Africa is the only way to escape arrest. Sir Charles is inexorable. It is but a question of time when the whole matter will become public property. It is deplorable, but cannot be avoided."

"Cannot be avoided!" The Captain laughed bitterly to himself as he repeated the phrase. It went humming itself to all sorts of tunes through his mind as he rode back to camp. Oh, thank God that his father and mother were dead! That was one comfort. But his brothers and sisters? They must know by this time. They must be doing their best to keep it quiet. That one unmarried sister who had always loved him, who had ever helped him—what would she say? Why had he never thought of any one but himself before? "*It could not be avoided!*" What a ruin, what a hell, he had made of his own existence! Come to think of it, he had never had any pleasures. He had had excitements, passing interests—once or twice he had thought he cared, but he hadn't. Love? He didn't even know what it was. Happiness? Foolish word—there never was any such thing. Contentment? Yes, some men might be contented—so might an ox. Oh, the whole thing had been a sham, a farce, a lie, and a mistake! In his writhing soul he saw his life, as if in review, swing past him in the hell of his own creation. No conscience-stricken sufferer, no demon-tortured spirit condemned to flame, but he, neatly dressed, upright of shoulder, calm of voice and proud of eye, stalking alone, clean and well groomed, and—rotten to the core!

It was only within the past six months that Sydney Glynn-Eyre had found himself—at last found what he was good for. With this discovery had come at times a certain forgetfulness, a certain relaxation; and more than once there had risen, with the bitter feelings of remorse, chaotic, half-formed resolutions. Oh, if he could only wipe out the fearful, hateful score! The actual experience of actual things had opened his eyes to comparative values. Repentance, he had known that—the unconfessing repentance of the self-abandoned. Under the gleaming South African moon at night he had thought of how he could make restitution—how he could atone. He had smiled through bitter, scalding, unshed tears at his hopelessness—laughed in his loneliness at his own sheer despair!

Something had been regained—he had restored himself as a soldier; but what was the use of it now? His fellow-officers of the line regiment from which he had resigned four years ago, under the shadow of the on-coming cloud, had met him with the outstretched hand, but he had sought no friendships. He was a promoted volunteer. From an enlisted man in Laurent's Horse he had been appointed to a troop, and then, as the fever and the bullets created vacancies in the regular forces, he had been picked out and placed in command of a company of the mounted infantry. He had come to his own again. His men trusted him; yes, by all the tokens that such men give, they loved him!

But what was the use of anything? "*It could not be avoided!*" When he had signed his cousin's name back there in London, he had to have the money, and he was going to pay it back before it should be discovered; but now—"Oh, what a blighter, what a God-forsaken waster!"

The dun mare, unguided, was struggling up the steep, hoof-worn path. Captain Glynn-Eyre raised his head.

Just at the top of the bank were a few hummocks of brown, sun-baked earth and a number of wooden crosses. He remembered the scene and the words that had been spoken when they had placed the blanket-swathed objects in the unwelcoming ground, and he envied them. He did that, as sure as he drew breath!

When he reached his tent, Captain Glynn-Eyre fished a bottle out of the head of his sleeping-roll, but before he had time to draw the cork a headquarters orderly appeared at the entrance and saluted.

It was quite characteristic of the Captain that he did not start or attempt to hide the bottle, and it was quite characteristic of him also that, having received the orderly's message, he did not take a drink. Boer dop-brandy has a strange way of permeating one's breath, and permeated breaths were not good things to bring into the presence of a teetotaling general. . . . There had been some movement in the wind for a long time. It was expected that the mounted infantry would be going out sometime during the day, and the orders had come. He knew the country to the eastward well; the general wished to ask some questions, that was all. But not only the mounted infantry were expected to take part—the whole of the Twelfth Division would be on the move by one o'clock. It was now after ten. That meant some work. Captain Glynn-Eyre was glad. Work is a great thing for distraught minds.

In the heat of the midday he was leading B Company over the dusty, blackened, fire-swept veldt, a battery of the Royal Horse Artillery clucking and rumbling behind them. On ahead were varied commands of the Sons of the Empire; a detachment of New Zealanders and Australians on tough Waler horses led, then came a fresh batch of volunteers from Ceylon—indigo planters mostly—on well-intentioned little ponies, and far out on the flanks Canadian mounted men in their stiff-brimmed sombreros. A mile behind the mounted infantry and the guns, trudging through the film of filtered dust, came the plodding hawk-eyed men on foot, laden like beasts of burden; then the ambulances and the transport and the rear-guard. It was more than a reconnaissance in force—there was something big intended. By evening they had covered at an easy marching pace some fourteen miles and camped, the stragglers and transport coming in till all hours of the night.

The next morning early, while the dew still glistened in the spiders' webs that gleamed everywhere in the grass like hoar frost—for they had left the fire-swept zone—the mounted force were on the move. To the eastward rose a broken country, marked here and there by the truncated cones of tall black kopjes. Suddenly from the left flank there broke a sputter of distant rifle fire—the familiar double report of the Mauser. The slanting sun was directly in the faces of the khaki men, and they halted for the belated batteries to come up.

Captain Glynn-Eyre wore a strange smile on his face as he looked out and saw the mounted scouts come trotting back—a riderless horse here and there among them. As the sun rose higher and the glare was less disturbing, he took out his field-glasses and swept the crest of the black hills.

Somewhere in there it was going to happen! He looked round at his men. It was an old story to them by this time—all in a day's work. Some were chatting, others silently smoking. One young fellow, standing beside his horse, was reading a ragged copy of a London paper, spread out over his saddle. He hardly looked up as the guns came lumbering by, crashing through the small ant-hills, the tired, tucked-in horses stirred from their listlessness by the flogging, short-handled

whips. A quarter of a mile ahead they wheeled into position. Soon the shells were hissing out toward the ridges, and the little white puff-balls bloomed and faded along the tops and hollows. No reply.

Perhaps it was only a commando of the guerrilla Celliers's force that had been harassing the flank the day before. No one could tell; there was but one way to find out.

The mounted men swung themselves into saddle and in rough alignment passed the guns and led the van again. Half a mile or more they progressed in silence, and then the sputtering began in front. Soon the air was filled with the crazy little musical notes, whimpering and snapping overhead or flicking along the ground. Men eyed their officers restlessly, and eyed each other with quick turnings of the head. Some rode with lips compressed, others with foolish smiles. The guns had opened once more, and the shells went snarling above them. They were quite close to the hills now; directly in front the steep sides pitched down into a kloof, or valley, guarded at the entrance like a gateway with two pylon towers. In the center rose a slight elevation of massive black rocks, with stunted bushes growing in the crevices.

"Forward! Trot!"

Captain Glynn-Eyre half turned as he gave the command. Two hundred yards of this, and he looked back again. To his surprise, he saw the main force behind him sweep off to the northward. Ramsay, his lieutenant, a promoted volunteer officer like himself, glanced at him anxiously, but said nothing. As to the men who followed, there was not even a question in their minds. It was not their place to think—they had no responsibility in the matter. If they were killed, it wasn't their fault. Blunders and mistakes were never laid at their door or on their graves.

"Fours left! Gallop!" The Captain's hand went up over his head as if with the sweep of a blade instead of the light rattan that descended on the dun mare's sweating flanks. She wheeled sharp to the right and was off. He twitched at her head viciously, as if trying to hold her in or turn her, but his eyes were straight ahead.

To his men his action had spoken louder than the words that they had failed to catch, and so they followed. Whip and spur, loosened reins and digging heels, for five hundred yards; the jangle of accouterments as a saddle emptied, or a smothered cry and a jumble of dust as a rider and horse went down. Twenty—thirty—lengths in front, the distance widening constantly, rode the leader of the mad onsweep, on the little dun mare. "Pow-pow! pow-pow!" the Mausers coughed and sputtered from the kopje's sides.

Oh, how could they *miss* him! His stirrup-iron rang, and something tore at his boot heel. The strap of his field-glasses gave a sudden quick tug at his neck, and the ruined case swung round behind his back. How clear the big shoulders of the hills were! For the first time since giving his last command he turned.

They were coming on! Wide spaces in the narrow line, wounded steeds tottering behind, staggering figures lurching here and there, dust spots where dying horses lay kicking and struggling, and silent bundles of things that had been men. Oh, why had they followed? Why had they not obeyed?

But what was this? The rifle fire had ceased. Except for the sound of the oncoming hoofs, all was silent. The two pylon-like towers rose on either hand, jutting slightly forward, hiding the ridges that stretched back and away from them, north and south. Quick—what would he say to the men who had never questioned? Would they question now?

He swung himself from the saddle, lifting his hand, palm outward, in the gesture of the command to halt. They swept in, surrounding him—breathless, excited, their mounts heaving of flank and quivering of knee.

"Dismount!" His voice rang clear, his manner was cool and collected. "Well done! well done! Fourth men, take the horses! Here you, the rest, scatter up among those rocks—take cover! Up with you! Rawlins, take my horse; she ran away. Come on!"

Once more they followed him—unslinging their rifles, filling their magazines. Spurs clattered and scraped the smooth black rocks. Panting, drawing labored breaths, they pressed on, hauling themselves up in places by aid of the strong-limbed bushes. Sergeant McLeod forged to the front—he had been a gillie on the steep highland moors—he outdistanced all the others. As he reached the crest they saw his right elbow lift, and, as his cheek found the butt, his rifle blazed. He called back over his shoulder as he crouched: "Coom on—hurra-oop, laads, hurra-oop!" One after another they reached the top and flung themselves prone among the black

boulders. The narrow valley echoed with the thrubbing of the Lee-Metfords.

Captain Glynn-Eyre was stumbling after them. His left foot was bleeding; he could scarcely put his weight on it. The lieutenant greeted him excitedly as he gained the crest at last.

"By gad, sir, just in time—we've got 'em!"

And then he saw it all! The kloof beyond the little ridge swept smoothly upwards, bare as a boulevard between the steep walls on either side. Through the middle ran a well-defined trail that, turning to the right, led down among the big boulders and out into the veldt. In the very center was a crowd of huddling mounted men in full retreat, riding at top speed back into the farther hills.

"Cease firing! Save your ammunition, men."

Captain Glynn-Eyre's voice was as calm as if at an Aldershot review. His mind was cleared of the tempting thoughts of death.

He began to drink deep draughts of the joy of living; a mad rejoicing filled him. He felt no pain from the torn and mangled foot. The born soldier in him had risen to the sense of his responsibility; but above all insisted a sudden, strange, new thought, "There is a God!" To his lips came a swift, unspoken prayer.

The spiteful Mausers began to sputter again. A few of the enemy had found places of concealment along the steep enfilading sides, but no force would dare advance on those seventy rifles that barred the gateway. They held the key. Unknown to themselves, they had stopped the second great raid into the colony!

The men were laughing garrulously, like school-boys at a game, taking out their cartridges and spreading them in easy reach. Nothing but artillery or an overwhelming charge could dislodge them now!

Distant firing sounded from the north—volleys and the reports of twelve-pounders firing short-time fuses. The division must have found lodgment on the hills. The enemy's flank was turned; nevertheless a few stubborn marksmen held ground in front of B Company on the kloof and quite close up. From the black rocks the bullets glanced and hit, leaving blotches of lead and twisted nickel cases.

Captain Glynn-Eyre crawled to the side of Sergeant McLeod. The latter saluted from his recumbent position with a grin of joy.

"We headed 'em, sir. Have a care, sir! O God! guid God!"

Whether by chance or as the result of some keen eye watching the little space between the rocks, it made no matter—*it had come!*

Captain Philip Sydney Glenn-Eyre never groaned nor moved.

The despatches that flashed to London referred to "the saving of the day." The cairn of black stone at the foot of a tall black kopje tells nothing.

Only another of the "Fighting Glynn-Eyres" had died the glorious death.

AN AMERICAN WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIPS

BY ELIZABETH WALLACE

THERE was a merry girl, often called a "tomboy" in the unathletic days of our grandmothers, who grew up under the wise care of her doctor-father, and won a name for herself as Harriet Hosmer, the sculptress—the feminine term favored at that time. She was born in Massachusetts and trained in the exceptional atmosphere of Mrs. Sedgwick's school at Lenox. There she began a lifelong friendship with Fanny Kemble, who was a frequent visitor at the school, as were also Hawthorne, Emerson, Fredrika Bremer, Mrs. Child, and others of like distinction. Harriet was the life of the house, and never hesitated to help make a cheerful evening, unawed by the presence of a famous actress. This charming lack of self-consciousness and abounding optimism were prominent characteristics throughout her long life, and, combined with undoubted talent, brought her into close relations with the eminent people who seem vividly present in her letters to friends both in England and America.

One is beset by the temptation to quote freely from the letters and memoirs of Har-

riet Hosmer, wisely and adequately edited by her chosen classmate and lifelong correspondent, Mrs. Carr (Moffat, Yard & Co.).

Boldly venturing upon untrodden paths, Harriet, with a view to her chosen art, went to St. Louis and took a course in anatomy in the Medical Department of the Missouri State University. Before returning to her home in the East, the venturesome girl, still in her teens, voyaged down the Mississippi to New Orleans, passing undismayed several boats aground in the treacherous waters. Delighted with the old French city, she determined to explore the upper Mississippi, and went as far as was possible in the year 1851. One of the high bluffs which she scaled now bears her name, and the tradition of her courage is still held there. Reaching home, she worked hard at modeling, and her first work was a medallion bust of her revered professor in anatomy, Dr. McDowell She copied Canova's bust of Napoleon, and cut it in marble, unaided, presenting it to her father. In 1852 her father took her to Rome, and her ambition was satisfied when she was received into the studio of John Gibson, at that time England's foremost sculptor. He never took pupils, but something in the young girl impressed him, and for several years he taught and encouraged her, giving her a small room to work in which had formerly been occupied by Canova. It is not necessary to enter into the details of her artistic life; her personality is too vivid to be obscured by her achievements. She worked voraciously, copying the masterpieces of ancient art. Later her original work showed strongly the influence of this practice and the impress of her master.

It is of her friendships that I wish to speak especially. That a young, inexperienced woman could live in Rome for years, protected, unconsciously, by what she called her "Godlike faith in human nature," and her supposition that others were as busy as she was, is a high tribute to American womanhood. A friend wrote: "She has surmounted all the difficulties of her position as woman and artist nobly by the simple earnestness of her nature and life." Mrs. Kemble wrote to Mr. Wayman Crow, Harriet's generous patron and beloved "Pater," that "she has energy, perseverance, and industry," adding that her peculiarities might interfere with her success in society, but sensibly reflecting that it is unreasonable to expect a person who is singular in gifts not to be equally unlike people in other matters. She was in a beatific state of mind, often quite oblivious of conventions. For some years she shared an apartment with Charlotte Cushman, to whom she was devotedly attached. Later she established herself in her own beautiful house, where she entertained freely.

She soon became a valued member of a group which included Mr. and Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Sartoris and her sister Mrs. Kemble, and, as she wrote, "these, with two young artists and your humble servant, met every Sunday and Wednesday evening at Mrs. Sartoris'." The Thackerays came too. One of the young artists was Frederick Leighton, of whom Harriet Hosmer saw much. She wrote, after his death, a lovely tribute to his character. He was known as "Fay" in the Sartoris circle, and confided to Harriet his dream of building a house to his mind as soon as he could "earn the money to pay for it." The realization of this dream may be seen in London to-day. Of Leighton his friend Watts said, "He was the most perfect character I have ever known." The wicked query of Whistler, more the artist than the friend, was, "Leighton? President of the Royal Academy? I believe he also paints?"

A letter from Browning to Miss Hosmer gives a detailed criticism of one of Leighton's paintings, "the whole one consistent anachronism," the modern violin no more a surprise than the modern faces and figures; yet, as Browning said, Leighton drew deliciously.

Miss Hosmer met and loved the Brownings in her second winter in Rome, when they were living a life of seclusion, unappreciated, unobserved. More than once she was asked by English people about "your countrymen the Brownings." When she wondered at their ignorance, the reply would be, "Oh, yes, yes, Mr. Browning *is* English, but Mrs. Browning is American?" In those old Roman days the halo had not dawned. Mr. Browning wrote charmingly to "Dearest Hatty," and left blank corners for "Ba," Mrs. Browning, to fill. One letter from Paris says that "Ba" has worked like a spirit at her poem, "Aurora Leigh," since they had moved into comfortable rooms. "I have read the first six books, all transcribed and corrected in two months. Lord! I don't dare say in cold words what I cannot help thinking of them; while warm words are not proper, you know." The apartment they had left was one "with

no bottom (for carriages were under it), no top (for the roof tiles were over it), no back (for there was an end to the house with the end of our room), and a front facing the due east." Of Mrs. Browning Miss Hosmer writes: "I can never fancy her in a bustle or in a busy crowd, any more than I could fancy the night-blooming cereus to blossom in the Piazza Navona." Miss Hosmer remembered that "one day at dinner Mrs. Browning said, in half soliloquy, 'I wonder which is the best name, Laura Leigh or Aurora Leigh?' and asked both of us our opinion. Browning gave his vote for Aurora, and I, not knowing at all to what she referred, and thinking merely of the sound, said, 'Oh, Aurora; Laura Leigh lacks backbone.' When the book was published, Mrs. Browning, remembering this casual remark, sent me a copy with the message that she 'hoped it contained backbone.'"

It was during this winter that Miss Hosmer conceived the idea of modeling the clasped hands of Mr. and Mrs. Browning. She made the casting herself, as Mrs. Browning shrank from sitting for the *formatore*. Hawthorne alludes to this work in "The Marble Faun."

Browning and Miss Hosmer were companions in a most amusing escapade, accomplished in a donkey cart borrowed from a Florentine vegetable vender. The reproduction of the adventure was elaborately managed by Browning for Mrs. Browning's benefit later in the library. Miss Hosmer described it in a paper published some years ago, and the fun of it is irresistible. "'Nothing does Ba so much good as a good laugh,' said Mr. Browning, gazing with satisfaction at her helpless condition and at her face glistening with tears, and I will set this down as the laugh of her life." Neither Mr. Browning nor Miss Hosmer avoided puns, though they estimated them at their proper value. An amusing bit of nonsense was a Round Robin, which she calls Browning's last unpublished poem, sent to her from Lady Ashburton's place in Scotland, and signed by Browning and his sister (Sarianna), Lady Marian Alford, and Sir Roderick Murchison. She promptly replied, in merry doggerel, declining the invitation to be of their party.

Many of the letters are addressed to Mr. Crow, and reflect the busy, happy life led in Italy, with occasional English holidays. In 1870 she wrote at length of the triumph of Victor Emmanuel's troops, and announced that "Rome belongs no more to the dear old gentleman in the Tiara!!" She knew the Empress of Austria well, and was devoted to the lovely Queen of Naples, "my violet-eyed heroine of Gaeta," whose modesty was as great as her beauty. It is of some interest to know that Miss Hosmer did not take the book called "The Martyrdom of an Empress" seriously, regarding it as a romance containing some well-known facts and the rest fiction. Among her dearly loved English friends was Louisa, Lady Ashburton, the friend of Carlyle, Browning, Landseer, and all the interesting men of her day. From 1867 until 1903 this friendship lasted "with no shadow of change."

That the pleasure was not all on Harriet Hosmer's side in these companionships is amply proved from the letters written to her. She was one of the happiest and merriest of beings. One of her Scotch friends said, when she was indulging in some nonsense, "Oh, Hattie, I wish you would be buried here; it would be jolly only to look at your grave." "Thank you," she replied; "I would rather live though I had to be wise." Her later years were passed in America full of honors. One day, walking with a friend in Cambridge, Massachusetts, they met two ladies who inquired their way to Longfellow's house. Miss Hosmer was somewhat in advance, and her friend, thinking to give pleasure to the tourists, told her companion that *that* was Harriet Hosmer. With perfect gravity, Miss Hosmer, who had overheard the remark, as the group parted said: "Perhaps you don't know that *this* lady is Mrs. Somerville." To her speechless friend she explained later that she was tempted to introduce her as Jane Austen or Mrs. Browning, but she was afraid her dates would be questioned.

She took pleasure in sharing her stores of artistic knowledge with others, and at times lectured with excellent effect, often dwelling upon the value of persistent work. In 1894 she went to California to be present at the unveiling of her statue of Queen Isabella. She criticised unreservedly such statues as were set up in our parks. After praising French's monument to Milmore, one of the most beautiful works in the Columbian Exposition, she describes the opposite, so often seen in portrait statuary, as "betrousered obituaries"—a phrase so acute and true that it should be taken to heart, never to be forgotten.

Her life was one of happiness in work,

and she was more fortunate than many others in gaining recognition during her working period. She established in Rome a hunt, importing horses and hounds from England. She knew how to play as thoroughly as she toiled, and that perhaps was the secret of her long and balanced life. She lived from 1830 until 1903, and with her there was apparently missed no joy of living, either within her own nature or in her relation to others.

THE SPECTATOR

THE Spectator indulged in the novelty of spending the summer in the South. The dog days of our lower latitudes held no terrors for him. At first he even thought of going to the tropics. There were very pleasant reports extant as to the climate. Was there not a man visiting New York once who used ostentatiously to long for the cool breezes of Tegucigalpa, or Chiquimula, or whatever place it was he called home? And was there not that other reassuring anecdote about the man who, after living a long and healthy life at Havana, visited the metropolis and died of sunstroke? And then think of the novelty! How piquant to date one's letters Havana—or Chiquimula—August first, when other, every-day people were writing from Bar Harbor or Saranac!

On sober reflection, however, the tropics seemed unnecessarily far away. Even Florida was a bit remote, though Palm Beach or St. Augustine in summer must be spiritually refreshing. But the vicinity of Hatteras and Pamlico—there was the chosen land, truly Southern with its palmettoes and Spanish moss and oleanders and fig trees, and yet not too far away. Pamlico, then, it was; or rather a small town on the shores of the sound. Only, the Spectator always prefers to spell it Small-town, analogous to Professor Matthews's Short-story and other such compounds.

With the Small-town itself the Spectator was enraptured the moment he alighted from the train. Not only was it warmly, glowingly Southern, but it was even better. It was Colonial, essentially eighteenth century. The Spectator took a "transfer"—a shabby one-horse carriage with a black driver, "fare ten cents, suh"—and proceeded uptown.

The admiration of the Colonial grace received a rude shock when the Spectator wheeled around a corner and was confronted by an ugly and wholly superfluous sky-scraper of five stories. But then all Small-towns make mistakes sometimes. Farther down the street were several brass banks—at least they had a quantity of polished brass in front—with mysterious, secretive-looking men passing in and out, engaged here, as elsewhere, in the strange rites of their golden goddess. Farther along was a crystal dry-goods emporium, which probably absorbed the money the mysterious men got from the banks, it being got out of them by even more mysterious wives. In the door stood the incredibly fat shopkeeper, extending a jovial hand to every comer, and passing pleasantly the time of day with those who did not stop.

The Spectator alighted at a brass bank for the transaction of some unavoidable business, and was introduced by the functionary of that institution to the fat gentleman of the dry-goods persuasion, who, having quantities of unexpended time and endless stores of good nature, introduced him to everybody else—that is, everybody else "wuth knowin', suh." Finally the Spectator escaped. There is no disrespect in the word. Just the same, he escaped. Like a street urchin suddenly released from his elders who have caught him and tried in vain to make him respectable, he—not exactly ran away, but hastened down the street as rapidly as was consistent with dignity; and, with the true instinct of his vagabond counterpart, who would have run up an alley, he turned up a side street.

The maneuver was designed for escape, but surely a better angel than the angel of flight guided the Spectator's steps. For nowhere else in the South perhaps is there so delectable and altogether entrancing a little street as that into which terror of the dry-goods gentleman and his friends had impelled the Spectator's flying feet. On either side of the glowing, sunlit roadway were dark, low-browed houses that would cause any lover of the beautiful to sing for very joy at the sight. How did these people contrive to build houses that seemed so natural, so inevitable, so much at home with nature, as though they had just sprung out of the soil and had never even heard of an architect's catalogue? A day or two later there appeared for a moment the elusive shadow of a clue to this problem. In one of the oldest of these very houses the Spectator mashed his finger in manipulating a window without cords, and incontinently said things that he did not really mean about the style of architecture. "But," said the hostess, gently, "the windows

have been that way for over a hundred years." The Spectator forgot his pain in the wave of rejoicing that swept over him. But the clouds followed the burst of light. After all, the remark was only a clue, and an elusive clue at that. It was not a solution of the mystery.

Perhaps the trees had something to do with the matter. Trees help greatly in determining the character of a town, as do the elms of the North or the palmettoes and live-oaks of Louisiana. The characteristic tree of this community seemed to the Spectator to be the crape-myrtle tree; not the bush which grows farther north, but the crape-myrtle tree, with strange barkless bole, like the trees of Doré's "Inferno," incongruously crowned above with glorious green and with soft, crinkly, tissue-paper masses of pink. Other trees there were equally striking, but in less profusion: fig trees, rough and shapeless; magnolias here and there, but not much in favor because of their somber shadows and the heavy scent of their too-tropical blossoms; oleander bushes or treelets, awkward in growth but splendid in blossom. There was even one tall palmetto, grave and stately, as always, though a little lonesome so far north. The Spanish moss the Spectator did not admire. In spite of its dismal beauty, it is a pariah among plants, the gray, ragged, and dismal beggar of the vegetable world, barred from most respectable gardens, though occasionally cherished by persons with a taste for the bizarre.

Farther along, where the little street merged once more in a larger thoroughfare, was the City Hall, an imposing and as yet unimproved structure of brick and stucco, flush with the sidewalk, with walls two feet thick and built to last forever. Upstairs sat the chief of police, palm-leaf fan in hand, smoking and talking politics, as chiefs of police sometimes do. Below were the quarters of the volunteer fire department, with the fire-engine horses fiercely looking out of their stalls upon a world that might any day burn up, and ready at a moment's notice to dash furiously down the street, as they actually did next day, followed by the force in various stages of dressing and a crowd of small boys and dogs.

Across the street was the water-front, and there—oh, blissful sight to the true antiquarian!—was an open-deck, side-wheel steamer just departing, wheels threshing the water into boiling rage, bells excitedly clanging, and the captain shouting, while the passengers sat on deck and already began to unpack sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs.

The captain saw the Spectator approaching, and called to him: "Want to get on board, suh? Fare to Turkey Quarter only three bits."

The Spectator would have liked to go to Turkey Quarter to see the turkeys, or whatever else might inhabit such a seaport; but he had no baggage along, and explained the matter to the captain.

"I'll wait for you, suh," replied that official. "It won't take mor'n an hour to get your trunks, will it?"

But the Spectator, seeing the passengers on deck eying him with no friendly glances, forebore to detain them.

At the next dock lay a schooner, just in from Philadelphia, with a mixed cargo for delivery to the various retail stores. The railway here seemed to be a luxury, but real commerce, whether breakfast foods and lamp-shades coming in or turpentine and lumber going out, took to the water. So with the passengers. Rich people used the railways to go to Asheville in the summer or to Norfolk in the season to see something of the world. But poor country folk went by boat.

Time, in this blissful community, somehow did not seem to move so rapidly or so inexorably as in the cities. When city folk discussed the remote past of ten years ago, the Pamlicese, as the Spectator used fondly to call them, discussed the real past, dating back to the early days of the Republic.

"And did such and such an event"—preserved in story—"happen before the Civil War?" the Spectator would ask.

"Oh, dear, yes! It was in the time of my great-grandmother, when the British passed this way."

Listening to these tales, the Spectator felt himself almost unconsciously receding into a more and more remote past. At times the very existence of the Nation would seem to fade out, and he would walk once more in a Colonial town among the liege subjects of King George. Was there not the very church the British soldiers beheld, were there not the very graves of the citizens who lived under the flag of Britain, even the very houses that sheltered them in that remote time? It was almost with a shock that the Spectator came to himself when he turned another corner and saw a gang of men laying rails for a street railway. In his heart he cursed them. But, after all, it must be uncomfortable to live always in the eighteenth century; and the Spectator is little by little becoming reconciled to the idea that this adorable little town, like all others, must change, must have sky-scrapers and brass banks and street car lines. And he went back to those things, resolved not to fly from the laws of nature. Yea, he even conversed with the dry-goods gentleman and every single one of his friends, and found all of them, like the true creations of Providence everywhere, good.

THE NEW BOOKS

Romances of Théophile Gautier (The). 10 vols. $15. **Travels of Théophile Gautier (The).** 7 vols. $10.50. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

It is now about forty years since Gautier died, and the mere fact that it has seemed worth while to put forth at this date seventeen volumes of his romances and sketches of travel indicates pretty positively that there was something enduring in his art. More than most writers Gautier suffers by translation (although Professor Sumichrast's rendering of his manner is capitally done), and it is also true that much of his non-fictional writing has lost interest because of the changes in the scenes and conditions described, yet there is very good literary browsing in these volumes, and the reader who knows of Gautier only as the author of "Mademoiselle de Maupin" and "Le Capitaine Fracasse" will be surprised at the grace and finish even of much that might be supposed to have been ephemeral in its nature.

Lady and Sada San (The). By Frances Little. The Century Company, New York. $1.

Of course the Lady of the title is the Lady of the Decoration. A sequel to a successful book is not always equally a success, but this little volume certainly carries on the original method of the author's first book with equal shrewdness and sharpness of observation, although, one suspects, with sometimes a little too sweeping criticism. This time the Lady goes to Japan to be near her husband, who is chasing microbes in China, and the Sada San of the tale is a girl, half Japanese and half American, who must be rescued from her cunning and heartless uncle, who would have her marry a Japanese gentleman with a wife and family of his own. Like its predecessor, the book arouses attention and affords interest and amusement in a novel way.

White Shield (The). Stories by Myrtle Reed. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50.

Twenty short stories by the late Myrtle Reed have been collected and published in one volume, bound and decorated in similar style to her preceding books. They are occupied with the youthful phases of love, and are brimfull of such exclamations as "Only one little hour to last us for all eternity!" "The Book of Clever Beasts" still stands first among the works of this author, in our opinion, and there have been ten since, and seven before that appeared.

How Phoebe Found Herself. By Helen Dawes Brown. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.15.

Why is it so much easier to write good story books for boys than for girls? The former are legion, the latter can be counted on the fingers, with thumbs to spare. A measurable success is attained in this chronicle of the good works done and the sunshine shed by Phœbe, returned from college. It may be that her example will have a wholesome effect upon dissatisfied college girls who desire to be something besides daughters, but the veil drawn by the author over Phœbe's sweet superiority is rather too diaphanous for sharp young eyes.

Inner Flame (The). By Clara Louise Root Burnham. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.25.

Mrs. Burnham has added another to the long list of bright, pleasant stories she has written. The young people in this particular tale are all possessed of unusual artistic ability, and in different ways are allowed to develop their gifts of painting, singing, dancing, and writing—a remarkable quartet. There are bits of humorous talk and clever reflections of modern life in city and country, while underneath all works the "philosophy" disseminated through "a little black book" modestly described as a commentary on the Bible.

New Trails in Mexico. By Carl Lumholtz. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $5.

Any new volume of description and travel written by the author of "Unknown Mexico" and "Among Cannibals" is sure to receive attention, for Mr. Lumholtz is a cheerful and graphic narrator as well as an intrepid explorer. The "new trails" here described are along the upper part of the Gulf of California and east of the Colorado River, and the journeys recorded were made in 1909 and 1910. There is much told about regards Indian life, ancient customs and superstitions, and the like that is little known, and Mr. Lumholtz makes it all, together with his personal adventures, decidedly entertaining as well as informative. The book is beautifully printed and illustrated.

Flower of Gloster (The). By E. Temple Thurston. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.50.

A pleasing and delightfully illustrated account of a leisurely, irresponsible journey made by barge through English canals. The author's reports of his talks with the people he ran across make good story-sketches, as might be expected from so good a novelist as Mr. Thurston.

Around the Clock in Europe. By Charles F. Howell. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

The author in this "travel-sequence" works on a novel, odd, and picturesque plan. We have here a dozen papers of description and impressions of famous places, large and small, each scene at a particular hour of the day. Thus we are at Edinburgh from one to two in the afternoon, at Antwerp from two to three, and so "around the clock" until midnight comes at Venice and one o'clock strikes at Paris. Apart from the charm of impressionism which attaches to this scheme it must be added that the author has caught admirably the atmosphere and tone of the places described, and this is

even more noticeable with the small places, such as Prague and Scheveningen, than in the great cities like London and Rome. The book is printed with true taste, and the publishers have had the good judgment to make the illustrations for each of the twelve articles few and fit.

Omens and Superstitions of Southern India. By Edgar Thurston, C.I.E. McBride, Nast & Co., New York. $3.50.

Those who are interested in the evil eye, in snake worship, in votive offerings, in charms and divinations, will find much to their taste in Mr. Thurston's volume.

Pilgrim Life in the Middle Ages. By Sidney Heath. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

Mr. Heath's volume is one to be enjoyed by every lover of the romantic and religious in history. Pilgrim life was a very real life in the Middle Ages, and, fortunately, it has left certain memorials, as any one knows who has followed the famous road still remaining in its entirety running along the English Downs from Winchester to Canterbury. The present volume has to do with England only.

Gates of the Dolomites (The). By L. Marion Davidson. The John Lane Company, New York. $1.50.

A welcome addition to the growing literature of the Dolomite country. Neither the map nor, for the most part, the photographs, are what one might wish, but the author's accounts of his journeys (and especially those made on foot to the less accessible parts of the region) are readable and full of suggestions to others who may be wise enough to want to get off the ordinary tourist's route, beautiful as that is in itself.

Camera Crusade Through the Holy Land (A). By Dwight L. Elmendorf. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The author is widely known through his illustrated lectures. Here are a hundred large and fine photographs accompanied by a graphically written account of the "crusade" in which they were taken. The pictures do bring out vividly (as was the author's purpose) the meaning of the passages from Scripture attached to them.

John M. Synge and the Irish Dramatic Movement. By Francis Bickley. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 75c.

This small but comprehensive and interesting book gives a résumé of the rise and development of the Irish Theater, of the little group of Irish playwrights and Irish poets, and an analysis of Synge's plays, with a few biographical details. The book is compactly written; the criticism is pointed and judicious. Without over-laudation, it emphasizes the strong points, the salient characteristics, of Synge's very striking work. He was far and away the most original writer whom Ireland has produced for many decades, though not all the Irish in this country were open-minded enough to recognize this, lacking either the imagination or the knowledge which would have made his work intelligible to them.

Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln. By Helen Nicolay. The Century Company, New York. $1.80.

An interesting and well-written personal sketch, based on material left to the author by her father, the private secretary and official biographer of the great President. It is a valuable addition to our personal knowledge of the lovable man.

Retrospection, Political and Personal. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. The Bancroft Company, New York. $2.

Advertised as an "analytical review of the century," this is something more than a history of the course of American life during the past hundred years. It is rather a critical exposition, with the emphasis on the critical; its distinguished author, so favorably known for his monumental history of the Western States, voices his sentiments freely with regard to those phases of the National evolution which seem to him to call for condemnation. Not so many years ago much that he says would be bitterly resented—and undoubtedly he is at times unduly severe—but we of to-day realize the force of his charges, and are even now in the midst of a reformatory movement which is bound to have far-reaching effects for good. It is a book vigorous, vivid, forceful, lacking perhaps in orderly arrangement, but exhibiting so clearly the causes of the present political unrest and upheaval that it ought to be widely read.

Causes and Effects in American History. By Edwin W. Morse. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.25.

This compact volume, which tells the story of the origin and development of the Nation, is so obviously useful that one wonders why it has not been written before. It is only superficially a political history; for the most part it ignores details; but it presents clearly those causes which have operated to create a nation on this continent—causes which are religious, ethical, economical, and political, and which have not only directed the growth of the Nation, but have entered into and largely shaped the character of the Americans. Mr. Morse has written an informal history of the soul of America as revealed in the larger and more significant events in its history. It is a colossal fairy tale, and every man, woman, and child in the country ought to know it. It is not too much to say that Mr. Morse's book ought to find a place in all schools and public libraries, and in every home where the endeavor is made to make children intelligent American citizens.

Billy Fortune. By W. R. Lighton. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.25.

An amusing story of the "cow country" of Wyoming, in which various things happen to Billy through his admiration for various young ladies who always seem to belong to some one else.

LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

THE GEORGE JUNIOR REPUBLIC

I should like to explain to the Outlook readers who may have gathered a different impression that the temporary resignation of Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne, the President of the Board of Trustees of the George Junior Republic Association of New York, had absolutely no bearing upon Mr. George's decision to remove his home from the Freeville Republic. That decision was arrived at quite independently, and for the following reasons: First and foremost, he found that while he still resided at the Freeville Republic, although having no official connection with the work, it was affirmed that it was dependent for its success upon his personality. He wishes to demonstrate beyond the possibility of contradiction that a Junior Republic is founded upon principles of immutable right, the successful working out of which is dependent neither upon himself nor any other individual. Secondly, so long as he was on the grounds it was inevitable that helpers and citizens should constantly turn to him for advice and counsel, which naturally he could not well withhold. This, however, placed him at times in the embarrassing position of appearing to thwart by indirection the plans of those locally in authority. Finally, as Mr. George's duties as National Director of the eight Junior Republics now in existence, as well as his plans for the founding of new Republics throughout the Union, become more and more engrossing, it becomes increasingly important that his time should not be encroached upon by petty matters of purely local concern.

LYMAN BEECHER STOWE, Secretary.

THE PANAMA TOLL QUESTION

I agree very thoroughly with the views you express in your issue of October 5 on the question of the Panama Canal tolls. The administering of the Canal is one thing, the regulation of our coastwise trade is another. We cannot discriminate between any two nations, ourselves being one of them, in the question of tolls or in the price we charge for coal or oil. But our coastwise trade is something with which "other nations" have nothing to do and in which they have no interest. The meaning of the term had already been extended to cover a voyage from New York to San Francisco via Cape Horn. No nation can say that it did not understand that a voyage between ports of the United States on opposite sides of the continent would fall under the definition of coastwise trade, from which they were entirely excluded. We should have no right to complain if any foreign nation paid their merchant ships the sums paid us in tolls. Subsidies, or extravagant payments for carrying the mails, are matters of domestic economy with which outsiders have nothing to do.

It might be added that we have received no valuable consideration from England for the burden of building the Canal. It would have been out of the question for her to have undertaken the work; it was a great risk for us to assume. We received something from France and from Panama, and paid them liberally. Why should England complain if all foreign commerce is put on the same footing and our coastwise trade, in which she does not and cannot compete, is franked? It gives no "other nation" an advantage over her.

A complication might possibly arise if products of the Pacific coast were brought to an Atlantic port and afterwards reshipped to Europe. Suppose Oregon and Washington lumber is brought to a convenient port, say Mobile, on the Gulf, and mixed with Southern pine and shipped to Europe. It might be that the dollar a ton saved at Panama would more than cover the expense of unloading and reloading. This might give us an advantage over other nations, but a law could be passed forbidding such a practice, and doubtless would be on the representation of foreign nations. At best the contingency is remote.

The position of England and Germany is an attempt to interfere with the regulation of our internal commerce. This is something entirely outside of the domain of international law. No nation would tolerate for a moment an attempt to interfere on the part of an outsider with its control of freight rates in its territory, or of rebates. It is a matter of domestic economy in which we may make mistakes, but cannot infringe on the rights of others, because they have no rights.

CHARLES F. JOHNSON.

Hartford, Connecticut.

VICTOR HUGO ON IMMORTALITY

The Outlook's editorial upon "The Habit of Immortality" some time ago was exceedingly interesting and helpful to me. In reading the article by Mr. Bacon, "The Argument for Immortality," I was reminded of the remarkably beautiful and impressive essay on "Life and Death" in Victor Hugo's "Intellectual Autobiography." I shall not undertake to trace the argument, but wish to quote a striking passage toward the conclusion which is to me very suggestive, to say the least. He says:

"An idea has crossed my mind. Can it be a glimmer of light?

"Two men are talking of the future life. One affirms it, the other denies it. One says: 'There is no death; my *I* will persist; I feel in me immortality; I call myself soul.' The other says: 'There is nothing after death; my *I* will be eaten by worms; I shall die completely; I feel that there is no to-morrow for me; I name myself dust.'

"By what authority do these two men speak? By the authority of intimate conviction. The affirmative of one and the negative of the other have no other source than intuition. Intimate feeling, intimacy itself, the great and holy voice that whispers mysteriously to each soul. In the present case this voice contradicts itself; to the ear of one it says, '*Immortality*;' to the ear of the other it says, '*Nothingness*.' . . . Can it be possible that both these men speak the truth?

"Dante has just written two verses. While he leans on his elbow, meditating, the first verse says to the second: 'Do you know what, brother? We are immortal! I feel in myself life everlasting; we are born for glory; I have the conviction that I shall live through the ages.' The second replies: 'What a dream! I feel that I shall not live a day; I have death in me; I am not.'

"At that moment Dante came out of his reverie, took up his pen, re-read the two verses, and erased the second.

"Both were right.

"Are there sketches of souls which feel themselves but sketches, embryo individualities destined for recasting, beings who are mere essays, who shall disappear in nothingness, and who have the consciousness of it?

"Are there men whom God blots out?"

T. W. Rainey, Dean.

Oswego College, Oswego, Kansas.

MORE MORGUE MEN

The interesting and informing article of Mr. Lewis E. Theiss, in your issue of September 14, describing the biographical department of the modern metropolitan daily, appeals to the writer as one of the best arguments for and expositions of the practical value of specialized libraries that he has read.

Just as the newspaper's "morgue" furnishes information and facts about people, just so does the special library furnish facts about things and events. Anything that appeals to the newspaper man as a money or time saver certainly should appeal to the professional or business man as well. The special library idea has been admirably worked out in many kinds of business to the advantage of all concerned.

Public libraries are developing, for example, special technological libraries for the benefit of the expert and the artisan; special libraries on the problems of municipal government for the benefit of municipal officers; also business men's branches in which the statistics of commerce, trades, and manufactures may be had without delay. State libraries are furnishing the accurate data of political science, economics, and sociology to busy legislators that they may legislate in accordance with modern conditions. The practical man of affairs is coming to realize the advantage to his employees, and through them to himself, of having in his business or manufacturing establishment a select reference library of the literature pertaining to his work. Public service corporations, banking houses, insurance associations, State tax commissions, automobile manufacturers, and many others are among those who have already turned such libraries into money-making institutions.

Special libraries need specially trained library workers to run them. Where is the information? is the important question, not, What is it? And it takes a person thoroughly familiar with filing systems, classification, indexing, cataloguing, and cross-referencing, as well as acquainted with the subject-matter, to produce with the least possible delay the bit of information that a high-salaried expert absolutely needs, but should not be compelled to hunt out himself.

Call it a "morgue" or a cemetery, or—what it really is—an enterprising information bureau, the special library idea has a practical investment value not generally realized.

Urbana, Illinois. John Boynton Kaiser.

AN EXAMPLE TO FOLLOW

Your recent remarks on "Medical Education" were of especial interest to me for the reason that we have been "doing things" in our town. Through the kindness of the physicians, we have introduced a system of medical inspection in our public schools that has created a great awakening in things medical. We try to prevent disease, and in that effort we have the co-operation of all the pupils in the schools, and through the pupils we have the help of the parents. Every child is examined thoroughly by the physicians and the dentists without a cent's cost to the taxpayer, and, in addition to this, our teachers teach practical hygiene in every grade; and as a result we have almost stamped out preventable diseases. Every one is enlisted in making the town sanitary. We rarely have a case of contagious disease, and we have decreased the death rate in pneumonia and tuberculosis by having taught the people that fresh air is their friend even when asleep. A diplomatic school man may enlist the support of physicians in every town to give free medical inspection. They are anxious to co-operate, because they realize that it places their profession upon a higher plane and gives them an opportunity to practice preventive medicine.

Theodore B. Shank, A.M.

Jeannette, Pennsylvania.

WHAT A REACTIONARY IS

A correspondent sends us, clipped from some unknown newspaper, this definition: "A reactionary is defined by a Chicago lawyer as one who thinks more of his church than he thinks of his religion, who thinks more of his college than he thinks of his education, who thinks more of his party than he thinks of his country."

BY THE WAY

At a sale of first editions in London recently the works of the inexhaustible G. P. R. James, 139 volumes, brought $127—almost precisely the sum realized by the sale of a first edition of the one volume that made Lewis Carroll famous—"Alice in Wonderland."

The huge paintings required as scenes for theaters are now, according to an article in the "Scientific American," painted with the canvas lying flat on the floor, instead of, as formerly, in an upright position. In this way the work can be done much more rapidly. The colors used are in powdered form, a barrel to each color.

Any one who has an unused thirteen-cent United States postage stamp printed on blue paper would do well to hold on to it rather than to use it on a letter or package. A stamp dealer who has heretofore sold these stamps to collectors for $62.50 each announces that after November 1 the price will be $75. Four thousand of these stamps were originally printed, but less than a hundred are known to exist at present.

An American woman who has visited both the Froebel kindergartens and the schools in which the Montessori methods have been adopted in Rome says that the children in the latter schools are far beyond those of their own age in the other schools in their studies and in general mental development.

Such has been the popularity of moving-picture shows, according to an article in "McClure's," that one of the promoters of these enterprises not long ago proposed to lease the Metropolitan Opera-House in New York City for their production, and offered a rental of $150,000 a year; this being refused, he is now building a moving-picture theater in Harlem which will seat even more people than the Opera-House.

The dairy cow owes a salute to the "Country Gentleman" for the fine compliment paid her by that journal in saying that "civilization and the dairy cow are closely associated." As a food producer, says the "Country Gentleman," the cow returns eighteen pounds for every hundred pounds of feed given her, while her nearest competitor, the hog, returns only fifteen pounds, and the hen, with all her cackling, gives her owner but a scant ten pounds of food in return for his investment of a hundred.

A witty headline in a daily paper precedes an inquiry as to the grammar of two lines in Trowbridge's poem "The Vagabonds," one of which ends with "Roger and I" and the other with "Roger and me." Both are pronounced correct, the simple explanation being given in the heading, "Circumstances Alter Cases."

A pigeon recently flew from Niagara Falls to New York City in 6 hours and 33 minutes, or at the rate of nearly seventy miles an hour. While the aeroplane can beat this rate, it will probably be some time before an aviator equals this record for a flight between the two places.

Carl Schurz, according to an article in the current "Century Magazine," never succeeded in really becoming an American. "If I should live a thousand years," he once said, "they would still call me a Dutchman." And yet the article declares that "no man of his time spoke so well or wrote to better purpose."

In spite of the complaints of hard times for the railways because of increasing Government oversight and control, recently published statistics show that they have made a relative gain in the last decade. In 1900 the percentage of net return to the railways on their capital was only one-quarter as great as that on manufactures. In 1910 the percentage had increased to nearly one-half. Manufactures in 1900 returned 17.119 per cent profit, railways 4.650; in 1910 the figures were 12.041 per cent for manufactures and 5.729 for railways.

"Not many years ago," says a writer in "Office Appliances," "American business propositions in the West Indies were considered more as objects of distrust and ridicule than as means of commercial success. To-day one can go throughout the British West Indies and find American business methods and American office appliances displacing the long-established European systems of doing business."

The Hamburg-American Line is to institute a fortnightly service from Boston to Hamburg, beginning next May. But New York City is to keep the big vessels which the line is now building, through the extension of the piers to accommodate 1,000-foot steamships.

Good manners on the part of employees toward customers are a recognized business asset; good manners on the part of employees toward each other ought also to be required in a well-conducted commercial establishment. A visitor to a department store in New York City was recently disenchanted as to the pleasant conditions in which its employees were supposed to work by a loud-voiced, imperious command, "Miss Blank, come here!" Obedience to authority does not require harshness of language in issuing orders.

A hint for the man who likes to work about the house: To avoid splitting a board when driving a nail, says a mechanical magazine, cut off the point of the nail with pliers; such a nail will punch rather than wedge its way through, and may be driven almost on the edge of the board without splitting it.

Parachutes for saving the lives of aviators who meet with accident in mid-air are being adopted in Europe, the Russian Government having, it is reported, ordered two hundred of them for its army aeroplanes. The parachute is strapped to the aviator's shoulders and unfolds automatically in case of accident.

Few book collectors ever have the luck which befell the Vicomte d'Ollone in a little transaction described in his recently published work entitled "In Forbidden China." A very rare manuscript was offered to him in a Chinese city by an agent who asked the large sum of $200 for it. The Vicomte became suspicious as to the real ownership of the document, and on questioning the seller the Chinaman suddenly decamped, leaving the manuscript in the hands of the Vicomte. Being unable to find the real owner, Vicomte d'Ollone thus came into possession of one of the chief treasures of his collection.

The Outlook

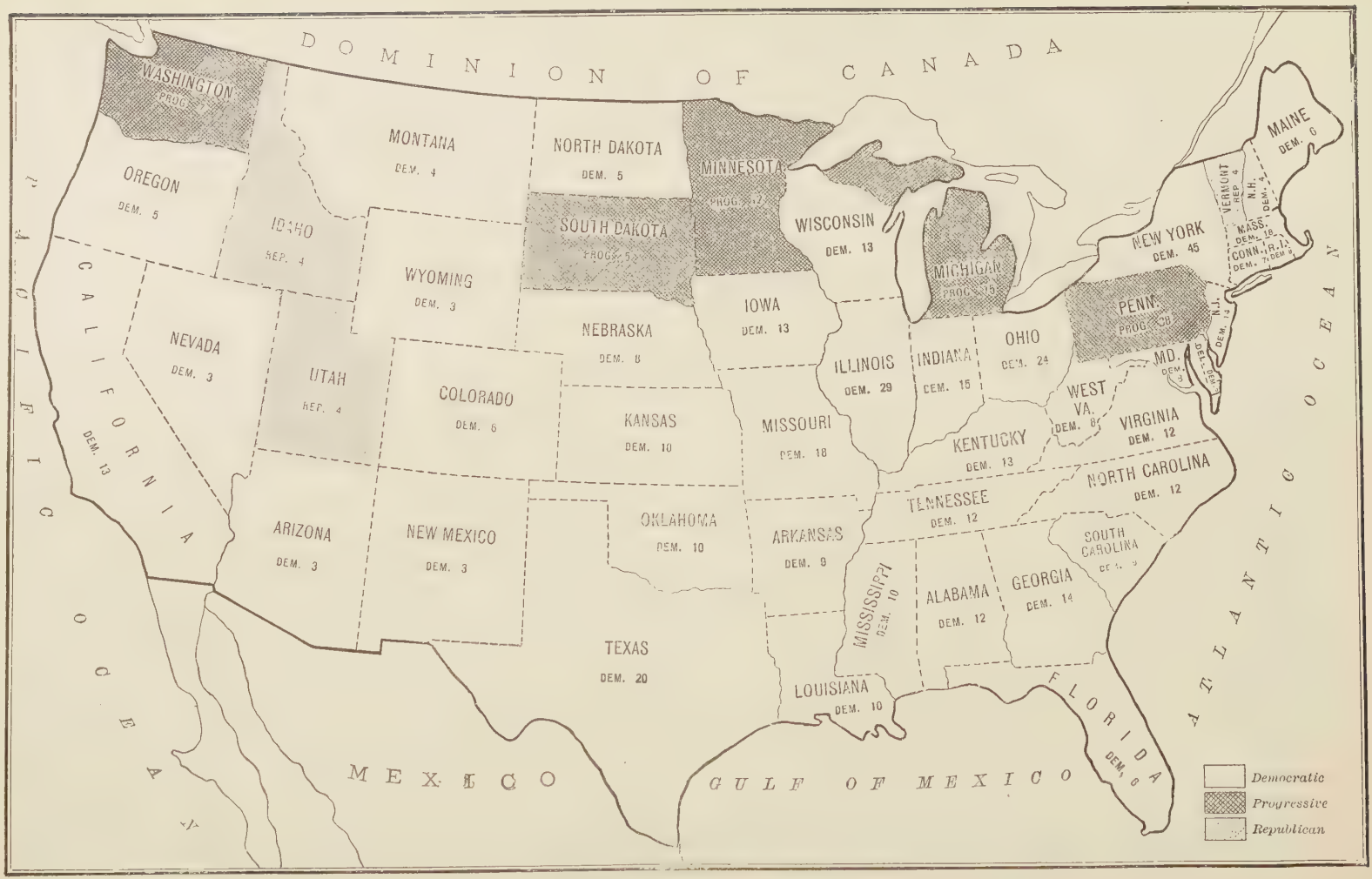
NOVEMBER 16, 1912

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor

The Election: The Presidential Vote

Since the Civil War the Democratic party has not been in control of all three branches of the Government except during the latter part of President Cleveland's second Administration. From March 4 next the new Democratic President will have the support of a majority both in the Senate (although there is a possibility of this failing) and in the lower house, and his party will, when united, have full power and full responsibility. The exact total number of votes to be cast for the Presidential candidates in the Electoral College was in doubt even as late as four days after the election because of the delay in securing full returns from remote districts in two or three doubtful States. On the following page will be found a map indicating graphically the number of the electoral votes in each State and the way in which they will be cast. If California's thirteen votes and Illinois's twenty-nine votes go to Wilson, the total Wilson vote in the Electoral College will be 442, or 176 more than the 266 necessary to a choice. Mr. Roosevelt carried Michigan, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Minnesota, and Washington, with a total of seventy-seven electoral votes; Mr. Taft, Idaho, Utah, and Vermont, with a total of twelve electoral votes. Reports as to the popular vote the country over are still incomplete, but it is not far from 15,000,000 (divided approximately into three and a half millions for Mr. Taft, four millions for Mr. Roosevelt, over six millions for Mr. Wilson, and the rest for the Socialists and minor parties), while the total popular vote in 1908 was 14,887,133, divided as follows, so far as the three largest parties were concerned: Republicans, 7,679,006; Democrats, 6,409,106; Socialists (including the Socialist Labor party, about 14,000), 434,645. Governor Wilson, with all his large majority in the Electoral College, did not receive a majority of the popular vote. If the estimate given above is correct, the growth in the total popular vote in the last four years has been astonishingly small, and it is at least possible that completed figures will increase the total above estimated. The Socialists claim in the neighborhood of a million votes, and it seems unquestioned that, even if their 1908 vote has not been doubled as they hope, it has been substantially increased. It is not correct, as some commentators have done, to add together the Taft and Roosevelt votes and judge from the total how a straight-out contest between Republicans and Democrats would have resulted, because, on the one hand, many non-Progressive Republicans voted for Wilson, and, on the other, many Democrats voted outside of their party lines in both directions. The total Democratic vote as estimated is about 300,000 less than in 1908. That is, Mr. Wilson, who is elected, received a smaller vote than Mr. Bryan, who was defeated. The deductions to be drawn at large from the results of the Presidential election are discussed on another page. In Governor Wilson's statement made the day after election he said:

> The result fills me with the hope that the thoughtful progressive forces of the Nation may now at last unite to give the country freedom of enterprise and a government released from all selfish and private influences and devoted to justice and progress. There is absolutely nothing for the honest and enlightened business men of the country to fear.
>
> No man whose business is conducted without violation of the rights of free competition and without such private understandings and secret alliances as violate the principle of our law and the policy of all wholesome commerce and enterprise need fear either interference or embarrassment from the Administration.
>
> Our hope and purpose is now to bring all the free forces of the Nation into active and intelligent co-operation and to give to our prosperity a freshness and spirit and a confidence such as it has not had in our time.



THE VOTE BY STATES

Summary of Electoral Votes: Wilson, 442; Roosevelt, 77; Taft, 12. This is on the suppositions that California's votes are given to Wilson and Idaho's votes to Taft, both of which were in question when this map was drawn

The Election: Congress

The apparent result of the election has been to make Congress Democratic in both branches. Thus the balloting gives the Democrats full control at Washington for the first time since 1892. So far as the House of Representatives is concerned, the outgoing Congress—the Sixty-second—was already Democratic. It now becomes doubly so in majority; indeed, it is anticipated that the majority may considerably exceed a hundred and fifty over the combined Republican and Progressive strength. The Progressive strength will exceed sixteen, so it is said. The Senate is more evenly divided, the effect of more complete returns from the doubtful States being to cut down the estimated Democratic majority. The present returns, however, leave little doubt that President-elect Wilson will have the support of half the membership of the Senate, which—with Governor Marshall, of Indiana, in the chair as Vice-President with the casting vote—would mean the control of the upper house. A full Senate consists of ninety-six members. The terms of one-third of the Senators expire on March 3, 1913. Because of the deaths of Senators Hughes, of Colorado, and Heyburn, of Montana, and of the ousting of Senator Lorimer, of Illinois, there is a total of thirty-five seats to fill. Several Senators have already been elected by the State Legislatures: for instance, Senator Bankhead, of Alabama, has already been chosen to succeed himself; Representative James, of Kentucky, has been elected to succeed Senator Paynter, and Representative Ransdell, of Louisiana, to succeed Senator Foster. Senators Martin, of Virginia, and Fall, of New Mexico, have already been chosen to succeed themselves, and Senator Vardaman, of Mississippi, has been named to succeed Senator Percy. Of the Republican Senators holding over and likely to be elected, at least ten have called themselves Progressives, though not as many have supported the Progressive party. As to the appearance of the new Congress, its most striking feature at first will probably be not so much the presence of new members as the absence of old. In the House a large number of picturesque and interesting men have failed of re-election, among them ex-Speaker Cannon and Representative McKinley, of Illinois; Representative Crumpacker, of Indiana; Representatives Currier and Sulloway, of New Hampshire; and Representative Hill, of Connecticut. In the Senate Mr. Crane, of Massachusetts, and Mr. Bailey, of Texas, retired voluntarily; Mr. Dixon, of Montana, and Mr. Bourne, of Oregon, failed of re-election. A defeated candidate at the primaries was Senator Curtis, of Kansas; he was worsted by Governor Stubbs; Mr. Stubbs, however, is now himself defeated by his Democratic opponent, Mr. Thompson. Another defeated candidate at the primaries was Senator Cullom, of Illinois; he has served longer in the Senate than any other living Senator, and his political activity dates back to the days of Lincoln.

The Elections in the States

Naturally, the same public sentiment that resulted in the election of Mr. Wilson showed itself in the State elections by the success of many Democratic State tickets. About two-thirds of the States elected Governors, and a large majority of these are Democratic. In these State elections the Republican party did not suffer as severely as it did in the Presidential election. In several instances it happened that the Republican candidate for Governor was either elected or nearly elected, while the Republican electoral ticket of the State stood third. In Minnesota, for example, in which Roosevelt stood first, Wilson second, and Taft a poor third, the Republican nominee for the Governorship was chosen. The local organization is always chiefly interested in the local ticket, and withstands most vigorously any attempt to dislodge it from control over local offices. This partly explains the way in which a number of Republican State tickets survived the shock of battle which routed the National Republican organization. In some cases, moreover, the Republican ticket successfully appealed to a large number of Progressive voters. Among the State tickets chosen that of New York easily stands out as most conspicuous. This is due to the fact that the Progressive nominee, Mr. Oscar S. Straus, is a man not only of National but of international reputation. His vote was surpassed by that of each of his two chief opponents. The successful candidate, Mr. Sulzer, has for years been a member of the Tammany organization. He is the first member of Tammany to sit in the Governor's chair since the days of Tweed. His election is a proof of the political astuteness of the Tammany leader. By means of this election Mr. Murphy becomes the Democratic leader of the largest and richest State

in the Union. The National Democratic victory has also carried into power the other two members of the so-called Murphy-Taggart-Sullivan triumvirate. In Indiana the Taggart Democratic machine, with Mr. Ralston as its candidate, triumphed over the Progressives headed by Senator Beveridge; and in Illinois the Sullivan Democratic machine, with Mr. Dunne as its candidate, triumphed over the Republicans, who were second, as well as over the Progressives headed by Mr. Funk. In Ohio the Progressive State ticket was third in the race, which was won by the Democrats, who made Congressman James M. Cox successor to Governor Harmon. Winston Churchill, who was early the leader of the Progressive movement in New Hampshire, and was the Progressive nominee to succeed his Progressive associate, Governor Bass, was defeated. In Massachusetts Governor Foss was re-elected as a consequence of the general Democratic landslide, but the Legislature remains Republican. In Connecticut Governor Baldwin was not only re-elected over his opponents, Judge Studley, Republican, and Mr. Herbert Knox Smith, Progressive, but was given a Democratic Legislature. Among the Republican candidates for Governor several were in sympathy with the Progressive movement and had the support of Progressives. Among these perhaps the most conspicuous is Governor McGovern, of Wisconsin. By virtue of the Progressive support he has been elected, though his State voted for the Democratic Presidential ticket. One interesting feature of the State elections is supplied by Kansas. In that State certain voters are allowed to cast their vote by mail, but their votes are not counted until three days after those which have been cast at the polls. There were about three thousand of these votes by mail. So close was the contest between the Democratic nominee, Mr. Hodges, and the candidate of the Progressives, who controlled the Republican machinery, Arthur Capper, editor of the Topeka "Capital," that the result was not known before the mail vote was counted. Woman's suffrage gained a great victory. Of the five States in which the question was voted upon—Oregon, Kansas, Arizona, Wisconsin, and Michigan—Wisconsin was the only one which rejected it. Michigan now supplants California as the most populous State of those having woman suffrage. West Virginia adopted at this election State prohibition.

The Balkan War: The Bulgarian Advance

Following the Battle of Lule-Burgas, described on another page, last week's most striking events in the Balkan war were the Bulgarian attack upon Tchataldja and the capture of Salonika by the Greeks. Tchataldja is the name of the long line of fortifications about twenty-five miles from Constantinople and extending practically from the Black Sea to the Sea of Marmora. Thus the fortifications make a little separate territory of the city and surroundings of Constantinople—something like our District of Columbia about Washington, though without any separate political character. The battle spread out all along the line. It began at the northeastern end, near Derkos, a place located on the lake of the same name. Constantinople receives its water supply from this lake. At Tchataldja, as at Lule-Burgas last week, the Bulgarians found the Turks weakened by insufficient provision and more than ever disheartened by the successive defeats sustained since the war began. The Turks were repulsed from the principal points of the Tchataldja line. A horde of wounded, beaten, and demoralized soldiers has now fallen back to Constantinople, together with refugees from the near-by villages. Hence pillage and even massacre have been feared, especially among the hundreds of thousands of Christians in the capital. Conditions have improved because of the arrival of foreign war-ships—to one of them the members of the American School for Girls have been transferred. The presence of the foreign war-ships, and especially the conference of their commanders to agree upon methods of keeping order, have lessened the general alarm, and have given point to the notification of the foreign ambassadors at Constantinople that, if trouble occurs, they will immediately take whatever measures they may think necessary to protect the subjects of their countries. The armored cruisers Montana and Tennessee, now in reserve at the Philadelphia Navy-Yard, have been ordered to rush to Turkish waters to look after the interests of American citizens. The Montana and Tennessee are sister ships of 14,500 tons displacement and are among the speediest large vessels in the navy. An interesting and possibly historic event of last week was the transference of the Turkish Government's archives from Constantinople to Brusa, about fifty-seven miles to the southeast in Asia Minor. Brusa

was once the capital of the Turkish Sultans. Some of the harems in Constantinople have also been transferred thither—an even more picturesque and it is to be hoped equally significant event. It looks like the retreat of the Turkish social as well as political system before the advance of European civilization.

The Balkan War: The Advance on Salonika

At the end of last week the Greeks captured Salonika. This marks the close of the most brilliant campaign fought by the Greek army since classic times. In three weeks the Greek army has been able to overcome the supposedly impregnable Turkish defenses of the frontier and to fight its way, capturing town after town in Macedonia, to Salonika, the chief port of the Ægean Sea. Salonika is the second city of European Turkey. Next to Constantinople it has been the chief object coveted by the allies. It is not coveted by them alone, but also by Austria; for many years Austria has made no secret of her intention of proceeding southward to the Ægean: it is also no secret that if she had not felt so inclined of her own accord she would have been forced to it by Germany. The success of the Greek army has been doubled by that of the navy, which had already occupied the principal Ægean islands, and last week added to them the occupation of Tenedos at the entrance of the Dardanelles, an island famous in the Iliad story. A part of the Greek fleet was already in the Gulf of Salonika awaiting its prey. Of course the Greek papers are jingo, as usual, and declare that they will never give up any territory occupied by them; that remains to be seen. More significant is their declaration, first that the Turkish throne must be transferred to Asia Minor, and, second, that reforms for the benefit of the great population there must also be introduced. Last week's Servian advance was also extremely notable. The Turkish defeat at Kumanova was so complete that the pursuing Servians found the mountain passes to the south abandoned by the Turks; these passes, it was expected, would be the scene of desperate resistance. Thus one part of the Servian army was able to join the Bulgarians in their investment of Adrianople, the third city in Turkey-in-Europe; the other part has, it is reported, captured Monastir, the fourth city of European Turkey; it was formerly a Serb possession, and the majority of its inhabitants are still Slavs. In Albania the fortress of Scutari has not yet surrendered to the Montenegrins, who have, however, captured a number of other important cities. The Montenegrins have been welcomed by the Christian Albanians, but have been unwelcome to the Albanian Mohammedans. Divided religiously, the Albanians racially form a compact and distinct group, and aspire not only to autonomy but to independence—indeed, Germany, Austria, and Italy, it is said, have already agreed that Albania shall become an independent kingdom, under the Duke of the Abruzzi, brother of the King of Italy, as ruler. On the other hand, it is reported that Prince Ghirka, President of the Albanian National Commission, is to be proclaimed king.

The Balkan War: The Red Cross

Last week the American Red Cross appealed for funds to carry on relief work in Turkey. The appeal was signed by President Taft as President of the Red Cross, and by Assistant Secretary of State Huntington Wilson, Chairman of the Board of International Relief. As the appeal says, it is difficult to bring home to the people in this country the appalling suffering involved in a winter war in the Balkans. Communication is difficult there, and the cold is intense. Moreover, the fighting in the Balkan war is specially bitter and severe. To meet all this, the medical organizations available are entirely inadequate to care for the large number of wounded, who are in desperate condition. The British, German, and other Continental Red Cross Societies are sending parties of doctors and nurses with hospital supplies. But, because of the distance, the American Red Cross will not send expeditions; instead it earnestly appeals to the generosity of Americans to aid the sick and wounded. Contributions should be sent to the American Red Cross at Washington, or to Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, Red Cross Treasurer, 52 William Street, New York City, or to any other local Red Cross treasurer. We hope that the gifts from this country will be as liberal as possible, and that the American Red Cross will be an efficient aid in the general work of humanity in Turkey. An appeal for funds is also made by the American branch of the Red Crescent Society, an organization founded by the Turks on lines similar to those of the Red Cross. In the Red Cres-

cent appeal mention is made of the series of misfortunes which preceded the present calamity—the revolution and counter-revolution, the war with Italy, the cholera, the earthquake, and the devastating fires in Constantinople. The Greek Red Cross Society in Athens has an American committee to receive funds for the work of that society. A fund has also been established for aiding needy reservists to return to Greece and for assisting the families left behind here; the appeal has been strikingly successful. It may be added that not only have reservists gone back to the colors by thousands, but the would-be volunteers have had to be rejected in large numbers.

The Election in Cuba

The Presidential election in Cuba on November 1 attracted less attention than it deserves in this country because of the intense interest in our own political affairs. The choice of General Menocal, the Conservative leader who was defeated four years ago at the polls, is perhaps not of very much significance so far as his personal triumph over his Liberal opponent, Dr. Zayas, is concerned. That which is of great significance and interest, and that upon which the people of Cuba are to be cordially congratulated, is that once more a Presidential election campaign has been fought without serious disturbance; that the actual polling on election day took place in almost as quiet and orderly fashion as would be the case in New York or Massachusetts; and that a political revolution, from the party point of view, has taken place in entire conformance with law, and the result has been accepted quietly by the people of the island. It is true that there was some rioting in Havana a week or more before the election, and there were slight disturbances elsewhere; but there was certainly nothing like an organized attempt to settle political disputes by an appeal to arms, or to resist the will of the people. The significance of the absence of passion or rioting on election day is all the more noticeable because the defeated party contains the more radical and probably the more violent classes of voters. General Menocal evidently has the confidence of the business portion of the community and of the more conservative citizens generally. His triumph is largely a protest against various arbitrary acts on the part of the recent President, José Gomez; and it also seems to sustain the assertion made by the Liberals that Cuban finances have been mismanaged under the recent Administration, and that there have been at least suspicious circumstances relating to the financial conduct of members of the Government. General Menocal has much to do in order to restore the right relations between people and Government. But there is reason to hope that the affairs of the island are entering on a more hopeful condition than has existed since the withdrawal of direct control by the United States. Every year that passes without a breakdown of the republican form of government in Cuba adds to the confidence in the stability of that government, and to the hope that Cuba will little by little make itself a thoroughly self-respecting, independent, and efficient republic. That it will ultimately do so it is not unreasonable to expect, and so may the United States be justified in its unselfish attempt to establish Cuba on such a basis.

Career of Captain Brinkley

Captain Frank Brinkley, who died in Tokyo on the 28th of October, was one of the best known of the many able Westerners who went to Japan in the first decade after the visit of Commodore Perry, and who devoted their lives to the promotion of Japanese interests and prosperity. He was born in England in 1841, and sailed for Japan soon after the completion of his education. At the early age of twenty-six he was appointed to command the Japanese Royal Artillery, and four years later he became principal instructor in the Marine Artillery College in Tokyo. He afterward served as Professor of Mathematics in the Imperial Engineering College, and was appointed foreign adviser of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, the most important steamship line in Japan. In 1881 he became the proprietor of the Japan "Mail," of Yokohama, and this influential English journal he managed and edited up to the time of his death. He also acted for many years as Tokyo correspondent of the London "Times." He was universally recognized as one of the leading authorities on Japan, and his knowledge of Japanese art in particular was wide and accurate. His "Japan" (London, 1901) and "Japan and China" (twelve volumes, London, 1903) were monumental works, and he was the author also of an Unabridged Japanese-English Diction-

ary and of the comprehensive article on "Japan" in the eleventh edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. This article alone, if published separately, would make a good-sized volume. As a capable teacher, a judicious counselor, and a sympathetic interpreter of Japan to the Western world Captain Brinkley rendered valuable and distinguished service to the country of his adoption, and the late Emperor recognized such service by decorating him with the insignia of the Sacred Treasure and the Rising Sun. Captain Brinkley married early in life a Japanese lady, and his daughters, who are now young women, have been trained in England and are graduates of Girton College.

A Valuable Measure of Justice

The daily press reports a series of revised rules adopted by the Supreme Court of the United States, but applicable to all Federal courts. We hope that, in their spirit if not in their form, they may prove of value as a suggestion of reform to those of our State courts in which reform of procedure is needed. This revision is the work of a sub-committee of the Supreme Court appointed by the Chief Justice. The committee has had the advantage of expressions from the various Federal judges, bar associations, and prominent lawyers of the country. Our legal readers will look to law journals for detailed information respecting these rules. Their general object is to promote simplicity in proceedings, to expedite court procedure, and to prevent a reversal by appellate courts for purely technical errors in the court below. The matter of greatest popular interest is the rule respecting preliminary injunctions. It has always been the theory of the courts that preliminary injunctions shall not be granted without notice to the opposite party, unless immediate or irreparable loss or damage will result to the applicant before the matter can be heard on notice. But this theoretical rule has been suffered to fall into abeyance in practice, a mere statement in the papers before the court that such irreparable damage would ensue being often, if not generally, regarded as sufficient. Under the new rule the danger of such irreparable damage must be made to appear clearly from specified facts shown to the court under oath. It is further provided that the hearing on the injunction shall not be postponed later than ten days from the date of the order, and may be brought up upon two days' notice to the party obtaining such temporary injunction, if the party enjoined so desires. It is not probable that any rule issued by the Court will of itself prevent the injustice which has been perpetrated by the practice of issuing temporary injunctions without notice. But this rule of the Supreme Court has been obtained after much public discussion and much conference with both the courts and lawyers; and The Outlook thinks that there is reason to hope that it is not merely a rule authoritatively issued by the Supreme Court, but is also the expression of a purpose shared by the judges and the bar generally to put a stop to a custom which has grown up gradually and without deliberate purpose, and which has been increasingly felt to be unjust.

Home Mission Week

What are the churches going to do to bear their share of the burdens that modern social conditions have laid upon the people of this country? That, in substance, is the chief question that is to be presented to the churches next week. For three months there has been an organized attempt to call to the attention of the churches the pressing questions of home missions. These are not merely the questions involved in supporting struggling churches or itinerant preachers, as many people imagine; they are questions involving the life of the immigrant who finds a new home in a promised land; involving the great growth of cities, swamping the forces of religion with a moving, restless population; involving the lives of millions of Negroes in their movement toward new racial standards; involving the problems of the farmer and his wife, the woman earning her own livelihood, the child at the loom. Such questions as these have been presented in charts, diagrams, and posters. A great deal of material has been gathered together. The Rev. Charles Stelzle, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City, is Executive Secretary of this Home Mission Week movement. He will be glad to furnish information on request to those who have not already been acquainted with the plan. There is not a church in the land that cannot in some way help to contribute to the solving of these great problems of our country. It is certain that if any task calls for the strength which religious faith supplies, it is this task of making this country a land of free, happy people.

A Change in the "Independent"

Our contemporary the "Independent" makes the following announcement, which has a special interest in these days of rapid change: "During the sixty-four years of its history 'The Independent' has been under the responsible control of two men as its proprietors, Henry C. Bowen and Clarence W. Bowen, his son. For its future direction and success his grandson, Hamilton Holt, will be responsible." Mr. Holt, who has been for many years the managing editor of the "Independent," has acquired Mr. Clarence Bowen's interest in the paper and becomes president of a corporation which has been formed to publish the paper. Dr. William Hayes Ward, who has been connected editorially with the "Independent" for forty-five years, remains the chief editor. The "Independent" has had a long and honorable career, and many distinguished names have been connected with its administration for nearly half a century. We offer to Mr. Holt and his associates, who are well equipped by training and experience for their work, our best wishes for the new journalistic era upon which they are entering. Intelligent and independent journalism was never more needed in the United States than it is to-day.

Craft Work and Convict Labor

Each year Congress is petitioned to pass a bill for "the protection of labor and industries from the competition of convict labor." Manufacturers throughout the country declare such competition "unfair and ruinous, demoralizing to all markets and business stability, convict-made goods being sold for less than the cost to us of manufacture." The Bureau of Labor has investigated 296 penal institutions with an average of 86,000 inmates. Of these 86,000, 10,000 were kept in absolute idleness; 21,400 were engaged in prison work—washing, cooking, cleaning; and about 3,000 were on the sick list. The remaining 51,000 were employed in some industry, the majority being "contracted out" to unscrupulous "bosses" who paid the prison authorities for their labor far less than that demanded of manufacturers by free labor. "To pay rent for a building and from one to two dollars per day for labor, in competition with free buildings and from twenty-five to fifty cents per day for convict labor, is ridiculous," writes a New York manufacturer. Were the sole end of imprisonment punishment, it would be well to forbid all work in penitentiaries, since prisoners dread nothing so much as being confined in absolute idleness. But modern science teaches that crime is a moral disease, the germs of which feed on idleness, and that the best reformatory results are obtained where convicts are given work that requires both mental and physical exertion—above all, tasks in which they become interested. According to this report of the Bureau of Labor, "prisoners have neither the incentive of gain nor love of the work. The best that can be said is that they prefer any kind of occupation to being confined in their cells." If penal industries are a continual menace to free labor and contribute little toward the moral improvement of convicts, might it not be advisable to introduce the handicrafts in these institutions? This would end all competition with mill or factory labor, as handmade goods can no longer compete with those manufactured by machinery. It would also benefit the prisoners by providing them with interesting work, which would exert a moral influence utterly lacking in their present occupations. The initial cost of such an innovation must necessarily militate against it, especially in those States in which labor is so profitable as to render convicts self-supporting. But it must be remembered that current expenses are only a part of the public burden; the initial cost of erecting penal buildings must be considered, as well as the apprehending and convicting of prisoners, the large proportion of whom have already "served their term," which shows that prisons, under existing conditions, are not conducive to moral regeneration. Indeed, many are moral pest-houses where contagion is rife. Especially is this true of jails. It being unlawful to compel unconvicted persons to labor, the State provides for them no work of any kind, and innocent persons are often detained many months in absolute idleness before the courts pronounce them guiltless. Could they employ this enforced leisure in learning one of the character-building crafts, they might later bless their unmerited confinement, instead of serving, as many do, a sentence for crime whose inception can be traced to the evil influences of the jail. Wherever handicrafts have been tried, results justify the assertion that ten years after their introduction into penal institutions statistics would show a great falling off in the number of convicts and a material decrease in expenditures, as

very few would return for a second, third, and fourth term, as is now so often done; fewer guards would be required, since the moral sense develops with such occupation, providing a greater safeguard to the community than all the punishments that man has devised. Many would be taken off the sick list, the curative power of craft work being now acknowledged by all physicians: gradually the efficiency of prison labor would increase, so that in the end the community would be taxed less instead of more for the support of these unfortunate brethren. One of the strongest arguments in favor of handicrafts is that so many manufacturers have been forced out of industries in which convicts are employed that *learning a prison trade no longer insures employment after release.*

International Ethical Movements

Bishop Brent, of the Philippines, is a religious leader who is also a statesman, and his recent Convocation Address has the breadth which is characteristic of a man who has the heroic and prophetic qualities of the missionary, not only abroad, but at home. Referring to the International Opium Conference held at The Hague at the beginning of the present year, and in which he bore a very influential part, Bishop Brent enumerates a group of international movements dealing with moral evils which are beyond the power of any single nation to combat, among them the African slave trade, the liquor traffic in Africa, and the opium trade. In dealing with these questions international action is no longer an expediency, but a necessity. For the unity of human life has ceased to be an academic idea and become a fact to be reckoned with for purposes of self-preservation as well as for other and nobler reasons, such as the protection and benefit of the weaker and less privileged. We are reaching the stage of national and racial intimacy when the problem or the opportunity of one people will be recognized, without dispute, to be the problem or the opportunity of all. The course of progress has been consistent—individuals grouping into families, families into clans, clans into nations, nations into federations, and now we are moving towards a more inclusive combination. The International Opium Conference was not artificial or forced; it came as a natural climax of a movement which originated as an effort on the part of the Chinese to rid themselves of a vice with which they were saddled. The committee appointed by President Taft nine years ago, when he was Governor of the Philippine Islands, to investigate the methods of opium control in countries of the East for the purpose of forming legislation for the Philippines, visited Japan, Formosa, China, the Straits Settlements, Burma, and Java. Their report was translated into Chinese, and was a factor in calling forth the Imperial edict of 1906 prohibiting opium-smoking in the Chinese Empire. In the same year Lord Morley declared in the House of Commons that the Indo-Chinese opium trade was "morally indefensible." The success of this movement led to the calling by President Roosevelt of the International Conference which met at Shanghai in January three years ago, and at which thirteen nations were represented.

From Moral to Religious Unity

From these evidences of moral unity Bishop Brent declares that it is but a step to the world movement in aid of religion, and reports the progress of the preparations for the World Conference on Faith and Order. He purposely avoids the phrase "reunion of Christendom" because that suggests recalling something lost, the bringing back of a treasure from the storehouse of the past. "The unity that is to be must come from above," he says. "It must be far superior to that which once was, if it is to endure." In the past men planned and won a definite unity, and their theory of unity was expressed in the organization of the church and of the empire. It was a unity which was successful in its adaptation to the times which gave it being. But the world has outgrown the phase of progress which it represented. It was too blind to diversity, too insistent upon uniformity, with a maximum of regard for the form and a minimum for the contents, and it grew to be scheming and tyrannical and corrupt. The Reformation stands, declared the Bishop, among other things, "for the salutary breaking of the existing Christian or ecclesiastical unity so far as its visible form was concerned." And Bishop Brent has a word to say which might profitably be read by those persons of his own communion who habitually deprecate the Reformation as violent and reactionary. "In a world of men no other course would have sufficed, conditions being what they were. Sometimes the standard of revolution is the only possible standard of

reform. In speaking as I do, I do not hold a brief for the individual excesses which followed in the train of the Reformation, but I would remark that only a world of gods or demigods could have done better." The unity which is now to be worked for must be manifested through holiness, catholicity, and apostolicity. Catholicity means the reaching out for every social group in a nation. Abstractly it is true that the Church's message rises above every distinction of class and conditions, but, Bishop Brent declares, the "defect of our own communion is that it is on too intimate, and possibly dependent, terms with respectability, though, as I believe, decreasingly so." The unity that is to be, Bishop Brent says, will be according to "God's now hidden will rather than to man's known idea. Many an advocate of unity expects the whole Christian world to come around to his way of thinking. That will not be the case. No human mind, no fragment of the Church, is big enough to hold in its integrity God's conception of unity." These are the words of a man of vision, who first launched the idea of a Conference on Faith and Order in his own communion, preached it from the pulpit of Westminster Abbey, and then persuaded the General Convention of that communion in the United States to give practical effect to his vision.

Women in Municipal Affairs

Women are taking a larger part in actual governmental affairs in Great Britain and Ireland than the average American appreciates. Under the various local government qualification of women acts they participate to a very considerable extent in local affairs. According to figures gathered by the "National Municipal Review," there are now in England and Wales three women serving on county councils, seventeen on town councils (two of whom are mayors of their cities), eight on urban district councils, one hundred and forty-five on rural district councils, and eleven hundred and seventy-five women who have been directly elected or "co-opted" as poor law guardians. In addition to the one hundred and forty-five women district councilors who act as guardians for the unions in which their districts lie, the number of parish councilors is considerable, although exact figures are lacking. In Scotland there are two women serving on town councils and seven on parish councils, while in Ireland there are three as town councilors, four as urban district councilors, and forty-four as rural district councilors, together with sixty-six who have been directly elected or co-opted, making a total of one hundred and ten women guardians. Women have been utilized to a very considerable extent in putting into force and effect the recent National Insurance Act, a measure for national health insurance and for unemployment insurance. There are also, according to the "National Municipal Review," two offices of health visitors open to women—health visitors and sanitary inspectors. Most of the "health visiting" in London is done by women who are qualified as sanitary inspectors.

The Farmer's Credit and the Cost of Living

Every one is suffering from the increased cost of living. As it concerns foodstuffs, the cost may be reduced in two ways. First, reduce the cost of producing the crops. Second, increase the production. By their educational facilities both the Federal Government and the State Governments have done much towards increasing crop production. With regard to reducing the cost of production, however, we have not done as much as has been done in Europe. A principal item in that cost is the interest paid by the farmer on the money he borrows. For borrow he must. We do not realize that each year our farmers have to have a borrowed capital of over six billion dollars in order to add between eight and nine billions to our National wealth. Their interest charge amounts to more than five hundred millions. Including commissions and renewal charges, the interest rate paid by the farmers averages no less than 8½ per cent. This is certainly high compared with the rates paid by our manufacturers and merchants. And yet the security to the lender offered by the farmer in his farm lands would seem to be as sound as that offered by our industrial corporations. The rate of 8½ per cent seems doubly striking compared with the 3½ and 4½ per cent paid by French and German farmers. Their lower rates are due to a system of popular agricultural banks, most of which are based upon the principle of co-operation among farmers, the united guarantees of the members of the banking association relieving any anxiety on the lender's part as to repayment of the money borrowed. This system was first put into operation in the Rhineland by the late Friedrich Raffeisen, Mayor of one of

the towns on the Rhine. Among others, President Taft has become convinced that the Raffeisen plan could be adapted to our conditions. As the establishment and conduct of such banks would be matters of control by the several States, Mr. Taft has commended the idea to the Governors of the States, and has invited them to discuss it with him in December at the White House at Washington, following the annual Conference of Governors, which occurs this year at the neighboring city of Richmond.

Land Mortgages

But the organization of these societies, formed to obtain personal credit, does not cover the entire field of agricultural co-operative credit. The rest is represented by what are known in Germany as *Landschaften;* that is, corporations formed to create a sound security in mortgages for the purpose of gaining a national market for bonds based upon farm land mortgages. In France this is done through the famous banking institution known as the Crédit Foncier. President Taft says:

> The chief advantage brought to farmers through such institutions are lower interest rates and easy amortization, whereby the borrowing farmer may repay his loan bit by bit, extending these payments over a long number of years. Thus his obligations are made proportionate to his annual receipts from the exploitation of his soil, and the danger of foreclosure is vastly reduced. To appreciate what this amortization plan would mean to the farmers of this country it is only necessary to consider the foreclosure records of some of our States.

As applied to America, uniform State legislation would be desirable to govern their organization and operation if a National success is to be secured. Hence another reason for the forthcoming White House conference. Mr. Taft also suggests that, "as a later step, it might prove advisable to urge the enactment by Congress of laws permitting the creation of National land mortgage bonds." While his other two recommendations will probably meet with deservedly favorable recognition, this last suggestion is likely to encounter the opposition immediately expressed by the New York "Times:"

> It is disheartening to find President Taft's reasonable and reasoned suggestion regarding agricultural banks turned into an unreasonable proposal that the National banks should assume that function. Those capable of advancing that idea have not grasped the rudiments of banking. There is a reason why National banks were not given the power which it is now proposed to confer upon them. The unlawful exercise of that power to a considerable extent explains the portentous fact that none of the several recent panics has caused any proportionate decrease in banking liabilities in the manner of earlier panics.

THE DEMOCRATIC VICTORY

I

WHAT DOES IT PROMISE TO THE COUNTRY?

The people have given the Democratic party a power of attorney to act for them in the National Government and in forty States for the next two years, probably for the next four years. What have the people a right to expect of their agent?

The people have a right to expect that the Democratic party will proceed to put in operation, honestly and courageously, the policies embodied in its platform as interpreted by its leaders in the campaign. The Outlook does not believe in those policies. But they should have a fair trial. If the result proves to be disadvantageous to the country, that will be a reason for changing them four years from now; but it will be no reason for criticising the men who, in obedience to the will of the people, put those principles in operation.

The people have a right to expect that the Democratic party will, as soon as the administration is organized, proceed with a radical reduction of the tariff; that in this reduction the ultimate purpose will be to get rid of all attempt to protect and promote American industry by taxation, and to make a tariff the sole object of which will be to get the largest practicable revenue for the Government with the least possible expense and friction in its collection. The people also have a right to expect that the party will proceed with this radical change cautiously and with an endeavor to produce as little disturbance in the business world as possible. We do not believe that such a radical change in the tariff can be honestly undertaken without producing a serious disturbance in the business world, but we shall be very glad if the event proves that we are mistaken.

In this revision the Democratic party has a perfect right to proceed schedule by schedule in order to prevent bargaining, and to avail itself of a non-partisan expert commission in order to obtain trustworthy information. We wish that it would do so. But we have no right to expect that it will do so. It

has made no promise to that effect, and its representatives have in their speeches condemned that method of procedure.

The people have a right to expect that the Democratic party will put in operation the processes of the law to break up monopolies wherever they exist, and to punish those who have created such monopolies wherever in so doing they have violated the law. This is the method which the Democratic party has proposed to the people for destroying monopoly, and the people have adopted the method. The Outlook does not believe that it will prove effective. But the people have a right to demand that it have a fair trial.

It is not uncommon in either English or American politics for a party, when given power, to employ methods which it criticised its opponents for employing. It is therefore conceivable that the Democratic party may decide to employ a bureau or commission to supervise the great corporations and so enable the Government to prevent the formation of monopoly; but there is no reason to anticipate this policy, which Democratic leaders have in public speeches condemned.

The people have a right to expect that the Democratic party will enact a Federal Workman's Compensation Act, and may reasonably hope that it will enact similar laws in the States which it controls, though a Federal platform cannot in strictness bind the party to State action; the people may further expect that the Democratic party will approve the rules respecting injunctions adopted by the United States Supreme Court, as reported on another page, and incorporate the substance of those rules in legislation; and the people have a right to expect that the Democratic party will prevent the abridgment of the right of laborers to organize for their protection if any one should attempt to abridge that right. But the people have no right to demand of the party such legislation for the promotion of social justice as prohibition of child labor, minimum wage and maximum hours for workingwomen, legislation for prevention of industrial accidents, and the like. There is no reason why the Democratic party, wherever it has the political power and the Constitutional right to act, should not borrow these policies from the Progressive platform and enact them into law; but the people have no right to demand that it do so, or condemn it for not doing so. For the party which promised to do these things they refused to intrust with power, and they gave power to the party which was silent respecting such legislation for the protection of wage-earners.

The people have no right to expect of the party any action tending to lessen the power of the bosses or to increase the power of the people—except in so far as the election of United States Senators by the people and preferential Presidential primaries may have some such effect. The Democratic platform is absolutely silent on this subject. So far as The Outlook knows, the Democratic speakers in the campaign were equally silent. The Democratic victory has strengthened the power of Murphy in New York State, of Sullivan in Illinois, of Taggart in Indiana—in short, of the boss in every State and probably in every district in the United States. The people by their vote have said either that they do not seriously object to boss rule, or that they disapprove the methods which the Progressive party proposed for getting rid of boss rule, or that they choose to postpone that issue till they have tried the Democratic method of dealing with the tariff and the trusts.

But the public expect and have a right to expect from the President-elect as much independence of boss rule as is possible to one who is the head of a party which is not and does not profess to be independent of it. They expect this independence of their President-elect, not from anything he has said, but from what he has done. Actions speak louder than words. And Governor Wilson's battle with a boss in New Jersey gives the people a right to expect that he will carry his battle with the bosses in the National Government as far as it can be carried without threatening his party with disruption.

The political issues of the future will be between a conservative and a liberal party—both democratic. The conservative party believes in a community of self-governing individuals; the liberal party, in a self-governing community. The conservative party believes in a government of limited powers, confining itself to the protection of individual rights of person and property, because it does not believe that the people are wise enough and strong enough to carry on a free government of comprehensive powers. The liberal party believes in a government of large powers, because it believes that the people are wise enough and strong enough to unite for the common welfare in a co-oper-

ative commonwealth. The people in this election, by a plurality—not a majority—have intrusted the government to the hands of the conservative party. They could not have found a better leader than Woodrow Wilson to represent them in the endeavor—though we do not believe that it can possibly succeed—to solve modern social problems by the methods of an individualistic democracy. Meanwhile it is permitted to hope that men of all parties, Prohibition, Socialistic, Republican, Progressive, Democratic, will spare no reasonable endeavor to secure both from Congress and from the State Legislatures legislation to promote social justice for men, women, and children of America who are dependent on their day's work for their daily bread, and to dissolve the unholy alliance between corrupt politicians and corrupt business.

II

WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO THE PROGRESSIVES?

There has been a perfectly natural growth and building up from the Progressive idea to the Progressive movement, and from the Progressive movement to the Progressive party. All three, in our judgment, are now permanently fixed factors in American political and social advancement, but, in any event, the Progressive idea has already had a victory in the impress it has made on the attitude and purpose of its opponents. When Governor Wilson, after his indorsement by the voters, expressed his hope that the thoughtful progressive forces of the country may unite, he did not use the word progressive in a party sense, but it is perfectly true that it was the birth of a Progressive party and a campaign by that party for social and industrial justice that drove the unprogressive section of the Democratic party to the rear and made possible the choice of a leader whose personal bent is toward the progressive idea, whatever may be said of the programme of his party's platform.

What the Progressive party has brought about, concretely as well as ideally, is remarkable. A great National party is not established in a day; the difficulties of organization in forty-eight States and innumerable counties and towns are formidable; the inertia of the average voter, and particularly of the Southern voter, is in a first campaign a serious obstacle. Yet at a bound the new party has taken second place, has distanced one of the old parties in the number of votes cast in the Electoral College, has polled more than four millions of votes in the popular election, and in hundreds of towns and local districts has put its candidates into office, and has established foundations upon which to build in the future. In more than four-fifths of the States it took either first or second place in the balloting of the three great parties. Progressive clubs and leagues will, we feel sure, everywhere make possible for the next four years full discussion of social needs and the right way to fight bossism and graft. Before the election the call had already gone out for a meeting in December to perfect and carry on the Progressive organization. Party, movement, and idea—all are for the future as well as for the present.

The Progressive campaign just ended has been one of education, and Progressive history in the near future will be that of more education. The proportion of men and women of trained intelligence in regard to human betterment who have become drilled officers, so to speak, in the Progressive army is large; the growth of the forces within three months is amazing; the prospect of new enlistment of convinced volunteers is limitless. In the reception of new political ideas the average man is slow of perception and cautious in movement, and the transition from excessive individualism to community of purpose takes time. But all who watched the recent campaign closely know that the movement for advance aroused interest among many thousands who never before went to political meetings, men and women who care nothing for "politics" but do care for clean streets in their village, clean business all over the country, clean and unbossed government locally and Nationally.

The Progressive "Contract with the People" was not an excited harangue nor a vague declaration; it was definite, specific, a pledge to remedy, by means plainly named, evils sorely felt. If other remedies are now applied and the evils disappear, well and good; if not, that contract will be ratified by the people.

The Progressive idea three months ago had become crystallized by strength of feeling. Those who held it were outraged by the "steam-rolling" methods at Chicago by which the majority of voters who had expressed a preference as to Presidential candidates were boldly robbed of their rights—a proceeding, we venture to say, never again

to be repeated in American political history. To what party, to what school of belief, should they turn? Not to outworn individualism, nor to impracticable Socialism. There was no party to which they could turn. So they created a new party inspired by the faith that the cure for the ills of democracy is more democracy, and that a government subject to the control of the people can be trusted with power sufficient to do the will of the people.

The four million men and women who voted for the Progressive party have a right to expect that the party organization which summoned them to the polls will continue for the purpose of interpreting the Progressive idea and developing the Progressive movement, in preparation for appeals to the people in the States and in the Nation whenever the occasion demands.

NOT A CASE FOR THE HAGUE

A correspondent of the Springfield "Republican" writes satirically apropos of the Balkan war:

> I have a faint recollection of having, at some time or other, heard or read of a place called The Hague. Does such a place really exist on the map of Europe, or has some cataclysm wiped it out of existence? It is connected, in some fashion or other, with peace congresses and with a permanent court of arbitration; at least, in my mind.

The Balkan war has illustrated and demonstrated the proposition, for which all conservative advocates of the Hague Tribunal have always contended, that there are international questions which cannot be submitted to arbitration. The Greeks, Montenegrins, Servians, and Bulgarians had no right to submit to arbitration the question whether they should be freed from the danger of the unspeakable Turk. It was their duty to free themselves from that danger just as soon as they had the power to do so. The right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness is a right which no community may honorably and justly surrender at the bidding of any court, provided the community has the power to protect that right or its members.

"If it be possible, as far as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men." It was not possible for the people of the Balkan States to live peaceably with the Turks as their close neighbors. The message of Christ to them was, "I came not to send peace, but a sword."

BOOKS ON OURSELVES

The American who does not recognize himself when he reads the daily newspapers has a chance really to discover what manner of man he is by aid of a very considerable number of books of interpretation written by men who know America and the Americans, not from the standpoint of the morning and evening newspaper, not from the journalistic standpoint, but in perspective. Some of the things reported in the daily newspapers are true; but they are exaggerated by reason of the momentary prominence which they assume, and, instead of being spoken with proper emphasis, they are screamed through a megaphone. On the wide surface of human life as it is lived in America there is an immense amount of flotsam and jetsam, of eccentricities, oddities, and extravagances of all sorts and kinds. In other countries these matters are distributed over a great surface of local journalism, so to speak. In this country they are collected by the leading newspapers and put on the front page, so that the crimes, misdemeanors, accidents, and scandals of all the little villages from the Atlantic to the Pacific are spread out at great length in the "great dailies," which are indefatigable in seeking sensations.

The American has gone a long way since the publication of de Tocqueville's first standard work on America. The books that followed, like Mrs. Trollope's "Domestic Manners of the Americans" and Dickens's "American Notes," contained a good many facts, but not very much truth. They were too hasty; they were written without knowledge, and presented the facts without background. Mr. James Bryce's great work struck another note, and was an ideal piece of national interpretation, for which Americans will never cease to be grateful. During the past five years there has been a notable addition to the books which enable the American to understand himself. Mr. Brooks made a very interesting collection of foreign opinions in his volume "As Others See Us." Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, in three extremely intelligent and thoughtful addresses delivered before the University of Copenhagen, defined the American in large but not indefinite terms; Dr. van Dyke followed with a group of lectures delivered at the Sorbonne on "The Spirit of America."

This autumn three delightful volumes are

added to this small but valuable library. Mr. Bliss Perry teaches from a very important Chair of Literature in Harvard University; but he is not a man of New England temperament, either of knowledge or of sympathy. He knows America, and he has the breadth of mind, the interest in human life, and the humor which have enabled him to enter into and to understand the American point of view and to sympathize with the American endeavor. His discussion of "The American Mind," "American Idealism," "Humor and Satire," and the "Individualism and Fellowship" of the American are luminous and humorous. They are the work of a man who is thoroughly at home in his own country, and who, although of academic training, tastes, and occupation, knows not only literature but life, and is quick to discern the possibilities of art when they are still more or less matters of promise in character and temperament. It is impossible to summarize the conclusions of a book at once so logical and so discursive as Mr. Perry's "The American Mind." Every page, however, gives one the impression that it was written by an American and not by a foreign discoverer, or by a native who looks at his own country from the foreign point of view. The absence of "tall talk," of the flamboyant note, and the presence of clear-cut sanity, precision of statement, and delightful humor give this book value far greater than that of many large volumes loaded with statistics.

Mr. Meredith Nicholson's path to reputation started from "The House with a Thousand Candles" and has been ascending ever since. His "A Hoosier Chronicle" was not only an interesting story, but an American document of high value. No one could read it without getting a sense of the neighborliness and informal helpfulness which are characteristic of the best American communities, and which express in near, intimate, and familiar ways Emerson's definition of America as "opportunity." "The Provincial American" of his new book is a person of simple background who has been kept in wholesome relations with realities through his whole childhood, and who grows up to be a man with an increasing consciousness not only of the pleasant things about his own home, but of his larger relation to the Nation, and of the fact that a man's home is not only the house he lives in, but the country in which he is a citizen. His description of General Lew Wallace—"our Hoosier Arab, our story-teller of the bazaars"—is a happy portrait of a typical American who was not a great writer, but who had a genius for telling stories to which people listened, and who was a resourceful, contagiously enthusiastic, and high-spirited and friendly personality. His account of Edward Eggleston is a chapter in American biography which throws more light on the American spirit than many pages of formal history; while "The Tired Business Man" is a protest against the excessive demands of affairs in this country, and an effective putting of the loss which a great many Americans sustain by impoverishing their lives for the sake of enriching their business.

Miss Repplier has the mind of an essayist; the habit of meditation, the grace of humor; the ability to say serious things easily and pleasantly. Her latest volume, "Americans and Others," contains two or three essays which are direct contributions to the American's knowledge of himself; and her whole volume might be filed as an exhibit of some of the best American intellectual qualities. She does not accept without qualification the current impression that Americans are entirely lacking in politeness. She is of the opinion that Americans are much too easily amused, and she supports her contention by referring to the current jokes which are provided for the entertainment of the country day by day, and to the comic supplements of the Sunday newspaper, which are "for the refreshment of the feeble-minded and calculated to blight the spirits of any ordinary intelligent household." She refers also to what might be called the standard joke forms—allusions to Philadelphia, Brooklyn, to Boston and Chicago, and also to the familiar jokes which have come down to us almost from colonial days, especially the connection of Washington and the hatchet. And she calls attention to the fact that the English do not joke about political corruption. It is to be hoped that the time is at hand when Americans will cease to joke on this subject.

The restlessness of the day in this country, of which many explanations are offered to a deeply interested Nation, is interpreted in terms of hope and progress in Professor Ross's "Changing America" and in "The New Democracy."

THE BALKAN WAR'S GREATEST BATTLE

WHO ever heard of Lule-Burgas? It might be the name of a person or a place or a thing. It is the name of a place, and the place is in Turkey, about fifty miles away from Constantinople, the capital. Lule-Burgas is a little town on the line of the railway running northwest through the Balkan Mountains to Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria, to Belgrade, the capital of Servia, and to Budapest, the capital of Hungary.

Unknown two weeks ago, Lule-Burgas has suddenly leaped into fame. For at Lule-Burgas a great battle has been fought. And not only a great battle in point of the numbers engaged on both sides; a great battle also in deciding the fortunes of a country—the Balkan peninsula.

As it always has had, so that peninsula still has Constantinople as its main city. For four centuries and a half Constantinople has been Turkish and Mohammedan. For most of this time the peninsula has been ruled by the Turks. But there is a mountainous region in the northwest called Montenegro (Black Mountain), which the Turk never could conquer. And there is a better-known region in the southeast—Greece, forming a peninsula by itself as an offshoot to the greater peninsula—which could not long endure the Turk as ruler, and nearly a hundred years ago obtained its complete independence. These examples were ever before the Christians in the northern part of the peninsula, the Bulgars and the Serbs. They can never forget that once they had empires of their own. But the Turk made an end of them at the battle of Kossovo in 1389. So the Turk was master of the Balkan peninsula for many years before he finally captured Constantinople in 1453.

The Bulgars and the Serbs are now free again—that is, those of them are who inhabit the kingdoms of Bulgaria and Servia, and, as such, are known as Bulgarians and Servians. But the race of Bulgars and the race of Serbs are not confined to those countries. Very many dwell in the Turkish provinces to the south. They are, of course, Christians. Indeed, in Turkey-in-Europe there are more Christians than Mohammedans. The Christians have been oppressed by the Mohammedans. They have always been oppressed. The men have been forced to pay unjust taxes, the women have been outraged or carried off to Turkish harems, the children have been kidnapped. And there have been wholesale massacres. Is it any wonder that the Bulgars and Serbs in Bulgaria and Servia have wanted to deliver the Bulgars and Serbs on the other side of their southern borders in Macedonia from such cruelty and compel the establishment of a decent government, or, failing that, to recapture a country once theirs and govern it? Is it any wonder that the Montenegrins had a similar desire as they looked across their southern boundary and saw how the Christian Albanians were being treated; or that the Greeks, as they looked north into Epirus, once theirs, and east into Macedonia, longed to help the hundreds of thousands of Greeks there?

So Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, and Greece decided to act in common, for what no one could do singly, all could do together. They waited until they thought Turkey was weaker than ever and they stronger than ever. Then, a month ago, Montenegro declared war and the others followed.

The Turkish army was caught unprepared. The Turkish soldier, says Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, the war correspondent of the London "Daily Telegraph," "proved himself as brave as ever" in his "stubborn determination and unparalleled hardiness." But the Turkish officials were "eaten up with pride and self-confidence, and, regarding all the Balkan States with the utmost contempt, believed the Turkish army to be invincible." Hence splendid human material was "sacrificed on the altar of stupidity, conceit, self-satisfaction, and the grossest ineptitude. . . . As long as I remained at Constantinople and was unable to see with my own eyes the true state of affairs, I was, perforce, obliged to accept the Turkish tales of their readiness for war, of their perfect organization, and of their immense superiority in numbers, until I came to share some of their confidence, judging by the deeds of the Turkish soldiers in the past that the Ottoman army must prove itself victorious in the end, even though it suffered some reverses at the commencement of the campaign. But from the very moment I arrived among the troops the great bubble burst and my great illusion was shattered. I found that the military authorities in Constantinople had deliberately deceived the outside world and had embarked on a gigantic system of frigid and

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calculated lying to keep the truth from coming out, hoping against hope that the bravery and determination of the Turkish soldier would pull them through at the eleventh hour."

But, even so, the struggle has been terrific. The decisive battle occurred last week at Lule-Burgas. Indeed, it began the week before. The war had not proceeded far enough for the four allies to join forces, so the Bulgarians fought alone against the Turks.

The Bulgarians won. Mr. Ward Price, war correspondent of the London "Daily Mail," who was with the Turkish army, tells about the Turkish front, stretching away for thirty miles "in an almost continuous battle line." But, before the struggle was over, the Bulgarians had routed two hundred thousand of those Turks. In the five days' fighting the Bulgarians captured, according to their own account, thirty-seven batteries of quick-firing guns, seized a number of locomotives and two hundred and fifty cars, and took several thousand prisoners.

As to the infantry, a chief feature, according to Lieutenant Wagener, war correspondent of the Vienna "Reichspost," was "the heroic assaults of the Bulgarians on the Turkish center. During the second day's fighting the Bulgarian infantry advancing at the charge were thrice hurled back. Yet, undismayed and unshaken by the appalling fire of the enemy, the Bulgarians started a charge for the fourth time, and finally captured the heights of Kavak Dere after a terrible fight at close quarters."

As to the artillery, a striking feature, according to Mr. Bartlett, was the superior handling by the Bulgarians of their cannon. As to the cannon itself, the Creusot gun, handled by the Bulgarians, "proved its immense superiority" over the German Krupp cannon, handled by the Turks. "But how far this was due to the weapon and how far to superior handling it is premature to say."

As to organization, "not a line of telegraph or telephone had been brought to the front," says the "Daily Telegraph" correspondent, "not a single wireless installation, although the Turkish army on paper possesses twelve complete outfits for its army corps; not an effort had been made to establish a line of messengers to connect the headquarters with the various army corps. Thus throughout the entire day Abdullah [the Turkish commander] remained without any information, except that which he obtained hours too late by despatching staff officers to his corps commanders.

"No one can blame Abdullah for the great tragedy," declares Mr. Bartlett, very emphatically. "It was not his fault. He was a victim of the vicious system of bluff, make-believe, and self-deception which has brought a crushing disaster on Turkey. Never have I seen a more pathetic spectacle than that of the commander-in-chief of more than one hundred thousand men as helpless as a blind man."

"I am convinced," concludes Mr. Bartlett, "that the Turk has been defeated more by

sheer starvation than by any other single factor." To this Mr. Martin Donahoe, war correspondent of the London "Daily Chronicle," adds: "On the way from Tchorlu I came across the half-devoured bodies of many horses."

Throughout the brief campaign, says Mr. Martin Donahoe, the Bulgarians have shown "astonishing celerity" in pursuit. "Their advance guard has never been far from the rear of the retreating army." Concerning the battle of Lule-Burgas in particular he adds that there was "no respite for the harried remnant of the Turkish army. 'Onward, ever onward!' cry its pursuers. The Bulgarian cannon thunders, insatiable death takes its toll hourly of the battle-tattered wreck of what once were soldiers, all of whose feeble energies are now devoted to fleeing for their very lives over the wide Thracian plain, up the steep and rocky slopes of Tchorlu to its wide plateau, and down the other side and across the stony valley which leads toward Tchataldja. The broken army is crawling. It can no longer run. Days and nights of awful suffering have reduced its gait to a mere totter."

Mr. Bartlett tells of "the paths blocked with fugitives of the three beaten army corps. Behind us we could hear—from the sound of guns bursting, of shells ever nearer our rear, and the incessant rattle of musketry—that a desperate rear-guard action was taking place, and the sound nerved us on to fresh exertions. . . . The scenes on the road baffle description. They recalled to mind a picture I had seen somewhere of the flight of the French army after Waterloo, or one of Napoleon's retreat from Russia. . . . On the high ground half-way to Tchorlu we had a good view of the countryside, which presented a most extraordinary sight. Along every road horses, men, guns, and ox wagons were pressing forward, all converging on to two roads which lead into Tchorlu. There must have been forty-five thousand stragglers scattered over the plain. . . . For three days all these men had been without a morsel of food, and many for an even longer period. Only soldiers possessing the wonderful constitutions of the Turks could have stood the strain."

To this Mr. Donahoe adds: "The state of the Turkish army in the last stage of its retreat was pitiable in the extreme. Hundreds of men, with the soles torn off their boots, walked with bleeding feet. The Ottoman soldier, as I saw him during those awful five days of torture, suffering starvation and defeat, always faced death cheerfully and uncomplainingly. Days without food, he died complacently, as if death from starvation was part of his every-day duty. The allies have beaten the Turkish army, but have not conquered the Turkish soldier. Every soldier during the awful retreat was ten times a hero."

Out of a reported strength of two hundred thousand men, the Turkish loss in killed and wounded at this battle is reported at about forty thousand. Many were taken as prisoners.

A yet severer loss was in officers. As a result of Lule-Burgas the Turkish army is no less than two thousand short of its proper quota of officers. In consequence, says Mr. Bartlett, "whole battalions were left like sheep without a shepherd. If ever officers are most necessary it is when troops get out of hand, as they did in this retreat; but without officers it is impossible even to attempt to restore some semblance of order."

The greatest loss of all, however, to the Turkish army, says Mr. Bartlett, "is the utter destruction of the morale of the Turkish soldier from privation and want of food and lack of all confidence in his leaders. . . . If the routed army disbands and falls back on Constantinople, abandoning the lines at Tchataldja, the situation in the capital will be extremely serious, for it must be remembered that these thousands of undisciplined soldiers have been starving for weeks and are certain to start looting at once if they have an opportunity."

Lieutenant Wagener adds that "the Bulgarian pursuit of the defeated Turkish army and the movement to outflank them on their line of retreat to Constantinople have already progressed so far that a Sedan may be prophesied almost with certainty."

The battle of Lule-Burgas, says Mr. Bartlett, "is the greatest military disaster any nation has suffered since Sedan. It has utterly destroyed the Turks' power to take the offensive again in the present war."

We cannot be surprised, then, at the announcement made by Mr. Frederick Palmer, the New York "Times's" special correspondent, that "the bells of every church throughout Bulgaria summoned the people this morning to a mass of thanksgiving. This was largely attended and was practically the only celebration of the victory at Lule-Burgas."

DRIVEN FROM THE CITY

A BUSINESS MAN'S STORY OF PERSECUTION

BY RICHARD SPILLANE

I AM a manufacturer. In the busy season I employ 275 persons. Like every other manufacturer, I have my fair share of troubles. They are incidental to my business. But there are some troubles that all manufacturers are burdened with about which the public knows nothing. They are not peculiar to New York or Chicago, St. Louis or Cincinnati, Boston or Philadelphia, San Francisco or Los Angeles, or any other great center of population. But they put a heavy handicap upon us. These troubles are due to the inefficiency, the sloth, the carelessness, the injustice, and sometimes the graft of city administrations. Without prejudice, let me tell you a few of my experiences.

My factory is in one of the great cities on the Atlantic seaboard. It is near the water. I own the land and the buildings which I occupy. Some few years ago my neighbors and I were informed that the city was going to condemn a portion of our land in order to open up a thoroughfare to the water. It was only a short strip, about six hundred feet in length. I was a bit interested, because I knew that, as my property was adjacent, I would be likely to have an assessment for the improvement. The matter was taken up in due course by the authorities, and a commission of three was appointed to condemn the six hundred feet of land. The first time this commission met I attended the session. The three gentlemen were on hand promptly at the hour set. They took their seats, and one of them, acting as spokesman, said:

"The first business before this commission is to elect a chairman, and the second to elect a secretary."

They proceeded to do so. Then the secretary read the order creating the commission and some other papers pertaining to it, after which the chairman announced that the next thing before the commission would be to examine the map of the property that was to be condemned. The map was not ready, and he instructed the secretary to have it prepared in time for the next meeting. The chairman then looked at his fellow-members and remarked that, as there seemed to be no other business before the commission, he would entertain a motion for adjournment. The motion was made and carried and the commission adjourned to meet again two weeks later. The session had lasted fifteen minutes. For each session each commissioner received a fee of ten dollars.

I was present at the second meeting of the commission. The map was ready and was examined by the three gentlemen. After an informal talk the chairman said that it would be necessary for them to go in person and examine the property, and, if it was agreeable to all, they would do so two weeks later. They then adjourned. The session had lasted eight minutes.

I attended various other meetings of the commission, some of which lasted ten minutes, and some twenty or twenty-five. So little was done and so little progress was made that I grew weary and discouraged. I inquired of the Assistant Corporation Counsel, who was looking after the legal end of the commission's work, how much the assessment on my three hundred feet of property would be. He replied that he could not tell exactly, but, judging from past performances, it should be about $1 a front foot, or $300 in all. I remarked that, if that was the case, I would not bother about coming to any more meetings of the commission, as I was willing to pay $300 for the improvement, and that I could spend my time to much better advantage in my factory than in attending the commission's meetings, which seemed likely to be protracted.

It was nearly two years later when that commission ended its labors. It took them all that time to condemn that six hundred feet of property. The fees of the three commissioners amounted to $1,900. Most of the six hundred feet of land was owned by two estates, one of which got about $23,000, and the other a little in excess of $20,000. Presently I received notice that my three hundred feet of property was assessed $5,900 for the improvement. I was astounded. I went to the Assistant Corporation Counsel and asked him if he recalled the conversation I had had with him in the early stages of the commission's work. He replied that he did remember perfectly, and I then asked him how he reconciled that $5,900 assessment with his idea of

$300. He replied that you never could tell what assessors would do, that I had no recourse. He remarked that I might as well be a good fellow and save myself a lot of bother by paying the assessment, or I would be penalized for sixty days after the assessment was entered on the books; interest at seven per cent would be charged.

I went to see my lawyer. I told him that the $5,900 assessment was a rank injustice, and he agreed with me. He said that he did not know very much about that section of the law, and advised me to consult an attorney whom he named who made a specialty of it. I went immediately to see this attorney. He was a very dignified and pompous gentleman. I appreciated, of course, that as I had been sent to him by another lawyer the two would divide the retainer between them. So I told this gentleman at the start that I did not propose to pay for his opinion. If he wanted to take the case on the terms I would outline, I would be glad to engage him; that I would give him $10 for listening to my story, but no more unless he was willing to take up the case. After I had related the circumstances, he asked me to come back in two weeks; but I protested at this delay, saying that the case was a simple one, and that I wanted action in less time than that; in fact, that I wanted to know whether I should pay the assessment or fight it. He said that he would communicate with me as soon as he could.

In two or three days he telephoned me to come to his office. He opened the interview by stating that he would require $500 immediately as a retainer. I reminded him of what I had told him at our first interview. He appeared somewhat chagrined, and replied that there was only a fair chance that the assessment could be upset, and that the best he would do would be to charge me $100 for his opinion, $500 as a retainer, and 50 per cent of whatever reduction he was able to obtain in the assessment. I replied that I thought his terms were excessive, and that there were other property-owners in the neighborhood who were assessed as heavily as I, that he could get their business also, and that the best I would do would be to pay him $100 down, $150 if he got the case reopened, and 25 per cent of whatever reduction he secured in the assessment. He turned on me with great scorn and said that he was not accustomed to receiving instructions from persons who came to him with cases, and that he would have nothing further to do with the matter.

I went back to my office and thought the thing over. I worried about it, more or less, for a week or so. Then I got a notice from a title company that held the mortgage on my factory property that the assessment of $5,900 had been levied, that it had to be paid within sixty days, and that if I did not pay it they would be compelled to foreclose the mortgage. I went immediately to see the head of this title company, whom I knew, and explained the situation to him. I told him that I intended to attack the assessment in court, and pointed out the injustice that not only I, but other manufacturers in the neighborhood, had been subjected to in the matter. A title company is a very cold proposition. The gentleman with whom I was talking said that my statements were very interesting, but that the title company would foreclose the mortgage if I did not pay the assessment or give them a bond of $5,000. I replied that I could easily furnish such a bond, and would hand it to him the following day.

When I went to the bonding company's office, I found that they did not do business in that particular line, and that, in fact, none of the surety companies would furnish me with such a bond as I required. I could get bonds for honesty, against burglars, and lots of other things, but not against the outcome of a suit of the kind I was going to bring. Somewhat crestfallen, I reported my lack of success to the title company man. He replied that it would be satisfactory if I gave a bond backed up by a deposit of $5,000 to the credit of his company. I went to my bank, explained the situation, and got a receipt for a deposit of $5,000, which I took immediately to the title company. The man there glanced at it and handed it back to me, remarking that the $5,000 must be deposited actually with the title company, and that they would allow me two per cent per annum interest while it was so on deposit. I answered that I was paying five per cent at the bank for the money, and I thought it was a pretty tough hold-up scheme. The title man answered calmly that I would either have to pay the assessment or deposit the $5,000 with them, or that they would foreclose. So I put up the $5,000.

I suppose most men would have let the thing end then and there, and would have paid the assessment, but I am somewhat of

a fighter. I went to another lawyer, a man of a good deal of prominence, who was holding a city office at the time. His term was about to expire, and he was going to resume his law practice, which had lapsed somewhat in his absence. I told him my story and made him the proposition that I would give him a retainer of $100, $150 when he got the case reopened, and 15 per cent of whatever reduction he secured in the assessment. He laughed at me. I left his office, and three or four days later he called me up on the telephone and asked me to see him. I did so. He said that he had been looking into the matter, and believed that there was a loophole by which he could upset the assessment. He wanted $150 down, $150 for reopening the case, and 25 per cent of all that he saved me. I stuck to my original proposition, which he finally accepted.

This lawyer succeeded in having the assessment set aside as excessive and unwarranted. That made it necessary for the whole matter to be taken up by the authorities. I was delighted. With the court order in my hand, I went to the title company and asked for the return of my $5,000. It was refused. Some other assessment will be put on the property, they said, and meanwhile we will hold your $5,000. And they held it.

But that assessment case was worth fighting about. When they dealt out the next assessments, mine was $600. I paid my lawyer his 15 per cent, his $100 retainer, and the $150 additional, but I saved about $4,000. Against that saving of $4,000 I had to charge up months and months and months of worry and trouble.

Now, the persons who own that six hundred feet of property received, as I have said, more than $40,000 from the city for the taking of their land for street purposes. But the city did not use the property in that way, after all. The city did not have money available at that time to open the street down to the water, and so the city rented that six-hundred-foot strip of land to one of the former owners for $100 a year. The lessee put up a big fence right close to my factory and used that city street as a lumber-yard. The spring after that fence was put up we had some heavy rains. The sewers were not able to carry off the water, and the flood came down the street, backed up against that fence, and swept over into my factory. My place was flooded to a depth of fourteen inches. The loss and damage thereby were considerable. I brought suit against the city and against the lessee. I got a judgment against the lessee of the city street for $1,000. The cost of the suit was about as much as the judgment, for the case was in court a long time. But when the Supreme Court Justice before whom the case was tried heard all the facts, he leaned over his bench and, pointing directly at me, said:

"The proper thing for that man to do whose factory was damaged through this outrageous use of a public street is to get an ax and chop down that unlawful fence."

That was pretty strong language for a Supreme Court Justice to use, don't you think? I did not know whether to get an ax and destroy the fence or not. I happened to meet the Comptroller of the city, whom I knew casually. He was also in the manufacturing business, but in another section of the town. I told him about the suit that had just ended in my favor, and he said:

"It won't be necessary for you to get that ax. Here is another way out of it. That lessee is paying the city $100 a year rental for that property. If you will offer me $110 per year for that six hundred feet of street that the city cannot use at present, I will lease it to you as soon as the other fellow's contract is ended, which will be soon." I saw the point, executed the lease, and paid the rental as quickly as possible. There was an awful howl when the other folks found out what I had done. I made them fix their fence the way it should be so as to prevent floods, and then I sublet to them that portion of the street which the city had bought and paid for but could not use. I made them pay me, not only the $110 a year that it cost me, but $400 additional, which gave me a little money toward making up the loss that I had suffered.

I use a great deal of water in my plant. I buy this water from the city, and my bills run from $3,500 to $4,000 a year. I need a great deal more water than I am now getting. For a long time I have been trying to get more. I have put in application after application to the Water Department. I am told that they have no money available to lay a larger pipe down to my place which will give me sufficient for my needs, but that, if I will dig the trench, they will see if they cannot scrape together enough eight-inch pipe to run the line. They tell me that I ought to be able to get the trench dug for $500. The lowest estimate that I can get from a con-

tractor is $900. I don't know whether to pay this $900 for the privilege of buying $5,000 or $6,000 worth of water, a year from the city or not. It seems like a hard deal. At present I have to keep a man in my place at night looking after the pump that fills the reservoir so that I will have plenty of water in the morning. I have to keep pumping twenty-four hours in the day to get enough water for my use, and this pumping costs more than $900 a year. Is it not ridiculous that a great city will not furnish facilities for a manufacturer to carry on his business?

You understand that I am only telling you a few of the things that embarrass me and embarrass every manufacturer. There is hardly a manufacturer that I know of—and I know hundreds—that has not as many reasons to complain as I have. Some of these things are so outrageous that they are almost unbelievable. For example:

I made arrangements some time ago with an electric light and power company to put in electric power in my plant. I had the equipment changed and everything was ready. I was expecting to switch from steam to electricity without any delay, but the power company informed me that the permit for stringing the wires to my plant was held up by the city department which has such things in charge. I waited a day or two, calling up the electric people every little while, but could not get any other answer. Finally I saw the head of the company, who made an investigation and told me that the stenographer in the branch office of the city department from which my permit was to come was away on her vacation, and that that was the reason alleged for the delay. I put on my hat and went over to that branch office. I found there four young men sitting with their feet on their desks reading the sporting pages of the daily papers. I told them what the electric power company had said to me, and asked if it was true. One of the men looked up and said that it was. I asked who was in charge, and another of the four answered that he was the chief clerk.

"Well, you seem to be a husky sort of individual," I said; "why can't you make out this permit?"

"That's not my business," he replied.

"Well," I replied, "tell me who is the responsible head of this department, so that I can go to him and find out why this permit is not issued."

He replied, gruffly, that I had better see the deputy commissioner, who was in charge of electric matters. After asking two more questions, I got the office address of this official and hurried over to see him.

I was kept waiting fifteen or twenty minutes, and then was taken in and introduced to a man who said he was in charge of the department of electrical matters. I told him that I was being held up on my electrical installation in my factory because his branch office would not issue a permit to the power company to string the wires; that I had been over there to find out what the trouble was, and had received the absurd explanation that the stenographer was away on her vacation, and that no permits could be given until she returned. The man swung around in his chair and looked me in the eye.

"Well, sir," he said, "absurd as you may consider it, that explanation is the plain truth. The fact is that the Budget Committee did not make any appropriation or allowance for a substitute for that stenographer while she was away on her vacation. Nothing can be done until she returns."

I was hot. I exclaimed that if this great city could not afford to pay for a substitute for that stenographer, I would be willing to help it out. I offered to get a stenographer immediately from any of the typewriting agencies, or to send one from my own office, and to bear all expense myself, so that the work of that branch of the department might be carried on until the girl got back from her vacation. The department official scoffed. Then I lost my temper. I rapped on his desk to emphasize what I had to say, and I fear that my remarks were punctuated with profanity. I said things about his department, about the four clerks in the branch office who had plenty of time to read sporting news but none to do the city's work, and about the position of the taxpayer who contributed large sums to the city government year after year and got such treatment from city employees as I had. He was red in the face when I finished, and so was I.

The next morning the electric people telephoned me and announced with triumph that the permit had been granted. I told them that it had been granted because I had gone after it myself. The electric people shouted with glee at my recital, and then told me that not alone my permit but forty-five others had come in that morning, all of them having

been held up on account of that one stenographer who was away on her vacation.

Before I moved into the plant I am now occupying I had a smaller factory about half a mile distant. I have been renting this old factory ever since to the same concern. The rental has been satisfactory, and I would have been content to keep the property if it had not been for the persistency with which I was pursued by grafting city employees. It is remarkable how many violations of the city ordinances an inspector can find if he has reasons of his own for discovering them. I made alterations in that old building until I was tired. I put in stairways and fire-escapes and cut doors and installed sprinklers until the place was hardly recognizable. Experts whom I employed to go over it announced it the safest factory of its kind in the entire city, and said that I had more than complied with every law and ordinance.

About two months ago an inspector came around, and a little later I got a notice that some more fire-escapes and another stairway were needed in the old building. I paid no attention to it, and got another. The next day the inspector came around to see me and mentioned that a violation had been put on my old factory. I told him that I had complied with every State and municipal law, and that I did not see the justice of this new demand. The inspector retorted that if I did not comply he would close up my factory. Then he smiled, and asked me why I did not have some sense and do as other people did. I asked him how much it would cost to have the violation taken off, and he replied that he thought he could fix it for $20 or $30. I told him that I would think it over.

My suit in court to have the violation set aside came up the next morning, but I had it postponed. About two weeks later the inspector came around again, and I told him that I had not yet made up my mind to pay him what he asked. He said that it would cost $40 to have the violation removed now, and that the next day it would cost $50, and that there would be an additional $10 for every day I delayed. I put him off again, however, and he went away in an angry frame of mind. Some days later, when the case came up in court, my lawyer and I appeared and were ready to proceed. The inspector was there also. He whispered to me that he was going to see that the Judge "handed it to me." When the case was called, my lawyer arose and said:

"Your Honor, apparently there has been some mistake about this case. My client is not the owner of this property."

The Judge called the inspector and asked him about it. He laughed, and said that I had owned that property for years. The Judge turned to my lawyer, and the latter produced the documentary evidence to show that I had sold the property prior to the last violation being placed upon it. I then related to the Court my experience with the inspector, and the Judge advised me to make a formal complaint against him to the head of the Building Department. I did so, but nothing ever came of it, and he is still in the service of the city.

Cities, if they only would realize it, are a good deal like landlords. A good, sensible landlord uses every effort to attract, to please, and to keep his tenants. The manufacturers are the life-blood of a city. They are among its best-paying tenants. A bad, corrupt, or careless city drives them away. It is like the landlord who makes his house undesirable for his tenants. Small towns and cities, as a rule, have active, wide-awake, pushing boards of trade or chambers of commerce. In big cities there is no end to the number of civic organizations. A good many of them ostensibly are for the purpose of attracting new industries and seeing that their comfort is looked after once they are located. As a matter of fact, I do not know of a single such organization in my city that accomplishes anything worth while. They pay good salaries to a staff of clerks who do just enough to hold their jobs. But I never would think of taking any of my troubles to the Chamber of Commerce or to the Manufacturers' and Merchants' Association. I did once, and had about the same experience that I had when I went into that branch city department to find out about the electric wiring permit.

The small city, like the owner of a new house, is eager to get tenants and to keep them. The big city has so many tenants that it is careless. It is so great that it doesn't fear competition. It seems to think that its vacant spaces will be filled up anyhow, and that those who are established won't dare move. It's the little places that offer the best inducements.

I have found it futile to complain to the government of the big city where I have been in business and paid taxes for so many years. Its officials change rapidly. Before you can get any satisfaction of your grievance there is a new set and you have to begin all over

again. There is as much delay as there is in the courts.

I've grown tired of this state of things. So have other big manufacturers in my neighborhood. I have been talking with a number of them. We have sent experts to other places—small towns that seem to have good transportation facilities by land and water. We have been inviting propositions, and have a lot of them. Also we have been looking for a large tract of unimproved land that will meet our needs. If we find what we want we'll all move in a body and build a new city—one of our own, that we'll run on a business basis. We'll attract still other manufactories. The State laws are ample for our protection and for the protection of our employees. We'll have just as few local ordinances as we can get along with. Then perhaps we'll be able to get along without the incessant trouble and annoyance that we have had to endure for so many years, and which we'll have to keep on enduring to the end of the chapter if we don't move.

COLON CAMPBELL'S MILL

BY G. W. OGDEN

SOME of us must make the black bread of life, and more of us must eat it. Old Colon Campbell, my father, had eaten the black bread many a year. But that is not the beginning. I shuffle my feet over this start like a poor wrestler. By and by I shall get my hold for a fall.

Mine was the heritage of bleak fields, rough hills, broken hedges, and buildings which leaned upon props like cripples upon their sticks, or stood shored upon false walls for every March gale to set them trembling in a palsy of racked joints. Still, I have not, rightly, come to that part yet.

Among our Campbells in Scotland there always had been a flockmaster and a miller. This had been the unvarying repetition for five hundred years. When Colon Campbell, my father, who was a mason by craft of hand, came to America, he tried to double the dignity of the family by becoming both a miller and a flockmaster in one.

But the man who holds his porridge in one hand, in the other his meat, may go hungry for want of a hand to feed himself. Colon Campbell had his hands full of enterprises, and none of them came to flower. He belonged rightly to the miller's branch of the family, and so his heart was in the mill, and its building and its fitting, which became his dream at the beginning, his blight at the end.

When Colon Campbell laid the foundation of that mill thirty years before his end, there was need for it in that community, and if he could have finished it at once he would have prospered. But it was not plotted in the book of life for Colon Campbell to stand beside the humming burrstones of his own mill, or for him to lave his hands in the warm stream running out from them, or to bear the dust of the wheat upon his coat. For thirty years he labored to complete the mill, which stood there so long upon the streamside at the bending of the road, hollow, gloomy, rotting piecemeal under its malicious curse.

Year after year he worked at it, putting into it all that he made by his trowel and hammer, all that he made from the yield of his fields, all the increase of his flock. Once it was burned to the foundation stones, once a tornado tore away its roof. But to all these warnings of the Almighty, as well as the friendly counsels of men, Colon Campbell closed his ears. He would have a mill.

The mill began long before my day. At the start of it all, the eldest son, Douglas, then but a lad, was blown up by powder in quarrying stone for the foundation. That did not stop the work, for such tragedies are foredoomed in the lives of men. Fire took the building before the roof was on, and then the work stood at the foundation again for several years, while Colon Campbell raised the walls of other men's houses to gain money for his unlucky mill.

Meantime the village which had once clustered around the mill site dwindled and died under the competition of a new one on the railway some miles away, to vanish like vapor in time. Still, Colon Campbell would have his mill. A new frame was lifted, a roof was spread over it, and then, during a long wait

for money to go on with the work, the tornado made sport of his labor. It was in the work of replacing the roof that Murdo, my second brother, was killed by a fall from the topmost girders.

When they bore him home, broken and bloody, mother reeled back against the wall under this heaviest wrench of all her domestic pain—for Murdo was her favored child—never to speak again in the two months she lingered with us, like a fire-stricken tree. After that she did nothing but stand in the open door, looking along the road toward the mill. There was nothing in her eyes but the horror which her dumb tongue could not speak. When winter came on, and she could no longer stand in the door, she died.

And so the curse of the mill multiplied. But Colon Campbell would not give it over, although he had no means through many a year to cover the bare rafters which clasped its top like the fingers of a bony hand. The rain and the snow fell into it, rotting it away piecemeal, while I, a growing lad, followed the sheep from fold to grazing land, from grazing land to fold.

They called him "Crazy Campbell" then, and we were avoided, like people with a plague. Boys of my own age used to halloo their taunts down to me from the hill-tops. It was a melancholy life for a lad, and the loneliness of those somber days sank into my soul. There was but father and I (I was Colon Campbell, too, called Collie at home) and old Granny Aines, who had followed my mother fresh-cheeked across the sea. She was withered then, and full of the notion of spooks, and of good people who worked witchery with the cream of nights.

What associates I ever had known were of Scottish stock also, for that was a settlement of them. There they kept the traditions, and many of the customs, of the old land alive, as many foreign folk do in this wide land until the old ones die and a new generation sweeps the clouds of old lands away. There were Russian Mennonites to the west of us, who did the same, going further than we did, refusing to marry or hold social intercourse with the Americans at all.

We Campbells had been cut off farther from the world by the blight of the mill and my father's unlucky ambition. I had a little schooling until they plagued me so that I ran home and refused to return. And then my father taught me of winter nights by the chimney-side.

My father kept his lands clear, for all the demands of the mill. "The Campbells never have owed any man," said he; "remember that, lad." And I remembered it. It had been a long time without a blow upon the mill, and men had begun to believe that Colon Campbell was cured of his folly, when one day he drew up material for the long-delayed roof, and that, at last, was finished.

"Now the wheels will soon turn," said he, proudly; "we need only the machinery and the dam." Then he began to brood over the changes time had made in mill machinery. Water power had been supplanted largely by steam, burrstones by rollers of steel. The more he thought of it, the stronger he became convinced that he must revise the plans of his life. In place of a mill dam he must have steam-boilers. Nothing else would serve for Colon Campbell's mill.

So there the gaunt mill-house stood, useless after all its slow years, useless after all its tragedy, its labor, and its pain. When the last beams were in at the top, those at the bottom were beginning to decay; when the last planks were on the roof, the foundation boards were warped and wried off by sun and wind. There it stood like an old coat with new patches, a fantastic creation of a fatal dream. Colon Campbell's strength, and the lives of his children, had gone into it for thirty years. Its toll had been gathered, not from the grain it ground, but from the hearts and the bones and the blood of them, which it wrung from old Colon Campbell and his kind.

And so, upon a day at last, my father, old Colon Campbell, gray as a sapless oak, rough-limbed and rugged from working in stone, hanged himself in the empty mill. There were no burrstones, no hoppers, no bins, to interfere with his dangling feet. So came the end of his long, hard-driving dream.

Then there remained of all the unlucky Campbell house only myself, with Granny Aines to keep my but and ben. The hollow mill had swallowed all the rest. It was enough for Colon Campbell, who had died without the grace of God, that he should be buried without it, men said. They cut him down and laid him beside mother, for that last bed was paid for. The Campbells never have owed any man, least of all for their graves. There is room for me there when my time comes, and my son, and my son's son.

I was a great lad, with a broad, fresh face

like a crock of cream, and shoulders to go into a man's coat and feel the cloth. It was dowie work going about the old place, having so many bitter memories hiding here and there beside crib, and stile, and winding sheep tracks across the wold. Many a day as I went about mending the broken hedges my sorrow bore me to the ground beside them, where I lay and felt my heart draw upon its strings as if it had been held to shrivel above a flame. But time is a good tonic, and I had plenty of it at my hand.

None came to me, for the gloom of the hollow mill-house was around me, like the mold upon the dead. I was a good flock-master, that being the Campbells' ancient pride, and at last I lifted my head, determined to go about my task like a man and rebuild the Campbell dignity and fortune in that place. There being no more the drain of the mill, I felt that I might well employ a man to work the fields and cure the hay while I cared for the flock.

So in time my buildings stood without their crutches, my full, trimmed hedges ran out as even as coped walls. "Now, if you had a lassie," said old Granny Aines. I blushed, turning my back upon her, hastening away across my fields.

For I had no lassie. And I felt that I should have none as long as the grim mill stood beside the stream, the monument of the Campbells' follies, the dread of all who knew its melancholy past.

That was springtime, and blue-eyed flowers on quaint, grassy stems grew beside the pools in the marsh meadow-lands. The grass was tender and sweet there, and I ran the sheep there for it, and for the water which the ewes desire at yeaning-time, for the thirst comes upon them strongly then.

That day the sun was warm upon my shoulders, making me lazy and like to stretch myself, as a man feels in a soft bed of a morning when there is no hurry to rise. Turning from petting the head of an old dam who had brought forth twins, I saw the flutter of a lassie's dress and the gleam of sunlight upon her hair. Her broad-brimmed bonnet she swung by its ribbons in her hand, heaped like a basket with hawthorn blossoms which grew at my woodside.

She was not one of the school to which I had gone some years past. Her face was strange to me. But the one who marched beside her I knew—Tom Reed, also of Scottish stock, who had played with me when we were lads. They came on toward me with some embarrassment, such as I had noted in most people who knew me and my story, and a blush was on her cheeks, and, like fire at a clear brookside, even to the margin of her eyes.

"We have been trespassing," said Tom, who had nothing to do but hang about after the lassies, I thought, now that he was learning to be a lawyer in the town.

"You are welcome," said I, gravely, stepping aside to let them pass, but with a strange fullness in my throat, for her comeliness cut away my courage like vinegar the breath.

"They only grow here," she faltered, half ashamed of their bold raid, lifting the hat with its snowy burden of bloom. A spray fell to the ground unnoticed as they passed along, hurrying a little as if afraid.

"You are welcome," again said I, and she was gone.

Beyond the stile I saw them from the downs, huddling together like frightened sheep, pointing to the old mill, at my house, turning their faces in the direction I had gone. But they could not see me; the copse-fringe was my friend. So she must be a stranger, and my grim story was one to make her shudder and put her hand upon his arm.

I went back that way as twilight was falling, and found the hawthorn spray. That night I held it in my hand, tenderly, as I would have held her glove or a strand of her gleaming hair, leaning beside my lonely stile, across which no lassie's foot had passed before. The moonlight was white as frost upon the gaunt old mill, glinting like a maiden's teeth when she smiles upon the broken waters at the swift stream's ford. She had passed across my forbidden lands; her feet had pressed the meadows where my sheep fed; that flower had rested in her hand. Ah, if its thorns had been driven into my flesh it could scarcely have given me more unrest! There was I, steeped in melancholy loneliness, a fair white flower in my hand.

"Ah, if I had a lass," sighed I, "if I only had a lass!"

I was quaint and rough about my ways, I know, and quaint in my speech and dress, for we Campbells of the mill had lived much apart from everything on our four hundred acres of mainly hill and down. I was no man to go out and find me a lass to my heart, with the family broad Scotch sticking to my tongue. For I had not used it enough

in the world to wear it smooth in the American way. Besides all that, there was the fearsome old mill glooming over me, and what lass was there who had heard of it would touch a Campbell's hand?

It could not remain long a mystery who she was. Lawyer Henderson, of the town, had come to live in the grand house which joined my lands upon the east, and she was his daughter. Tom Reed was learning the tricks of the law under Henderson's hand, and that made it plain how Tom came to be with her after hawthorn flowers at my woodside. From my hilltops I could look down upon her house and grounds—there was but a hedgerow between their land and mine—and there I saw her often, a good half-mile between us.

But she came no more across my meadows to my woodside, not even when the bittersweet, which most maidens love, turned under the autumn sun and frost like the coral of the sea. And there was no wood, neither hawthorn nor clambering bittersweet, upon Lawyer Henderson's land. I had told her that she was welcome, but perhaps gruffly, with my hat upon my great rough head. But she knew the story of the mill now; she feared to cross my fields.

Lawyer Henderson was a man who found sport in riding up and down the highroads and across such fields as he dared with hounds in pursuit of the few wee foxes which still found homes in the hills. Often he rode across my pastures and hills, trailing some poor old mother fox that had gone out to fetch food for her bairns. Sometimes it was only a foolish rabbit that the solemn-voiced hounds—they always remind me of a trumpet organ in a church—would start, but that seemed to answer just as well. They did not say to me as much as "By your leave," the lawyer and his town friends, but trailed through my lands with great freedom. Not that I cared, so long as they did not frighten my sheep. But it shows, as you shall see, that a man does not relish always the freedom with his own that he takes with another's.

There was snow that evening, with a wind that pulled at my belted greatcoat with savage teeth as I stood by the fold-gate counting in the sheep. One was missing, an old ewe—I knew her like I knew the face of Granny Aines—which I had noticed faltering in her way for a day or two. I thought that she had slipped away from them, in her poor animal way, to seek a place to die. "I will fetch her," said I, "to the straw and give her a warm bed this bleak and bitter night. It would be a sad thing for poor old Jennie to die out in the drifts."

So I marched back upon the sheep's track, my head bent against the blast, my dog scouting around and about me, seeking a smell of old Jennie. The flock had been browsing a bit of woodland, to trim down the undergrowth that day, which lay along Lawyer Henderson's place near his stables and lots. And as I went on that way I was thinking of Rob Burns and the storms of snow and icy wind which he put into his verses, for Rob Burns was a man who knew bleak fields and the sickness of a lonely heart.

From my woodside came suddenly the baying of hounds, and my collie stiffened in his tracks a moment at the sound, the hair on his neck raising like the bristles of a wolf. Then he was off in that direction as if he had been shot out of a cannon. I was after him as fast as my legs could take me. When I came up with him, he was rolling in a loud battle with two lean hounds, and in the hedge corner on Henderson's side lay poor old Jennie—she had pushed through, and the hedge closing after her had hidden the way of return—a third beast at her throat.

There was blood upon her fleece already; that much I saw before I wrenched away a stake which was interwoven into the hedge and laid the beast a blow across its neck. Its yowling growl was cut off in the middle of a word, you might say, and I flung the dead thing aside, gathering up old Jennie in my arms.

My collie, each slash of his long jaws like the blow of a sword, had sent his two foes limping away with lamenting cries before Henderson's men came running from the stable with pitchforks in their hands, threatening us. I had no time for them, for I was over the hedge and on my way with shivering, torn old Jennie hugged to my breast. She was dead when I put her down upon her bed of straw.

Well, the next morning came the constable for me, saying that I was arrested in the name of the State for upsetting its peace and dignity in trespassing on Lawyer Henderson's land and killing his brown hound dog. I went with him to the town, where I gave a bond to answer that I would appear and be tried in court before the judge next day.

Never had the Campbells had much to do with law, and it frightened me and worried me like a heavy load. I slept little that night, flinging my covers madly at times, sitting up with my head all hot from the fever I had drawn into it by my wild running thoughts. Still, when I began to reason the matter and cast it up from all sides, I cooled. And from cool I came to white anger against Henderson and his ways, determined to go before the judge and spread the matter plain.

In court they told me to lift my hand and swear when I asked to tell the judge how it all fell out. That done, they read to me a paper so full of twists and strange words that no man could understand unless he knew beforehand what it was about, reciting in its roundabout fashion all that I had done in behalf of the old ewe Jennie.

Then, "How is this?" said the judge. "Did you do all this, Colon Campbell?"

"On one side of it, sir," I answered, "what the paper says is true, but it has not a word of my side of it at all."

Lawyer Henderson, who sat at a near-by table, smiled at that, and others smiled, also the judge. "Have you no lawyer?" asked he.

"No," said I, "honorable judge, I have not."

"You need one," said he.

At that they laughed aloud, the judge with them. "Go ahead then, Colon Campbell," said he, "tell us your side, as you say."

Then I moved forward to come nearer to where he sat, my shaggy greatcoat still belted about me, my long hair over my ears, but feeling as much a man free to come and go as any of them there. For the Campbells never had owed any man, except maybe such debts as were paid by the sword. My cap and gloves I placed on the table, hooking my thumb, after a clumsy rustic fashion that I had, into my belt.

And then I told him about the old ewe Jennie, and how she had gone astray; how I sought and found her, and slew the brown hound dog. "She was seven, sir, and that, you know, is old for a sheep, and she had borne me nine. I could name them for you, as I could name the days of the week."

"No need of that, Colon Campbell," said he, smiling at the corners of his mouth. "Go on, tell me what happened to old Jennie."

"She was bleeding from the hound's teeth, and all a-quiver of fright and cold, and I put my coat between her and the storm as I bore her home. I was thinkin'," said I, "as I went along with old Jennie, of Rob Burns's song, which comes into my head often when I feel the winter wind beating snow upon my face."

"And what song is that?" says the judge.

"The one that goes—

> "'O, wert thou in the cauld blast,
> On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
> My plaidie to the angry airt,
> I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee!'

Only Rob Burns had it in mind for a lassie," said I, sorrowfully, lifting my eyes openly and frankly to the judge's face, "and I ha' no lassie. I ha' nothing to love but my ewes and their weans, and I ha' nothing more to love me. And old Jennie was a mither—a mother, I should say, sir—to my lambs, and it troubled me hoo"—I drew it out like an owl—"she could ha' gone astray."

I had lived so much alone since my boyhood that I did not know the world's way of saying things, much less that the things I was then speaking of are the things men do not commonly uncover, but bury them away shamefacedly, as if wanting love and starving for it might be a thing of sin.

"And you have no lassie?" said the judge, a fatherly, kind man, leaning forward to hear me speak.

"Never a one in this wide world," said I.

"The world is full of them," smiled he; "you have only to step across the hedge to find them, Colon Campbell."

I shook my head soberly. "There would be none left to mind the sheep," said I.

The sillies in the room giggled aloud at this. And the judge, amused himself at my serious face, said to me then: "And how did it fare with old Jennie in the end?"

"The poor soul died as I bore her along," I answered, a shake in my voice at the memory of her last struggle, "and I have laid her away in a grave with her fleece upon her back. And it is a great honor for a sheep that dies to be buried with its skin and its fleece upon its back, as you know very well, sir."

"No," said the judge, "I did not know it. And why is it such a great honor? Tell me that now, Colon Campbell."

"For when the life goes out of a sheep, he is worth no more than the skin upon his back. Good flockmasters skin them then, and sell the hides."

"I see," said the judge. "You are a good flockmaster, too, but you have a tender heart."

"The hound dog killed my ewe, and I killed the hound dog, and I cannot see the injustice of that," said I, perplexed. "Lawyer Henderson knows very well that I have said nothing, nor sent the constable after him with a paper, when he has rid across my pastures and hills with his dogs and his friends, killing my wee bit foxes, which he has done many a time, let him deny it if he can."

I faced him with accusing eye, and he turned red around his beard, not having the courage to meet me with a look. Again the sillies in the room giggled, and the judge looked sternly over them with a warning to be quiet. "So that is your side of it?" said he.

"That is my side of it," said I. "Trespass is trespass, whether it be to kill a fox or a murderous hound dog, it seems to me."

Hearing a stir at the table where Lawyer Henderson and the county attorney sat, I paused in my speech and turned my eye that way. Henderson's lass was there at his side, leaning down to his ear. He nodded, smiling, as she whispered, and spoke then to the county attorney. The lass, standing there as fresh as a pink wild rose, smiled to me, and my heart leaped as if it meant to spring from me and go fluttering, like a wounded pigeon, at her feet.

The county attorney stood. "An attorney has appeared to plead for Colon Campbell," said he, smiling to the lass, "and the State asks that the defendant be discharged."

"That is as it should be," said the judge, taking up his pen. "Only this, Colon Campbell, mind that you mend the hedge where old Jennie passed through to Mr. Henderson's field."

"This very day," I promised him, taking up my cap.

It was late in the evening when I came to the mending of the hedge, cold and raw, a thin snow blown into the tracks of the cattle and spread like a worn coverlet upon the frozen furrows. All of the growing earth seemed so dead that it might never wake again. I bore with me some withes and stakes to weave into the hedge where old Jennie had pushed through, and I bent to the work quickly, for darkness was coming fast.

I thought it must be a foolish fancy at first, and that I was turning daffy, like the lone sheep-herders turn upon the Western wilds, for how could a lassie's voice be blown to me upon that bitter wind across the lonesome wold? Yet I had not before been given to fancies or to frights, and I straightened my back, quarreling with myself for my weakness, when it came again, as clear as the whang of a bell upon a frosty morn:

"My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee!"

And there across the hedge, not two rods off, I saw a lassie, the wild wind in her hair. Of course it could be but one.

She stopped quickly when she saw me, coming on then with a little laugh. "How you startled me!" said she. "Oh, you have come to mend the hedge?"

"It is done," said I. "It was but a little slip."

We stood, she on her side of the hedge, I on mine, the settling gloom around us. I could not see the fire of her cheek. I should have thanked her, I know, for her plea in my behalf that day. But I did not. There was an awkwardness between us, as between two who have much to say yet fear to speak. Yet she did not go away. My head was full of the song, and my heart was full of it. And I said to her: "Is that a song that you sing always when you walk about the fields?"

"No," she answered, holding her great fur muff to her cheek; "I have not sung it before in many a day. It was you, this morning, who put it into my mind, and the wind fighting me as I came along brought it to my lips. Do you sing it sometimes?"

I started, a bit frightened, I believe. "No," said I; "I roar like a wind in a chimney. But I can finger it neatly upon the bagpipes, and it is a tune that I love well."

"I have been trespassing on your land again." She spoke lightly, carrying her words upon a little laugh, which I was beginning already to learn was her way.

"It was no trespass; you are welcome," said I.

"But you could never guess where I have been."

Said I, thoughtfully, "There are no hawthorn blossoms now."

"No," she assented, "none."

"And the bittersweet," said I, "is all withered and brown."

"The bittersweet?" said she. "Do you care for it?"

"We made wreaths of it, mother and I, long, long ago," I answered. "It was mother who told me that its red was like the red coral of the sea."

"Very like it," she said, soft and low. "I have been down yonder to see your mill."

It made me jump, like a discovered hare,

and upset all my thoughts in a tangled heap. "*You* are not afraid of it, then!" I breathed.

"At first I was, like many foolish persons, but not now."

"Thank you, lass," said I, speaking, I felt, not so much for myself as for gray old Colon Campbell, whose life had gone into the mill-house by the laughing ford.

"It is a sad story," said she, with tender sympathy.

"They do not pity him here," I answered, sadly, and perhaps ashamed; "they say he was a fool. But he was a kind man, for all of the mill."

"I am sure he was," said she.

I was standing there almost a-tremble for joy. There was a lass who knew its story and did not fear old Colon Campbell's mill, and who could stand within arm's reach of Colon Campbell's son, neither shrinking nor afraid. At last the curse was lifted, at last the gloom of the mill was swept away!

"Do you walk this way often?" I asked, not knowing what else to say.

"Almost every day," said she, the great fur muff again to her cheek.

"And I pass here almost every day at this time, too, looking for holes in the hedge." Which was not true, but should be, from that day on.

"Then we may meet at the hedge again," spoke she, a little lift of pleasure in her tone. "But now I must go, it is quite dark."

"Stay just a bit," I pleaded; "I have something belonging to you which you lost in my meadow long ago."

"Something I lost?" she wondered. "It must not be mine; I do not remember losing anything in your meadow, ever."

"But here it is," said I, undoing my coat and fetching forth a small bill book, placing the treasure in her hand.

"Why, it is nothing but a dried thorn sprig!" said she, perplexed and somewhat vexed by what she must have thought a clumsy joke.

"A bit hawthorn bloom, all dry and withered from the fire of my heart," said I, stretching my two arms across the hedge appealingly. "I have carried it with me since it fell from your bonnet on that day."

It was dark, but not so dark that I could not see her press it to her lips; and no darkness, save the darkness of death, could have smothered from my ears the little sob that rose in her throat as she bent over the dried hawthorn bloom.

That night I roared like the wind in the chimney with my song, until Granny Aines came to my door to see what ailed me, and stood smiling when she saw my face.

"It will be well with this house now, Granny Aines," said I, holding my head high, as the Campbell of the claymore on the wall there must have held his when he came home from victory; "it will be well with this house now, and all within it, for I ha' found a lass."

TRAINING CITY BOYS FOR COUNTRY LIFE

SECOND ARTICLE

BY LYMAN BEECHER STOWE

ONE of the most successful farmers in the world to-day is Joel M. Foster, of the Million Egg Farm, at Brown's Mills, New Jersey. Mr. Foster is a city man, born and brought up in Scranton, Pennsylvania. When he started to raise chickens eight years ago, he had never seen a real chicken farm, and knew nothing about poultry culture except what he had read, much of which he subsequently found was untrue. He is now at the head of the largest egg farm and business in the world. He is making a big income, which represents fifty per cent a year on the investment. Before starting the Million Egg Farm, six years ago, Mr. Foster had given himself two years of costly and arduous education under that most relentless of schoolmasters—experience.

As the manager of his father's selling force in the International Correspondence School, Mr. Foster had had the best possible business experience before it became necessary for him, eight years ago, to exchange city for country life. He had always had what he calls "chicken-pox," and the prices broilers were bringing led him to believe there must be money in raising them. He rented a small farm, and for two years devoted his

energies to raising and marketing broilers and capons. At the end of that time he had lost over $4,000, exclusive of living expenses and the value of his own labor. While he could, to be sure, sell his birds at a handsome profit for three or four weeks in the year, the rest of the time he must sell at an actual loss in competition with the farmers. Besides this, 1,400 birds were burned in their brooder during the night and 700 others were killed by rats. Mr. Foster decided to retire from the poultry business unless he could find something more profitable than raising broilers.

He then made a tour of the successful chicken farms of the Eastern United States and found that they were specializing on the egg-producing branch of poultry farming. Accordingly he determined to make that his specialty, and selected Brown's Mills, New Jersey, as the best site for his second venture. He discovered by experiment that the single-comb white Leghorn is the best laying hen yet developed. Consequently he stocked the farm exclusively with this breed, and to this alone he attributes much of his success. The key to his success Mr. Foster sums up in the one word "system." No army was ever more thoroughly organized than this chicken farm. No yacht was ever kept more immaculate. No bank was ever more accurately and methodically managed. There is a system of inspection and reports by which Mr. Foster may know every day the record for the previous day of every bird of the approximately 90,000 on the farm. If any bird or group of birds shows the slightest indication of not being in normal health, the diet is at once changed or something is done to prevent sickness. Those that do fall sick in spite of every precaution are at once segregated in a kind of chicken hospital, unless their illness is severe, in which case they are promptly killed. Light, air, and cleanliness are as necessary to the health and highest efficiency of chickens as to human beings. Experiments are constantly being tried, but as soon as a given method has been proved by adequate tests to be the most effective, that becomes the prescribed method from which no employee may depart, on pain of dismissal. The most marked characteristic of the employees is their enthusiasm and pride in their work. Mr. Foster selects them for their love of the work rather than for their knowledge of it.

A youth applied for a job while I was there. He had two disqualifications, in Mr. Foster's opinion. He had had a two years' course in an agricultural school and he was from the country. If he had been a green boy from the city, he would have been more acceptable. Over two-thirds of the upwards of two dozen employees are from the cities. When they applied for their places, their chief recommendation was zeal to learn chicken-farming. Most of them are preparing to enter the business for themselves. This farm is really a great practical school in poultry culture, with a small and carefully picked body of students who are well paid while they learn. Monthly and half-yearly money prizes are given for the best work, and the wages rise uniformly and automatically in accordance with a fixed schedule.

Other things being equal, Mr. Foster employs green city youths, because he has found that they are quicker, have nothing to unlearn, feel more enthusiasm for their work, have more ideas and greater ambition. At first he had great trouble in keeping city boys. The foremen would discharge them for incompetence almost immediately. He found, on investigation, that their absolute ignorance of country ways and of even the nomenclature of the work led the foremen unthinkingly to conclude that they were stupid. He persuaded the foremen to give the boys more time to make good in. As a result the foremen themselves now prefer city youths to the "pinies," as the country lads of the New Jersey pine barrens are called. So far from having any trouble about scarcity of labor, Mr. Foster has had almost from the first more applicants than places.

Besides his regular advertising Mr. Foster runs a bureau of information on poultry culture, from which any person, whether a customer or not, may receive the benefit of his experience, either orally, by correspondence, or through printed matter. When I asked him how he justified on business grounds this wholesale assistance to actual and possible rivals, he replied: "Our output last year was two million eggs, and this is the largest egg farm in the world. The people of New York City consume three million eggs in one day. That suggests how remote is the danger of overproduction in the egg business."

Mr. Foster's experience is interesting as showing what may be done in farming under very exceptional circumstances rather than what may be expected under ordinary conditions. He started with the advantage of exceptional natural ability, ten years' expe-

rience in large business affairs, a matured judgment, and capital. During his first two years he practically established an agricultural school for himself and gave himself the most practical imaginable course in poultry culture. His present preference for city youths without agricultural education really means merely that he prefers to educate them himself along his own particular lines. Unlike almost any other farmer one could mention, he has the ability, the inclination, and the equipment to provide this education. Just as a relatively few youths can learn the practice of law by reading law in the offices of great law firms, or journalism in the offices of great newspapers, so a few can learn agriculture on such great farms as this, but for the great majority school and college courses are essential.

As is natural, the city boy's chief handicap in agriculture is his lack of manual skill. Because of this lack of skill he frequently takes up a specialty, such as fruit-raising or chicken-farming, or a combination of the two —something which does not require a good all-round farmer, and in which, consequently, his lack of handicraft skill will be of least disadvantage.

In order to help the city students to overcome this handicap as far as may be, there is at Cornell a placing-out office which seeks to send them to actual farms as farm laborers during the summer vacations. To find such work is not always easy. The average farmer has much the same suspicion of a college student as had the average business man a generation ago. Sometimes these suspicions are anything but allayed by experience. Several fellows from rich and conventional homes have, for instance, appeared for supper in dinner coats after their first day's work as farm laborers. Other city men have shown their inability to set aside false standards by indignantly refusing to sit at the same table with the other farm-hands. One student laborer quit work at 4:30 in the afternoon and left a half-loaded wagon of hay in the field with a thunder-storm threatening. When the incensed farmer demanded an explanation, he glibly explained that he had only agreed to work until five, and that it would be impossible to finish loading and to get the load into the barn by that time. He had the habit of the city time-clock worker. Another lad, whose officious efforts to be helpful were as successful as those of the proverbial clown who gets in everybody's way, was finally buried and all but smothered in hay by his exasperated companions. When he emerged, perspiring and spluttering, he threw up his place in high dudgeon. One of his professors, out of deference to his excellent class-room record, then gave him the job of caring for his lawn and gardens. After he had broken the lawn-mower, cut his hand in an unsuccessful attempt to mend the mower, and fallen headlong over some frail and expensive shrubs, he was excused to return to his books. He is now a particularly successful entomologist. That is what becomes of some of the inapt city aspirants toward farming. They become agricultural scientists, and sometimes good ones. Let it not be supposed, however, that these misfits are the rule. They are, in fact, very much the exception. Most city-bred students have enough common sense and enthusiasm to counterbalance in large measure their lack of the dexterity which comes of experience. Then, too, their better schooling often enables them to attack their tasks with more intelligence than the farm boys. Furthermore, as they know nothing about practical farm work, they have at least nothing to unlearn. They are open-minded, and the work has for them the interest of novelty, while the farm lad is too apt to look upon it as drudgery. A considerable number of the New York farmers who at first could with difficulty be induced to use any of these city students now not only accept them willingly but apply for them. All things considered, the farmers appear to prefer them to the ordinary farm laborers.

Not a few of the city-bred graduates of the Agricultural College at Cornell are already successful farm proprietors. Necessarily these men have had some capital or some financial help. With few exceptions, there has not as yet been time for those without means to save enough to become independent farmers. Some of these, however, have responsible and well-paid positions as farm managers, and will doubtless soon be in a position to start farms of their own. Among the first group is a man who graduated three years ago. With money given him by an uncle he bought a peach orchard on the Hudson. His crops have been exceptionally fine, and he has sold them particularly well. He is already making money. In the first place, he bought his orchard very cheap; and, in the second place, he has succeeded in selling at top prices. Some years ago the son of a rich New Yorker graduated from the Agricultural College and went to Oregon

to buy a farm. After he had "blown in" the liberal sum his father had given him for the purpose, he wired for more. "The old man," however, "was not so easy as that," and no more was forthcoming. For the first time in his life this gilded prospective farmer found himself face to face with that chilling but wholesome alternative, work or starve. Like others before him, he decided to work. His first job was in a lumber camp. Later he got the position of manager of a small orchard. Small as was the salary, he saved money. A year or two later he was among the first to scent the approach of an apple boom. He put all his savings and all he could borrow into apple land. He improved the land, the boom came, and at its height he sold his land for several times what he had paid for it. With the proceeds he bought a large farm, which he is improving, and which he likewise expects to sell when he has developed it to its highest point of productivity. This is hardly typical farming, but he is improving the land, improving himself, and making money. What more could one ask, and how many country youths have achieved this quick success? A rich Philadelphia youth who went through both the academic course and the agricultural, and made more of a name as a "swell" than a student, went also to Oregon. He bought a large fruit farm, improved it, and sold it at a handsome profit. He has now bought a still larger farm, which he expects to hold and to improve until he can make a similar profit on its sale. Two Chicago fellows after graduation bought an apple orchard in Wayne County, New York. Not satisfied with the prices they received for their crops, they organized a selling syndicate to sell direct to the consumer. They have their own agents in New York City. They are making money.

Another city-bred graduate has for four or five years owned and managed a large general farm in Wyebrook, Pennsylvania. He has had uniformly good crops, which he has sold at uniformly good prices. He keeps his books as carefully as would a first-class banker, and they show an encouraging balance-sheet. A New York young man, whose physique was such that city life was an impossibility for him, after graduating at Columbia took the short course in agriculture at Cornell, and then started a dairy farm in New Jersey. Either he did not know his business well enough or luck ran against him. At any rate, the mortality among his stock was abnormally high, and he lost money. Before he had lost much, however, he sold out and bought a peach orchard near Ithaca, New York, where, if he continues to be as successful as he has been thus far, he will within a few years recoup his losses on the dairy venture and begin to make money. Meantime his health is all the time improving instead of failing, as it would were he working in a city. Another New York man, who did not go to an agricultural college, but took a course at the farm school at one time conducted by Dr. George Powell at Briarcliff on the Hudson, went into poultry-raising on Long Island. He too was a man of frail health, under doctor's orders to live in the country. He started on a small scale, sold direct to the consumer, and succeeded admirably for several years. Finally his father, a rich man of large affairs, reasoning that, if his son could make a good profit with a small plant, he could make a better profit with a large one, furnished him with a large and expensive equipment. This large plant proved a white elephant. The undertaking became at once too large for him to manage the details personally. He had to hire a superintendent. The expenses mounted rapidly and the profits fell as rapidly. He had made the fatal mistake of trying to develop his business by revolution instead of evolution. The business is now ruined and most of the expensive plant idle. Fortunately, not many young men are in danger of having their agricultural ventures ruined in this particular way.

Of the eight city-bred farmers mentioned, two are succeeding through shrewd land speculation supplemented by success in the improving of land made possible by their agricultural training. Two more are succeeding largely through their shrewdness in organizing an effective selling syndicate. Another owes his success in large measure to the fact that he secured his land very cheaply and has sold his crops at exceptionally good prices. The success of another has been attained in no small part by his excellent business sense and systematic accounting system. Another is on the road to success chiefly owing to a rapid and timely shift from a losing to a profitable proposition. The only one who is not at present succeeding owes his lack of success more to the ill-judged generosity of a rich father than to his own mistakes. Before he was boosted into failure he was making a modest success largely by means of selling direct to the consumer. The manner of the

success of Mr. Foster and these other men shows the advantage of a combination of city business instincts with country knowledge and training. They are applying city business methods to country business problems. They are buying in the lowest market and selling in the highest. They are keeping their books as carefully as do their fathers in their city offices. Where the middlemen demand too much they are cutting them out altogether and doing their own selling direct to the consumer. While farming is now almost a learned profession, it is nevertheless first and foremost a business to which must be applied the same principles as to any other business.

Agricultural training is now being used as a means of character development for dependent and lawbreaking city boys. A majority of the lawbreaking boys in the State of New York, exclusive of New York City, who are caught and convicted, are committed to the State Agricultural and Industrial School, at Industry, near Rochester. This school is situated on a farm of over fourteen hundred acres. Here are more than seven hundred boys, ninety per cent of whom are from cities and large towns. There are no walls or physical restraints of any kind. The boys live in widely separated cottages, presided over by a man and his wife. It is two and a half miles from the most northerly to the most southerly of these cottages. Nineteen of them are located each upon a farm of fifty to one hundred and twenty-one acres, and have about twenty-five boy inhabitants, who cultivate the farm under the direction of the man in charge. Each such farm has its own farm buildings, barn, piggery, hennery, dairy, cows, and miscellaneous pets, such as ducks, cats, squirrels, and rabbits. On each farm there is also an orchard. Each boy is given the opportunity to have also his individual garden, in which he may plant what he chooses as he chooses, and do as he sees fit with the fruits of his labors. At an annual fair held in the fall the boys of these various farm colonies compete for prizes and premiums just as do farmers at town and county fairs. Here they display everything from prize colts to pet crows in living things, and from sofa cushions to intricate pieces of machinery in manufactured articles. Also the boys who have been particularly successful in the management of cows, chickens, or pigs prepare and read papers before the assembled boys, telling how they succeeded.

The boys are in school half the day, and the other half they work on the farm. In school they have systematic instruction in agriculture under expert supervision by way of supplementing by theory their practical experience in the daily work of the farms. They conduct, in connection with their school work, scientific experiments in testing seeds, soils, and fertilizers. In addition to all these activities, agricultural experts give them illustrated lectures during the winter.

Although Superintendent Briggs started this work only seven years ago, several of the pioneer boys are now renting and managing farms. Before many years some of these will undoubtedly become full-fledged farm-owners. One of them, who has been working a farm on shares for several years and saving money to buy one of his own, was one day confronted by a lawyer whom his besotted father had employed to find him and force him to return to the city. The boy was eighteen, and his father wanted to put him to work in a factory and appropriate his wages until he was of age. Superintendent Briggs and the boy between them made the lawyer see the matter in such a light that he reported to his client, the father, that the boy could not be found. This noble parent was deprived of this particular means of financing his dissipations. Another paroled boy is renting and managing a farm belonging to one of the supervisors of the school. This is the more remarkable as there is a large percentage of blooded stock on the farm. Men naturally do not intrust their blooded stock except to those in whom their faith is great. Not long ago a paroled boy returned to ask permission to marry the daughter of the wealthy farmer for whom he was working. His success had not been exclusively agricultural.

Over thirty-three per cent of the boys who have left are now on farms. Perhaps a majority of the others would be if they had been free to choose their occupation. Many of them were made to return to the cities by their parents; and in many such cases the only motive of the parents was that of the father just mentioned—exploitation. There are one hundred paroled boys now working on farms. Of their own choice they have gone into the country rather than back to the city.

The supervisors testify that the city boy's usually keener interest goes far to counteract his lack of manual skill. In the case of the younger boys, for whom the lure of the city

streets has not become a fixed habit, the great majority enjoy the work, and gradually their city ambition to own saloons gives place to the desire to own farms. The glimpses I caught from time to time of youngsters surreptitiously embracing pet calves and prize colts suggested that teachers and supervisors were not the only, nor perhaps even the strongest, living influence in shaping these new tastes and ambitions. Seven years ago this great institution was surrounded by prison walls in the city of Rochester. The boys were marched about their barren yard under rigid military discipline. They were being suppressed, but not developed. The changed conditions are typical of the times and of the new use of agriculture as a means of character development.

What the State Agricultural and Industrial School is doing for the lawbreaking boys of the State, the Lincoln Agricultural School, at Lincolndale, New York, is doing for homeless and worse than homeless New York City street boys. They come directly from the Catholic Protectory, whence they have been herded in off the streets of the metropolis. Of the many hundreds at the Protectory two hundred of those who most need or most want agricultural training are sent to Lincolndale to work and study on a beautiful farm of six hundred acres near the northerly boundary of Westchester County. Practically all are boys who have amply won the manly distinction of being classed as "tough." Practically all come from homes which have in one way or another been wrecked by untoward city conditions. Here the aim is to give them a new start in life under favorable country conditions. The Christian Brothers of the Church of Rome are doing the work. Brother Barnabas, an inspired leader of men and of boys, is at the head. The fact that Abraham Lincoln is the great exemplar of the school is typical of the breadth and tolerance of its spirit.

During the four years of its existence dairying has been made the specialty. Model dairy barns were constructed and fine herds of Jerseys and Holsteins purchased. At first a full complement of men—experienced men—were employed. Gradually, as the boys learned to work, the men were discharged and replaced by boys. The boys now do all the dairy work except the supervision. Not only has the popular belief that boys spoil cows been proved a fallacy, but the boys are getting materially better results than did the men. The older boys work on the farm regularly and go to school in the intervals, while the younger go to school regularly and work on the farm in the intervals. There is, of course, time for play, just as there is at Industry and at all schools which get results. Just as at Industry, agriculture is systematically taught in the school, and the boys are allowed to have individual gardens and to do as they please with their produce. Some of them sell their vegetables to the institution at the prevailing market rates.

Brother Barnabas was led to realize the necessity for this training by long years of patient effort in securing country homes for New York boys. He had to implore reluctant farmers to take them for the good of the cause. Farmers now implore him to send them boys. He has many more applications than boys to fill places. His object is, first, to help the boys; and, second, to help solve the farm labor problem of the State. As soon as one boy is placed in a community there come from the neighborhood a dozen to twenty-five requests for others. In former days the result of placing a boy in a given community was sometimes to make it difficult, if not impossible, to place others in the same locality. A farmer once asked one of these untrained city boys to draw a pail of water at the pump—the pump being the most conspicuous object in the dooryard. The boy picked up the pail and wandered about without apparent goal or object. The word pump meant nothing to him. There are no pumps on Avenue A in New York. Another farmer asked one of Brother Barnabas's raw recruits to go to the barn and get a whiffletree which he would find leaning against the wall. After a long search the boy returned with a butter firkin. When the farmer and boy do not even speak the same language, the difficulty of bringing them into sympathetic touch can be readily enough understood.

The boys that go out onto farms from the Lincoln School not only know a pump when they see one, but they frequently know more than the farmer himself in some useful directions. A fifteen-year-old boy recently persuaded the farmer for whom he was working to buy a clipping-machine and let him clip his cows, to lay a cement floor in the cow barn, and to paint the barn. The farmer thought these absurd notions, but he liked the boy so much that he complied. When the physicians in the neighborhood learned of these improvements, they recommended

the milk of this particular dairy for the babies and the invalids, and the farmer was soon able to raise the price of his milk from eight to fifteen cents a quart. Another boy from the Lincoln School persuaded his employer to let him cultivate the potato-patch as was done on the school farm. As a result, the yield was one and one-half times greater than the best previous crop from the same patch. A fourteen-year-old boy who had not yet left the school took care of a small herd of dairy cows for two weeks while the farmer was away. As he had been taught to do, he cleaned out the barn every morning and washed off each cow with warm water both night and morning. By the time the farmer returned the milk yield of the herd had been doubled. The farmer remarked that he wished he had stayed away longer. Naturally enough, he wants the boy to come and work for him when he leaves the School. It is part of the policy to send the boys out onto ordinary farms from time to time, so that they may know and understand ordinary as well as model farm practice before they take up farming as a livelihood.

Twelve of the Lincolndale boys went last fall with Mr. Ryan's prize cattle to the State Fair at Syracuse. Mr. Ryan has since said that they are more efficient than any men he can hire, and that he proposes to substitute them for his men as fast as he can get them. Don't forget that most of these coveted agricultural workers were tough street boys from the dregs of New York City.

Based upon his experience, Brother Barnabas estimates that at least seventy-five per cent of these boys will be permanently successful in life. Hardly more than ten per cent of those sent out by ordinary child-caring institutions become successful. Why may not some of our great men of the future count among their ancestors these sons of the cities' failures and outcasts?

At the National Farm School near Philadelphia the modern miracle to which I referred in my first article is being performed. City Jewish boys are being made into successful farmers. The primary object is to raise up agricultural leaders for the Jewish immigrants in the congested centers. To decoy these people out onto the land without such leaders is to bring them to ruin and starvation. Even the few who have done agricultural work in Europe are not trained to meet successfully American conditions. This is a school of agricultural handicraft supplemented by theory. It is situated on a farm of about four hundred acres. The minimum entrance age is sixteen; the regular course is four years, but students may secure a certificate at the end of two, and many take this shorter course. The farm is run entirely by the students under the supervision of the instructors. The produce is sold for from ten to twelve thousand dollars a year, which is about a third of the cost of running the school. There is no tuition charge, but when a boy comes from a well-to-do family, as sometimes happens, his parents usually make a donation to the institution. The school is free to all races, classes, and conditions of boys, but, as it was founded by Rabbi Krauskopf, of Philadelphia, for the special purpose mentioned, it naturally has attracted Hebrew boys almost exclusively. It was opened fourteen years ago. There are now one hundred students. Of the graduates, eighty per cent have gone onto the land and succeeded at least well enough to stick.

Every graduate has had some theory and more practice in almost every branch of farming. He is prepared to make an immediate livelihood on the land. Some of the boys from the Ghetto in New York City, which would seem a sufficiently hopeless recruiting ground for agricultural material to daunt the most sanguine, are doing particularly well. They have brains enough to counterbalance very largely their clumsiness with their hands. During their month's summer vacation most of the boys work on farms, and wherever they go there come applications from surrounding farms for more of them. The idea of American farmers clamoring for young city Hebrews as farm workers is a little difficult of belief, but it is a fact. Both for temporary and permanent positions Superintendent Washburn has seventy-five per cent more applications than he has applicants.

Ten of the graduates are now successful on farms of their own. One of these, with his father and grandfather, bought a fruit farm in New Jersey. They have been notably successful both in growing and marketing their crops. A number of these farm-owning graduates have been helped in the purchase of their places by the Hebrew Aid Society, which is a branch of the Baron de Hirsch Foundation. A number have gone out to a 6,000-acre tract of irrigated land in Utah, which some Jewish capitalists have purchased and are selling at twenty-

three dollars an acre, payable in installments. Several more are about to go to this Utah community.

There is a fifty-acre farm on the National Farm School tract which is each year managed on shares by the best junior and the best senior. Besides their experience in actual commercial agriculture, these two students clear between three and four hundred dollars apiece during the year. They have, of course, the great advantage of the best expert advice, absolutely free. Of the eight boys who have thus far won this opportunity, four are already successful farm proprietors. A graduate of the Farm School has charge of the Jewish agricultural community at Woodbine, New Jersey. He is literally fulfilling the mission for which the school was primarily established. Another who specialized in horticulture after his first two years is now the manager, on a liberal salary, of a great private estate. A graduate who had specialized in dairy work was given charge of the dairy department of a big farm in the Middle West. By scientific feeding he increased the milk output threefold within six months.

And when this work was started, what said the ever-ready prophets of disaster? They made these four inspiriting predictions: First, Jewish boys from the cities will never go to an agricultural school; second, if they do go, they will not stay; third, if they do stay, they will never become farmers; fourth, if they do become farmers, they will never succeed.

It is commonly believed that the farmer gets too little for his produce, the consumer pays too much, and the middleman either gets too much or there are too many of him, or both. If this is so, the city boy who goes into the country with an agricultural training will inevitably tend to modify this undesirable state of affairs. In learning country life he does not lose city instincts. He acquires the art of growing things; he inherits the art of selling them. For instance, a certain city-bred farmer received one day this wire from the commission merchant to whom he had shipped a car-load of peaches: "Peaches arrived badly damaged. What shall we do?" He replied, "Sell for best price obtainable." He was credited with about one-third what he should have received for good fruit in good condition. When the next car-load arrived, he was on hand to see it unloaded. The fruit was in perfect condition. He said to the clerk in charge, who, of course, had no idea who he was, "Have you had much trouble with fruit being damaged in transit?" "No, very little," replied the clerk; "but we never received but one car-load in such good condition as this one, and that came from the same party last week." With this information he returned home, where he found awaiting him this second telegram from the commission merchant: "Second car-load also badly damaged. Please wire instructions." He did not wire, but went in person to the office of the commission merchant, and left the office with a check for two car-loads in perfect condition.

The city-bred farmer learns to be painstaking and industrious without losing his quick wits and shrewdness. He learns to love the quiet joys of the country, but he demands the comforts of the city. He is neither a "city swell" nor a "country rube," but he has the good qualities of both. The proverbial antagonism between city and country has been disastrous to both. The cities have exploited the country and the country has resented modern improvements as "city notions." The city-bred farmer with his inherited city sympathies and his acquired country sympathies can have no part in this senseless prejudice. His influence must ever be for co-operation between the community whence he came and the one in which he lives.

Farming is the last of the great series of industries to adopt modern business principles. Many, perhaps most, farms are still isolated units. The business methods of many farmers measured by modern standards are archaic. No wonder they are not receiving what they should for their products. But the farmers are now getting into line and beginning to keep step in the double-quick march of modern industrial progress. The old farming is everywhere giving way to the new, and no class of men are so well fitted to lead in this advance as those who are city bred and country trained. These men have not only high ideals of what country life should be, but the traits and the training to realize these ideals.

Just as Hercules's opponent Antæus doubled his strength every time he touched mother earth, so the men of the cities renew their strength when they return to the land. Likewise exhausted lands are renewed by the scientific agricultural methods of the city-bred and country-trained farmer. In short, the bringing together of exhausted city men and exhausted country lands means the renewal of both.

THE SPECTATOR

IT was the middle of August, and the Spectator was buried in the throes of a summer vacation. He had chosen a trip through the Southwest, featuring the so-called "bad lands" of Arizona, the mining sections, and the great cattle country. It was here that the story-writers had found the heart of Western romance. The Spectator wanted to confirm some of their statements about bad men, Indians, and far-riding cowboys.

So it was that the Spectator went straight to the throne of the great Southwest, where the Queen of Copper reigns supreme. Here the little mining town of Bisbee, Arizona, supports its transient population from the enormous mines of the Copper Queen and Calumet and Arizona. It is a town of one industry—everything pertains to copper. As one looks for the first time upon this little cluster of barren mountains, it seems as if the Creator had left it branded forever with the stamp of utter and irredeemable sterility. All the producing germs of nature seem to have passed it by unnoticed. But how perfect is the mask! Beneath this arid cover lie millions of dollars' worth of copper yet unmined.

A thousand feet underground the Spectator was shot on a lightning-speed elevator. One has strange sensations when nearly a quarter-mile beneath the surface of things. But here were endless mazes of tracks, shaft-tunnels, and stope-holes. In the dim yellow light of torches men were working and sweating everywhere. A new little world of strange phantom shadows, hideously disproportioned figures, and damp-smelling air was opening its tragic secrets. Here was man at the very bowels of the earth knocking at its treasure trove. Stepping gingerly through mud-thick tunnels, peering in at gaping black stope-holes, the Spectator followed his Stygian guide, a husky, dirt-besmeared young engineer, to the region of the ore veins. Here the chugging of steam-drills, the shriek of spent power, and the occasional boom of the blast told at what heavy price the earth was releasing its buried wealth.

Work is spelled with a capital letter in a mining town. It is written by the sweat of men's brows, and is the product of brawn and muscle pitted against the tragic elements of the earth. In the larger mines the cycle of work goes on as constantly as the revolutions of the earth upon its axis—twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, and fifty-two weeks a year. There are no Sundays, no holidays. Night shift relieves day shift with the regularity of clockwork. Men work and sleep, and wake again to work. There are few, if any, real pleasure sources or amusements. So great is the percentage of labor, one seems to forget that beneath it all lie some of the greatest scientific minds in the country. Back of every muck-stick, and in every ounce of ore that is raised to the surface, there is the solution of some stupendous engineering problem. Silently, inconspicuously, the brain has paved the way for labor.

One afternoon the Spectator borrowed a bronco and rode out to a cattle range. When he reached the rancho he had the thirst of a thousand deserts in his throat. The good-natured ranchman led him to a strange-looking earthen jar that hung in full exposure to the blistering sunshine. One would have expected to find a very warm drink in such a place, but the water was as cold as ice. The device is called an *olla*, and the cooling of the water is produced by rapid evaporation. The vessel is made of adobe clay by the Mexicans, and its porous composition permits the water inside to seep slowly through, so that as fast as it reaches the surface the moisture is evaporated. It is only in very dry climates that the device is feasible. But on the desert, where ice is an unknown luxury, the *olla* is almost indispensable.

The Spectator was about to continue his journey across the desert into Mexico when something in one of the cattle pens attracted his attention. Three *vaqueros* were engaged in sawing off the horns of a great Mexican bull. "He killed another of my hybrid bulls this morning," explained the ranch-owner. "He's an arena fighter that I bought from a matador at Juarez." The animal was indeed a fighter. It took a heavy stock and reams of thick rope to hold him while the three *vaqueros* relieved him of his dangerous antlers. When the task had been completed, they turned him loose and we all watched him lumber off towards a small water-hole. He was evidently the maddest bull in all Arizona, and intended to let the other denizens of the range know as much.

Bellowing forth terrific challenges, he approached the half-dried pond. On the farther side stood a big Texan longhorn, defensively returning the challenge, and hoofing showers of sand and mud upon his back. Pitifully ignorant of the loss of his horns, the Mexican plowed

around the water-hole to begin the customary preliminaries of battle. Roar after roar of hungry rage now split from his throat. Foot by foot he pawed the earth toward his opponent. Clouds of sand flew into the air over his lowered head, and the other steers and cows drew back and formed a circle, looking passively on. Suddenly the roaring ceased. The Mexican's great muscled hind legs pushed into the ground and shot him against the Texan. With a dull thud his unprotected head crashed between the long-pronged antlers of the Texan, and met the temples between. For a moment both animals reeled sidewise from the terrific shock. Then the Mexican drew out, parried with imaginary horns, and stove again at the temples of the Texan. This time his charge was more lateral, and there were no antlers to deflect the piercing prongs as they plowed a long, ragged gash into his great virile neck.

With a shriek of pain, the wounded bull pulled back, staggered, and fell to his knees. Dazed and mystified, he recovered himself, lowered his tail between his legs, and backed slowly away. The Texan did not flank him as he crept down to the water-hole and drank heavily. The crimson flow oozed from his neck and diffused pinkly into the thick, muddy water. After drinking gallons, the poor fellow slunk away on the desert. The wound had not been fatal, but it had made him realize, for the first time, the loss of his horns. Like some dethroned monarch, he must now roam the range, hopelessly bereft of his power.

The Spectator now wanted to see something of prehistoric man. In the Forest Reserve, just south of the Navajo country, there is a cañon that harbors a deserted village of cliff dwellings. A day's journey brought one to this prehistoric setting. There is nothing that so fills the human mind as a great yawning crack in the earth. Add to this the sight of strange little huts, inhabited thousands of years ago by squat, animal-like cave men, and one's thoughts go racing back across the chasm of time to the Stone Age and things even more primitive. Tucked into the walls of the cañon, in long, regular tiers, were the cliff dwellings. Jutting ledges of rock hung over each tier, affording protection from the elements and making the refuge impregnable to beast or savage. In crude masonry of stone and mud the little structures had passed through the centuries, immune from the disintegrating forces of nature. Thus had they housed a tribe of savage cave men thousands of years before. A strained, latent silence fills the cañon. It is a silence that magnifies the slightest sound, playing with it, tossing it back and forth in a series of mocking echoes. Even a whisper goes hissing through the acoustic space.

A stone loosens from the cliff and trickles into the hole. Instinctively the observer searches the door of each little hut. In the hidden recesses his imagination conjures up the vision of a dwarfed figure leering out at him from the darkness. Again he drifts back through the æons of time, and, for the moment, he is a cave man himself, looking across the street at his primitive neighbors, and wondering what Mrs. Cave Woman is cooking for dinner, or what Mr. Cave Man is talking about as he gossips with yonder neighbor. The stage is set, the curtain is up. Lacking only are the quaint little actors, and these imagination alone can supply.

In exploring one of the dwellings the Spectator found a small, dried-up cob of corn. It was buried deep in the dust of the floor, and was as hard as rock. There is a vague possibility that this might have been carried into the hut by some wild animal, but, as there were no ranches within many miles of the place, and as the cliff dwellers were supposed to have raised their own maize, he decided to retain the find as a genuine relic. Subsequent explorations failed to reveal anything in the nature of arrow-heads or other implements which the cliff people were supposed to have used in their crude manner of existence. A little later, however, the Spectator saw something in one of the huts that made him hold his breath in terror. Silhouetted in the darkness behind the open door was a long, bearded face. In the face were two eyes which blinked with solemn, passive curiosity. "A cave man!" thundered the Spectator's thoughts, and, with a feeling that some neurotic illusion was playing with his sense of vision, he blinked desperately back at it. Then the face actually began to move. The long, straggly beard tilted upward, and across the abyss came a weird wail of mournful sound. In the desolate cañon the cry seemed like the bleat of some abandoned soul calling back through the ages of the past. Then, slowly, the figure moved forward, and in another moment the shaggy body of a wild buck mountain goat strutted calmly forth and trotted off down the trail.

A sudden desire now seized the Spectator to return to the little town he had left that morning. He wanted to see his fellow-man. The prehistoric atmosphere of the deserted cliff dwellings had set him thinking, and it is not good for a man to think too much in Arizona. Was the Spectator descended from anything that lived in a cliff hut? He wondered.

THE NEW BOOKS

Drifting Diamond (The). By Lincoln Colcord. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

It is refreshing to come upon a story of adventure written with such animation, freshness, and energy of imagination as Mr. Colcord's original and absorbing tale of the sea and the diamond which had the touch of fate upon it, which carried disaster across the world; and the evil genius of which was finally exorcised by the faith and conscience of a good woman. The plot recalls Stevenson simply because it is impossible not to think how Stevenson would have enjoyed working it out. But there is nothing imitative in Mr. Colcord's style; it is highly individual, full of the personality of the writer. He gives a description of a typhoon which makes the reader feel that he is in personal danger. It is not often that descriptive phrases convey such a sense of reality, or that descriptive language, instead of piling up a great mass of words, so vividly puts one in the very center of the confusion of nature. Altogether "The Drifting Diamond" is an uncommonly interesting and promising piece of writing.

Cry in the Wilderness (A). By Mary E. Waller. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.30.

Much of the popular success of Miss Waller's writing is due to her comprehension of life and her insight into character. She is also gifted with the rather rare power of imparting her thoughts without sacrificing their vitality or individuality. "A Cry in the Wilderness" is a novel with a plot, and the touch of mystery persists to the end. The story is not easy to read, for it is complex and sometimes involved. But it is interesting in its variety: New York City, with its toiling, commonplace masses; Canada and New England, with their characteristic people, poetic or matter of fact; and, above all, the wonderful surgeon, Dr. Rugvie, who untangles difficulties, saves lives, and puts courage into disheartened souls.

Phœbe, Ernest, and Cupid. By Inez Haynes Gillmore. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.35.

It is hard to find any one who does not know Phœbe and Ernest and Mr. and Mrs. Martin, but even their best friends, most versed in their engaging ways and manners, will be glad to meet them again in a book. Cupid plays the star part in this set of stories, and Phœbe and Ernest pass through the usual vicissitudes of romance before they are safely landed within their own new homes and begin to exercise the same yet different influence that radiated from the center filled by father and mother Martin. Wholesome, merry, absolutely true to life are these tales.

Inheritance (The). By Josephine Daskam Bacon. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.30.

Another tale of mysterious parentage. Nurse Palse brings "Master Hugh" up to know he is a gentleman, and by her shrewdness and devotion secures his position in the family of a country doctor near New York, though the boy is English, as she is also. The author uses her familiarity with England and the English to delightful advantage, and one responds heartily to the little touches that make her pages sparkle with wit. Hugh Gordon grows up to become the doctor's successor, having passed through a curious London experience as "the heir," cleverly described by the appreciative author. A wholesome love story grows slowly but surely in the unsuspecting hearts of the hero and heroine, and we close the book glad to feel that it is not in the least necessary to concoct a disagreeable, problematic situation in order to write a good story.

May Iverson Tackles Life. By Elizabeth Jordan. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.25.

The stories about the school-girl May Iverson continue in a new volume, which will doubtless be widely read. Their cleverness is their greatest fault, for it entirely destroys the illusion that a real girl is writing. The comments on Henry James, for instance, are far too acute to be May Iverson's unassisted. The pranks played at the convent school are just as irresponsible and funny as they should be, but we still await the long-desired new book for girls.

Newspaper Reporting and Correspondence. By Grant M. Hyde. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.

The author has the double advantage of newspaper experience and of being an instructor in a school of journalism—that at the University of Wisconsin. He here attempts to tell the cub reporter how to write and handle a news story. His points are practical, although sometimes rather primary. Many who are not ambitious to become reporters may find in the book instructive and entertaining side lights on newspaper methods.

On Hazardous Service. By William Gilmore Beymer. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.80.

Just the kind of book to interest boys and young men, because it is full of thrilling adventure in war times. The stories of the brave and often reckless deeds of the scouts and spies, both of the Federal and Confederate forces, in the Civil War, including those of two or three women spies, are here related from first-hand information and made into readable and exciting narrative. The colored illustrations are by Howard Pyle and others.

Scientific American Reference Book, 1913. Edited by Albert A. Hopkins and A. R. Bond. Munn & Co., New York. $1.50.

A new edition of a valuable reference book, illustrated by hundreds of pictures. The editor tells us that the "Scientific American" receives about 15,000 inquiries every year, and this

book is intended to meet the desire for accurate information indicated by this enormous number of questions. It covers an exceedingly large number of topics, and gives facts and statistics not only about commerce, invention, manufactures, and science, but about other matters only indirectly connected with those topics.

Lip-Reading: Principles and Practice. By Edward B. Nitchie. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.50, net.

The head of the New York school for the hard-of-hearing unfolds the mystery of lip-reading so that it can be mastered without a teacher. His own attainment of ability to interpret the thought conveyed by a phonograph whose tubes have been placed in his ears, while "without conscious effort the vision of the moving lips of the speaker passes before the mind," the listener's eyes being closed, illustrates what is possible for his pupils in the art. The volume is the only authoritative work in this country upon its subject. Its chapter on the eye as substituted for the ear, and its suggestions to friends of the deaf, have value for all. Its forty pages of capital "stories for practice" indicate a tactful manner of alleviating toil.

Great Adventure (The). By Louise Pond Jewell. The F. A. Stokes Company, New York. 80c.

This little book puts in the form of an experience the faith that life is continuous and death the great adventure, to be looked forward to with glad anticipation. It is equally free from sentimentality and from cant, and is, in our belief, as harmonious alike with the best philosophy as it is with the prophetic and inspirational teachings of Jesus Christ. It is a book not merely of comfort in sorrow, but not less so of inspiration to life. We hope that in any new edition the publishers will omit the picture, which is the only false thing in the book.

Making a Business Woman. By Anne Shannon Monroe. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.30.

Equipped with common-sense courage, and "downright tired of being poor," Miss Gale broke with the traditions of her family and went to Chicago to be a business woman. She had taught school, but really couldn't see why she would not make a success in business, if the boys she taught could do it. The narrative of her early struggles and later prosperity is told in extremely colloquial style. She soon overcame her inability to use slang, and fell into all the popular and commercial English that seems to be necessary. The story is really absorbingly interesting. The comments upon business methods and the insight into human motives are keen and true. When she refused to enter into shady transactions, even after she was a prosperous advertising agent, the man who was trying to secure her aid always fell back upon the belief that "women couldn't understand big business, anyway." In a panic she had the advantage of men because she could economize as they could not. She could nibble a sandwich, while a man must order porterhouse steak for himself and his friends. "He instinctively humors himself, while a woman instinctively denies herself," says the wise observer. If her real estate deals seem rather phenomenal, one can adjust the matter in one's mind by remembering that they would be only usual transactions in a man's business life. The book is worth reading, combining much solid, wholesome sense with a smaller amount of amusing and perhaps imaginary incident.

Colonial Homes and Their Furnishings. By Mary H. Northend. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $5.

As befits the subject, the publishers have given this volume a fine and almost sumptuous form; the illustrations are not only beautiful examples of old gardens, old furniture, china, silver, glassware, and the other fittings of the home, but they do very directly and charmingly present collectively the choice types of all these things. The homes so presented range from the primitive "lean-to" up to the noblest specimens of Colonial architecture as shown in great mansions. The author has evidently spent much time and much loving and pleasurable study in examining famous and beautiful houses and collections of Colonial articles, and in every way she has made a book worthy of the subject.

Dancing and Dancers of To-Day. By Caroline and Charles H. Caffin. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $4.

This finely decorated and illustrated volume treats almost exhaustively the topic of "the modern revival of dancing as an art," with many portraits of such recent dancers and posers as Genée, Isadora Duncan, Ruth St. Denis, and other exponents of the art. Chapters on such topics as Court Dances, the Russian Dance Drama, Folk Dancing, Eccentric Dancing, and the Origin of the Dance show that the authors' intention is to cover the subject in all its modern aspects and not merely to make a picture-book.

Woman in the Making of America. By H. Addington Bruce. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.

The biographical facts collected by Mr. Bruce quite support the high tribute he pays to the women who took an active and courageous part in our early National history. Beginning with the founding of the colonies, the procession of noble women sweeps through the years up to the present day. It is well that some of these names should be recalled to mind; others are perfectly familiar to all. Heroines of pioneer life in the West are followed by those of our Civil War, North and South. Just at this point, where the North has been too silent, the author's record of sacrifice among the wives and daughters of the North and West will be peculiarly appreciated. Never so vocally expressive as the South, we have done too little honor to the brave, helpful women who, though the war was

not at their doors, suffered as keenly as human hearts could suffer in those dark days. The public work they did has always been recognized, but the individual sacrifices and the poverty endured has not been generally known because of the more dramatic losses borne by their Southern sisters. The woman of to-day is too much in evidence to need exploitation. The author touches briefly but adequately upon the multiform activities of her life—philanthropic, religious, political, social, and educational. He defends the woman's club from its diminishing number of critics, giving a just view of its purposes and accomplishment. In organized charity women, he says, do far more than their share, even when associated with men on the boards. With de Tocqueville, the author says: "If I were asked to what the singular prosperity and growing strength of the American people ought mainly to be attributed, I should reply—to the superiority of their women."

New Immigration (The): A Study of the Industrial and Social Life of Southeastern Europeans in America. By Peter Roberts, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.60.

This book is exactly what its title and subtitle suggest—a careful review of the quality, industrial activities, and conditions of life in the United States of the Slavs, Poles, Hungarians, and other peoples who have made up the bulk of immigration for the past quarter of a century. It is written on the basis of a thoroughgoing personal investigation, and with a consistent effort to present the facts rather than to develop theories, although Mr. Roberts frankly voices his belief that the defects he finds in "the new immigrants" are due as much to the conditions of their environment in the New World as to any inherent shortcomings, and that their development into wholly desirable citizens depends chiefly on our treatment of them. It is a book well calculated to arouse a sympathetic interest in these newcomers to our shores, so alien from us in customs and points of view; and it is, moreover, a most readable book, with its wealth of illustrative anecdote from the tenement, the factory, the mine, and the logging and railway camp.

History of the United States (A). Vol. III. The American Revolution, 1761-1789. By Edward Channing. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50, net.

The distinguishing feature of this study of the American Revolution by the well-known Professor of History in Harvard University is the emphasis laid on the importance of the economic factor in determining alike the causes and the outcome of the War for Independence. It was not out of any intense desire for freedom of political action that the Revolution developed, but because of indignation, not wholly justified, at the belated action of the home authorities in enforcing their customs regulations, and thereby hampering the free-and-easy and extremely profitable trade relations the colonists had been having with the outside world. Similarly it was not so much American victories in the field as the economic distress occasioned in England by the long-continued limitation of commerce and industry that compelled the mother country to consent to peace on terms of separation. This view, of course, has been advanced by other writers, but never with the array of confirmatory evidence which Professor Channing submits. The economic factor again is emphasized by him in his discussion of the events leading up to and rendering well-nigh inevitable the development of an effective union under the Constitution, the formation of which is described by him with illuminating carefulness. Necessarily, perhaps, this elaboration of the prosaic details of colonial policy, trade relations, manufacturing activities, and the like, renders his study at times difficult reading. But there can be no question of its substantial worth and contributory helpfulness to our understanding of the great era with which it is concerned.

Henrietta Maria. By Henrietta Haynes. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.50.

Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry IV of France, became Queen of England as the charming but unfortunate consort of Charles I. Her life is now described by Henrietta Haynes, who shows much sense of historical perspective. As we read these pages the pathos of the whole political situation of the time, as misunderstood by both Charles and Henrietta, becomes increasingly apparent.

Margaret of France, Duchess of Savoy, 1523-74. By Winifred Stephens. The John Lane Company, New York. $4.

In French history there have been three royal women named Margaret. What is more, they marked three successive generations. And, what is perhaps most interesting of all, they influenced three phases of French literature. They were Margaret of Angoulême, Margaret of Savoy, and "La Reine Marguerite." The first was the sister of Francis I; the second, his daughter; and the third was the daughter of Henry II and Catherine de' Medici. The first was one of those inconsistent Renaissance persons whom she herself describes in her "Heptameron," who went to church in the morning and spent the afternoon telling doubtful stories. The third Margaret, equally gifted—the wife of Henry of Navarre, later Henry IV—was equally fond of revel and adventure—just as Dumas *père* describes in his well-known romance. Concerning the first and third Margaret much has been written, but little concerning the second. This seems strange, for, if not as original as the others, the second Margaret was perhaps as remarkable. Certainly she was as admirable. If we are not mistaken, the part of the present volume which will most interest readers is the

account of Margaret's childhood on the banks of the river Loire, the description of the Courts of Francis and Henry, and the appreciation of Ronsard and the other poets and *littérateurs* of a period which, curiously enough, was both cultured and barbaric. Margaret may be counted among the makers of modern Italy, for she married Emanuele Filiberto, Duke of Savoy, the founder of the royal Italian house. That means that she—now the Italian Margherita—and Emanuele were the progenitors of the present house of Savoy.

Chile and Her People of To-Day. By Nevin O. Winter. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. $3.

Mr. Winter has already instructed us concerning Mexico, Brazil, and other Latin-American countries. He now instructs us concerning Chile. The book is timely. We hardly yet realize that the Chileans are the real Yankees of the South, and that they have proved to be the best soldiers in Latin America. Mr. Winter tells us that the latter fact is due to the temperate climate, the mountainous character of the country and its isolation, and the admixture of blood with the unconquerable Araucanians, who of all the aborigines of South America most nearly resemble the North American red men. Furthermore, because of its natural formation, Chile has developed into the strongest maritime nation of the South American continent. The author even prophesies that Chile is destined one day to be the master of the southern seas. Then its fertile valleys, "where every product of the temperate climate grows, and where immense herds of cattle may be fed," and its vast nitrate fields, doubtless destine it to greatness on land as well as on sea. Chile also promises great development in manufacturing. In fact, adds Mr. Winter, "Chile is more likely to become a commercial nation than any republic of South America." The great lack is commercial, not political. Mr. Winter admits that the Chilean Government is "a government of a few of the leading families;" that "elections are sometimes almost farcical."

Engraved Gems. By Duffield Osborne. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $6.

A book to absorb the attention of the technician and tyro alike. Signets and talismans and intaglios have helped us not a little in our knowledge of classic times. This for two reasons. First, because of all the monuments of antiquity they have come to us in the best state of preservation; and, second, because they have been particularly and intimately related to the lives of the men and women of old. We are not surprised to learn in these pages that even in ancient Rome there were collectors—Julius Cæsar himself was a collector—while from Lorenzo de' Medici to the present time the rulers of Europe have prided themselves on their collections. The present volume is not merely a history of gem-engraving, giving us, as it does, with clearness the characteristics and developments of each period from the Greek scarabs, made for the Etruscan market, to the gem-engraving of to-day; it also describes interestingly the deities and other personages liable to be found on engraved gems. Finally, it gives a detailed account of the technique of the subject. The illustrations are mostly confined to the end of the book. The index is ample and is supplemented by a useful alphabetical list of various attributes and aspects of the sacred or sacrificial animals and of the trees and flowers which were subjects of engraving. Thus the book is replete with information for old and young; indeed, for the latter a condensation might be made with profit and published at a popular price.

Bismya, or the Lost City of Adab. By Edgar James Banks, Ph.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $5.

Dr. Edgar James Banks is director of the University of Chicago Oriental Exploration Fund. In the discharge of this function Dr. Banks has unearthed Bismya—the lost city of Adab—supposed to have been the oldest city of Babylon. The city of Adab was first occupied, says our author, perhaps ten thousand years ago. At that time the Persian Gulf, he claims, covered much of Babylon and the city was far nearer the shore than at present. Centuries before the Hebrew exiles were scattered over Babylon Adab had turned to mounds of clay. With the exception of Tello, where for many years the French have been excavating, no Babylon ruin, we learn, has yielded so many and so beautiful objects of art, or so many tablets, weapons, utensils of all sorts—even children's toys! They indicate what life was in Babylon thousands of years ago. The story of the recovery of this oldest of the civilized towns should appeal not only to the scholar but also to the general reader, for the account of adventure and restoration has been told in a decidedly popular way.

Egyptian Days. By Philip Sanford Marden. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

To Dr. Ebers's, to Miss Edwards's, to Mr. Hichens's, and to other notable accounts of Egypt must now be added Mr. Marden's. The present volume is notable because it is very practical. It is not so practical as to be called "a mere guide-book," and, on the other hand, it is not a work too oppressively devoted to the archæological and historic aspects of Egypt. Nor is it a detailed description. It is a simple account. It gives a concise summary. It excludes matter unnecessary to the untutored. It does not attempt to tell too much, and, above all, it does give the author's atmospheric impressions. It has evidently been designed for the special needs of those who are planning to visit Egypt for the first time. But those who have visited Egypt may read it with pleasure and profit.

LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

THE JAPANESE

I have read with great interest, if not with entire agreement, Mr. George Kennan's article, "Can We Understand the Japanese?" In the course of it he says to his Japanese friend: "I wish you would explain to me this suicide of defeated soldiers after an unsuccessful fight. *The practice is wholly unknown to us in the West*, and it strikes me as extremely wild, irrational, and fanatical." I would be glad if you would let me point out that the practice of self-sacrifice of life for the sake of honor is by no means unknown to Western races, and has never earned in the estimation of Western peoples the epithets he attaches to it. It has not been unusual for the captain of a sinking ship to prefer to go down with his vessel when he might have saved his life. We may regret the loss of a brave man in such circumstances, but the regret is more than tempered with pride at the reminder that the nobler qualities of manhood still survive in our race. And the motive is clear enough. Mr. Kennan should find this case useful for the further development of his argument, but I doubt if it will help him much in the proof of the conclusion he assumes. The fact that in a few cases he has been able to arrive at an explanation of things he admittedly did not understand when they happened hardly convinces one that he has attained to an adequate comprehension of those unexplored "regions of thought and emotion" to which Lafcadio Hearn alluded in "Japan: An Interpretation." EDWARD F. STRANGE.

London, England.

I did not think, and I did not say, that "self-sacrifice of life for the sake of honor" is wholly unknown to us in the West; nor did I apply to it the adjectives that Mr. Strange quotes. What I did say was that "suicide of defeated soldiers is wholly unknown to us in the West," and that, I think, is true I cannot recall a single case. Commanding officers, responsible for defeats, have occasionally committed suicide in the West—as did the admiral who directed the unsuccessful attack on Petropavlovsk, Kamchatka, in 1854—but such suicides are due to a fear of the consequences of defeat, a reluctance to face an inquiry into personal conduct or management. This is not the cause of military suicides in Japan. Soldiers in Western armies may possibly have committed suicide to avoid capture, but I have never happened to hear of such a case. So far as I know, it is a practice confined strictly to the Orient.

Mr. Strange's second point, viz., that I have not yet "attained to an adequate comprehension of the unexplored regions of Japanese thought and emotion," is perfectly true. I have not yet finished my exploration of such regions; but the progress that I have made thus far encourages me to believe that when I shall have explored completely I shall understand completely. Mr. Hearn and Mr. Strange seem to think that there is something eccentric, if not esoteric, in the Japanese character—something that it is impossible for the Western student to comprehend. I doubt this very much. When we shall have learned fully and accurately the circumstances and influences that have formed the Japanese character, we shall be able to understand that character. There is no human mind, Oriental or Occidental, that is inscrutable. Upon this point I may venture perhaps to quote a distinguished Englishman who had long experience in the East and who found Orientals to be not only understandable but likable. In an article published in The Outlook in August, 1909, Sir Andrew H. L. Fraser, formerly Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, said:

"There is a sense in which every mind does, or can, seclude itself from every other mind; but this is true of Western as well as of Eastern hearts and minds. If one man chooses to keep another at a distance, he can do so. Or if two men are indifferent to one another, and have no desire for intimate acquaintance, it is most natural that they should not know or sympathize with each other. This is undoubtedly true of the East; it is also true of the West. It may perhaps be more common, but it certainly is not more natural, in the former than in the latter. I make this statement in the most distinct and emphatic manner, as the result of my thirty-seven years' experience of India, where I have known the people in their own homes and have had many dear and intimate friends. Both the Eastern and the Western are human. This is only to say that what they have in common is far more than that in which they differ. This statement cannot be denied. If it be admitted, however, it becomes unreasonable to assert the impossibility of touch and sympathy between the Eastern and Western mind or heart." ("Sympathy with the Oriental," by Sir Andrew H. L. Fraser, The Outlook, August 14, 1909.)

This agrees perfectly with the results of my own experience in Japan, and I find it hard to believe that such experiences are wholly exceptional. GEORGE KENNAN.

Baddeck, C. B., Nova Scotia.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

This is the season of the year when the Consumers' League makes its annual plea for early Christmas shopping. In the hurly-burly of strenuous metropolitan life there are so many daily duties crowding upon each other and so many pleasant distractions that we are apt to procrastinate in selecting Christmas gifts unless the warning note of the Consumers' League reaches us above the noise and strife.

Do Christmas shoppers appreciate the real hardship and distress that is often incurred when saleswomen are working under an undue strain during the last few weeks before Christmas? It is not only saleswomen who suffer from the dilatoriness of shoppers, but the whole army of packers, bundlers, delivery clerks, and wagon boys. Moreover, if the selection of gifts is left until late in the season, merchants are delayed in sending duplicate orders to manufacturers for the articles that have proven most popular. As a result "hands" are kept speeding up and working overtime in factories and work-rooms until nerves are racked, muscles ache, and spirits droop. The natural result of this over-fatigue means for many a wretched young girl serious injury to her health.

Is it worth while for the sake of giving pleasure to a few friends to do so at the expense of the health and happiness of such large numbers of our community?

MAUD NATHAN, President.
The Consumers' League of the City of New York.

TO HUSBANDS

[Some time ago The Outlook reprinted practical advice given by a St. Louis patrolman to a wife whose domestic trouble with her husband had brought the two before a police court. At the time we suggested that it would be a capital idea for some woman to give equally terse advice to husbands. From the letters received in reply we select one which combines most of the suggestions made by all the writers.—THE EDITORS.]

Don't be impatient with your wife because you find her tired when you come home. Don't tell her she didn't need to work so hard, and that if she did work and get tired it is her own fault. Show a little sympathy and give her a bit of praise, instead.

If you feel that you should advise her to be more conservative of her strength and to leave some things undone until such time as she has gained strength to do them, say this to her after she has become rested.

Show her that you'd rather have a less perfectly appointed house, a less sumptuous dinner, one or two more ready-made school dresses for the daughter of the house, etc. That she is your companion, not your slave; and that you want her companionship, not her bounden duty. That her companionship means a happy mind and bright thoughts, and patience with you if you are a bit tired and tried.

If she is ill or worried about herself, consult a physician. No one knows how many women worry about their physical conditions, yet say nothing. And women nowadays have *nerves*.

If she wants money, let her have it if you can (I hope she knows the true value of it); if you can't, tell her the reason why.

And don't let generosity run away with common sense in money matters.

Consult together. Don't give her all the things she wants whether you can afford it or not, and then come home bankrupt and blame it onto her because she required so much.

There is nothing like children to bind husband and wife together.

Don't annoy a woman by talking to her of your business worries, unless she is an unusual woman and really wants to know them.

Avoid mothers-in-law—they are a jealous lot; also maiden aunties, who are mothers-in-law by proxy.

Let a woman have her way in little things. Guide and advise her, protect her; for that's your obligation.

Don't be jealous. Don't give cause for jealousy. Remember, the one who is jealous is usually, if not always, the one in fault. To be more forceful, the one who is jealous is the one to be watched.

Don't both get provoked at the same time. It wouldn't be a bad idea to agree, as part of the marriage contract, that the one who spoke the first cross word should have the end of his tongue cut off. And, finally, and in all seriousness, and covering all phases of this big, big question, here's this to ponder:

"A house divided against itself cannot stand."

And this:

"A soft answer turneth away wrath."

And, last but not least:

"Do unto others as you would . . ." M. B.

ULSTER AND HOME RULE

Why does The Outlook persist in reiterating the fallacious statement that "Ulster is opposed to Home Rule"? To speak of the northern province as being even Unionist is a misnomer. Ulster embraces thirty-three constituencies. Of these, sixteen return Unionist or anti-Home Rule representatives, while seventeen are held by Home-Rulers. Ulster, therefore, is about evenly divided on the issue of Home Rule. Take even Belfast: in three contested divisions of the city, out of a total registered vote of 31,342, the Unionists polled 16,111. In two contested divisions of Antrim, another stronghold of Unionism, the successful Unionist candidates polled only 8,829 electors out of an aggregate registered vote of 17,416. Nor is the northern province, it may be added, overwhelmingly Protestant, as many suppose; for, apart from Belfast, with its population of 255,000 (which includes 85,000 Catholics), Ulster is Catholic, not Protestant; the census figures (1901) standing at 699,202 Catholics and 627,674 Protestants, showing a Catholic majority (outside of Belfast, as stated) of 71,528. Bigotry should be laid aside and the simple truth stated when writing of Ulster vs. Home Rule.

Ouray, Colorado. T. J. QUINN.

BY THE WAY

"In a month or so, judging by the past winters within my recollection," says a contributor to the "Farm Journal," "we may expect some cold weather, with more or less snow and sleet." This is not intended as a gentle satire on the generalities of the weather prophets, but merely as the text for advice to farmers to get their telephone lines in good condition for winter. Such work will soon become difficult or impossible, and the advice is timely.

Chile yields to no other country in the extent of her unbroken coast line, which extends from Peru to Cape Horn, a distance of about 4,000 miles. The Chilean Government is now engaged in making this great coast safe for mariners by erecting lighthouses, at dangerous points, along its entire length.

Amid the general chorus of grumbling at the high price of meat there is one dissenting note—that of the "Ladies' Home Journal," which in its current number says, "We rejoice at the high prices of meats, and fervently say, 'May they soar higher and yet higher!'" Americans eat too much meat, the "Journal" thinks, and high prices will lessen the consumption. People who accuse this popular magazine of catering to conventionality should give it credit for courage on this question.

One of the delights of the man whose hobby is the collecting of paintings is that, sooner or later, most of the collectors get tired of their treasures and auction them off, so that other collectors get a chance to own them. The newest opportunity of this sort will be the sale of Mr. Emerson McMillin's collection, which includes Corot's famous "Orpheus and Eurydice" and four other Corots, a Millet, four examples of Troyon, eighteen pictures by George Inness, and many other notable canvases.

A novelty in picture-making is produced by cutting out of black paper a silhouette which is placed between two pieces of semi-transparent silk or fine-meshed netting, and hung up in a place where the light will fall through the mesh. Striking effects are produced in this way, and advertisers as well as artists have caught up the idea.

In a recent lawsuit regarding the ownership of a play a stage director testified that in thirty-two years' theatrical experience he had never heard of a play being produced as originally written. "The chief duty of a stage director," he said, "is meddling with manuscripts. I have even heard of stage directors who tried to improve on Shakespeare by revamping his works." As Shakespeare himself was a stage director, one wonders whether he took liberties with his own works in presenting them.

A teacher, says the "Christian Register," asked a class of children what a skeleton was; and a little boy replied, "It's bones with the people rubbed off."

The advance of civilization in New York City was recently marked by the opening of a new public playground and gymnasium in Fifty-ninth Street, not far from San Juan Hill and Hell's Kitchen. The gymnasium will be open in winter as well as summer. Wholesome activities provided by playgrounds and gymnasiums in every congested ward of our great cities will help to keep the boys from "shooting craps" on the corners and later developing into gamblers with records like "Lefty Louis" and "Gyp the Blood."

Chicago is to some extent eliminating the smoke nuisance. Her average locomotive now emits smoke the density of which is only 14.92 per cent, while the percentage three years ago was 23.3. These percentages are based on the supposition that zero would represent no smoke at all, while 100 per cent would mean dense black smoke all the time; the present condition therefore shows a decided improvement.

An ingenious housekeeper tells an exchange that an easy way to knead dough is to run it through a meat-chopper, with which nearly all households are supplied. "If a stiff biscuit dough is run through this three or four times," she says, "it is well worked."

A reader questions the use of the word "replica" in the phrase "a replica of Hudson's ship." A replica, properly speaking, is a duplicate copy, by the artist himself, of a work of art. But the term is acquiring a larger use, as is evidenced by the fact that the Oxford English Dictionary includes a secondary definition of the word as "a copy, reproduction, facsimile," and quotes Kipling and other authors as using the word in this wider sense.

An English firm has brought out a new luminous varnish for automobiles, which is said to render a car, without being fitted with lamps, visible for a long distance on a dark night.

King Alfonso of Spain has so far refused to follow the usual custom of the Spanish Court of residing at the Escorial during the summer. He is reported as saying lately, with grim humor, in explanation of his refusal, "I shall spend quite enough time at the Escorial when I am dead, and do not intend to stay there until I have lost the right to choose my residence." The Escorial Palace, it will be recalled, contains within its vast area the mausoleums which form the final resting-place of Spanish royalty.

Since 1900 726,000 acres of tillable land in New York State have been withdrawn from cultivation, says a pronouncement by the Automobile Trade League. The League makes this statement to emphasize the necessity of good roads to the farmer as well as the automobile-user. Better highways will make the land profitable again by bringing the farmer close to his market, is the argument.

The three big American electrical corporations, according to a trade journal, employ nearly 95,000 persons, and have a weekly pay-roll of nearly $1,300,000 at present—the highest figure ever attained so far.

"If there is one tenet to which British self-complacency has clung with more desperate energy than another," says an English author, Mr. Charles Thomas-Stanford, in a recently published book "About Algeria," "it is that our people are the only successful colonists. . . . A motor drive through the rich plain which encircles Algiers will send our long-cherished belief a-packing to the limbo of dead British prejudices." The author describes with special enthusiasm a visit to a farm whose equipment included two motor cars and an aeroplane!

The Outlook

NOVEMBER 23, 1912

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The Balkan War: A Crisis

The war in the Balkans has now reached a crisis. In five weeks a struggle which had its beginnings over five centuries ago has taken on an entirely new aspect. In this issue of The Outlook the reader will find, in the following order: a paragraphic account of the events of the war during the past week; an editorial article descriptive of Constantinople, in the suburbs of which the Bulgarians have already taken their position; an editorial by Mr. Roosevelt entitled "The Story of the Balkans," tracing the course of the forces which have been at work during the centuries; and an illustrated article on "The War of Five Nations," by Mr. S. V. R. Trowbridge, who was for some time a resident in Turkish territory and was an eye-witness of Turkish atrocities. The reader will also find the two maps—one of the Balkan Peninsula, the other of the environs of Constantinople—useful for reference in connection with these various accounts of the war. After barely more than a month of war, the Sultan has sued for peace. Last week Turkish emissaries at Sofia, the Bulgarian capital, presented this note to the Bulgarian Foreign Minister:

> The Ottoman Government having approached the great Powers of Europe to ask their mediation, we are charged to inquire of your Excellency if Bulgaria is disposed to accept this mediation, and, if so, to what conditions her acceptance will be subject.

At the outset of the war most military critics were inclined to believe that the Turks would be ultimately, if not immediately, the victors. Instead, the Turks have not won one important engagement. Indeed, they are in danger of being driven out of Europe, for last week the Bulgarian armies captured six out of the twenty-six Tchataldja forts, extending from the Black Sea to the Sea of Marmora, about twenty-five miles from Constantinople and forming its outer defense. Furthermore, without waiting to take the other forts, at the end of last week some of the Bulgarians forged ahead and managed to get past the Forest of Belgrade to a point on the Black Sea close to the entrance to the Bosphorus, and thence to Therapia, the summer resort of Constantinople, used as a place of residence for some of the foreign ambassadors. Therapia is only eight miles from the walls of the capital. The small map of the environs of Constantinople, printed in connection with an editorial description of the city, will indicate the course of the Bulgarian advance. This progress of the Bulgarian troops will doubtless affect the Bulgarian Council of Ministers, assisted by the agents of the Powers at Sofia, in deciding just what conditions Bulgaria will make if she agrees to suspend fighting. These, it is stated, will be the capitulation of the Turkish army at Tchataldja, the entry of the Bulgarian troops into Constantinople, and the surrender of the Turkish garrisons at Adrianople in Thrace and at Scutari and Janina in Albania. But an armistice is not peace, and if Turkey is to conclude peace with Servia, Montenegro, and Greece, as well as with Bulgaria, the Ottoman Government might as well be prepared to lose its remaining territory in Europe, except possibly Constantinople. This would mean a permanent occupation by the troops of the allied states of the territory now occupied by them. That is to say, Bulgaria would move southward and occupy at least all the province of Thrace, thus adding immensely to her territory. Servia would move west and south, occupying part of Novibazar to the west, and all of old Servia and of Macedonia to the south, and not stopping until she comes to the Ægean Sea, thus about doubling her present size. Montenegro would doubtless expect to get the district and ports now occupied by her in North Albania, and Greece the territory (her own ancient Epirus!) now occupied by her in South Albania, especially as its population is Greek

by race and by religion; Greece would probably also acquire the eastern end of Macedonia, now occupied by her troops. But the great port of Macedonia, Salonika, would, so it is said, be made a free port. And, what is more, Constantinople would be internationalized—that is to say, would be under the control of all the Powers acting together, or of the Balkan Confederation. Furthermore, the free passage of the Dardanelles would be assured. An examination of the map printed on page 607 in connection with Mr. Roosevelt's editorial on "The Story of the Balkans" will help to make this statement clear.

The Balkan War: The Servian Complication

Diplomatically last week seemed the most critical of the Balkan war. Servia was the cause of a vexing complication. Her armies continued their operations, on the east at Adrianople and on the south advancing towards Salonika, while on the west an attempt was made to penetrate Albania. All of these movements were marked by the enthusiasm kindled by the capture in old Servia of the ancient capital of Uskub. More than five hundred years ago it was the capital of the most famous ruler in Servian history, Stephen Dushan, who ruled the Balkans from the Danube to the Ægean. Some years prior to his death in 1356 he also extended his empire through part of Albania to the Adriatic. With the capture of his old capital, the Servians dreamed of a restoration of his empire and in particular of getting a port or ports on the Ægean or Adriatic. Cut off from both of these seas, Servia is in economic subjection to the countries surrounding it. This is an intolerable position, particularly as Servia's neighbors are inclined to impose such duties upon her products as practically to regulate her export trade. She needs and should have a seaport of her own. But any Servian approach to the Adriatic draws a bar across the line of what Austria has for many years announced as the path of her own advance, namely, southward to Salonika. Hence the Servians last week acted as if they might not be unwilling to turn from fighting the Turk to fighting the Austrians. In such a conflict Austria could count upon the support of her colleagues in the Triple Alliance, Germany and Italy. But the Servians doubtless thought that they would have the support of the members of the Triple Entente—Russia, of course, and then England and France. To the relief of every one, the possibility of a European conflagration has now apparently been removed by the sober second thought of both Servia and Austria. In order to gain one of the Albanian ports the Servians would have to cross Albania from east to west, subduing the Roman Catholic and the Mohammedan portions, precisely those which would be most impatient under any possible rule by Greek Catholic Serbs. Thus, such a Servian attempt would endanger Balkan peace rather than insure it. But, even if the attempt could be successful, the Albanians, as we have seen above, have the right of the first settlers, for they have never been entirely conquered by Greeks, Romans, Slavs, or Turks, while the Servian claim is but the claim to a port that was hers for only a few years five and a half centuries ago. Fortunately, a port of the Ægean is just as near geographically, and easier to get diplomatically. If Servia obtains it—and she should—it will be due not only to the equities of the case and to European pressure, but especially to Austria's timely realization of what the Serbs outside and inside of Servia might accomplish if some great movement should bring them all together. The Austro-Hungarian Government knows that it controls in its own dominions about five million Serbs, and that of all its provinces Croatia and Slavonia have been the most discontented and mutinous. They, with Dalmatia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina, are almost purely Serb in population. What if they should secede from the Empire and incorporate with a new Servia already doubled in size? Against such a possibility Austria finds it wise as well as right, while conserving her own interest, to help Servia in hers. In so acting Austria has solved the latest Balkan problem, and, what is more, the latest European problem.

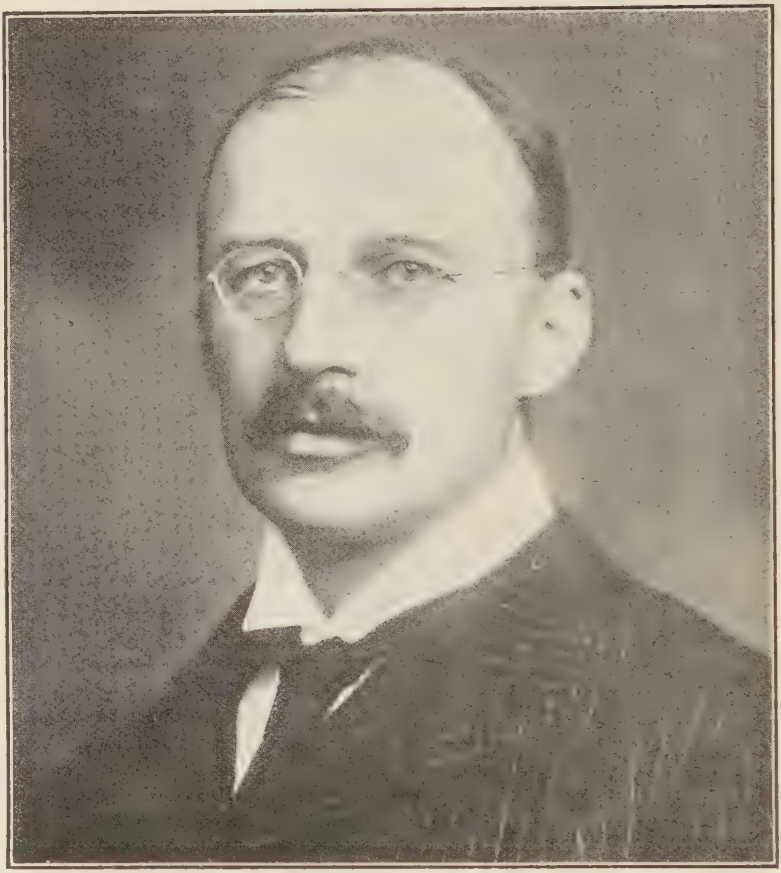
The Balkan War: Albania

But what would become of Albania?—that province which two years ago began the agitation that led up to the present war. If Albania should become a semi-independent principality, as has been intimated, the natives, according to those who know the country, would probably advance as rapidly as have the Bulgarians. Like the Basques in Spain, the Albanians are a native stock. They are, as Mr. Roosevelt points

out in his editorial, really the old Illyrians, and are doubtless to-day what they were in classic times, a hardy, rough, mountain race. Much of their country is as independent of the Turk as is Montenegro. Though the Albanians have always been the flower of the European Turkish army, in return for their allegiance the Sultan has had to be very careful how he taxed them, or whether he taxed them at all! Of all fallow and backward races the Albanians are said to have the greatest possibilities. If an independent government could introduce schools, build roads, and check tribal feuds, there would soon be, it is believed, another progressive little nation in the Balkan Peninsula, able to exist for its own sake, and strong enough to resist being a tool for any Power to use for its own interest. With this prophecy of the future it would seem as if, in carrying out the principle of "the Balkans to the Balkan peoples," the national existence of the Albanians should be secured. In religion the Albanians are mostly Mohammedans. But they also number about four hundred thousand Christians; those in the north are Roman Catholics, those in the south are Greek Christians. Those in the north are known as the Malissori tribes. As soon as they discovered that the Montenegrins wanted not only to deliver them from the Turkish yoke, but also to capture their country, they left their neighbors to invest Scutari as best they might, declaring that their alliance with them did not signify that they wanted to become their subjects. But, whether Mohammedan, Roman Catholic, or Greek, the Albanians are a sufficiently homogeneous people to demand a national existence. Accordingly their chiefs have met at Avlona, one of their principal ports, and have proclaimed their country's independence. Pending recognition by the Powers, a committee has been formed among those chiefs to conduct Albanian affairs. This event has been emphasized by the departure of many Albanians from this country, and of several hundred more who have signified their intention of leaving. They declare that they are not worried about the fate of the Ottoman empire, but they are worried lest Albania should be divided up by the Balkan States in case of Turkey's defeat, and hence they are going back to Albania to save it by force of arms, if need be, from foreign annexation. Thus, while a new force has risen in Europe—one of the great events of our time—the Balkan Confederation, consisting of four little nations, which for five weeks have conducted one of the notable wars of history, the war may end in the recognition of a fifth nation among them.

Uproar in the British Parliament

Last week a scene occurred in the British Parliament at Westminster that reminds one of the recent scenes in the Hungarian Parliament at Budapest. The event had to do with the Irish Home Rule Bill. A Conservative member introduced an amendment reducing the $30,000,000 proposed to be transferred to the new Irish Government to $12,500,000. If the amendment carried, it would defeat the most important financial feature of the Home Rule Bill. To the consternation of the Liberals, the amendment did carry, and they thus found themselves suddenly in a minority. They were assailed by cries of "Resign" and "Dissolve" from their Conservative opponents. On the following day, instead of resigning, Mr. Asquith, the Liberal Prime Minister, moved to rescind the amendment. The Speaker, Mr. Lowther, declared that he could find no precedent for rescinding a decision of the House arrived at in the discussion of a bill. Mr. Asquith thereupon said, as reported, "If the decision remains unreversed, or, on reconsideration, is found to be the deliberate judgment of the House, it will be impossible for the Government to proceed with the bill." On this many men from both sides attempted to speak, but their sentences were drowned by shouts and derisive cries. The Speaker finally adjourned the House for an hour to give the members an opportunity to cool down. And this in sober England! As soon as the House reconvened the same scenes were repeated, and after more appeals for order, the Speaker at length adjourned the House until the next day. Then ensued a remarkable scene. Documents and order papers flew across the floor from side to side; Mr. Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty in the Liberal Cabinet, was hit by a book. There was an ugly rush from side to side, but the cooler members held back their colleagues from a battle of fists. It took a Labor leader to quiet his more aristocratic brethren; the peacemaking voice of "Will" Crooks was raised in the familiar song "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot." Other peacemaking members



SIR CECIL ARTHUR SPRING-RICE

Who succeeds the Right Hon. James Bryce as British Ambassador to the United States

quickly took up the strain and restored good humor to some extent. The House separated without further violence. As to the future, the Liberals declare that two remedies may be applied. First, the Speaker can suspend all disturbers, or, second, the Government may apply "closure" whenever debate is made impossible and carry resolutions by mechanical majorities without discussion. It remains to be seen just how this latter means would operate in the case of the snap vote which defeated the Government. This defeat was due to a surprising absence of Government supporters rather than to any particular change of opinion. The whole episode, however, is interesting not so much because of its Irish as its English significance. It indicates, first, that the "mother of parliaments" has lost a traditional and celebrated dignity and restraint. Second, this would appear to have been the work of aristocrats, not democrats.

Ambassador Bryce and His Successor

When Mr. Bryce came to this country as Great Britain's Ambassador six years ago, he was welcomed not less as a friend of America than as publicist and statesman. He retires at the age of seventy-five, leaving behind him here the cordial liking of the people and the country whose political development he has so well interpreted. As The Outlook long ago pointed out, Mr. Bryce, de Tocqueville, and von Holst stand in the esteem of thoughtful men as the three foremost interpreters of American life and growth. His literary achievements, extending

from "The Holy Roman Empire" of his early days, a work whose authority and accuracy have remained unimpeached for fifty years, down to his just-published book of travel and observation in South America (which contains, by the way, the clearest description of the Panama Canal we have read), cover a remarkably wide range of knowledge, and all are written with lucidity and poise. His appointment as his nation's representative in Washington was regarded as an ideal one on both sides of the water, and he has consistently and unfailingly done everything possible to strengthen the amicable relations of the two countries. It is natural that those English papers which are disturbed over the admission of American coastwise vessels to the privileges of the Panama Canal without tolls should incline to see a connection between that matter and Mr. Bryce's retiral. The sufficient answer has been the statement, apparently authorized, that Mr. Bryce's intention to withdraw from the diplomatic field was communicated to his Government last year. Even now, at its urgent request, he will remain at Washington for some time. Mr. Bryce's successor will be Sir Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice, who made an extremely favorable impression at our capital as a secretary of legation in 1889. He came to this country during Mr. Roosevelt's administration on a special mission said at the time by the press to have had a bearing on proposed friendly intervention between Russia and Japan, and has served Great Britain as Minister in Persia and Sweden. He is well known and highly esteemed throughout Europe and in the United States. In the earlier part of his career he was private secretary of Lord Granville and Lord Rosebery in the Foreign Office. He is a scholar as well as a diplomat; he received honors at Eton and Oxford, and is of that fine type of English gentleman that combines culture with achievement and knowledge of the world with high ideals.

José Canalejas

Spain has lost her strongest man. Her Prime Minister, José Canalejas, has been assassinated. It would have been better for Spain had any other man been assassinated. For here was one who, almost the first in the history of Spain, had been able to throw off the century-old yoke and give to the Peninsula some semblance of modern liberal civilization. We are accustomed to think of Spain as a priest-ridden country religiously and as a reactionary country politically. And this is in large degree true. But, as ten men would have been sufficient to save Sodom, so in Spain there have been a few men of light and leading. And Canalejas was the best of them, because he knew how to make his ideals count in actual deeds. Alone of Spanish statesmen, who have long chafed under the rule of the Church, Canalejas understood how to shape public opinion both outside and inside Parliament until that body should pass the famous "Padlock Bill," under which the religious orders can no longer rule Spain as they have done. That this should bring about a diplomatic rupture with the Vatican was natural; that there should even be some reaction in a country so inveterately Catholic as is Spain was also natural. But the Premier saw straight. He did not deviate, but remained unmoved by all the thunders from the Vatican and by all the perils which lay nearer home. Fortunately, he had won the confidence of the youthful King. And because of this royal confidence Canalejas was able to govern Spain during the past three years as Spain has never yet been governed. If he tried to deliver his country from religious bondage, he also labored for the economic good of the people. He may have been mistaken in some things—indeed, it is perhaps due to the severity of his execution of the strike law that his assassination occurred; others think it is an echo of the resentment at the execution of Ferrer, the Barcelona Anarchist, an event, however, which occurred before Canalejas came into power. The good deeds of Canalejas will remain unquestioned, and to those already recounted should be added his firmness, in the face of a tortuous European diplomacy, in conducting his country's foreign interests out of the maze of such diplomacy to a conclusion which enlarges and betters Spain's colony in Morocco. The loss of such a man only emphasizes the fact that the most irresponsible and least useful person may in an instant remove from usefulness the most responsible and the most useful.

Mr. Roosevelt on the Future of the Progressive Party

If any question existed either about the permanence of the Progressive party as a National force or as to the value and substance of what it has already accomplished, such doubt should certainly be dispelled by Mr. Roosevelt's statement of last week. Mr.

Roosevelt sustained his declaration that the Progressive party has come to stay, and that, "so far from being over, the battle has just begun," by pointing out that what has been actually accomplished in the few months since the new party was founded is "literally unparalleled in the history of free government under representative institutions." His summary of the difficulties encountered and the results actually accomplished by volunteers hastily brought together is both complete and convincing:

> Without much money, without any organization, against the wealth of the country, against the entire organized political ability of the country, against the bitter hostility of ninety per cent of the press of the country, against the furious opposition of every upholder of special privilege, whether in politics or in business, and with the channel of information to the public largely choked, the Progressive party has polled between four and four and one-half million votes, has hopelessly beaten one of the old parties both in the electoral college and in the popular vote, has carried several of the important States in the Union, and has taken second place in the Nation and either first or second place in some thirty-seven of the forty-eight States.

That the rank and file of the Progressive party is determined and enthusiastic was seen in the great meeting at Boston on the evening of November 9. At Tremont Temple a throng of thousands cheered as heartily as those other thousands did at the Madison Square Garden Progressive meetings. An overflow meeting at Faneuil Hall was equally enthusiastic. The addresses by Dean Kirchwey, of the Columbia Law School; of Winston Churchill, of New Hampshire; of Matthew Hale, the chairman, and others, were all in agreement in declaring that the struggle for human rights and social justice is to be continued, and that every effort must and shall be made to perfect the organization of the party. This sentiment was (we are quoting from an anti-Progressive paper) "uproariously applauded by the whole audience," and resolutions were adopted pledging the party to no compromise. A practical token of the earnestness of the meeting was shown by the subscription on the spot of over eight thousand dollars for the future campaign.

The President on the Election

In the New York "World" of Thursday of last week there appeared an interview with President Taft giving his views as to the significance of the election and as to what may be expected as a consequence of the change of the Government from Republican to Democratic control. In this interview he states that he is not greatly disappointed as to the result of the election. He has been glad to have had the opportunity of being President because he believes he has been enabled to help his country toward improvement. The progress that the country has made, he believes, has been, not through the great and notable measures, but through the less important and obvious statutes and changes. He regards the changes that have been made in the civil service as illustrative of this fact. He says that he had certain plans which he could have carried out if he had been re-elected, and could thereby have promoted the general comfort and happiness. With regard to the programme of the Progressive party he shows little patience. He says of it that it contemplates the impossible, and that if the country could stand the shock that would come to it upon adoption of the programme, he would like to see the attempt made "in order that the people might learn the hollowness and impracticability and the sham character of many of the promises upon which such progress is promised." Of the Progressive leaders who advocated this programme, he says that they are a class of men "who do not deserve to figure in any more honorable light than the quacks do in the practice of medicine." He urges the Republicans, therefore, to look forward to the time when many will recover from the "Bull Moose fever" and when the country will have become disappointed with the Democrats, so as to take advantage of the opportunity for the restoration of the Republican party to power. With reference to Mr. Taft's characterization of those who advocated the Progressive platform, it might be well worth while to notice that these "quacks" include such men as Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, President of the University of California; Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart, Professor of History at Harvard University; Dean William Draper Lewis, of the University of Pennsylvania Law School; Dr. Frank J. Goodnow, Professor of Administrative Law and Municipal Science at Columbia University; Dr. George W. Kirchwey, Professor of Law in the Columbia Law School; Dr. Flavel S. Luther, President of Trinity College; Dr. Samuel McCune Lindsay, Director of the New York School of Philanthropy and President of the Academy of Political Science in New York; Professor Charles

McCarthy, the Legislative Librarian of Wisconsin: Mr. Herbert Knox Smith, until recently Commissioner of Corporations in Mr. Taft's Administration. The names are selected at random.

The New York Public School Imbroglio

New York City newspapers have given the country recently some startling accounts of a serious conflict between certain important officials of the city government and certain educational experts of high standing employed to investigate and report on the city public school system. The public mind has been confused by certain details of this controversy which have been given a prominence wholly disproportionate to their importance. In an endeavor to clear up this confusion we here give a brief history of the transactions which have led to the conflict. A little less than a year ago the Board of Estimate, which passes upon all expenditures of money by the city government, appointed a special committee to study the city school system and make recommendations for modifications or improvements. This committee—consisting of Mr. Mitchel, President of the Board of Aldermen; Mr. Prendergast, Comptroller of the city; and Mr. Miller, President of the Borough of the Bronx—about ten months ago engaged Professor Paul H. Hanus, of Harvard University, to make this scientific study or investigation of the public schools. As the subject of the inquiry is so vast, involving the expenditure of over thirty-five million dollars annually and the yearly education of seven hundred thousand pupils, one man could not undertake the work alone. Ten educational experts were therefore chosen to act as assistants to Dr. Hanus. One of these assistants was Professor Moore, of Yale University, whose special share in the inquiry was to study and report upon the Board of Education and its functions. Professor Moore spent more than forty days in the city of New York studying at first hand the Board of Education and its work. His report was finally completed and sent to the Committee of Inquiry of which President Mitchel was the head. Mr. Mitchel and his colleagues did not approve of Professor Moore's report, severely criticised it, called upon Professor Moore to modify it, and, upon what seems to us Professor Moore's very proper refusal to modify it except on instruction from Professor Hanus, President Mitchel and his associates rejected the report. Some of the newspapers have stated that the report was suppressed. This, of course, is incorrect, as the report has been printed in full in the "City Record" and is accessible to any citizen. What President Mitchel and his associates did was to decline officially to receive the report. We think this was a mistake. They should have received it and should have shown the public in what particulars they believe it to be inaccurate and unjust. The report on its face shows that it is based upon a careful and accurate study of the facts. Professor Moore's conclusions from these facts may be unsatisfactory to President Mitchel and his associates, they may even be erroneous conclusions, but we do not believe any educational expert of high standing in the country can be found who will be willing to modify his conclusions in order to make them agree with the conclusions of any other expert or any official of the city. President Mitchel and his associates on the Committee of Inquiry, having denounced Professor Moore's report, have now selected two other experts to make a study of the Board of Education and report upon it. Professor Frank J. Goodnow, of Columbia University, and Dr. Frederic C. Howe, the expert on municipal government who has often been a contributor to The Outlook, will make a new investigation and a new report to take the place of Professor Moore's. The final result ought to be awaited with great interest not only by the citizens of New York but by men and women interested in educational matters throughout the country.

Professor Moore's Criticisms

In the meantime it is worth while noting some of the most important defects which Professor Moore finds in the administration of the New York public schools. The first is that New York City administers its schools by a Board of Education of no less than forty-six members. This is too large a number, says Dr. Moore, and he cites the examples of other cities as showing that a change is necessary—for instance, Philadelphia has changed the number of its school board from forty-two to fifteen; St. Louis, from twenty-one to twelve; Boston, from twenty-four to five; and Atlanta, from fourteen to seven. The difficulty with a large board is not so much that it spends its time in speech-making as that only a few

members really take part in the discussions. A large board must always lack "unity, comprehension of its work, and energy in the performance of it," for such a board "invariably splits up in factions;" "its members do not know each other well enough to discuss their common function together;" and "the result is a non-progressive school administration." The second reason why the New York City system is unsatisfactory is because the Board of Education does not possess the means for managing its schools. As to finances, "each committee of the Board estimates the separate needs of its division, the Finance Committee reviews them, the Board adopts them, the Comptroller's staff suggests changes in them, the Board of Estimate and Apportionment modifies them, and the Board of Aldermen then may reduce them;" indeed, the city's fiscal authorities seem to hold that the school system is only "a subordinate department of the city government." The Board of Aldermen, Professor Moore even declares, "has frequently taken upon itself the duty of requesting or recommending to the Board of Education what action it should take in matters which are purely educational in their character"—concerning, for instance, "the locating of schools, the renting of buildings, the establishing of high schools, the appointment of teachers, the fixing of the course of study, and the printing of schoolbooks in union shops." Mr. Moore adds:

> The Board of Estimate and Apportionment, by controlling the appropriations of the Board of Education . . . in effect administers the school affairs of the city, deciding and determining what subjects shall be taught, what supplies shall be furnished, what enlargements and improvements shall be made, and if it wishes to stop progress and effectual education, rendering the Board of Education a mere rubber stamp.

There are other interesting features of Professor Moore's report—for instance, the question whether the members of the Board of Education should be paid or not, or whether it should not be represented by a general manager, thus ending "the ancient jealousy between the Board of Education and its own director," the general manager naturally to be the Superintendent of Schools. Dr. Moore's judgments confirm the position taken last year by The Outlook with regard to the proposed New York City charter as it affected education. We then said:

> (1) The substitution of a paid Board of Education for a voluntary Board is contrary both to reason and to experience.
>
> (2) The transfer of power to choose teachers and plan courses of study from officials whose interests are solely educational to a body whose interests are political and financial is vicious.
>
> (3) The proposal that the expenditure of money for schools be subjected to the discretion of the general financial board of the city is contrary to public policy.
>
> (4) The proposal that the safeguards now imposed by the State Civil Service Law be abandoned is a menace to the schools.

Dynamiting as a Profession

The revelations which have been made at the trial of the dynamite conspirators at Indianapolis are astounding, not merely because of the number of crimes of violence committed in many parts of the country, but because of the all but incredible heartlessness and cruelty of these men, who cared no more for the destruction of innocent human lives than a boy would care about killing flies. The story told by the informer McManigal, corroborated in parts by other witnesses, involved in this wholesale destruction of property and injury of human life not only the McNamara brothers, who are already under conviction for the "Times" explosion at Los Angeles, but also the present secretary-treasurer of the Iron Workers' Union, Herbert S. Hockin, other officials of the union, other labor officials, and paid agents of assassination. Of course it would be entirely improper to express an opinion upon the weight of this evidence while the case is still before the jury; but if half of what McManigal has said is true, the perfidy and murderous spirit of the conspirators have never been exceeded. Their utter disregard of the common demands of conscience and sensibility, for instance, is exemplified by the fact that McManigal was accustomed, whenever he "pulled off," as he phrased it, a successful explosion, to send back to his wife from whatever place he happened to be a souvenir spoon. In his story of the "Times" explosion McManigal says that McNamara admitted that after he had placed the dynamite he went upstairs and tore away a gas jet so that the explosion would be followed by fire. When he was asked if he did not know that there were people in the building and that some of them would be burned to death, he calmly replied: "Yes; but what difference does it make?" Those who still believe that the only way to settle industrial disputes is by war, in which the capitalists may be expected to use the

methods of blacklisting and turning operatives out into the street and the like, while the unions may, as a matter of course, use violence to carry through their ends, should face such stories of planned and plotted violence as have been disclosed here, and such extremes of utterance as the Industrial Workers of the World have employed within the last year, and should recognize the instant necessity of combined action to deal with labor differences in a sane, peaceful, and conciliatory way.

New York's Harbor Endangered

The whole country has an interest in the question whether the harbor of New York is to be made available for the new style of steamships. The present piers are not long enough for the great steamers which are now being built, and any further extension of the piers into the Hudson River is regarded by the experts as undesirable, because liable to interfere with river navigation. Such extension can be made only by permission of the Federal Government. Permission has been asked, and the board to whom the matter was referred recommended that a privilege be granted to make temporary extensions until the matter can be dealt with in a final manner. The Secretary of War has refused to approve this recommendation. The ground of his refusal is that the time has come for putting an end to temporary makeshifts; that if New York City desires to retain its commercial position it must take the matter up seriously, with the purpose of making permanent provision for the new style of steamship. New York's merchants will not retain for the city her commercial supremacy unless they succeed in keeping her abreast of the commercial progress of the age. It ought to be possible for an efficient city administration to bring about a thorough discussion of the various plans, and reach some practical conclusion; and it ought not to be impossible for an efficient city administration so to put the necessity of action before the people as to turn apathy and indifference into interest and purpose. It appears to be certain that the great steamships constitute a type, if not the type, for future ocean travel; and if in some way New York City does not provide berths for them they will go elsewhere. We are glad to record that Secretary Stimson's decision has stimulated action on the part of New York. A committee of the Board of Aldermen, headed by Mr. Mitchel, its President, has recommended to the Board of Estimate that eight docks, each 1,000 feet long, be built on the Hudson between Forty-fourth and Fifty-sixth Streets, cutting inshore as far as needed. This would be enormously expensive, but the committee believe that the importance of the undertaking to the city would justify the cost. Two possible harbors are suggested in the newspapers—New London, on the Connecticut shore, and Montauk Point, at the extremity of Long Island. How seriously these alternatives are being considered by the steamship companies we do not know.

Divorce Legislation in England

The cable gives us a fairly comprehensive account of the report, just issued, of the Royal Commission of Divorce in England which was appointed in 1909. The majority report is signed by eight of the members, including the former President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice, and two women members. There is a minority report signed by the Archbishop of York and two others. The majority report recommends six grounds for dissolving marriage: adultery, willful desertion for three years, cruelty, incurable insanity after five years' confinement, habitual drunkenness found incurable after three years, and life imprisonment under a commuted death sentence. The report further recommends that the Court be empowered to exclude the public in whole or in part from any matrimonial case, and to order the suppression of the publication of anything in connection with the case in the interest of morality. It also provides that there shall be no report in any case published until the case is finished, and pictorial reproductions of the parties and witnesses in a divorce case should be prohibited. The majority report rejects unconquerable aversion, incompatibility of temper, and mutual consent as grounds for divorce. It recommends certain important reforms in divorce procedure, which is now so complicated and expensive as to make proceedings for divorce practically impossible for the poorer classes. It takes the radical ground that husband and wife must be placed on an equal footing, and that whatever grounds are

permitted to the husband for obtaining a divorce from his wife must also be available to the wife in a suit against the husband. The minority report disagrees with the most important recommendations of the majority report, on the ground that they tend to loosen the marriage tie and to disintegrate the family, and it cites the experience of America, where divorce has been easier and wider than in England, and where now there is a reaction in favor of greater restrictions, as a strong reason for opposing the recommendations of the majority.

Just Grounds for Divorce

The Outlook agrees, without any qualification, with the fundamental propositions of the majority of this Commission: that the grounds for divorce should be the same for the wife as for the husband; that court proceedings should be made such that divorce should not be less available for the poorer classes than for the rich; and that divorce should be permitted by the State for other grounds than for adultery. We can see no adequate reason why a wife should remain bound to a husband who is guilty of habitual cruelty or incurable drunkenness or who is sentenced to a life imprisonment. It is to be hoped, however, that if the report of this Commission is accepted, and these grounds of divorce are recognized by the English law, the English courts will not be so lax in interpretation of the law as some American courts have been. It is said, we believe on adequate authority, that in America a husband has obtained a divorce from his wife on the ground of cruelty, because she neglected to sew on his shirt buttons; and a wife has obtained a divorce from her husband because he never took her out for a ride; and it is notorious that willful desertion has been often made an excuse for divorce where the parties have voluntarily separated. Such laxity as this, however, is to be charged up, not against the law, but against the courts and against the public sentiment which has sustained the courts in such administration of the law.

The Panama Exposition

Although it will be nearly three years before the great Exposition at San Francisco is opened to celebrate the inauguration of the Panama Canal, the work of preparation has already reached a point which justifies the hopes of the directors and of the people of San Francisco that this Panama Exposition will exceed in brilliancy any previous exposition in the world's history. This country has already successfully created three International Expositions or World's Fairs, which have made a steady and logical procession from the Atlantic coast towards the Pacific. The first exposition, in Philadelphia in 1876, celebrated the creation of the United States as an independent Government; the second, in Chicago in 1893, emphasized the discovery of America as a great continent; the third, in St. Louis in 1904, marked the progress of the American people across that continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and the Panama Exposition, in 1915, will display to the world the complete union of the two oceans, not merely by the construction of the Panama Canal, but by the settlement and development of the Pacific coast and the great mid-continent spaces which less than a century ago were wild and desolate waste places. The climate of San Francisco and its geographical situation alone promise wonderful opportunities for such an exposition, and there is every indication that the energy and just pride of Californians will develop these climatic and geographical advantages to their fullest extent. The directors of the Panama International Exposition have chosen as the Director of Exhibits Captain A. C. Baker, of the United States Navy, retired. Captain Baker's distinguished services in the navy have given him an intimate familiarity with the architecture, industry, education, and social life of most of the civilized countries of the world; moreover, he has had practical official experience in connection with the Chicago Exposition in 1893, the Paris Exposition of 1900, and the St. Louis Exposition of 1904. At the Paris Exposition he was Vice-President of the Class Jury, Vice-President of the Group Jury, and a member of the Superior Jury. In a personal letter to The Outlook Captain Baker tells us that it is the purpose of the directors of the Exposition to make it not only a beautiful spectacle in its setting and development, but to assure the fact that its dominant note shall be educational. In the arrangements of the exhibits the classification will be selective rather than collective. This selective principle has been adopted as a result of the experience at preceding World's Fairs in this country. At Philadelphia in 1876 the number of exhibits was very large; at Chicago in 1893 the num-

ber was almost unmanageable; at St. Louis in 1904 the volume of exhibits "produced a condition approaching mental nightmare." It is therefore the purpose of the directors of the Panama Exposition at San Francisco to make every exhibit not only the best possible of its kind, but a real index of historical and educational progress. If the people of the United States give their support to this Exposition, as we believe they will, it ought to be a great agency for industrial, social, and educational progress in this country and for the strengthening of cordial international relations of the United States with Europe on the one hand and with the Orient on the other.

Engravings and Etchings

Mr. FitzRoy Carrington, a partner in the firm of Messrs. Frederick Keppel & Co., of New York City, and an authority on engravings and etchings, has been appointed curator of the Department of Prints in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. He will also deliver at Yale University a course of lectures on prints, a chair having been endowed for that purpose. Mr. Carrington will also continue to edit the "Print Collectors' Quarterly," which is to be taken over by Messrs. Keppel & Co., and published by the Boston Museum. All this forms an interesting event in the world of art. It is Mr. Carrington's hope that a Society of Print Lovers in America may be formed. We hope so, too. Indeed, it would seem as if it had already been formed by the happy co-operation between the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and Harvard University. It would be well if a representative collection of prints might be established in every great city. The example of the Boston Museum should be an incentive to others. Its "Bulletin of Fine Arts" states that "the print department of this museum has now more than sixty thousand prints, a collection which shows the history of the art from its beginning, and contains examples of the work of all the great masters." There is no reason why Boston should have sixty thousand prints and New York and Chicago not so great a collection in quantity and quality. Then, too, Boston has the advantage of having access to both its own museum treasures and those at the Fogg Museum at Harvard. This may stir the people in general, and particularly the art patrons, in any community to some attempt at imitation. In our largest collections there should be a good print made of nearly every important etching or engraving.

THE PHILIPPINES AND THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

When the news of the Democratic victory in the Presidential and Congressional elections reached the Philippine Islands, the political leaders of the Philippines, who have long been agitating for the independence of the islands, had a great celebration. Indeed, it is reported that a gathering of twenty thousand Filipinos in Manila "indulged in the wildest jubilation," and that, for the first time since his capture as an enemy of the United States, Aguinaldo, the leader of the Filipino insurrection, appeared in public and made a political speech.

This was not a celebration by the people of the Philippines as a whole. The population of the Philippine Islands consists not of one race or of a number of races in the same stage of progress toward civilization, but of a variety of races, including people well advanced and people in a very primitive stage. Among those who have been most influenced by European standards are the Tagalogs. It has been chiefly a group of Tagalog leaders who enjoy political contests and the exercise of political power that have agitated the question of independence. Whether independence for the Filipinos is regarded as desirable or not, the demand for it on the part of Filipino politicians, with the support of many who live in Manila, is not identical either with the demand for it on the part of the Filipino people, or with evidence that the Filipino people are ready for independence.

It is plain, however, that, so far as these Tagalog leaders are concerned, the election of a Democrat to the Presidency of the United States, together with the election of a Democratic majority in Congress, has given the impression that the United States is about ready to promise that it will withdraw from the Philippines and leave the Filipinos to their own devices. It is not strange that such an expectation on the part of Tagalog leaders should be the cause of rejoicing among them; for if the United States were to withdraw, it would be these leaders and members of their race who would succeed to power over the islands.

It is a good sign, this ambition on the part of the Tagalogs and their leaders to secure

power and accept responsibility. An unambitious people is never a strong, efficient people. It is good for the Tagalogs to rejoice at what they regard as their certain prospect of advancement to authority. The question is whether they are deluding themselves with a false prospect, and whether they should be intrusted with the care of hundreds of thousands of their fellow-Filipinos.

That there is ground for this expectation on the part of the Tagalogs is shown by the fact that the Democratic platform favors "an immediate declaration of the Nation's purpose to recognize the independence of the Philippine Islands as soon as a stable government can be established, such independence to be guaranteed by us until the neutralization of the islands can be secured by treaty with other Powers." What this means specifically may fairly be inferred from the report of the Democratic majority in the Committee on Insular Affairs at the last session of Congress. That majority approved a bill which would provide that after July 4, 1921, the United States would relinquish all sovereignty over the islands. It is true that the President-elect, Mr. Wilson, has not, so far as we know, committed himself to this specific plan, but has been content with saying that it is our duty as trustees on behalf of the Filipino people "to make whatever arrangement of government will be most serviceable to their freedom and development."

The Outlook reiterates its belief that the independence of the Philippine Islands, or even a promise of independence at a specific date, would not be conducive to self-government in the Philippines; that it will be "most serviceable to their freedom and development" for the United States to continue the process of education which has been carried on since the Spanish War; that the present available evidence indicates that the people of the Philippine Islands are not yet ready for any considerable enlargement of the franchise or of the expansion of their legislative powers; that the maintenance of order, the protection of life and of property, the firm establishment of institutions of liberty, must for some time be under the responsible guidance of the United States in as great a degree as at present; that there is no reason why the people should not look forward to the time when they will take larger responsibilities upon themselves; and that there is no reason to believe that the time will ever necessarily come when the people of the islands will be, or will wish to be, any more independent of the United States than Canada at present is independent of Great Britain.

The United States has assumed responsibility for the Philippine Islands, and it cannot rid itself of that responsibility by evading any duties that have come in the course of the years. If the Nation should grant independence to the Philippines, the United States would not be absolved from moral responsibility for any disaster that might come in consequence. It is conceivable, of course, that a Democratic Congress might pass a bill such as that recommended by the Committee on Insular Affairs. We hope it is not possible for Mr. Wilson to sign such a bill; but if such a promise as is involved in that bill were made to the Filipinos, we do not see how the United States could honorably refuse to keep it.

The Philippine question has not been a conspicuous question in the past campaign. The American people have not given any indication that they have changed their minds with regard to the right policy toward the Philippines. If such action as is contemplated in the Democratic platform and the proposed Philippine Bill is taken, it would seem to be irrevocable. We do not believe any party has the right to take such irrevocable action in so great a matter without a clear command from the people.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH LIFE?

"Science" publishes an interesting report of a recent address by the President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science on "The Nature, Origin, and Maintenance of Life." Recognizing the difficulty of defining life, repudiating the notion that it is synonymous with soul, declaring that "the more obvious manifestation of life is 'spontaneous' movement," Professor Schaeffer argues, with a great variety of scientific illustration, that science is pointing toward a solution of the long-vexed question. What is the origin of life? The non-scientific reader will not easily follow Professor Schaeffer's scientific arguments. The scientific reader may be referred to the issue of "Science" for September 6, 1912. It must suffice for our purpose here to state the author's conclusions in his own words:

"We may fairly conclude that all changes

in living substances are brought about by ordinary chemical and physical forces."

Or again: "We are led to regard it [life] as having been produced, not by a sudden alteration, whether executed by a material or supernatural agency, but by a gradual process of change from material which was lifeless, through material in the borderland between inanimate and animate, to material which has all the characteristics to which we attach the term 'life.'"

Or again: "Is there any valid reason to conclude that at some previous period of its history our earth was more favorably circumstanced for the production of life than it is now? I have vainly sought for such reason, and, if none be forthcoming, the conclusion forces itself upon us that the evolution of non-living into living substances has happened more than once—and we can be by no means sure that it may not be happening still."

These speculations concerning the origin of life are curious and interesting, perhaps even profitable. But they have nothing to do with living a moral and religious life. They are like the question of the small boy to his father: "What was there before there was anything, and how did it happen?" It was not necessary for the boy to get a satisfactory answer to his question in order to be a good boy. It is not necessary for us to understand the origin of life in order to live good lives as reverent children of our Father in heaven.

Whatever is the origin of matter and of life, it is certain that man has not originated them. But man can direct them; and morality consists in giving a right direction to them. If a man discharges a pistol, he does not create energy, he releases the energy which is stored in the gunpowder and directs it what to do. If he directs it to defend his wife from the assault of a ruffian, he performs a moral act. If he directs it to kill a rival, he performs an immoral act. If a man signs his name, he does not create life; he uses life, which is a form of energy. "Our life," says Professor Schaeffer, "is not a single indivisible property, capable of being blown out with a puff like the flame of a candle; but is the aggregate of the lives of many millions of living cells of which the body is composed." When a man signs his name, he releases and utilizes the energy which is stored in certain of these cells. If he uses it to sign a check which will send some of his money to feed famine-stricken China, his act is moral. If he uses it to sign some other man's name to a check in order to rob him of his money, his act is immoral.

What is the origin of life, or whether it ever had an origin, is a curious and interesting question. But there is no doubt that man can direct this energy to fulfill his will. His character depends, not on the origin of life, but on the use he makes of it. The question as to the origin of life is not a moral question. We can direct life into useful channels and employ it for the betterment of our fellow-men, whatever opinion scientists may entertain as to its origin.

Nor is the origin of life a religious question.

Whether matter produces life, or matter is a form of life, or the two have existed from eternity, or one or both have had a supernatural origin, are not religious questions. The answer which philosophy makes to these questions has no necessary effect on the religious life.

Moral philosophy affirms that man can direct life into wise channels—that is, he has intelligence; and into beneficent channels—that is, he can be moral. Religion affirms that the life of the universe is directed into wise channels by an intelligence more far-seeing than man's, and into beneficent channels by a benevolence greater than man's. Belief in morality is not belief that man can originate life, but that he can direct life. Belief in religion is not belief that God originated life; it is the belief that he directs life. Creation is not making something out of nothing by a divine fiat. It is making order out of chaos by an intelligent direction and control. The declaration in Genesis i. 1, that "in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," does not mean that he made something out of nothing. It is a summary of the creative process described in the rest of the chapter. "How long the pre-existing waste and emptiness of chaos existed, and how long the darkness prevailed over the primal waters before the quickening spirit or breath of God brooded over its surface, we do not know."[1] We revere, not an imaginary Being who in some distant epoch made something out of nothing and started a universe on its career; we revere a Being who is constantly directing this life of the universe so as to fulfill his beneficent purposes—a Being who directs all the life in the universe, from that which is

[1] Hastings's Dictionary of the Bible. Compare also International Critical Commentary.

manifested in a globule of water to that which is manifested in the orderly movements of uncounted millions of worlds.

As the life of the body is the aggregate of the lives of many millions of cells of which the body is composed, so the life of society is the aggregate of the lives of many individuals of which society is composed. As man can direct the lives of these cells in the body to a predetermined end, so men can direct the lives of these freely acting individuals in society to a predetermined end. On this faith in the power of man to direct life not only all individual morality but also all social reform is based.

As great men have a power to direct the free life of society in wise channels and to right ends, not by physical force but by moral inspiration and guidance, so there is an Intelligence higher than the highest and a Benevolence greater than the greatest which can and does direct the free life of society toward methods that are wise and toward results that are right. Call it God, call it what you will, there is a directing power in life that

> "shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will."

We cannot always understand what this Being is doing; we cannot always comprehend his designs, any more than the child in his pinafore can understand all that his father is doing or comprehend all his father's designs. But we can see that there is a design in history as there is a design in nature. And we revere the Eternal, not because he is the Creator of life, but because we can see that he is directing life to ends that we see are intelligently planned and that we believe are beneficent in purpose.

It is not important that the passenger in a steamship should know how the steam in the boiler is generated. It is very important that he should know whether there is an intelligent pilot on the bridge who can guide the ship in safety, or whether the ship goes whithersoever the forces of wind and waves carry it. It is not important that we should know what is the origin of either matter or life, or even whether they ever had an origin or whether both have existed from eternity. It is very important that we should know whether we are machines blindly obeying the wires that pull us and whether the universe is a bigger machine without a ruler.

Morality is founded on faith in ourselves; faith that we have an intelligence and a will which enable us to direct our lives according to our predetermined purpose. Religion is founded on faith in God; faith in an Intelligence higher than our own and a Benevolence greater than our own, directing life to the fulfillment of a predetermined purpose.

Morality and religion do not depend on the question, What is the origin of life? Both are founded on the faith that life can be wisely directed by intelligence and rightly directed by benevolence.

THE STORY OF THE BALKANS

EDITORIAL BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

NO one can understand what is happening in the Balkan Peninsula to-day without a little knowledge of what has happened there during the last fifteen hundred years.

At the beginning of the fifth century the great Roman Empire tottered on the brink of its fall. It had become Christian, but Christianity had not been able to stop the corruption that was eating into it. The emperors had long abandoned old Rome—the Rome on the Tiber—and had made their capital at the new Rome on the Bosphorus, the city founded by Constantine, where the old Greek city of Byzantium already stood. Soon after the opening of the fifth century the barbarians swarmed across the border, and in the West the Roman Empire speedily came to an end until revived in wholly different form by Charlemagne. But in the East it persisted for a thousand years longer, gradually becoming a Greek rather than a Roman Empire, and often taking the name of Byzantine, from the Greek town which Constantine changed into the Rome on the Bosphorus. This new Rome became for many centuries the most wonderful city in the world. It has generally been called, after its founder, Constantinople. But the name of Rome still haunts these eastern European regions where the Romans once held sway. To this day the Moslems of Asia speak of the Turkish Sultan as the Lord of Roum, and his European possessions are

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often called Roumelia, while one of the nations which has emerged from beneath the retiring Turkish sea is called Roumania.

When, fifteen hundred years, ago the barbarians crossed the Imperial frontier, there were three peoples dwelling in the Balkan Peninsula. These were the Greeks, who spoke the Greek tongue; the old Illyrians, whom we now call Albanians, along the Adriatic, north of Greece; and the Romanized colonists and natives, including the Roman settlers whom Trajan had established across the Danube in Dacia after its conquest. The barbarians who pressed into the Eastern Roman Empire and the Balkan Peninsula were not Teutons, like those who overran Britain, Gaul, Spain, and Italy, but Slavs. Both the Slavs and the Teutons were Aryan-

speaking peoples of the European type. But there also appeared in the Balkan Peninsula wilder peoples, horse nomads from Asia and from the steppes through which the Volga runs. These people were closely kin to the Magyars and Finns, and more remotely to the Turks and Tartars. There were several different tribes among them, but the most important were the Bulgarians.

These invaders overran the entire Balkan Peninsula, but were never able to take Constantinople itself. The Slavs, under the name of Serbs or Servians, founded a great empire, and so, at one time, did the Bulgarians. The Emperors of Constantinople waged constant war with both nations; one of their number was called the "Bulgarian Killer" because of what he did. The Serbs became Christians, but kept their native Slavonic language, and, until the advent of the Turks, their empire as well. The Bulgarians became Christians, too, but they disappeared as a separate empire; and, moreover, they became fused with the mass of the Slavs they had conquered, and the resulting mixed race, though Bulgarian by name, was much more Slavonic than Bulgarian by blood, and grew to speak a Slavonic language.

Then, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the Turkish hordes entered Europe and finally conquered the entire Balkan Peninsula. All the separate subject peoples were merged in the common lot of slavery, save that some of the Slavs, notably in Bosnia and Herzegovina, became Mohammedans and identified themselves with their conquerors, and most of the Albanians followed the same course. There was always more or less national feeling left among the Servians and Roumanians, though the representatives and heroes of this national feeling were able to make their protest against the Turks chiefly as bandits. But the Bulgarians at that time seemed to have had every particle of national feeling stamped out of them, and were of little more consequence than so many cattle.

After the subjugation of the Balkan Peninsula, the Turks continued their aggressive and conquering career in Europe for over two centuries, Hungary becoming a part of the Turkish Empire, as well as portions of what were then Southern Poland, some of which are now Austrian and some Russian. As a result of the Turks' final repulse from Vienna, however, the Turkish tide began to recede, although not without many returns.

In the nineteenth century the old nations of the Balkans began to reappear once more. Greece became independent. Servia and Roumania by successive stages gradually became independent also. One little end of Servia had always remained independent. This was Montenegro, whose inhabitants are simply mountain Serbs, who in their rugged fastnesses preserved their liberty when all the rest of their nation went under the yoke of the conqueror. By constant warfare the Montenegrins finally became what were probably the most formidable fighters in all the world; and no state has ever had a more heroic history. Albania has gradually become practically independent of the Turks. But the Albanians have had no kinship of feeling with the other Balkan peoples, and no such sense of unity among themselves as the other Balkan peoples have had. They are predominantly Moslem, but some of the tribes are orthodox, belonging to the Greek Church, and some are Catholics. They have fought a great deal among themselves. They have been willing and eager to furnish the Turks with formidable soldiers to keep down the other Balkan peoples, but they have not rendered much more than a nominal obedience themselves to the Turks, and at times and in certain places have oppressed the Turks of a given region as horribly as the Turks have oppressed any of the Christian races.

The last nation to emerge was the Bulgarians. This was after the close of the Russo-Turkish War in 1878. In that war the Montenegrins fought, and the Servians fought. The Roumanian army came to the help of the Russian, and by its strikingly gallant feat of arms in taking the Grivitzka redoubt struck the decisive blow at Plevna. But the Bulgarians did no fighting of any moment. The Turks committed the most horrible cruelties in Bulgaria, outrages so dreadful that all Europe rang with them. But the Bulgarians did not appear as among the formidable foes of the Turks. Their country was given its freedom only by the Russian army. Every one, friend and foe alike, regarded the Bulgarian peasant—and the peasant was the typical and almost the only Bulgarian—as a dull, patient ox of a man, an object of rather contemptuous pity, and never of respect or fear. Such was his condition when peace was made; the cause of civilization being set back because the Western Powers, in their jealousy of Russia, refused to allow some of the Russian conquests to be freed from

Turkish misgovernment. There was a good deal of speculation as to what the different new nationalities would do, but nobody dreamed that the Bulgarians would play a leading or important part. The Roumanians, the descendants of Trajan's colonists in Dacia, had won their spurs. The Servians had a history and a literature. The Greeks were in every way striving to connect their new kingdom with the glorious traditions of classical time. But the Bulgarians had disappeared as a nation long before the Turks came into Europe. For centuries they had been nothing but the patient, hard-working, tortured serfs of one master after another. Nobody thought that they could rise.

But it soon became evident to keen observers that the furnace of centuries had toughened the Bulgarian into a man of marked and forceful type. No other nation has traveled so far and so fast as Bulgaria has traveled in the last third of a century. Americans have just cause to feel proud that Robert College gave to many of the leading Bulgarian citizens their education, so that it has played a peculiar part in the making of the Bulgarian nation. The dreadful experiences through which the Bulgarians had passed for more than twenty generations seemed to have purged the dross from their natures, and to have left nothing but tempered steel behind. They possessed great sobriety and steadfastness of character, and in an unfortunate little war with Servia early showed that they were also of an unexpectedly good military type. They were very patriotic. Every Bulgarian, even the poorest, felt the keenest devotion to his country. Moreover, it must be remembered that patriotism with the Bulgarian did not mean a mere emotion to be appealed to by a Fourth of July oration, nor even the emotion of a higher type which makes good men and good women try to do their civic duty. To the Bulgarian patriotism meant a fierce intensity of conviction, a passionate clinging to independence and national success as the one alternative to the most frightful slavery. For many centuries the Bulgarian had crouched helplessly under the Turkish whips. Anything he earned beyond a bare living was usually taken from him by his oppressors. And when at long intervals a few of his number, like maddened slaves, rose in aimless revolt, the vengeance wreaked on the whole nation was terrible, and that vengeance fell with appalling cruelty upon women and children quite as much as upon men. It is but thirty-five years since the Bulgarians submitted to atrocities such as in America have never been endured except by victims of Indian outbreaks. Every Bulgarian, rich or poor, became a soldier, carefully drilled, well trained, commanded by men who made military science a study of the most practical kind. Every Bulgarian was prepared at any moment to fight the Turks, and toward the Turks he felt a personal hatred such as the member of no civilized nation feels for that of another. He knew that war might come at any time, and he knew that, if beaten, it would probably mean that his home would be destroyed, his parents butchered before his eyes, his wife or sister or daughter dragged off to infamy and outrage, his younger brother or his son put to death with dreadful torture. If he were a man of middle age, he had as a child seen things like this done to his own family or to the families of his neighbors; if he were a young man, he had heard about them from the older men and women.

Under these circumstances the whole Bulgarian nation was an army, and an army of the most formidable kind. There was in the national character both a toughness and a sobriety that rendered the people willing to take a long look ahead, and carefully and laboriously prepare as their foresight demanded. Patient, self-reliant, possessing prudent caution in preparation, great speed and decision in action, and iron resolution—no wonder that the Bulgarian people has borne itself so wonderfully, that the Bulgarian army has shown such extraordinary qualities.

Not the rise of Japan itself has been more striking and unexpected than the rise of Bulgaria. Whatever may be the decision of the European Powers regarding the Balkan war—a decision which it is too much to be feared will probably be governed largely by selfish political considerations—the sympathy of the people of both Europe and America ought to be wholly with the people of the Balkans in their heroic struggle for liberty.

CONSTANTINOPLE

If you want to see more kinds of people than anywhere else, go to Constantinople and watch its twelve hundred thousand inhabitants. One can hardly enumerate the different kinds—there are so many. Perhaps it is sufficient to say that the location of Constantinople would be enough to attract them.

The city lies where Asia comes closest to Europe. It is a splendid site. As you come to it by sea you have the long approach through the Ægean Sea and the Dardanelles Straits and then through the small Sea of Marmora. Then there, in front of you, lies a strait, the Bosphorus, connecting with the Black Sea, and out of that strait goes a great inlet, the Golden Horn, into Europe. And there, on its seven hills about that strait and inlet, lies the imperial city. That sight you can never forget—the myriad mosques and minarets and cupolas and cypresses and fountains. And another and later sight you can never forget—all these illuminated as you look down from the heights above the city on the occasion of the celebration of the Sultan's birthday.

You will doubtless take your baggage to the European quarter, Pera, high up and away from the quarters immediately about the port. Pera is the home of the foreign embassies and legations and modern hotels—places of attractive appearance if you want a change from the Oriental sights which you may have been seeing. But, if you do want more of a mixture than Pera affords, descend into Galata, the mercantile and shipping quarter. Like Pera, it is on the northern shore of the Golden Horn. Here you will find a combination of the Occident and the Orient, representing all the compact vice that one can imagine, and making you feel that you want either to return to Pera, or cross the bridge into Oriental Stambul, or cross the strait into Asiatic Scutari; for, with their narrow, poorly paved, winding alleys, their tiny shops and bigger bazaars, their unkempt, crafty-looking people, and their incredible number of dogs and donkeys, Stambul and Scutari are the genuine Constantinople—places without foreign admixture. There you get "the real thing."

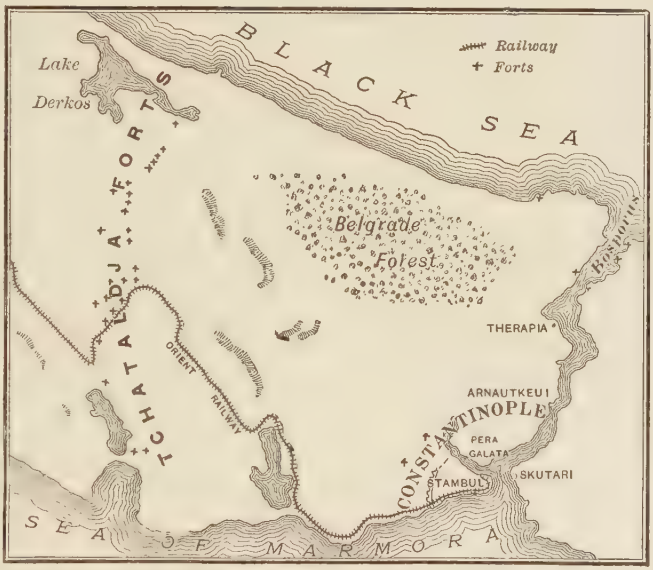
Constantinople has not always been governed by the Turk. We do not realize that underneath all its Turkish veneer it is still the greatest of Greek cities. It was founded in the sixth century B.C. by the Dorian Greeks. It was called Byzantium. It became a great trading-place and its trade reached all over the Hellenic world. Then, to turn names about, as Constantinople it was for a thousand years the capital of the Byzantine world.

In old Constantinople one will still find some walls which were standing when the town was known as Byzantium. It is strange that any of these walls should be standing, for think of the races that have contended for the city's possession!—the Persians, the Macedonians, the Athenians, the Thracians, the Gauls, the Romans, the Turks. Yet the most famous of all the walls are not those of the old Greek age, but of the Byzantine age—the walls of Santa Sophia. The church called Santa Sophia was founded by Constantine when he conquered Constantinople nearly sixteen hundred years ago. But his church was burned, as was that built by Theodosius. Then Justinian put a third church on the original site. That is the church we see to-day. When Constantinople became Turkish, in 1453, Santa Sophia became Mohammedan. From a certain point in one of the galleries, if you look sharply enough at the gold arabesques of the arch of the apse, there will gradually appear to your vision the faint outline of a great figure with outstretched arms. It is the mosaic Christ, worked, when the church was built, into the substance of the wall, and later overlaid with the gold-leaf of Mohammedan conquerors. The Bulgars have long hoped one day to erase that gold as conquerors in their turn. If they should enter Constantinople, the Turks, it is said, have vowed to blow up the mosque rather than to surrender it to the Christians. But whether Christian or Mohammedan, it is one of the noblest temples ever erected to religion.

If Constantinople is a mixture of races, it is also a mixture of religions. While its population is mostly Mohammedan, it includes several hundred thousand Christians. Of these most are Greeks, although the number of Armenians is very large. Then there are the Protestants of Europe and of America who may be engaged there in diplomatic or educational work. There are also many thousand Jews.

Because of this clash of religions our thoughts are more with our co-nationalists,

the American Protestant Christians, in the city than with the fate of the city itself. The Americans there are merchants, missionaries, diplomats and consular officers, and teachers; of the last named there are about fifty. The Turk has never introduced education to any great extent. Interesting as have been some of the mosque schools and extremely interesting as have been some of the Arab universities, the Turk as such has not been noted for his educational advance, and in Constantinople our institutions stand out the more strongly marked because of this. In Constantinople, as elsewhere, the Turk is a soldier and a tyrant. He signalized his entrance into the city by the murder of thousands of Christians, and he signalized his entrance into Europe by becoming the oppressor of subject races which under him were never more than bondmen. In country and city alike the Turk has not been a civil administrator. But there are plenty of instances of administration in Constantinople. Officialism is evident on every hand; that Turkish officialism—picturesque, yes, but for the most part greedy and predatory. Greedy and predatory indeed! The Turkish Government has been well declared to be a device for wastefully squeezing money out of the poorest class, to be spent, most of it, on the Sultan's harem and palaces and the rest on ironclads and rifles, and for permitting everybody with arms in his hands to seize his neighbor's fields and carry off his neighbor's daughter whenever he takes the fancy.



CONSTANTINOPLE AND ITS VICINITY

In its foreign relations, however, that officialism has been forced to pay some attention to the demand of foreign nations that there shall be institutions of learning protected and maintained by them in the Turkish Empire, and hence we see our own institutions at Constantinople. Robert College, located on a noble headland north of the city, has as its President the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Gates, and the American College for Girls, now located at Arnautkeui, outside the city, has Miss Mary Mills Patrick at its head. The buildings of Robert College, which was incorporated under the laws of New York State in 1863, represent an outlay of about four hundred thousand dollars. There are approximately five hundred students in the institution at the present time. Many Bulgarian leaders and statesmen have been educated there. The College recently received a bequest of $1,500,000 from the late John S. Kennedy, of New York City. What Robert College does for young men the American College for Girls endeavors to do for young women, and, as every one knows, there is pathetic necessity in Turkey for an enlightened "woman's work for women." Other Protestant institutions in Constantinople are the Friends' Mission School, the Church of Scotland Mission, the Scotch Independent Free Church Mission, and the Gedik Pasha School. The last-named institution is under the direction of the American Board. Its total enrollment is at present about two hundred and fifty pupils—Turks, Armenians, and Greeks. It has more Turkish children than any other foreign school in the Empire. The school is in Stambul, on the southern slope of one of the seven hills facing the Sea of Marmora. Finally, a peculiarly American institution is the handsome Bible House, where Bibles, religious literature, and schoolbooks are printed.

The Roman Catholic schools in Constantinople for the training of both sexes are numerous, large, and efficient. Next in efficiency come the Greek schools, and after

them the Armenian schools. There are also Turkish schools, in which the moral training is clouded from the start by the views of the Turks as to concubinage and polygamy.

As the accounts of the Turkish reverses in the Balkan war have excited bitter feeling among the Mohammedans in Constantinople, there may be grave peril because of the clash of religions. But the British, French, Russian, German, Austrian, Italian, Dutch, and Spanish war-ships now in the harbor can, in case of necessity, land a force of several thousand men. Perhaps this force will be able to meet any emergency.

A more immediate peril would seem to be the misery of the hordes of disorganized, beaten, and hungry Turkish troops driven back by the Bulgars into the capital. It will be difficult to keep these thousands from pillage. Indeed, Dr. Dillon, the correspondent of the London "Daily Telegraph," says: "The scenes now being enacted in Constantinople rival those of Dante's 'Inferno.' Hunger, typhus, and cholera will kill a number roughly computed at a quarter of a million, despite the promptest and most efficacious aid. It is a satisfaction to report that the authorities are endeavoring to take the best possible sanitary measures, flooding the streets twice daily and issuing the most urgent warnings against mixing with the refugees, against eating uncooked fruit or drinking unboiled water." A Constantinople despatch says: "Already there are twenty-five thousand refugees in the city, and they continually are being added to by fugitives from all the devastated places in Thrace. Their misery and want are appalling, and demand a charitable effort which cannot be on too large a scale. A great many are camping in the open spaces of the city, and even in the cemeteries. They are to be found in isolated corners on the shores of the Bosphorus and in the woods, absolutely without the necessaries of life. They have no shelter and no fuel, and there is no milk for the innumerable babies. The hunger and privation they are suffering is indescribable. An epidemic of cholera, which threatens to spread to terrible proportions, renders speedy assistance all the more imperative." Our Ambassador, Mr. Rockhill, has cabled the State Department that there are fourteen thousand sick and wounded in the capital who are not prisoners of war. Seventeen cases of cholera he reports have been brought to the city by soldiers.

All this disaster has been mostly brought about by a nation which Turkey thought she had once conquered and by a people which Turkey has long ruled by rapine and massacre, that ancient Bulgarian people which came into the Bulgarian peninsula in the sixth century, seven centuries before the Turks came there (1358). As early as 976 the Bulgarian Czar, Shishman, was known as the "Emperor of the Slavs." Turkey may remember that this is not the first time that Bulgaria and Servia have been before the walls of Constantinople.

If the Bulgarian monarch enters Tsargrad —as the Bulgars call Constantinople—it should mark one of those turning-points in history like the Turkish capture of Constantinople; it should mark a new future for the city, just as Constantine's entry did and just as Mohammed's entry did.

What is to be the Constantinople of the future? Will it be occupied by the Bulgars? Will it remain Turkish? Or will the Powers step in and say to the Bulgars, "You may act as if you had taken Constantinople, but you must not actually come into the city because of the peril to the foreign residents"?

Whatever takes place, it is to be hoped, in the first place, that the control will be Christian and not Mohammedan. It is to be hoped that the Turk will have to step back into the Asia from which he came, and that his political and social system will return to the Orient from which it sprang. If the Turk is retiring to Asia, why should not Constantinople and the passage between the Ægean and the Black Seas be neutralized, just as Tangier opposite Gibraltar has been neutralized? Why should not Constantinople and the region immediately about it become a free city, just as Hamburg is a free city? Why should not its freedom be guaranteed by the Balkan confederacy or even by the Concert of Europe? A Balkan Constantinople might not be as pleasing to the Powers as would a European Constantinople, but it certainly would be more pleasing to them than would a purely Bulgarian Constantinople or a Greek Constantinople; while a Russian Constantinople or an Austrian Constantinople would seem to be out of the question. A late report indicates that Austria is ready to agree to the neutralization of Salonika. If so, how much readier ought she to be to agree to the neutralization of Constantinople?

THE PRESIDENT-ELECT

IT has sometimes been said that popular government, while it raises the average of the people, tends to exalt mediocrity, and to shut out from the position of leadership the men of exceptional ability and training. As a consequence, so it has been asserted, the extension of democracy in place of monarchical or aristocratic forms of government will result in putting the ordinary man with ordinary training into places calling for the extraordinary man with special gifts and special education. It has been said, moreover, that people who enjoy the rights and privileges of self-government tend to undervalue the trained and talented mind. The recent election, however, affords ample evidence that a self-governing people welcomes the candidacy of exceptional men and recognizes the value of exceptional training for the public service.

The man whom the American people have selected to be their next President is a man of special gifts and of unusual education. During the past campaign the Democratic candidate was not infrequently spoken of as Doctor Wilson, and some of the members of his party objected to the use of this title, seeming to believe that it would be regarded by the American people as a term of reproach. Nothing could be further from the truth. The American people have shown by their system of public education that they believe profoundly in the value of education. They are proud when any of their public servants prove themselves to be scholarly. The fact that they have learned to value men for their intrinsic merits and are willing to put the rail-splitter Lincoln at the head of their Nation has not led them into the error of imagining that personal merit is enhanced by lack of scholarship. The fact that Woodrow Wilson is an eminent historian, a professor, and a college president is not the reason why he was elected, but it has been recognized as adding to his qualifications for the high office for which he has been chosen.

For years Woodrow Wilson has been a student of American history and of American institutions, and of his book on "Congressional Government" it has been said by as high an authority as Professor Ford, of Princeton University, that it has achieved a place in general literature beside Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire.'

The modern teacher, and especially the modern instructor of college classes, is not one who selects the facts to be given to his pupils and tells his pupils what to think. He is rather a guide, who shows his pupils how to find out the facts for themselves, and to form intelligently their own opinions. It is this kind of teaching that Dr. Wilson has advocated. He has been a strong believer in the value of scholarship and free inquiry. It has therefore not been a great change for him to move from the position of teacher to that of leader of public opinion. In many respects, in fact, one who has been a college president, as Dr. Wilson has been, has had special training for public life; for he has been trained in leading the discussion of public questions, and at the same time he has been trained in administrative work.

During the campaign his public speeches have had the characteristics that one might expect from this training. They have not partaken of the character of debate, and they have not told much of what he expects or hopes to do specifically as a public officer. They have, however, done a good deal to show his general attitude toward public questions and toward great governmental policies. Briefly stated, this attitude has been that of one who believes that the way to advance to better conditions is very largely by the restoration of conditions that once prevailed. As Professor Ford, who has already been referred to, says in an article in the "Review of Reviews:" "Instead of

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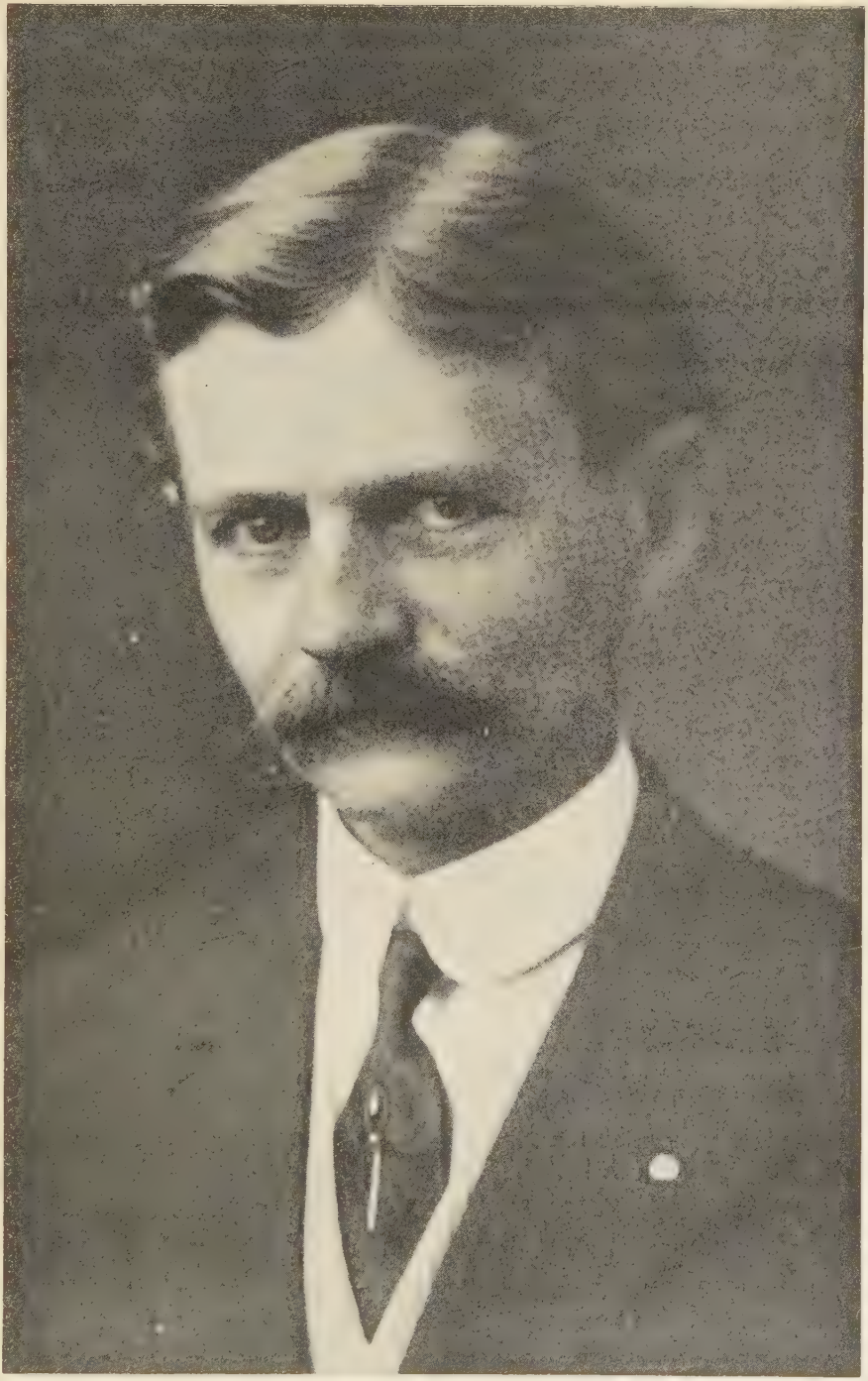
WOODROW WILSON

President-Elect



THOMAS R. MARSHALL

Vice-President-Elect

holding that the Constitution needs to be changed with the times, Woodrow Wilson holds that the need of the times is to go back to the Constitution." The experience of the President-elect in public office is practically confined to two years as Governor of the State of New Jersey. During that time he has had the friendly co-operation of some of his political opponents in the Legislature, and thus has been able to secure the passage of legislation, recommended by his predecessor, which has brought credit upon that State. He has also been recognized as an opponent of one of the machine bosses in his own party. In this brief period he has thus had experience as an executive which will be of value to him in the Presidential chair.

Woodrow Wilson is the first Southerner to be elected to the Presidency since the Civil War. Though not a Southerner by residence, he is a Southerner by birth. He was born at Staunton, Virginia, on December 28, 1856. His father was the Rev. Joseph Ruggles Wilson, a Presbyterian clergyman. His family is of Scotch-Irish origin, and has been American for about a hundred years. His maternal as well as his paternal grandparents came to this country in the nineteenth century. With the exception of a brief time studying and practicing, he has been most of his time north of Mason and Dixon's line in college and university work—first at Johns Hopkins as a graduate student, then as professor at Bryn Mawr, Wesleyan, and Princeton. When Dr. Patton resigned as President of Princeton, Woodrow Wilson was chosen in his stead and remained President until he resigned to become Governor of New Jersey.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT-ELECT

Indiana has long been considered one of the "pivotal" States. Indeed, it has been said that to be brought up in Indiana is equivalent to becoming a trained politician. The Democratic party this year has followed the usual custom in choosing its candidate for the Vice-Presidency from a section of the country not represented by the head of the ticket. Thomas Riley Marshall, the next Vice-President, will thus owe his office in part to political expediency. In part, however, he will owe it to his own record as Governor. He has made a reputation as the advocate of a set of measures which bear the stamp of progressive influence. Nevertheless, Mr. Marshall himself is of a distinctively conservative type. The following excerpt from his speech of acceptance illustrates his attitude towards American questions. He is speaking of three grades of citizens:

> The first grade is made up of the favored few, their hangers-on, and their beneficiaries, who think the eagle is upon the dollar, not as an emblem of liberty, but as an emblem of power. . . . The second grade consists of those whose outlook upon life has been enlarged by the civilization under which we live, who have been taught by the school and the college, by the press and the magazine, who appreciate the good things of life. . . .
>
> The third grade of citizens it pleases me to call old-fashioned, Constitutional Democrats. These are they who believe that the equality of mankind does not consist in an equality of brain and brawn, but in an equality whereby every man, native and foreign-born, has an inalienable right to exercise all of his ability in getting on in the world just so he realizes that in getting on he owes it to himself, to his family, and to the Republic to see to it that he gets on honestly, and that he does not prevent any other man from obtaining the reward of his honesty and enterprise.

Mr. Marshall's belief in the maintenance of traditional political institutions, coupled with his experience with a Legislature that has passed progressive laws, has led people to call him "a Progressive with the brake set." His speeches have been marked with homely and even colloquial phrases. Mr. Marshall is a native of Indiana, and is fifty-eight years of age.

THE GOLDEN RULE TRUST

BY HERBERT G. STOCKWELL

A MANUFACTURER, one of four whose sales added together aggregate about three-fifths of all of the business in that line, went to his lawyer and said:

"My principal competition here in New York comes from a Chicago concern whose salesmen are taking orders right at my own door for goods at a price less than it costs us to produce them, while we are returning the compliment to them in Chicago. Is there no way by which we can stop this ruinous competition?"

The lawyer could think of no plan which, under the present conditions, he could advise as lawful, except the complete amalgamation through outright purchase by one or all of the other plants. Objection was immediately raised to this plan because it involved the necessary loss of the individuality of each separate plant.

"Any other form of consolidation might be attacked by the Government. You cannot combine to restrain trade—that might constitute conspiracy," said the lawyer.

"But," he added, "*I don't see why you cannot restrain your own trade to profitable territory.*"

"Yes, I could do that; but my Chicago rival would then drive me out of business. If I withdrew from his territory, he would at once get better prices there, and he would continue to prevent me from getting better prices in New York. I would be ruined if I did not respond aggressively to his tactics."

My readers who are engaged in business of National importance know that this remark could be made by hundreds of men who are in similar positions.

In the current report of the Chief of the Department of Mines of Pennsylvania appears the following: "It is a fact beyond dispute that there is a tremendous waste of investment in coal-mining property, and that the business will never be profitable or safe as it should be until some way is found to curtail the production;" and the report goes on to predict that until the business is organized on a reasonable basis the operators will "continue to indulge in a cutthroat warfare."

TOO EXTENSIVE BUSINESS GRABBING UNPROFITABLE

That is the condition which exists in many lines of business. Trade is being gobbled everywhere, with small profit to all unless a complete dominance of the business is created. But when the control is effected through combination the danger arises that its lines may run counter to law.

What can be done about it? Are we really in such a precarious condition that we cannot move for fear of violating the law?

A stock broker exclaimed to a friend: "What are we coming to? We don't know who it is safe to do business with. The Government ought to do one thing or the other: either let us alone or give us a list of the honest corporations and the dishonest ones."

When storm arises and the ship is being tossed about, the first thought of the mariner impels him to take his bearings.

An honest man is the same to-day as yesterday, and a thief is just as much of an outlaw as though no statutes had been recently placed upon our books.

We know whether our acts are honest because basic law is founded upon commands which in childhood were sunk deep in our hearts.

The law has not changed in this respect, although with growing business more and more liberal interpretations have been framed by our courts until we come to feel that we can do anything honestly that may be argued by our lawyers as legal.

When the conscience is aroused at some palpable overstepping of the bounds and the offenders are brought to account, we all utter cries of distress at our mystification of the law, forgetting that the basic principles have not changed since "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

COMMON KNOWLEDGE OF RIGHT AND WRONG

In the pursuance of our ordinary business affairs we need no written instruction as to whether any given act is right or wrong.

Most men, in the beginning, conduct their growing business with due regard to the rights of others; but when the ambition to become "National distributers" seizes us we enter into fields unknown. Our former trade charts are now useless. We grab at business here, there, everywhere—without due regard to the cost of obtaining it, or the concessions which must be made to wrest it from those more favorably situated.

We thus, by gradual steps, descend into methods which, if carefully explained to us at the outset, would have appeared so contrary to our conceptions of common sense and right conduct that we would have shrunk from entrance upon the programme.

Once in the midst of the game, the excitement blinds our eyes to anything other than the goal of large business, which we obtain as best we can under the prevailing rules. We find ourselves at a point sooner or later in which we seek legal advice for the purpose of ascertaining how near we can steer our course to the line beyond which it would be dangerous to go.

Is it necessary for us to be known as "National distributers" before we can extract complete satisfaction from business? Must we leave the safe, profitable, and useful local life for the uncertainties of the world-wide struggle?

A TRUST OFFICIAL SUGGESTS THE GOLDEN RULE

In a small gathering of a few of the largest manufacturers in the world, in Europe last spring, the chairman of one of the meetings uttered a remark to the effect that the most successful way of doing business on a large scale consists in the observance by competitors of the Golden Rule.

The first flashes of our mental cameras obtain from this scene little more than caricatures. It seems broadly humorous to hear a man of such wealth and prominence, one who has succeeded in forging his way to the front rank of business generals, say to an assembly of his successful associates that each should think and act towards his rivals, under every circumstance, in exactly the same manner as he would like the others to think and act toward him.

But let us step over there and snap the shutter again from another view-point. We have now a picture taken in a different light. All of the comic has disappeared, and we see the minds of these princes of trade and commerce seriously groping for some way by which they may rescue business from its present insufficiently profitable turmoils.

All too meager are the details of the idea of him whose tongue launched it forth. But let us see if we cannot fathom the depth of its heart and brain, crediting his utterance with sincerity, and bring to light a working plan for the remodeling of the larger business enterprises.

A NEW KIND OF TRUST

As the most convenient form for the accomplishment of our problem, we will assume the creation of trusts, each one composed of all manufacturers producing similar articles, a "Golden Rule Trust" for coal, another for steel, another for flour, all commerce being conducted under the supervision of trusts. The by-laws of each trust will provide that every member must carefully take account of the condition of his business, with special regard to its location and the geographical territory in which reasonably profitable business may be secured by fair means, beyond which zone he would, to secure business, be compelled to adopt ways and means in violation of the principles of the Golden Rule.

Instead of snatching business from our associates, like small children with their toys, each member would seek just as much business as he could properly and profitably handle, and no more. Would this constitute good business?

Instead of reaching out for unprofitable business, we could then devote our energies to increasing the demand for our product in our own territory. We may find many places in which the trade has not been properly attended. Then there are many new ways of using old products, and new demands are springing up constantly. Would this be good business?

We all know how easy it is to fall from the sublime into the ridiculous. Some incident, insignificant in itself, transforms our expressed attempt toward the ideal into low comedy. Popular idols, seemingly secure on their pedestals of public favor, may be toppled over by one false move or by the trivial exhibition of some personal idiosyncrasy. It seems strange that the sublime and the fame of heroes may be ruined by the insertion of

one poisoned drop in the otherwise sweet compound.

CONSPIRACY TO REFRAIN FROM CUTTHROAT METHODS NOT ILLEGAL

But let us accept the Golden Rule idea at face value.

If a group of manufacturers assembled together and entered into agreements to maintain prices and restrain trade, such agreement would constitute, in the eyes of the law, conspiracy against the public good.

Suppose, now, that the members of the same group of competitors should each impose upon himself the same restrictions, *with different motives*. What a different result would be produced! It is no violation of law for a manufacturer to resolve that he will cease doing unprofitable business and will henceforth confine his business to the zone in which he feels competent to supply the wants of the people living in that zone who will pay him a reasonable price for his goods. If his competitor follows the same course of reasoning, or the same motives, at once there is established the practical results aimed at by all trusts organized in violation of law.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN "GOOD" AND "BAD" TRUSTS IN THE MOTIVE

In other words, the Golden Rule Trust produces better business for each of its members through the operation of the Golden Rule than can possibly be obtained by seizure through the form of unlawful and immoral trusts. The difference between a Golden Rule Trust and an unlawful trust is not greater than the difference between many good acts and bad acts, it being possible to perform the same set of acts from different motives and produce widely different results.

If a manufacturer, instead of consuming vast energies in trying to wrest from his competitors a share of their natural business or trying to defend his business from such wresting by plots and counter-plots, would devote his time to the development of new and useful varieties of his product and to the opening of new markets in his own natural distributing territory, he would find greater satisfaction in the result of the year's business.

I know several men at the head of large enterprises who would be glad to adopt such methods if their competitors could be persuaded to do so at the same time.

It must not be supposed that members of the Golden Rule Trust are to be arbitrarily and permanently confined to any geographical territory. The better knowledge a man obtains of his business and his customers, the more carefully he manages his business. With smaller volume and larger profits, he could devote more time to bettering the business condition of his plant, his employees, and his customers. By gradually increasing the quality of his product and lowering the cost of production, the business would naturally expand into enlarging territories, but only in a healthy way.

"MINIMUM PRICE" REMEDY

A business friend suggested to me that we shall never have industrial peace and prosperity until our Government should step in and fix a minimum price on every article of commerce. He explained further:

"If the law should declare that no sales should be made at a price lower than the standard set, competition would not be restrained, because it would be a question of how near the bottom price a manufacturer could go. The great advantage which would accrue to all would be that with a minimum price we should all be protected from those men who, not knowing anything about what their goods cost them to manufacture, sell for any price that will bring them the business."

Under present conditions, it cannot well be imagined that our Government could or would undertake the colossal task, even if it were found to be within its proper purview; but I see no reason why each manufacturer should not carefully ascertain the cost of his product and refuse to sell goods, in any event, below cost.

Many of our business troubles would undoubtedly be wiped away if we were to refrain from operating our factories at a loss. It would be better for manufacturers who are so doing to acknowledge manfully their inability to manufacture goods and sell them at market prices with profit, take the loss that would result from a sale of the business, and go into some other field.

"What! Go out of business? Absurd!" I hear some say. Would you think it wise or foolish for a doctor who could not gain a living to try something else? You would commend his good sense in abandoning the

occupation for one for which he was better fitted.

In taking this step, those who are operating wholly or partly upon borrowed capital in any form would but place themselves in a class of honest men who refuse to dissipate the money of others in the losses of the business.

While there is much that is fanciful in the idea of a trust based upon the Golden Rule, I see a great deal of cold common sense in the idea that the practice of ordinary honesty by manufacturers to themselves, their creditors and customers, would bring us all out of darkness by a shorter route, and that normal business conditions will thus be more quickly restored than can be accomplished through any other instrumentalities.

THE CALL

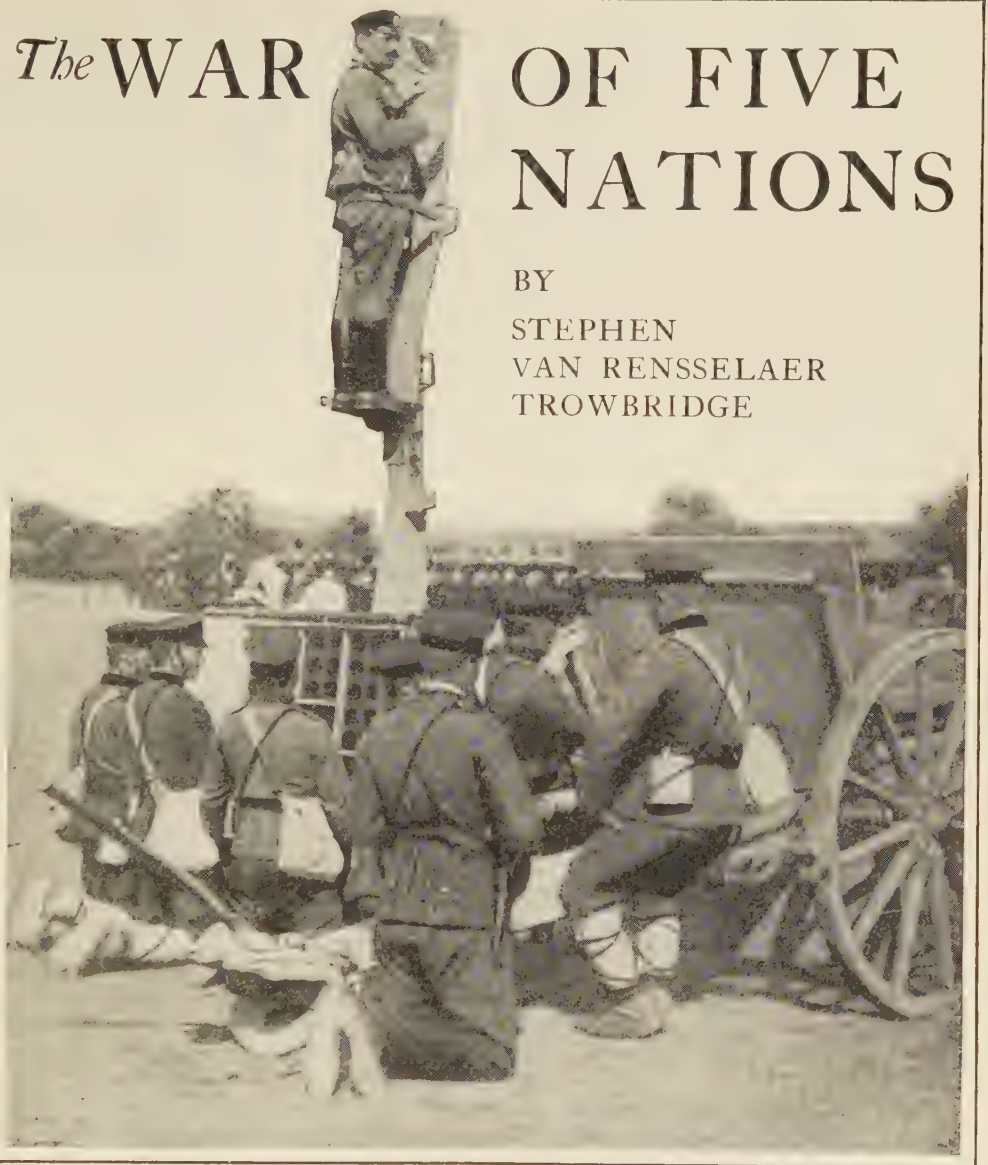
BY PRISCILLA LEONARD

Help lighten the load!
Humanity stumbles ahead on its road,
Urged on o'er the deserts, beset by the goad;
Men bend under burdens of hunger and care
And women must suffer and toil and despair;
Yea, even the children, astray in the strife,
Are bowed by the weight till they weary of life.
Hark! unto each soul that is hero, not slave,
How clear sounds the call to arise and be brave,
Help lighten the load!

Help lighten the load!
With all of the strength that the heart can command,
With all of the power of brain and of hand,
With wills set to sacrifice, struggle, and dare,
With love that seeks ever each burden to share,
With unflagging endeavor that stops not to ask
The length of the journey, the cost of the task,
Come, sons of the kingdom! Come, children of God!
And along the dark path by the world's anguish trod
Help lighten the load!

The WAR OF FIVE NATIONS

BY
STEPHEN
VAN RENSSELAER
TROWBRIDGE



BULGARIAN ARTILLERY OFFICER WATCHING THE RESULT OF EACH SHOT

IN the struggle which has been going on for the control of European Turkey my sympathies are not altogether with the Serbs and Bulgarians. Some of my classmates from school days in Constantinople are now captains and majors in the Bulgarian army. But I have many personal friends among the officers of the Turkish cavalry and artillery, and I know their ability and manliness. The fact remains, however, that the misgovernment of the Turks, especially during the past thirty-four years, has gone beyond endurance. The Slavic peoples of the Balkan Mountains have risen up in their indignation and the shock of battle has already startled Europe.

I can imagine the intense excitement which prevails these days in Robert College in Constantinople, where Turks, Russians, Greeks, and Bulgarians meet in the same class-room and upon the same athletic field. Even in the uneventful years there was a suppressed excitement, a profoundly strong racial and religious animosity, among the students. I can

MAP OF THE BALKAN STATES

remember very well how, when the Turkish Government was sending four transports full of troops to defend the frontier in the Caucasus, the Slavic students secretly made an enormous Russian flag, and just as the transports were passing up the Bosphorus in front of the College this immense Russian flag was unfurled from the roof of the building and flaunted in their faces. A Turkish general arrived upon the scene within a few hours, and the President had to apologize for the reckless behavior of the students.

Certainly the reconquest of those beautiful mountain provinces for Christian control appeals to the sentiment and chivalry of Christendom. Five centuries have passed since the allied armies of the Bosnians, Serbs, and Magyars met the advancing hosts of Turks upon the fatal field of Kosovo. The battle raged from dawn till evening, and at length the Turks prevailed. They were led in one final, furious attack by Bayezid, the Sultan's son, who rode into the midst of the enemy brandishing a mighty iron mace. This defeat broke the back of Servian freedom and left the Mohammedans the masters of the land. The Christian nations of Europe sought to retrieve the loss by joining in a great crusade. But the stout squires of France under the gallant Count of Nevers, the flower of German chivalry, and the knights of Hungary suffered an overwhelming defeat, in which thousands were slain and over ten thousand taken prisoners. Somewhat more than a century later, in 1529, the Ottoman armies under Suleiman the Magnificent swept to the gates of Vienna, humiliating bishops and princes alike, as town after town capitulated. But Vienna itself endured the desperate siege, and at last heavy storms so hindered and discouraged the Turkish troops that the order to retreat was given. The bells from St. Stephen's tower rang in joyful chimes, and the vast congregation which had assembled in the cathedral joined in the solemn strains of the "Te Deum."

This repulse which the Turkish armies met at Vienna may be said to have been the first turn of the tide. Gradually the nations of Europe began to assert themselves, and Turkish prowess turned to luxury and self-indulgence. At last, in 1877, Russia boldly invaded the Balkan provinces and captured Plevna, the strategic point in the campaign, after a memorable siege, in which Osman Pasha with an army of forty-three thousand Turks bravely held at bay for five months the Russian army of three times that number. From Plevna the Russians advanced upon Adrianople and pressed on in the storms of winter to the very walls of Constantinople. This rapid and effective invasion resulted in the Treaty of San Stefano and its revision by the Powers at Berlin, recognizing the independence of Rumania, Servia, and Montenegro, granting autonomy to Bulgaria, and ceding the Caucasus to Russia. Since then the Balkan situation has not essentially changed, except that Bulgaria has asserted and secured her independence of Turkey, and has been recognized by the great Powers.

A remarkable crisis has now developed as the result of the oppression and extortion under Abdul Hamid and the recent failure of the Committee of Union and Progress. Four Christian nations, Montenegro, Bul-

NICHOLAS
King of Montenegro

PETER
King of Servia

MEHMED V
Sultan of Turkey

GEORGE
King of Greece

FERDINAND
King of Bulgaria

FOUR KINGS AND A SULTAN

garia, Servia, and Greece, simultaneously demanded of the Porte autonomy for the Macedonian provinces. They included in this ultimatum certain civil reforms, long promised but never fulfilled, and the appointment of a Christian governor for that entire district. The Porte's refusal to comply with these peremptory demands has resulted in the declaration of war by the four Christian states, and the Turks have accepted the challenge in a defiant and desperate mood. Five nations are at war, three kings are at the front, and more than a million men in arms! The Turkish reserves who have been ordered to the front from the Asiatic provinces declare that they will take no prisoners of war, which is a grim way of saying that they will give no quarter.

The war will probably be a short one, because winter is coming on, and winter in the Balkan is like winter in the Canadian Rockies. Another reason which may cut short the war is the financial pressure. These nations have no reserve wealth. Turkey and Greece, in particular, are on the verge of bankruptcy. But the war will surely be a desperate and bloody one. The hatreds and feuds of centuries have accumulated, and there are four

frontiers where fighting has commenced. The fanaticism of the Turk is matched against the rekindled fire of the Crusades.

The Serbs and Bulgarians entered the Balkan country, south of the Danube, in two separate migrations during the seventh century. The Serbs are distinctly a Slavic race, akin to the Russians, while the Bulgarians are probably of Tartar origin. The Bulgarians have taken into their language and literature much that is Russian, and their ancestral home was on the banks of the river Volga. These two nations were overwhelmed by the advance of the Turks in the fourteenth century, and from that time on to 1878 they suffered from Moslem arrogance and extortion. Then, with the golden opportunity of the Russian invasion, they made their bold stroke for liberty, and their patriotism to-day is most intense. Under their own constitutional governments these states have enjoyed prosperity and progress.

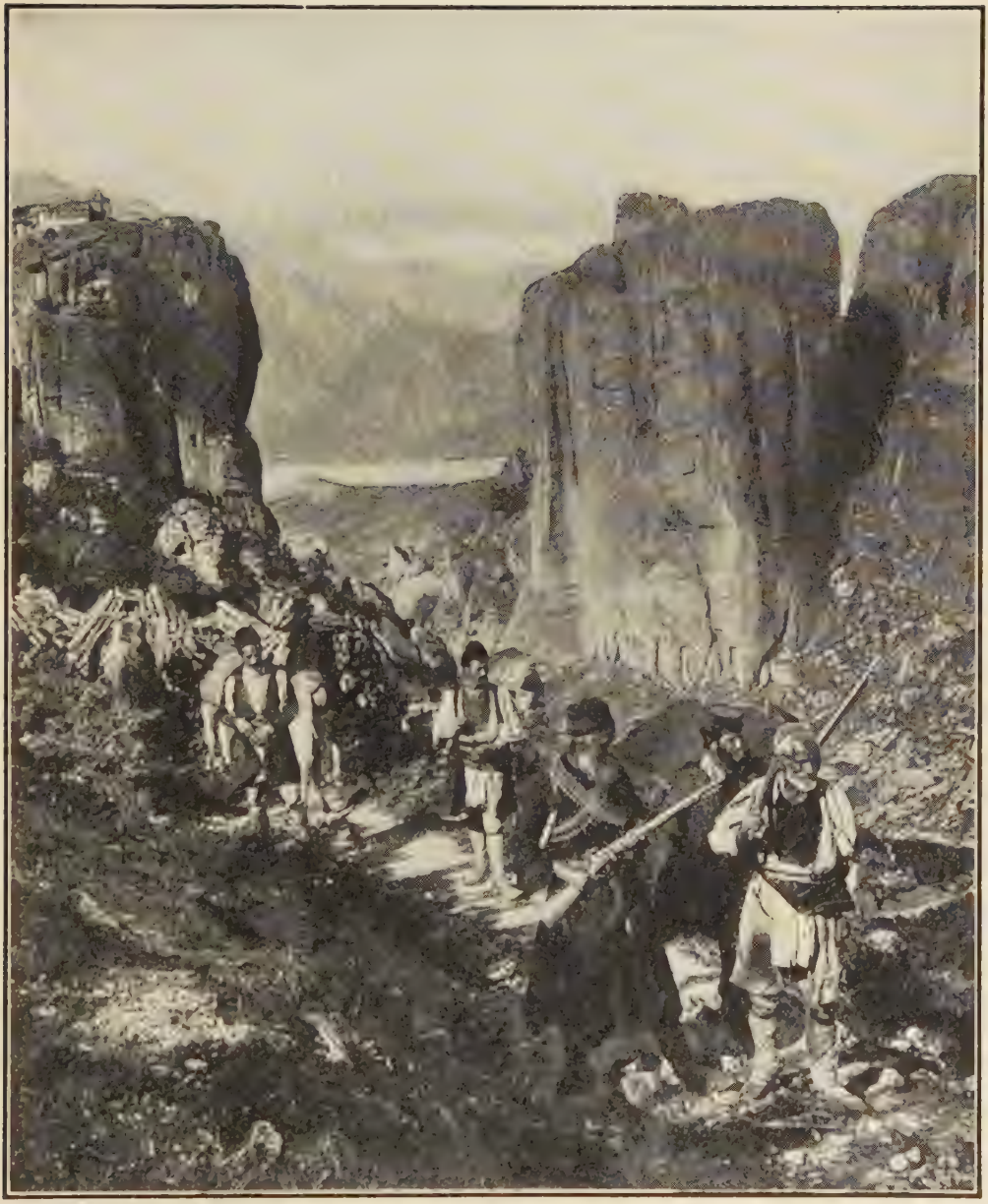
But what of the little kingdom of Montenegro, which precipitated the war? Many Americans did not even know of its existence until two weeks ago. And yet that little nation of mountaineers has had a most romantic history. It is the one nation in the Balkan peninsula which has maintained its independence against the Turks throughout five centuries! Mr. Gladstone, speaking in 1895, gave them this glowing tribute of his admiration:

"In my deliberate opinion, the traditions of Montenegro, now committed to his Highness Prince Nicholas as a sacred trust, exceed in glory those of Marathon and Thermopylæ and *all the war traditions of the world.*" Indeed, the passes of Montenegro, the "Black Mountain," have been a Thermopylæ westward of which the Turks have never ventured. The Venetian Republic was repeatedly saved from Moslem invasion by the reckless courage of those mountaineers. Perhaps you remember Lord Tennyson's lines:

"They rose to where their sovran eagle sails,
They kept their faith, their freedom, on the height,

PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

MONTENEGRIN MOUNTAIN ARTILLERY IN ACTION JUST OUTSIDE OF BERANE, WORKING RAPID-FIRE MACHINE GUNS



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ON THE GREEK BORDER

Chaste, frugal, savage, armed by day and night
Against the Turk, whose inroad nowhere scales
Their headlong passes. . . .
O smallest among peoples, rough rock-throne
Of freedom! Warriors beating back the swarm
Of Turkish Islam for five hundred years,
Great Tsernagora! never, since thine own
Black ridges drew the cloud and broke the storm,
Has breathed a race of mightier mountaineers.

The origin of the Montenegrin state is of itself a dramatic story. When the combined armies of the Balkan princes were defeated by the Turks on the field of Kosovo in 1389, some of the Servian nobles, rather than suffer the humiliation of paying homage to the Turks, took refuge in the fastnesses of the Black Mountain and dared the enemy to scale the heights. What Zeitun has been to

CONSTANTINE, CROWN PRINCE OF GREECE, AND HIS SOLDIERS

the Armenians, what the fastnesses of the eastern Alps have been to the Tyrolese, the heights of Montenegro have been to the Slavonic outlaw chiefs. When Mohammed II, the conqueror of Constantinople, advanced against Montenegro, he was met by Stephen, "the Black Prince," was routed in a narrow defile, and forced to beat an ignominious retreat into Macedonia. In 1623 Suleiman Pasha advanced from Scutari with 80,000 Moslem warriors at his back, with the determination of finally annexing Montenegro. The capital was taken, the monastery was sacked, and a tribute was imposed upon the people. But nature was once more on the side of the mountaineers. The Pasha soon realized the truth that in such a wild and rugged place "a small army is beaten *and a large one dies of hunger.*" The bare rocks afforded no subsistence to his host, and he was forced to retreat.

ALEXANDER
Crown Prince of Servia

Nor have the Montenegrins devoted themselves exclusively to war. In 1493, only twenty-three years after Caxton set up his press at Westminster, Prince George established in the fortress of Obod the first printing-press of eastern Europe. Type of extreme beauty was obtained from abroad, and the first volumes ever printed in Cyrillic characters were issued from the Montenegrin press. Portions of that ancient press, broken by the Turks in a fierce assault, may still be seen in the churchyard at Obod.

Small wonder, then, that the Montenegrins have once more taken the field against the Turks. The city of Scutari, in Turkish territory, has been captured after a series of fierce encounters. The allies have pressed forward the invasion with energy and rapidity. The Bulgarian army in particular has shown dauntless courage and good military tactics. Salonica in the south and Adrianople in the east are the strategic centers of the war.

DANILO
Crown Prince of Montenegro

But what will be done by the great Powers of Europe? Have not Austria and Russia been watching with covetous eyes for half a century the fertile plains of Macedonia? Are they going to permit these upstart nations to capture so large a prize? These are the questions that are stirring Berlin and Vienna and St. Petersburg to-day. For beyond Macedonia there is the greatest prize of all—the fair and commodious harbor of Constantinople, the straits of the Bosphorus, and the command of the future highway to India. I think there is no better way of describing this situation than by a quaint Oriental parable:

There was once upon a time a beautiful silken carpet of many colors and of glossy sheen stretched to view upon the floor. Around the border were gathered merchants from many nations—the Russian, the Englishman, the German, the Italian, and many others. They admired the texture and estimated the value of the antique rug, but all the while their eyes were fixed upon a flashing diamond which had been cast upon the rug at the very center. There seemed to be an unwritten agreement among the merchants that no one should step on the rug, but that if any could reach the gem without trespass and without too much commotion he would be entitled to possess it. For a long time they wandered around the border, casting long-

TURKISH INFANTRY GOING TO THE FRONT

ing glances, but hiding their ambition beneath expressions of courtesy. Finally the idea occurred to the tall merchant wearing the astrakhan cap of the north to commence rolling up the edge of the rug nearest him, and so to come nearer the center without "trespass." This he commenced to do, at first furtively and then with greater vigor. Soon the other merchants began to roll up their corners, until now it is only a question which will reach the diamond first.

This is the tangle of European politics and the all-absorbing question of the Near East which the Balkan war has now thrown into vivid outline.

But it is a mistake to suppose that this is altogether a war of territorial aggrandizement planned by the unruly and restless Balkan governments to gratify their peoples' ambitions. It is a war for the emancipation of the Christian population of European Turkey. The greater part of the six million inhabitants of Macedonia are of Servian, Bulgarian, and Greek stock. The Turks are the military and agricultural overlords. And during five centuries the miserable population of that peninsula has been exploited for the support of the Ottoman régime. During the thirty-two cruel years of Abdul Hamid's tyranny that Christian population suffered unspeakable indignities. They were taxed twenty-five per cent of their produce; they were compelled to give up their daughters for the Turkish harems; they were repressed from any attempts at education; they were forbidden to read any books or papers; they were imprisoned in the vilest dungeons; they were fleeced and harried and crushed, until the wonder is that they have survived.

Contrasted with the bitterness of this oppression, the commercial prosperity and good order of free Bulgaria, directly across the border, was too much to be borne. Especially the recent outrages upon certain Bulgarian villages aroused intense feeling on both sides of the Balkan range. The conflict could no longer be averted.

For a time the Young Turk revolution had filled all with a momentary enthusiasm, and racial hatreds subsided. It seemed as though even religious freedom might be granted. But the Young Turk régime proved to be a military oligarchy bent upon governing "Turkey for the Turks." It is true they achieved certain great results. Liberty of travel, the freedom of the press, and certain military reforms were established and guaranteed by the new constitutional government.

But back of the Cabinet and House of Deputies there was the "invisible government" (to use Senator Beveridge's phrase) sitting in secret in Salonica and dictating absolute orders at its own caprice. During the disastrous war with Italy the Committee of Union and Progress lost prestige and finally broke down. This was the opportune moment for a coalition of the Balkan states. And they were not asleep. But the remarkable thing is that those states have reached a working agreement. Only a supreme common purpose, "to drive the Turks, bag and baggage, out of Europe," can account for the alliance which has been made.

I have said that the master motive in this war is the emancipation of the Christian peoples of European Turkey. This makes it virtually a religious war. And it is so regarded not only by the Turks, but by the Montenegrins and their allies. The flags of six Bulgarian regiments were blessed by the bishops of the national Church in the presence of a vast gathering. Before making his entry into Berana the Montenegrin general held a solemn religious service in celebration of the victory. A special service was held in the cathedral of Sofia, at which the Archbishop invoked God's blessing on the Holy War. Similar services have been held in the churches throughout the country. Meanwhile the Sultan has gone to the Top Kapou Palace to pray, over the relics of the Prophet treasured there, for the success of the Ottoman arms. The Mussulman Bulgars have crossed the frontier and are sacking the Christian villages of Bulgaria, slaying as they go. The ties of a common ancestry and a common language are not sufficient to restrain the impulse of Mohammedan hatred. A still clearer piece of evidence is the part which the Albanians are taking in the war. The Albanians are naturally the political enemies of the Turks. Their insurrection has but recently been suppressed. They were grievously harassed by the Hamidian régime, and still more by the rigorous policy of the Young Turks. Their own language was denied them in their schools, and they were not permitted to elect any officials of their own race. Politically they had every reason to turn against the Turks. But they have rushed to the front, waving the green standards of Mohammed, and falling upon the Montenegrins with terrific effect. They are fighting in the faith of Allah, and their

A COMPANY OF BULGARIAN INFANTRY

mullahs chant the Koran as the regiments march to battle. In Ourfa in 1895 a *mullah* read from the Koran while the Armenian victims were bound hand and foot and were done to death in the market-place. In the city of Adana, in 1909, one of the leaders in the attack was a doctor of the Mohammedan law, who carried an old-fashioned battle-ax and chanted from the Holy Koran as he hastened through the streets. Let me quote a few passages from Rodwell's translation of the Koran, from the "Chapter of the Spoils:"

"Fight, then, against the unbelievers till strife be at an end, and the religion be all of it God's."

"Believers! when ye confront a troop, stand firm and make frequent mention of the name of God, that it may fare well with you. Obey God and his Apostle."

"Make ready, then, against them what force ye can, and strong squadrons whereby ye may strike terror into the enemy of God and your enemy."

"O prophet! stir up the faithful to the fight. Twenty of you who stand firm shall vanquish two hundred; and if there be a hundred of you they shall vanquish a thousand of the infidels, for they are a people devoid of understanding."

"No prophet hath been enabled to take captives until he had made great slaughter in the earth."

And from the forty-seventh Surah, the chapter on Mohammed

"But whoso believe and do things that are right, and believe in what hath been sent down to *Mohammed*—their sins will He cancel and dispose their hearts aright."

"When ye encounter the infidels, strike off their heads till ye have made a great slaughter among them, and of the rest make fast the fetters!"

With such an iron creed as this, do you wonder at Mohammedan fanaticism?

And there is another influence which has had its powerful effect in producing this religious antagonism. Back of the prejudice of to-day, back of the hatreds which hinder the work of the missionary, back of the feeling which refuses the Red Cross and creates the Red Crescent, *there is the period of the Crusades!* Oh, the pity of it! The Moslems have never forgotten the Crusades.

We glorify the Crusades and read into them all the chivalry and romance of sacred legend. We think of Peter the Hermit's fervor and Godfrey's prowess, and we glow with enthusiasm as we read the story of Bernard of Clairvaux. But what were the Crusades, after all? Were they not a bloody and relentless war? Did not King Richard permit outrages upon his Saracen prisoners? And was not Saladin a nobler man than Richard? If the Crusades could only be wiped out of history, the evangelization of the Mohammedan world would be far more readily accomplished. How can we speak to the Mohammedans about tolerance and peace and love, when they can turn at any moment and cite St. Bartholomew's Night and the Spanish Inquisition, the torture of the Jews in Russia to-day, and the iniquities of the Crusades which were done in the name of Christ? I think the reader must begin to feel what a difficult task the missionary to the Mohammedans has upon his hands. And have we not great reason to thank God that, in spite of these handicaps, in northern India and Java and Sumatra thousands upon thousands of Moslems have recently turned to Christ, and even in the troubled land of Turkey many secret believers have found the joy that is in him? This may seem far from the Balkan situation. But it is all one great problem for Christendom to solve.

America's clear opportunity is in taking the lead in the Red Cross work. The impetus of this world-wide and humane movement has come from America. The Red Cross of Christ was vainly carried amid the spears and lances of Richard's knights, but it shall be taken in loving ministry by American nurses and doctors and missionaries to Slav and Turk who lie stricken on the battlefield.

Life Stories of the Other Half

BY JACOB A. RIIS

AUTHOR OF "HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES"

WITH DRAWINGS BY WLADYSLAW BENDA

These stories have come to me from many sources—some from my own experience, others from settlement workers, still others from the records of organized charity, that are never dry, as some think, but alive with vital human interest and with the faithful striving to help the brother so that it counts. They have this in common, that they are true. For good reasons, names and places are changed, but they all happened as told here. I could not have invented them had I tried; I should not have tried if I could. For it is as pictures from the life in which they and we, you and I, are partners, that I wish them to make their appeal to the neighbor who lives but around the corner and does not know it. JACOB A. RIIS

WHERE HE FOUND HIS NEIGHBOR

"GO quickly, please, to No. — East Eleventh Street, near the river," was the burden of a message received one day in the Charities Building; "a Hungarian family is in trouble." The little word that covers the widest range in the language gives marching orders daily to many busy feet thereabouts, and, before the October sun had set, a visitor from the Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor had climbed to the fourth floor of the tenement and found the Josefy family. This was what she discovered there: a man in the last stages of consumption, a woman within two weeks of her confinement, five hungry children, a landlord clamoring for his rent. The man had long ceased to earn the family living. His wife, taking up that burden with the rest, had worked on cloaks for a sweater until she also had to give up. In fact, the work gave out just as their need was greatest. Now, with the new baby coming, no preparation had been made to receive it. For those already there, there was no food in the house.

They had once been well off. Josefy was a tailor, and had employed nearly a score of hands in the busy season. He paid forty-four dollars a month rent then. That day the landlord had threatened to dispossess them for one month's arrears of seven dollars, and only because of the rain had given them a day's grace. All the money saved up in better days had gone to pay doctor and druggist, without making Josefy any better. His wife listened dismally to the recital of their troubles and asked for work—any light work that she could do.

The rent was paid, and the baby came. They were eight then, subsisting, as the society's records show, in January on the earnings of Mrs. Josefy making ladies' blouse sleeves at twenty-five cents a dozen pairs, in February on the receipts of embroidering initials on napkins at fifteen cents apiece, in March on her labors in a downtown house on sample cloaks. Three dollars a week was her wage there. To save car-fare she walked to her work and back, a good two miles each way, getting up at 3 A.M. to do her home washing and cleaning first. In bad weather they were poorer by ten cents a day, because then she had to ride. The neighbors were kind; the baker left them bread twice a week and the butcher gave them a little meat now and then. The father's hemorrhages were more frequent. When, on a slippery day, one of the children, going for milk, fell in the street and spilled it, he went without his only food, as they had but eight cents in the house. In May came the end. The tailor died, and in the house of mourning there was one care less, one less to feed and clothe. The widow gathered her flock close and faced the future dry-eyed. The luxury of grief is not for those at close grips with stern poverty.

When word reached far-off Hungary, Mrs.

Josefy's sister wrote to her to come back; she would send the money. The widow's friends rejoiced, but she shook her head. To face poverty as bitter there? This was her children's country; it should be hers too. At the Consulate they reasoned with her; the chance was too good to let pass. When she persisted, they told her to put the children in a home, then; she could never make her way with so many. No doubt they considered her an ungrateful person when she flatly refused to do either. It is not in the record that she ever darkened the door of the Consulate again.

The charitable committee had no better success. They offered her passage money, and she refused it. "She is always looking for work," writes the visitor in the register, for once in her life a little resentfully, it would almost seem. When finally tickets came at the end of a year, Victor, the oldest boy, must finish his schooling first. Exasperated, the committee issues its ultimatum: she must go, or put the children away. Dry bread was the family fare when Mrs. Josefy was confronted with it, but she met it as firmly: Never! she would stay and do the best she could.

The record which I have followed states here that the committee dropped her, but stood by to watch the struggle, half shamefacedly one cannot help thinking, though they had given the best advice they knew. Six months later the widow reports that "the children had never wanted something to eat."

At this time Victor is offered a job, two dollars and a half a week, with a chance of advancement. The mother goes out housecleaning. Together they live on bread and coffee to save money for the rent, but she refuses the proffered relief. Victor is in the graduating class; he must finish his schooling. Just then her sewing-machine is seized for debt. The committee, retreating in a huff after a fresh defeat over the emigration question, hastens to the rescue, glad of a chance, and it is restored. In sheer admiration at her pluck they put it down that "she is doing the best she can to keep her family together." There is a curious little entry here that sizes up the children. They had sent them to Coney Island on a vacation, but at night they were back home. "No one spoke to them there," is their explanation. They had their mother's pride.

It happened in the last month of that year that I went out to speak in a suburban New Jersey town. "Neighbors" was my topic. I was the guest of the secretary of a Foreign Mission Board that has its office in the Presbyterian Building on Fifth Avenue. That night when we sat at dinner the talk ran on the modern methods of organized charity. "Yes," said my host, as his eyes rested on the quiverful seated around the board, "it is all good. But best of all would be if you could find for me a widow, say, with children like my own, whom my wife could help in her own way, and the children learn to take an interest in. I have no chance, as you know. The office claims all my time. But they—that would be best of all, for them and for us."

And he was right; that would be charity in the real meaning of the word: friendship, the neighborly lift that gets one over the hard places in the road. The other half would cease to be, on that plan, and we should all be one great whole, pulling together, and our democracy would become real. I promised to find him such a widow.

But it proved a harder task than I had thought. None of the widows I knew had six children. The charitable societies had no family that fitted my friend's case. But in time I found people who knew about Mrs. Josefy. The children were right—so many boys and so many girls; what they told me of the mother made me want to know more. I went over to East Eleventh Street at once. On the way the feeling grew upon me that I had found my friend's Christmas present—I forgot to say that it was on Christmas Eve—and when I saw them and gathered something of the fight that splendid little woman had waged for her brood those eight long years, I knew that my search was over. When we had set up a Christmas tree together, to the wild delight of the children, and I had ordered a good dinner from a neighboring restaurant on my friend's account, I hastened back to tell him of my good luck and his. I knew he was late at the office with his mail.

Half-way across town it came to me with a sense of shock that I had forgotten something. Mrs. Josefy had told me that she scrubbed in a public building, but where I had not asked. Perhaps it would not have seemed important to you. It did to me, and when I had gone all the way back and she answered my question, I knew why. Where do you suppose she scrubbed? In the Presbyterian Building! Under his own

"WE HAD SET UP A CHRISTMAS TREE TOGETHER, TO THE WILD DELIGHT OF THE CHILDREN"

roof was the neighbor he sought. Almost they touched elbows, yet were they farther apart than the poles. Were, but no longer to be. The very next day brought my friend and his wife in from their Jersey home to East Eleventh Street. Long years after I found this entry on the register, under date January 20, 1899:

"Mrs. Josefy states that she never had such a happy Christmas since she came to this country. The children were all so happy, and every one had been so kind to them."

It was the beginning of better days for the Josefy family. Weary stretches of hard road there were ahead yet, but they were no longer lonesome. The ladies' committee that had once so hotly blamed her were her friends to the last woman, for she had taught them with her splendid pluck what it should mean to be a mother of Americans. They did not offer to carry her then any more than before, but they went alongside with words of neighborly cheer and saw her win over every obstacle. Two years later finds her still working in the Presbyterian Building earning sixteen dollars a month and leaving her home at five in the morning. Her oldest boy is making four dollars and a half a week, and one of the girls is learning dressmaking. The others are all in school. One may be sure without asking that they are not laggards there. When the youngest, at twelve, is wanted by her friends of the mission board to "live out" with them, the mother refuses to let her go, at the risk of displeasing her benefactors. The child must go to school and learn a trade. Three years more, and all but the youngest are employed. Mrs. Josefy has had a long illness, but she reports that she can help herself. They are now paying fourteen dollars a month rent. On April 6, 1904, the last entry but one is made on the register: the family is on dry ground and the "case is closed."

The last but one. That one was added after a gap of eight years when I made inquiries for the Josefys the other day. Eight years is a long time in the Charities Buildings with a heavy burden of human woe and failure. Perhaps for that very reason they had not forgotten Mrs. Josefy, but they had lost trace of her. She had left her old home in Eleventh Street, and all that was known was that she was somewhere up near Fort Washington. I asked that they find her for me, and a week later I read this entry in the register, where, let us hope, the case of the Josefys is now closed for all time:

"The Josefys live now at No. — West One Hundred and Eighty —st Street in a handsome flat of six sunny rooms. The oldest son, who is a cashier in a broker's office on a salary of $35 a week, is the head of a family. His brother earns $20 a week in a downtown business. Two of the daughters are happily married; another is a stenographer. The youngest, the baby of the dark days in the East Side tenement, was graduated from school last year and is ready to join the army of workers. The mother begins to feel her years, but is happy with her children."

Some Christmas Eve I will go up and see them and take my friend from the Presbyterian Building along.

This is the story of a poor woman, daughter of a proud and chivalrous people, whose sons have helped make great fortunes grow in our land and have received scant pay and scantier justice in return, and of whom it is the custom of some Americans to speak with contempt as "Huns."

KIN

EARLY twilight was setting in on the Holy Eve. In the streets of the city stirred the bustling preparation for the holiday. The great stores were lighting up, and crowds of shoppers thronged the sidewalks and stood stamping their feet in the snow at the crossings where endless streams of carriages passed. At a corner where two such currents met sat an old man, propped against a pillar of the elevated road, and played on a squeaky fiddle. His thin hair was white as the snow that fell in great soft flakes on his worn coat, buttoned tight to keep him warm; his face was pinched by want and his back was bent. The tune he played was cracked and old like himself, and it stirred no response in the passing crowd. The tin cup in his lap held only a few coppers.

There was a jam of vehicles on the avenue and the crush increased. Among the newcomers was a tall young woman in a fur coat, who stood quietly musing while she waited, till a quavering note from the old

"PRESENTLY THERE FLOATED OUT UPON THE EVENING
THE FAMILIAR STRAINS OF 'OLD BLACK JOE'"

man's violin found its way into her reveries. She turned inquiringly toward him and took in the forlorn figure, the empty cup, and the indifferent throng with a glance. A light kindled in her eyes and a half-amused smile played upon her lips; she stepped close to the fiddler, touched his shoulder lightly, and, with a gesture of gentle assurance, took the violin from his hands. She drew the bow across the strings once or twice, tightened them, and pondered a moment.

Presently there floated out upon the evening the familiar strains of "Old Black Joe" played by the hand of a master. It rose above the noise of the street; through the rattle and roar of a train passing overhead, through the calls of cabmen and hucksters, it made its way, and where it went a silence fell. It was as if every ear was bent to listen. The crossing was clear, but not a foot stirred at the sound of the policeman's whistle. As the last strain of the tune died away, and was succeeded by the appealing notes of "'Way Down upon the Suwanee River," every eye was turned upon the young player. She stood erect, with heightened color, and nodded brightly toward the old man. Silver coins began to drop in his cup. Twice she played the tune to the end. At the repetition of the refrain,

"Oh, darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home,"

a man in a wide-brimmed hat who had been listening intently emptied his pockets into the old man's lap and disappeared in the crowd.

Traffic on street and avenue had ceased; not a wheel turned. From street cars and cabs heads were poked to find out the cause of the strange hold-up. The policeman stood spellbound, the whistle in his half-raised hand. In the hush that had fallen upon the world rose clear and sweet the hymn, "It came upon a midnight clear," and here and there hats came off in the crowd. Once more the young woman inclined her head toward the old fiddler, and coins and bank-notes were poured into his cup and into his lap until they could hold no more. Her eyes were wet with laughing tears as she saw it. When she had played the verse out, she put the violin back into its owner's hands and with a low "Merry Christmas, friend!" was gone.

The policeman awoke and blew his whistle with a sudden blast, street cars and cabs started up, business resumed its sway, the throng passed on, leaving the old man with his hoard as he gazed with unbelieving eyes upon it. The world moved once more, roused from its brief dream. But the dream had left it something that was not there before, something better than the old man had found. Its heart had been touched.

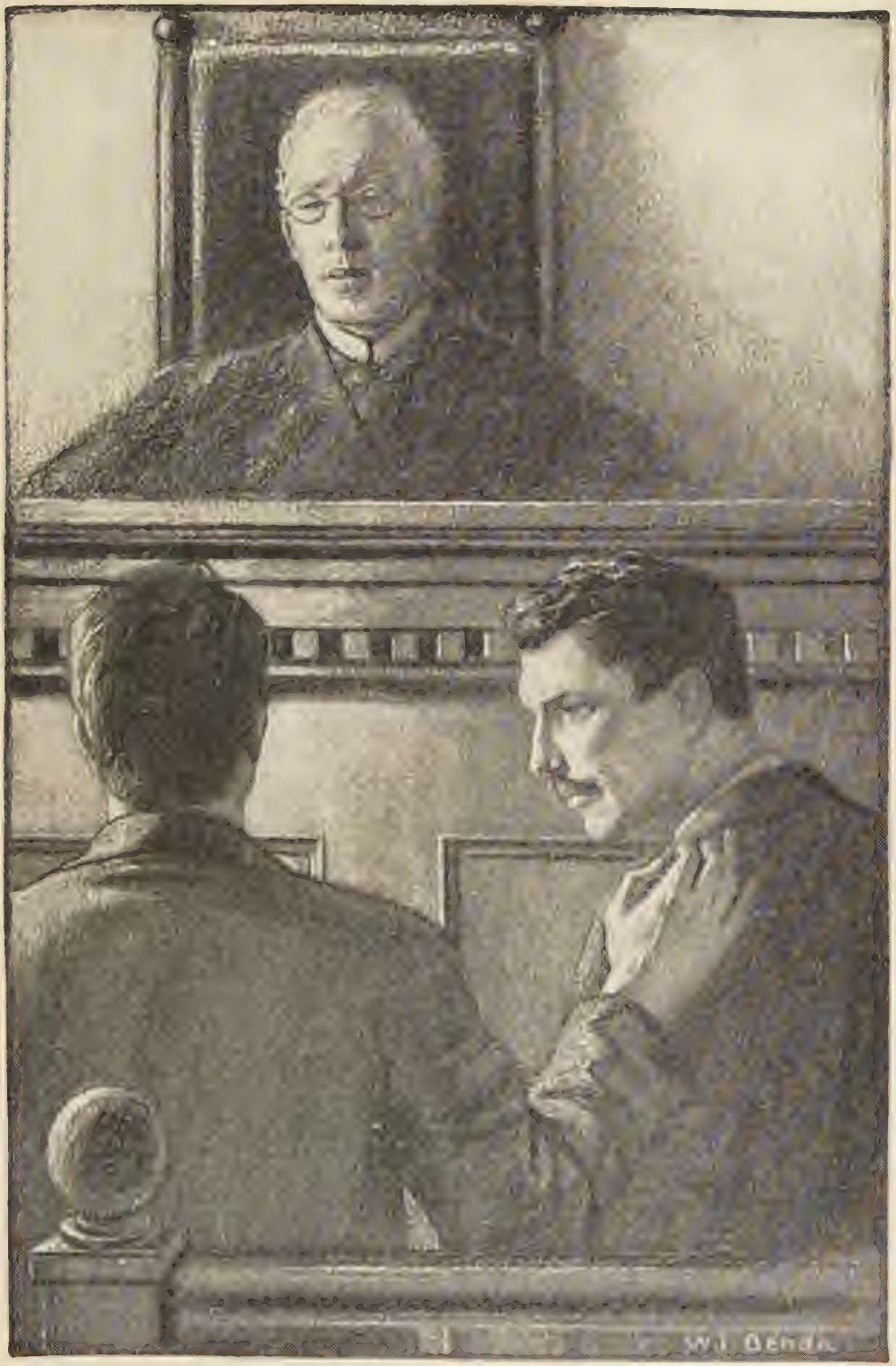
HIS CHRISTMAS GIFT

"THE prisoner will stand," droned out the clerk in the Court of General Sessions. "Filippo Portoghese, you are convicted of assault with intent to kill. Have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon you?"

A sallow man with a hopeless look in his heavy eyes rose slowly in his seat and stood facing the judge. There was a pause in the hum and bustle of the court as men turned to watch the prisoner. He did not look like a man who would take a neighbor's life, and yet so nearly had he done so, of set purpose it had been abundantly proved, that his victim would carry the disfiguring scar of the bullet to the end of his life, and only by what seemed an almost miraculous chance had escaped death. The story as told by witnesses and substantially uncontradicted was this:

Portoghese and Vito Ammella, whom he shot, were neighbors under the same roof. Ammella kept the grocery on the ground floor. Portoghese lived upstairs in the tenement. He was a prosperous, peaceful man, with a family of bright children, with whom he romped and played happily when home from his barber shop. The Black Hand fixed its evil eye upon the family group and saw its chance. One day a letter came demanding a thousand dollars. Portoghese put it aside with the comment that this was New York, not Italy. Other letters followed, threatening harm to his children. Portoghese paid no attention, but his wife worried. One day the baby, little Vito, was missing, and in hysterics she ran to her husband's shop crying that the Black Hand had stolen the child.

The barber hurried home and sought high and low. At last he came upon the child sitting on Ammella's doorstep; he had wandered away and brought up at the grocery; asked where he had been, the child pointed to



"PLEASE, YOUR HONOR, LET THIS MAN GO!"

the store. Portoghese flew in and demanded to know what Ammella was doing with his boy. The grocer was in a bad humor, and swore at him. There was an altercation, and Ammelia attacked the barber with a broom, beating him and driving him away from his door. Black with anger, Portoghese ran to his room and returned with a revolver. In the fight that followed he shot Ammella through the head.

He was arrested and thrown into jail. In the hospital the grocer hovered between life and death for many weeks. Portoghese lay in the Tombs awaiting trial for more than a year, believing still that he was the victim of a Black Hand conspiracy. When at last the trial came on, his savings were all gone, and of the once prosperous and happy man only a shadow was left. He sat in the court-room and listened in moody silence to the witnesses who told how he had unjustly suspected and nearly murdered his friend. He was speedily convicted, and the day of his sentence was fixed for Christmas Eve. It was certain that it would go hard with him. The Italians were too prone to shoot and stab, said the newspapers, and the judges were showing no mercy.

The witnesses had told the truth, but there were some things they did not know and that did not get into the evidence. The prisoner's wife was ill from grief and want; their savings of years gone to lawyer's fees, they were on the verge of starvation. The children were hungry. With the bells ringing in the glad holiday, they were facing bitter homelessness in the winter streets, for the rent was in arrears and the landlord would not wait. And "Papa" away now for the second Christmas, and maybe for many yet to come! Ten, the lawyer and jury had said: this was New York, not Italy. In the Tombs the prisoner said it over to himself, bitterly. He had thought only of defending his own.

So now he stood looking the judge and the jury in the face, yet hardly seeing them. He saw only the prison gates opening for him, and the gray walls shutting him out from his wife and little ones for—how many Christmases was it? One, two, three—he fell to counting them over mentally and did not hear when his lawyer whispered and nudged him with his elbow. The clerk repeated his question, but he merely shook his head. What should he have to say? Had he not said it to these men and they did not believe him? About little Vito who was lost, and his wife who cried her eyes out because of the Black Hand letters. He—

There was a step behind him, and a voice he knew spoke. It was the voice of Ammella, his neighbor, with whom he used to be friends before—before that day.

"Please, your Honor, let this man go! It is Christmas, and we should have no unkind thoughts. I have none against Filippo here, and I ask you to let him go."

It grew very still in the court-room as he spoke and paused for an answer. Lawyers looked up from their briefs in astonishment. The jurymen in the box leaned forward and regarded the convicted man and his victim with rapt attention. Such a plea had not been heard in that place before. Portoghese stood mute; the voice sounded strange and far away to him. He felt a hand upon his shoulder that was the hand of a friend, and shifted his feet uncertainly, but made no response. The gray-haired judge regarded the two gravely but kindly.

"Your wish comes from a kind heart," he said. "But this man has been convicted. The law must be obeyed. There is nothing in it that allows us to let a guilty man go free."

The jurymen whispered together and one of them arose.

"Your Honor," he said, "a higher law than any made by man came into the world at Christmas—that we love one another. These men would obey it. Will you not let them? The jury pray as one man that you let mercy go before justice on this Holy Eve."

A smile lit up Judge O'Sullivan's face. "Filippo Portoghese," he said, "you are a very fortunate man. The law bids me send you to prison for ten years, and but for a miraculous chance would have condemned you to death. But the man you maimed for life pleads for you, and the jury that convicted you begs that you go free. The Court remembers what you have suffered and it knows the plight of your family, upon whom the heaviest burden of your punishment would fall. Go, then, to your home. And to you, gentlemen, a happy holiday such as you have given him and his! This court stands adjourned."

The voice of the crier was lost in a storm of applause. The jury rose to their feet and cheered judge, complainant, and defendant. Portoghese, who had stood as one dazed, raised eyes that brimmed with tears to the

bench and to his old neighbor. He understood at last. Ammella threw his arm around him and kissed him on both cheeks, his disfigured face beaming with joy. One of the jurymen, a Jew, put his hand impulsively in his pocket, emptied it into his hat, and passed the hat to his neighbor. All the others followed his example. The court officer dropped in half a dollar as he stuffed its contents into the happy Italian's pocket. "For little Vito," he said, and shook his hand.

"Ah!" said the foreman of the jury, looking after the reunited friends leaving the court-room arm in arm; "it is good to live in New York. A merry Christmas to you, Judge!"

(The next installment of these "Life Stories" will appear in The Outlook for December 28)

A FEW BOOKS OF TO-DAY

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

READERS who are in search of men rather than books will find them in Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine's "Mark Twain" (Harpers) and the "Letters of George Meredith" (Scribners). The two men are as far apart as the Thames flowing through London Town and the Mississippi running amuck through half the continent. Meredith was the most sophisticated of English novelists; no finer intellectual force ever made itself felt in English fiction; nor has a more penetrating analyst of character appeared in that fiction. One may quarrel a hundred times with his art, with the soundness of his psychology; one can never question the sheer brain power of the author of "The Egoist," nor escape the fascination of his distinction. He is the exponent of a culture which has wholly escaped provincial limitations without loss of that power of portraiture which lies in intimate contact with near and familiar things.

Will some one explain why there are no Meredith clubs? There is as much matter for discussion in the novels as in Browning's poetry, but there is not the same gay courage in attacking the Meredithian problems. Possibly the novelist does not yield himself so easily to generalization as the poet; possibly he demands a closer scrutiny than the majority of readers can give his work; possibly his analysis is more searching than Browning's, and the lines of character which it develops are neither so distinct nor so strongly massed as in the poet's studies.

It is significant that nobody is interested in the geography of Meredith's stories; and this is because they have no local backgrounds. Thackeray will bear the aid of maps, and Dickens stands almost in need of a London directory; Mr. Hardy's moors are so potential in some of the novels that we are eager to "locate" them, and Mr. Phillpotts has come very near putting guide-books to Dartmoor in our hands; but the Meredith novels are in a country of their own. Even the Meredithian cares little where the novelist lived, or what his manner of life was; the relations between his books and his readers is intimate, but curiously impersonal. These two substantial volumes are far more communicative with regard to the man than a formal biography could be. Meredith does all the talking, and he does it naturally, frankly, and with no lurking consciousness of posterity in the back of his mind; and so he gives us unconsciously the atmosphere of his mind. There is no professional pose, no sense of making a contribution to epistolary literature, in these intimately informal letters; but there is the tireless use of a faculty of observation which was at times uncanny in its sharpness of sight, the flow of deep feeling, a delightful habit of friendliness, and many bits of self-revelation:

> One result of my hard education . . . has been that I rarely write save from the suggestion of something actually observed. I mean that I rarely write verse. Thus my Jugglers, Beggars, etc., I have met on the road and have idealized but slightly. I desire to strike the poetic spark out of absolute human clay. And in doing so I have the fancy that I do solid work—better than a carol in midair.

Meredith's criticism was not awed by great reputation, and he was in agreement with

Carlyle and FitzGerald in his feeling about the verse of Tennyson's middle period:

> The "Holy Grail" is wonderful, isn't it? The lines are satin lengths, the figures Sèvres china. I have not the courage to offer to review it, I should say such things. To think—it's in these days that the foremost poet of the country goes on fluting of creatures that have not a breath of vital humanity in them, and doles us out his regular five-feet with the old trick of the vowel endings—The Euphuist's tongue, the Exquisite's leg, the Curate's moral sentiments, the British matron and her daughter's purity of tone—so he talks, so he walks, so he snuffles, so he appears divine. . . . The man has got hold of the Muse's clothes-line and hung it with jewelry.
>
> But the "Lucretius" is grand. I can't say how much I admire it and hate the Sir Pandarus public which has corrupted this fine (natural) singer. In his degraded state I really believe he is useful, for he reflects as much as our Society chooses to show of itself. The English notion of passion, virtue, valor, is in his pages, and the air and the dress we assume are seen there. I turn to Rabelais and Montaigne with relief.

These letters are as individual and at times as irritating as the novels, and they are also as interesting. They will not be read in their own light and for their own quality, as are the letters of Gray, of Lamb, of FitzGerald, but they will find their place beside the novels, and that means long life and very good company.

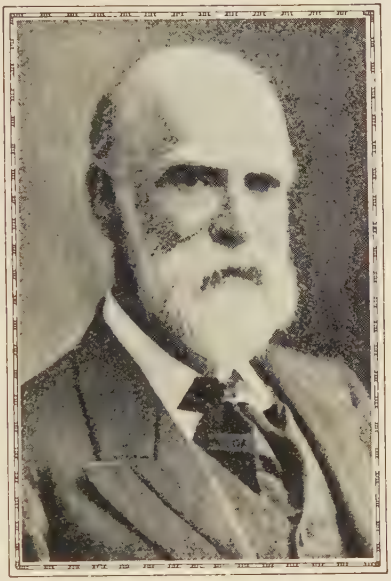
Mark Twain, on the other hand, developed his biographer and gained the effectiveness of autobiography without the labor of writing it. Mr. Paine stuck to his task with Boswellian persistency. But he was too deeply interested to be judicious in the matter of space, and the record runs to great length. It is easy to understand why Mark Twain was difficult to edit. He was so full of vitality, so unexpected in thought, so bizarre and often so grotesque in phrase and mood, that to report him adequately it seemed necessary to report him in full. But he needed to be edited in life, and he needs it now that he is gone. For many years his beautiful and devoted wife was his editor, and in her going he suffered an incalculable loss. Her exquisite nature was not only a foil for his coarser fiber, but a standard of taste and of speech. With fine discernment she called him "Youth;" and to the end of his days, under the shadow of a sorrow which searched him like fire, his was the spirit of youth.

For the best of Mark Twain, man and writer, was his report and illustration of those pioneer qualities which are characteristic of young societies. It was the Mississippi that floated him to fame, and to the life of the great river, and his unhackneyed and highly vitalized report of that rough, free, pictorial life, the readers of the future will turn for the genius of a man who won the world because he offered it a kind of writing that it had never had before. He was more unliterary than Whitman, who assumed the literary pose even while he denounced it. There is no evidence that, so far as his manner of speech was concerned, Mark Twain owed anything to books. Later in life he knew and loved certain writers, Browning among them; but neither his material nor his style was gained by reading; when he was asked, as everybody was asked a few years ago, what books had helped him most, he promptly replied, "My own books." He said frankly that he had never tried to help the cultivated classes; that he had neither the gift nor the training for it; that he always "hunted for bigger game—the masses," and that he had tried to entertain them and let them go elsewhere for instruction.

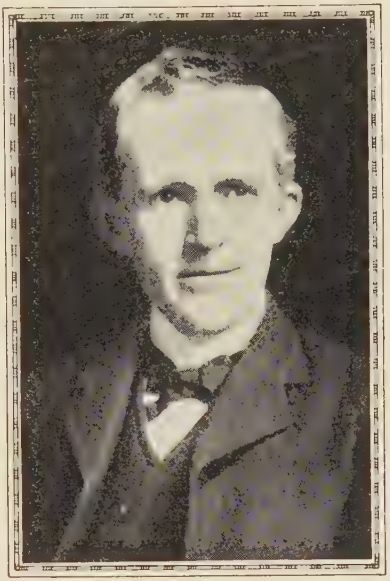
His instinct was sound, and it gained both audiences; for he was a natural force in literature, and there are few qualities which attract cultivated readers more than naturalness and force. Andrew Lang declared that he did not lay down "Huckleberry Finn" until he had read the last page; and that story and its companion, "Tom Sawyer," met the tests by which he judged fiction: vivid and original portraiture of life, and character naturally displayed in action; if there is "an unrestrained sense of humor in the narrator, we have a masterpiece." It would not be easy to put the elements of Mark Twain's genius and art with more precision.

For he had art, if by art we mean the most vital and effective use of material for presentation. It was not the art of the great novelist, nor of the "little masters" like de Maupassant; it was an instinctive sense of what is characteristic in time and place, observed, chosen, and dramatized in a spirit of buoyant, independent, and self-respecting humor. No man could be more at home with his people and with his readers than Mark Twain, and he wrote as if there were not another book in the world.

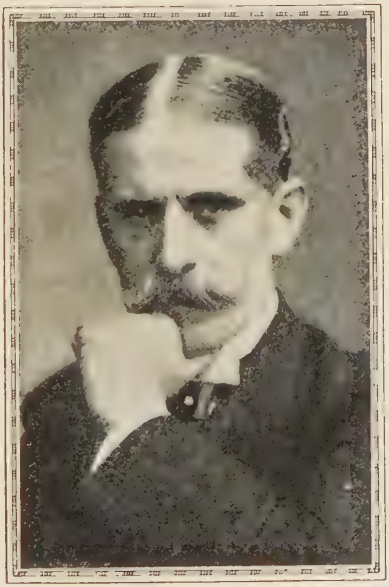
The indifference to conventions, the feeling that whatever was most easy and convenient was best, the deep-seated sense of the right of a man to be himself, which were the special qualities of the pioneers, were characteristic of Mark Twain, with the humor



JAMES BRYCE



SAMUEL M. CROTHERS



HENRY VAN DYKE

BRANDER MATTHEWS

which was the resource of men who had to make the best of things and took things as they were without apology or regret. When Mark Twain brought these qualities to bear on older and richer forms of life, he was often broadly humorous, but he sometimes made fun of things he did not understand.

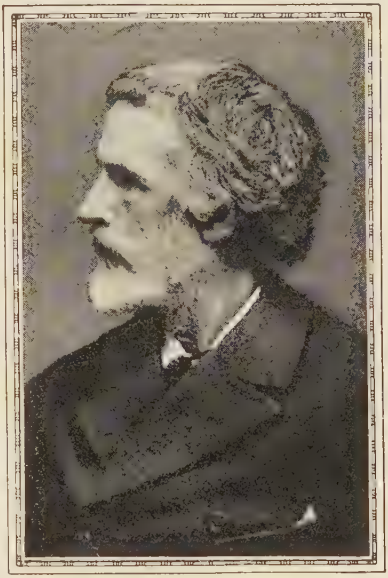
Mr. Paine had a big subject, and he has dealt with it with a fine sense of its bigness; he says many admirable and illuminating things about his subject; he has very happily brought out the central integrity and fineness in a nature unfolded, as was Lincoln's, in a coarse age; it is unfortunate that he did not look oftener at the clock.

There are biographies of nations as well as of individuals, and it is not impossible to select from the literature of some races a little group of books which may be said to contain the autobiography of the nation. So when one comes upon such a study of a group of peoples as Mr. James Bryce's "South America: Impressions and Observations" (Macmillan), he has the sense of dealing with national personalities. Mr. Bryce was never a dry-as-dust recorder of facts. From the days when he wrote "The Holy Roman Empire" he has had a sense of the vital qualities of which the historical record is an expression. His latest excursion in the field of racial observation has produced a book which Americans ought to read, since, as a rule, we know less about our neighbors in South America than about our neighbors in Europe, or even in the Far East, and South Americans seem to know a great many things about us which are not true. Mr. Bryce deals with this wide field and its vast diversities of scenery and character with a unifying vision; so that he is able, without straining his facts, to give us a kind of typical South American, with the love of the sonorous phrase, sensitiveness to friendliness and affront, a strong sense of personal dignity, courage, and the mercurial temperament. It is especially interesting to read his observations on the absence of the race problem. In this country, one touch of black blood makes the possessor black; in South America, one touch of white blood makes the possessor white. Taking into account all the facts, Mr. Bryce is of opinion that when two stocks are fused, the one more advanced than the other, it does not necessarily follow that the result is an inferior race; that control by a superior race has a very depressing effect on the inferior race; and that race repulsion is not so deep-seated as peoples of Germanic descent take for granted. What Mr. Bryce has to say about the attitude of the South American toward the Monroe Doctrine has also great interest for Americans, and he defines an attitude toward the South American peoples which it is to be hoped the policy of this country will always express: "It is as the disinterested, the absolutely disinterested and unselfish advocate of peace and good will that the United States will have most influence in the Western Hemisphere, and that influence, gently and tactfully used, may be of incalculable service to mankind."

The author of the "Canterbury Tales" is a very remote figure from the standpoint of to-day; but he is one of those men of the past for whom the present has not only great admiration, but a very friendly feeling. It is impossible to treat Chaucer simply as an English classic. He escapes from his books and becomes one of the most delightful personalities among English writers. It is true one cannot sit down to enjoy him without some preparation of language study; and while the difficulties between Chaucer and the modern reader are easily surmounted, it is also true that a great many modern readers who would enjoy Chaucer have not the time to surmount them. So "The Modern Reader's Chaucer" (Macmillan) is one of those ventures which have for their end the well-being of all lovers of good English and good poetry. Mr. J. S. P. Tatlock and Mr. Percy MacKaye, the editors, both men of exceptional equipment for the task, adhere closely to the original text, and have rendered in modern English the complete poetical works of the earliest English poet of the first rank and one of the greatest English story-tellers. It was a delicate task, requiring not only scholarly equipment, but the sense of language. Fortunately both qualities were at the command of the editors, and the result is a rendering of Chaucer which removes the difficulties without letting the quality of the work escape in the process. Moreover, "The Modern Reader's Chaucer" is a noble book in form, with a series of thirty-two illustrations in color from the paintings of Warwick Goble, which are satisfying to the eye and are an aid to the imagination.

It is quite clear that essays still find readers, in spite of the popularity of those predigested books which are made to be read automatically. The essay demands a certain amount of attention; the reader of many

H. G. WELLS



GEORGE MEREDITH

JEFFERY FARNOL

GEORGE B. McCUTCHEON

current novels can open the story and let his mind go off and attend to other matters, but the essay reader must listen. He is a desirable reader, because he expects to be on good terms with his author and to give as well as take. And this autumn he has a goodly list of attractive books to choose from; a few companionable volumes may direct attention to an alcove in the library of American literature which has an old-time air of quiet.

Those who enjoy reading about themselves in a large, impersonal way—and who does not?—will find close observation, clear thinking, and unforced humor in Mr. Bliss Perry's chapters on "The American Mind" (Houghton Mifflin). Mr. Perry teaches from a chair of Literature in Harvard University which has high traditions, but, like his predecessors, he is a man of letters first and a professor afterwards, though it is only fair to remember that the once popular idea of the dry rigidity of the professor was as wide of the fact as are most popular ideas. One has only to recall Professor Lowell or Professor Holmes or Professor Lounsbury to see how sorely the popular idea needs revision. To have knowledge and be able to impart it without pedantry is a desirable quality, because it involves the possession of that sense of common human interests which enables a man to enjoy an unscholarly poet like Chaucer as thoroughly as one enjoys a great scholar like Professor Child, who knows a great deal more about Chaucer than Chaucer knew about himself. And the man who is going to write intelligently about Americans must be able to understand Whitman as well as Lowell and to find great qualities in Mark Twain as well as in Emerson. He must also have a large endowment of humor, that solvent of the problem of contradictory traits and that liberating quality of nature which enables its possessor to escape from the subtle snobberies of old-established ways and maxims and to see men and conditions in what Mr. La Farge called the free logic of life.

Mr. Perry brings the keen New England observation and the sound New England training to bear on his subject; but he has the American, not the New England, mind, and he knows that there is some "risin' ground" beyond the Mississippi. His analysis of the American mind, temperament, and ideals, his study of the National background and racial inheritance, his comment on literature, art, business, and character, are keen, shrewd, and penetrating. And he has, moreover, the delightful quality of being interesting. His discussion has a note of frankness, a quality of intimacy, which make his criticism especially valuable; and his book has a breadth of view and a largeness of feeling hardly suggested by its modesty of size and manner.

To see the American at close range and also from afar, and to have a pleasant time in the process, one has only to read Mr. Meredith Nicholson's "Provincial American" (Houghton Mifflin) and Dr. S. M. Crothers's "Humanly Speaking" (same publishers). The author of that wholesome Central Western story "A Hoosier Chronicle" has the humor which is diffused through the air of the continent and expresses itself in ease of mind in facing homely ways of living and familiar turns of speech; in a sense of comfort in the integrity of simple, normal things, and freedom from a disposition to apologize when such things are ranged against the ways of a more sophisticated world.

The humor of Dr. Crothers is, so to speak, more local and special; it deals confidently with the larger aspects of things, but it hits most shrewdly when it touches the particular weaknesses and intellectual frailties of the time, as in the essay which gives the volume its title. Some of the most delightful chapters are based on recent European experiences, and the fresh humor with which Old World conditions are gently but firmly "jolted" is very refreshing. It would not be easy to bring together two pieces of writing which are better foils than Mr. Nicholson's portraiture of the provincial American and Dr. Crothers's quietly ironical account of the suffering which crude, vulgar America inflicts on the sensitive nerves and shuddering ears of refined, sweet-minded, and well-bred Europe. Mr. Nicholson in "The Provincial American" has much to say about the American, but he does not trespass on Mr. Perry's ground; he is concerned with local conditions and special aspects of life to-day. He has a free, direct, wholesome way of looking at things, and he is very much at home in his time and country. He celebrates the home-bred American, not in the tone of pugnacious advocacy, but with the conviction that he is a wholesome product of wholesome conditions, and has amply justified his right to his share of sunshine and

soil. His picture of a "Provincial Capital" is pardonably sympathetic in line and color, as Americans who are fortunate enough to know Indianapolis will agree; and what he has to say about Smith's absence from church, the tired business man, and the novels that run into the hundred thousand is pointed and worth considering whether one agrees or not.

The happy blending of keen insight and the wit which is neither caustic nor destructive, but a kind of high light on the mind, gives Dr. Crothers's essays a substance of serious thought and a manner of quiet and unaffected gayety. Such a discussion of the excessive overwork for righteousness, the moral overstrain from which many people are suffering, and which has prompted the suggestion of the organization of a Society for the Prevention of Reform, is more effective than most philosophical warnings or physiological protests.

The title of Mr. E. V. Lucas's modest collection of short papers, "A Little of Everything" (Macmillan), is one of those happily descriptive titles which not only describe the contents of a volume but characterize their point of view. As the editor and biographer of Lamb and a writer of essays himself, the author of these pleasantly discursive papers has reminded many people of Elia; but, while the later writer has the genial interests of the earlier essayist, he is in no sense an imitator. He is too quietly himself, too obviously at ease with his subjects, to hold other than a direct relation with them. The note of domesticity runs through this volume and makes it companionable; while its easy assumption that simple, familiar things are as interesting as remote and dramatic things gives the reader a comfortable feeling of being at home with the writer. If Mr. Lucas has not added to the sum total of human knowledge, he has added to the pleasure of being alive, not only by much keen observation and by the use of very good English, but by making us aware of the essential interest of common human relationships and happenings.

A conscientious student and a successful university teacher, Mr. Brander Matthews, the author of "Gateways to Literature and Other Essays" (Scribners), always gives his work a background of scholarship, but his manner is so easy and agreeable that the reader is never made conscious of any attempt to instruct him. On the contrary, Mr. Matthews has the conversational habit and talks like a well-read man who finds literature even more entertaining than the various kinds of sport which loom large in the talk of men before the open fire.

This volume contains, among other interesting chapters, the admirable address on Fenimore Cooper, the importance of whose work and its literary quality Mr. Matthews brought home to Americans at a time when "The Spy" and the "Leather-stocking Tales," which are read in every civilized country, had begun to seem a little provincial and old-fashioned.

We have read Mr. John Burroughs so long and with such profit that his friendly warning in his preface that the reader of "Time and Change" (Houghton Mifflin) must expect serious business in that volume seems superfluous. We are accustomed to listen to Mr. Burroughs without any desire to interrupt even when we differ with him; for a man so vigorously sincere, of such habits of original observation, and of such intellectual integrity is always stimulating, although he may not always be convincing. Mr. Burroughs has been so faithful a reporter of nature that his work, even in its descriptive phases, has rarely escaped the sense of the presence of mysterious forces slumbering or in action behind the beautiful aspect which the world wears to the poet and its rewarding fruitfulness to those who strive with it. The underlying unity of these chapters on "The Divine Abyss," "Primal Energies," "Scientific Faith," "The Gospel of Nature," is suggested by the writer's statement that while he was an evolutionist in the quality of his mind before Darwin, it has not been an easy matter for him to become an evolutionist in the concrete, and that these essays are "the outcome of the stages of brooding and thinking" through which he has passed in accepting the evolutionary "doctrine of the animal origin of man."

Lowell once said of certain foreign novels that the sign on the old inns, "Entertainment for men and beasts," would well describe them. Catering for the beasts still continues, and of late there is evidence that it is popular with a certain class of readers. Two or three popular novelists are manufacturing stories which profane the mysteries for commercial reasons, and a few periodicals are experimenting with American readers to discover how far they can cater to the taste for passion for passion's sake without being brought before the courts for indecent exposure. It is idle to talk about the freedom of art in

connection with these tales; they are not on speaking terms with art. Speaking frankly, they are commercial ventures in indecency.

Such stories as Mr. Theodore Dreiser's "Jennie Gerhardt" and "Sister Carrie" (Harpers) are obviously sincere studies of a side of life of which the world of sheltered women needs to know more. The temptations to which lonely girls earning a pittance in great cities are subjected are not understood by the mothers who send them like sheep among the wolves who prey on innocence and ignorance. It is not pleasant to look at the diseases of society, but it is wholesome and necessary, and Mr. Dreiser's stories are free alike from a moralization which the facts supply and from any coloring of relations which inevitably turn into a shabby drab as time goes on.

As much may be said of "A Man's World," by Albert Edwards (Macmillan), though the illicit relations are too obviously obtruded and made wearisome before one has done with them. This, too, is the work of a sincere and honest-minded man, and is perhaps the most vivid picture of the under-world of poverty, vice, and criminality from an American hand. It is entirely out of the atmosphere of the "worthy poor" philanthropy; it is a dramatic record of work in the slums, and it is startlingly unconventional. The unconventionality is pushed so far that it becomes, perhaps unconsciously, a kind of pose. It is so easy to caricature the church in its attitude toward this problem that it is hardly sportsmanlike to take such a "pot shot." It helps to dramatize the situation, but it does so at the sacrifice of essential truth. What this story does is to set vividly before the imagination a group of young men who are so close to the organized misery of the submerged tenth that they are in revolt against church and society, and are so absorbed in the work of immediate, personal relief that they have lost patience with a society which does not take off its coat and put everything else aside until the dark places have been lighted and the foul places cleansed. "A Man's World" is not a pleasant story; it is, in fact, a disturbing novel; for that reason complacent and easy-going members of society will find it, like some medicines, distasteful but wholesome.

Heredity and environment are very disturbing factors in the problem of human responsibility, and the old-time gayety with which the good were set off from the evil and the functions of Omniscience assumed with easy-going assurance is found to-day only among a few survivors of individualism or among literalists who are untroubled by imagination or sympathy. It is not easy to be patient with so persistent and wanton a mischief-maker as Stella in Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote's story of the early emigration to Oregon of a body of belated Puritans in 1848. Satan has entered into the heart of this beguiling and wayward West Indian, who is as devoid of conscience as a panther, and as light-footed in prowling about the camp of the believers. The hand of fate is on her, and the penalty for her misdeeds ought to have fallen on her ancestors. She has the vitality of a wild creature, to whom all laws which govern human relationships are wisps of straw. "A Picked Company" (Houghton Mifflin) is the most ambitious novel Mrs. Foote has written, but it is not the best story.

There is too much digression in Mr. H. G. Wells's elaborate study of the mind of the college woman in "Marriage" (Duffield), an able and interesting analysis of the struggle of two honest-minded people, who love one another, not only to live together comfortably, but to realize the possibilities of happiness in life. The problem is simple enough in form, but extremely difficult to work out: a man of scientific temper and training, absorbed in research work, drops in an aeroplane on a lawn on which a pretty girl, who has left a goodly list of debts behind her in her college town and has the habit of spending freely well established, is playing croquet, falls in love with her, carries her by sheer force out of an engagement already made, runs away with her, and marries her. The problem of bringing a man absorbed in scientific work, and a woman who loves him but cannot keep within his income, on normal terms with life is worked out with a thoroughness which at times gives one the sense of assisting at a clinic; but the analysis is interesting and the problem is solved in terms of human happiness and not by resource to the cheap and easy solution of the divorce court.

The problem in Mr. James Lane Allen's "A Heroine in Bronze" (Macmillan) is very different, and is happily conceived and solved in terms of art rather than of science. The American college girl, sketched with the sympathetic skill of one of the most accomplished and poetic of American writers, is a high-spirited, clean-minded, warm-hearted woman, whose femininity has all the old-time and all-time wealth of proud devotion which has made the great

romances beautiful. At a time when business, politics, social reform, and sex-perplexities give a good deal of current fiction the atmosphere of social or economic studies, it is refreshing to come on a story of so uncompromising romantic temper and interest as "A Heroine in Bronze." There is no plot, there are only two characters, there are no dramatic incidents; there are, on the other hand, an intellectual problem which is also an artistic problem, and a very finely sketched background; a luminous picture of New York as the home of a vast and varied humanity; and the drama of dawning love, moving slowly to confession and surrender, is enveloped in an atmosphere as warm and fragrant as the atmosphere which envelops "A Kentucky Cardinal" and "Aftermath." There are phrases of such pure verbal music in this story that one re-reads it for sheer delight in the beauty of its English.

And there is the same quiet reassertion of the reality of interest in the romantic novel in Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "Mrs. Lancelot" (Century Company). The situation is highly characteristic: an English Prime Minister whose practical efficiency and detestation of idealism in all forms reminds one of Robert Walpole, a colorless husband with the habits and temper of a high-class Government clerk, a poet whose soul is all song and for whom conventions are base compromises, and "between them that tender, conscientious, pale, and slim woman, Mrs. Lancelot . . . listening now to her heart, now to her conscience, distracted, worn thin, pitiful, but always lovely and kind; a woman, not a saint, a martyr, but not a champion."

It is a very pretty problem, and Mr. Hewlett deals with it after his usual fashion, and so confuses our sympathies with our convictions that we are ready to welcome any solution of a situation which has been impossible from the beginning. The Duke is drawn to the life; but poor Mrs. Lancelot gets no chance for her soul with the three men, and in the end disapproval dies in the sense of what awaits her when the Poet has an unlimited chance to talk to her.

It is a relief to turn from Mr. Hewlett's deeply designed complication to Mr. E. V. Lucas's delightfully normal and familiar story of every-day incident, told with charming ease in "London Lavender" (Macmillan). The very title brings the streets of the old town before the imagination, with fragrant suggestion of the sounds of ancient fields and woods that humanize its "central roar." This book is not a novel, any more than "Over Bemerton's" was a novel, but both are chapters out of that human experience of which novels are made, selected and reported by a delightful essayist who knows how to stick to his text even when he is most discursive. There is always a suggestion of romance in the air, and love stories now and again look in for a moment and then go their happy ways, leaving an aroma behind them. The reporter nods occasionally, but when author and reader are on such friendly terms that is only an incident of intimacy.

The lack of art in Richard Dehan's story "Between Two Thieves" (Stokes) is emphasized by its unusual power. It has the proportions, the frankness and fullness of detail, and much of the compelling vigor of some of the Russian novels. It is epical in scale and often epical in the rhapsody into which the style runs on slight provocation. It is a lurid panorama of the relations of France and England prior to and during the Crimean War, with brilliant but partisan studies of half a dozen historical characters: Napoleon III, the Duc de Morny, Raglan, Palmerston, the Duke of Cambridge, and other actors in the field of European politics. The thieves are Napoleon and an English army contractor; and the victim is England, fooled by an adroit intrigue and betrayed by an unscrupulous trader. The plot is worked out on a colossal scale; the style veers sometimes towards Carlyle and sometimes towards Dickens, and runs into pages of fierce invective, of brutally frank descriptions of orgies and amours. The story shows great research and appalling labor; it overflows with vigor and leaves reticence out of account; it is overcrowded and overheated; it is packed with vitality and contains the substance of half a dozen novels. Some English critics put it beside "Marriage" and give the two stories the first place among the novels of the season. But "Between Two Thieves" is powerful rather than great; it is a mass of rich material rather than an organized work of art.

It is a relief to get away from the atmosphere of crime and greed and animal satiety into the pure though rather thin air of Mrs. Mary S. R. Andrews's "The Marshal" (Bobbs-Merrill), the romantic tale of the little boy on whose head the hand of the great Napoleon rested long enough to dub him a marshal of

France. The story of the peasant boy who grew up in the companionship of one of the old soldiers of the great Emperor, and whose career was shaped by his devotion to the Napoleonic tradition, is told with the sympathetic quality which carried "A Perfect Tribute" to so many readers; and the high light of idealism shows a very different Napoleon from the corrupt intriguer of Richard Dehan's novel, which is also a romance.

If the strain of faith imposed by Mrs. Andrews's charming idyl of knightly devotion is a little too severe, one finds the quality of humor in Mr. W. J. Locke's "The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol" (Bobbs-Merrill). The author of these lightly touched tales is a gift of Providence to an age so beset with problems that it almost fears to smile. But no one need fear the contamination of frivolity from Mr. Locke's stories; they are as full of gentle integrity and pure human kindness as if they had been put out by the Society for the Promotion of Happiness. They fill the reader with envy of the charm of unconventional goodness of heart.

And those hard-headed people who want to drive Santa Claus back to a region as cold as their own hearts, and who resent Christmas cheer and bells and lights as survivals of a superstitious age, will find much to enlighten them in the story of the attempt of a little Western town to abolish Christmas as a matter of economy, told with much quiet humor in Miss Zona Gale's "Christmas" (Macmillan), an old-fashioned tale set in a new environment and told with fresh feeling. The literal-minded who feel that the realities of life are symbolized by "butter and eggs and a pound of cheese," and that sentiment and poetry are the refuge of the weak and self-deceived, will do well not to read this unassuming and winning tale of human nature getting the better of Mr. Gradgrind in a community that set out to be worldly wise and was saved by a sudden outbreak of human instincts as deep as life itself.

The collection of short stories and of "half-told tales" which comes from the hand of Dr. Henry van Dyke in a very companionable volume, under the title "The Unknown Quantity" (Scribners), commands attention both for its substance and its form. There is a background of larger life behind all Dr. van Dyke's work; there is always a sky over his landscapes; there is always the play of spiritual laws and forces in his world. In these tales the element of mystery, which envelops daily experience like an atmosphere, becomes a determining element, and appears as a definite factor in the unfolding of character or the working out of events. The thread which unites these stories, the preface tells us, is the sense of mystery that runs through life and constitutes the unknown quantity, the incalculable element. The something around and within us which baffles and surprises us Dr. van Dyke brings before the imagination in a series of dramatic incidents which tell their own story, and, with the instinct of the artist, are not blurred with suggestion or solution. The two Canadian tales are in Dr. van Dyke's happiest vein of telling characterization by phrases of condensed descriptive force. The half-told tales are new expressions of the gift for paraphrasing life in terms of spiritual suggestion which have imparted to much of the work of this accomplished writer the quality of interpretation. In point of workmanship these stories deserve special commendation; they are models of the style which gains as much by restraint as by fullness of phrase; every word contributes to the general effect.

Those who read stories for the excitement of watching the play without the trouble of going to the theater will sit until the curtain falls on Mr. George Barr McCutcheon's latest story, "In the Hollow of Her Hand" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), a novel which does not stop until it reaches its destination, and which has the distinction of presenting a situation which is new to this generation of fiction readers. And Mr. Lincoln Colcord spins a sea tale of extraordinary vivacity and vividness in "The Drifting Diamond" (Macmillan), an impossible tale told with a vigor of phrase which promises well for the future of this young writer. Miss Mary Johnston's "Cease Firing" (Houghton Mifflin) will not escape the attention of those who found "The Long Roll" overloaded as a story but eloquent with an epical quality as a narrative of great events associated with great figures.

Among the new American writers, Mr. Jeffery Farnol has already found a large place among the lovers of spirited, adventurous stories, unconventional in tone and acted out of doors. His story of the adventures of "The Amateur Gentleman," now being published in serial form, promises to justify the reputation which may be said to have been established at the publication of "The Broad Highway."

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MARY LYON
Founder of Mount Holyoke College

A PAGEANT OF PROGRESS

BY ELIZABETH CRANE PORTER

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago, when the trustees of Mount Holyoke met to discuss important questions as to the policy of the institution which was for the first time in history to offer girls the same education that their brothers had, Mary Lyon, the author and instigator of the whole venture, was not present. She waited near at hand, in an anteroom, ready for consultation. Because she was a woman it was not seemly that her guidance should be too plainly seen.

This fall, before an audience of thousands, seven hundred young women gave a pageant on the campus at South Hadley that was more significant than most of them dreamed. The College was celebrating its seventy-fifth anniversary, and all the great universities and colleges of this country and many from abroad were bringing their cordial acceptance of woman's scholarship and their honor to the college whose founder made it all possible. The whole celebration, with its academic processions, the choirs, and the addresses, was impressive and worthy of the occasion, yet what one remembers is the pageant. It was the living representation of what every one was feeling.

In an open-air amphitheater that slopes away to a wide lawn bordered with stately maples in their most beautiful autumn red and orange the students came in procession down from the hill, across the bridge, to the green, where two fairy sentinels sat at the foot of twin elm trees. The pageant represented the liberal arts and sciences, and each department of the College had a section First came a master of ceremonies and a troop of fiddlers in jolly countrymen's garb and then the groups of girls, each preceded by heralds and standard-bearer, passed slowly.

THE TELEGRAPH, SWIFT MESSENGER OF THOUGHT—DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICS

but with no breaks or interruptions, before the audience. For the Bible Department was the Queen of Sheba, gorgeous with her slaves, and the three Magi and their attendants. Then some graceful Greek figures, from Homer and Sappho to modern soldiers, posed and went on. Suddenly loud trumpeting announced a marching crowd of thirty or forty Roman boys and girls, who escorted Augustus and Agrippa to the center of the stage and solemnly chanted the rhythmic cadences of the "Carmen Sæculare."

For hours the audience sat rapt, too interested even to applaud, as the young figures, lithe and graceful in their perfect ease and lack of self-consciousness, posed and danced or sang or stepped slowly across the greensward. The beauty of the spectacle was not only in the color and grace of the tableaux and dances. It was a remarkably intelligent whole. One felt that each girl knew just why she wore the costume she did and pulled with the rest of her college to make the pageant a success. Yet there was in the atmosphere a happy abandon and a friendliness that let the audience into the spirit of holiday-making that dominated the College.

The fact that the whole institution had worked on the plans, instead of making the pageant a mere heterogeneous display, only gave it variety and vitality. It was well held together by the colors of the standards and heralds, and yet diversely interesting at every step. Miss Louise Jewett, of the Art Department, should have much credit for the original idea and for the effect of the whole. Yet to the combined and co-operating ingenuity of different members of the faculty much of the individual effectiveness was due.

Chemistry, for instance, does not seem much of an inspiration for pageantry, but one of the most charming moments of the afternoon was when thirty or forty "elements," clad in pale colors, came dancing gayly on the field in confused and rollicking groups till at a gesture from Mendelejeff, the discoverer of the periodic law, they formed into groups of solid colors and danced in the harmony that has become a commonplace in our conception of matter. When Radium, in her dance, suddenly threw away her scarfs of glittering silver and was transmuted into Helium, the charm of science had its most beautiful expression. The scene was real poetry.

For the Mathematics Department were long files of scholars, all perfectly costumed—Ahmes, an Egyptian priest of the fifteenth century B.C., Hypatia herself, Hindus, Arabian philosophers, and mediæval friars. Physics and Astronomy were also presented historically, from fire-worshipers and Chaldeans to Benjamin Franklin stolidly bearing his kite and followed by personifications of the material and intellectual gifts of these sciences to humanity. Loveliest of them was a fairy-like little figure in green, who represented the "swift messenger of thought," and stood smiling at the audience with her model of a telegraph pole over her shoulder.

Next came a crowd of creatures that depicted Geology, Botany, and Zoölogy. There were orchids, algæ, fungi, and ferns attending Flora, straight from Botticelli's "Primavera," and a curious group of fruit flies, which actually, said the programme, illustrated Mendel's law "concerning the appearance of characteristics, dominant and recessive, in successive generations." The characteristics to be noted here were red and white eyes!

The English Department, which at Mount Holyoke concerns itself chiefly with writing courses, presented a graceful tableau of modern Muses, surrounded by groups personifying rhythmical prose and meter. They were followed by the Department of English Literature, with a long procession of characters from our literature and its history, beginning with Deor, the Anglo-Saxon bard, whose lament over his master's neglect of him still lasts from heathen times. Arthur and a lovely Guinevere, Tristan and Iseult, Sir Galahad and a Grail maiden, Robin Hood and some of his merry men with falcons on their wrists, moved side by side with the Canterbury Pilgrims, several Shakespeare people, and the whole rout from Comus, persecuting the ringleted and shrinking Lady and her gallant brother.

Famous portraits then began to appear, delightfully picturesque and remarkably like the originals, from Van Eycks to Sorollas. After them paraded many dignified ecclesiastics and potentates of history, ending with a stern, fat little Napoleon, who came and stood with folded arms and mournfully sank her head on her breast. Then to the strains of "Die Wacht am Rhein" was given in spirited dumb show the apple scene from "Wilhelm Tell." When the hat of Austria had gone past, a chorus of English country maidens in costumes of lovely dull colors danced on to the music of their smocked minstrels, and tripped gayly through several old glees and

GRACEFUL GREEK FIGURES FROM HOMER AND SAPPHO

FRUIT FLIES (DROSOPHILA)—ZOOLOGY DEPARTMENT

Illustrating Mendel's law concerning the appearance of characteristics, dominant and recessive, in successive generations. The characteristics represented are red and white eyes. These appear in the ratio of 3 to 1 in the second generation

HERALDS FOR ONE OF THE SCIENCES

FAMOUS PAINTINGS—ART DEPARTMENT

A group of students in picturesque dress paraded in remarkable likeness of the original painting of the Infant Don Baltazar Carlos in Hunting Costume, by Don Diego Velasquez, in the Prado, Madrid

IN PROGRESS

rounds. The tone, volume, and finish of the choral work were remarkable, but only what is to be expected at a college that maintains always a choir of two hundred and keeps it to a standard rare in this country.

Shortly another set of heralds announced the Economics people, who began with some primitive men and ended with a prophecy for 2000 A.D. At the pastoral stage of this résumé of the life of man appeared a flock of sheep that docilely grazed and were driven across the green with apparent ease. Their obedience was characteristic of the care with which the whole affair was carried out. At the dress rehearsal, the girls said, it took fifty minutes to drive and coax the frightened animals through their part. So on the day of the performance they were penned all day and their meal hour made to synchronize with their appearance. They were so intent upon the fresh campus pasturage that neither the music nor the crowd could trouble them.

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MARY EMMA WOOLLEY
President of Mount Holyoke College

Then came Jeanne d'Arc, lean and tired, but exalted of countenance, and Dante and Beatrice after her. Don Quixote, on a raw-boned old white horse that has served generation after generation of college girls on their Wednesday drives, ambled gently across, pursued by Sancho Panza on a tiny donkey. Molière then conducted rehearsals for scenes from three of his plays before Louis XIV—a ludicrous bit from "Les Précieuses Ridicules," one from "L'Avare" and from "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme." Last of all came a queer file of women. The pageant had shown poetically the present-day range of the college girl's training. Some of the recent alumnæ now came, showing how she had looked every year since 1837, from the slender silhouette of to-day back past the leg-o'-mutton sleeves, the hoopskirts, and the waterfalls of different years to the modest bonnets of Mary Lyon's time. The final tableau, as the seven hundred, a wonderful mass of color against the October woods, sang their Holyoke song, was a moving symbol of what young womanhood means to-day.

When the procession passed between the ranks of visitors before disbanding, the perfection of the costuming was even more evident than before. Details often neglected, such as shoes, and anachronisms such as eye-glasses, had all been seen to, and the effect was noticeably finished.

And it was no wonder. The College had been working on the pageant since last spring, and every girl then in college had a part. The plan as to color, device, and the central idea for each group was left to the faculty of that department, who sent to the central committee the list of the girls they would need. The plans and lists were revised and harmonized by the committee, and then each girl in college received a slip explaining her part and her costume. On the other side of the slip was a pledge for her to sign, saying that she would take full responsibility for the costume, and that, if she found she could not be at college that day, she would inform the authorities at once. This individual responsibility was what made the thing "go," and made the remarkable effectiveness of the production.

The girls either made or hired their own costumes, under the direction of the faculty, who drew designs and furnished samples and helped in the research necessary for many of

the details. Any time after college opened you could see girls running across the campus to some faculty's room "to see if she was all right" as a monk, or a Roman matron, or St. Thomas Aquinas. And the thought was worth while. No carping classical critic, for instance, could have found any fault with the "Carmen Sæculare." The head-dresses and draperies of the actors were strictly according to the prevailing fashions of 17 B.C., as gathered from bas-reliefs and decorations; and the toga, whose real shape it seems is unknown, was the cause of much experimentation.

Probably the best part of the affair, beautiful as it was as a spectacle, was its effect on the girls. "To understand that programme," as one visitor said, "would be a liberal education," and no girl could have lived in that atmosphere for months and had a share in the preparation without getting something different from the not uncommon undergraduate attitude of jesting indifference to academic work. The kind of interest that people seldom acquire before they graduate is the usual thing at Mount Holyoke this year.

Back of the amphitheater where the pageant was given, in a quiet grove in the center of the campus, is Mary Lyon's grave. Nothing was said about her that afternoon, but every one was thinking of her. As a Japanese speaker quaintly said, when he later brought greetings from the Orient, "her benevolent spirit" must have been happy. Far more than seventy-five years of women's enlightenment lie between the time when Mary Lyon waited in an anteroom while her trustees debated and the day after the pageant in 1912 when Mount Holyoke conferred honorary degrees. The recipients were of the best type of women, and they all deserved the distinction, but to the audience they represented more than their individual achievement. Women have traveled a long distance in seventy-five years when a college can find—and for the most part from her own alumnæ—such women as these to honor: the distinguished head of a reformatory for women, an author of scholarly reputation, a notably successful woman archæologist, the presidents of two of Mount Holyoke's daughter colleges—one in South Africa and one in Ohio—and the head of the new Federal Children's Bureau.

No less typical of the modern woman is the President of the College herself, the woman whose steady, self-reliant grace makes any occasion notable. To one meeting her socially President Woolley shows herself to be of the sort that remembers, apparently, every one she has ever met, and, more than that, says always the elusive right thing—the phrase that other people compose wrathfully a half-hour after its occasion. By alumnæ and the public she is honored as the woman who has achieved what Mount Holyoke has long needed—a respectable endowment. And to the students she is the woman who can make them want to do what they have angrily determined they never will do, the woman whose wish is enough reason for action, the woman who, when she asks them not to discuss some matter, creates a silence on the subject more inflexible than a solemn oath. They want to please her, but, as she invariably explains why she wants things done, she makes them think, too.

The pageant and the rest of the celebration, to any one who knows Miss Woolley's work, were instinct with her unobtrusive direction. In a real sense it was a personal triumph for her after her first ten years of administration, but more than that was the larger fact that she is keeping the spirit of Mary Lyon and fulfilling all her hopes.

SANCHO PANZA—DEPARTMENT OF ROMANCE LANGUAGES

ABOVE RUSHED A HUGE VOLUME OF SMOKE, SHOWERING MILLIONS OF SPARKS AS IT WENT

THE TRAIL OF FIRE

BY JOHN BERTRAM KELLEY

WITH DRAWINGS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

"DO you think there's a silver lining there, Tom, or would you call that one of the exceptions?" I leaned against a boulder and idly flapped a handkerchief about my head and neck to the discomfiture of a swarm of black flies.

My partner threw down his grub-hoe, combed the early flies out of his rough iron-gray beard, and stared thoughtfully at the southern sky. He spoke casually, as though his opinion were of little weight, anyway. "Son," he said, "it would take some prospecting to find the silver lining behind that cloud." He picked up his grub-hoe and knocked some pieces of rock from a vein he had uncovered. "Not bad-looking truck," he remarked, putting them into his pocket. Once more he studied the black cloud to the south. It was growing suspiciously thick and appeared to be gaining speed. At times it would rise lazily, then heave slowly to the east, then stop to settle for a moment. The old prospector scanned the sky. In all directions lay the haze of forest fires over the parched bush. "It looks bad to the south there, son, but if a wind comes up from *any* direction, I guess hell will seem like a refrigerator after this bush. She's just a nest of sleeping fire now, and she's so dry that the frogs are dying of thirst in the water-holes. I reckon we'd better feed and then hike for Porcupine after we cache the outfit."

Even as we buried the blankets, dishes, cooking utensils, all our precious movable equipment, the sleeping fires that lay all about us were roused. An hour passed, and in that hour sprang up a wind such as had never in the memory of man torn through the northern bush. It varied from moment to moment—now from the south, suddenly from the northwest—it twisted and shrieked, fanning and spreading and uniting a thousand fires. Great trees, torn up by the roots, crashed through the underbrush on all sides of the cabin. Occasionally the fire, leaping clear of the smoke, seemed to precede it, red, merciless, tearing through the spruce, snatching the tops of the dry tamarack and hurling them through the air to ignite the tinder-like bush five hundred yards away. Back fires started. The wind seemed to blow from everywhere. The hissing of burning spruce trees grew louder, sharper, more frequent; it became a roar.

We watched it quietly from the cabin door. We had made our plans if the fire should reach us. In times past swamps on the outskirts had protected our claim, but the wind alone could protect us now. We smoked in silence, our lightest and most precious possessions in a pack-sack between us. A rabbit raced around the corner of the house, seated himself a dozen yards away, and watched us, trembling. A moose swept by, snorting wildly. At that instant old Tom made a grab for the pack-sack and ran down a little trail that led into the swamp. Following closely, I saw a hundred little fires breaking into life about us, though the main fire was half a mile away. Above rushed a huge volume of smoke, showering millions of sparks as it went.

The trail led to the well, a hole slightly more than six feet deep and containing about five feet of water remarkable in the vicinity for its coldness. Into this well the old man dropped the pack-sack, sliding in after it with a shiver. For a few seconds I watched the oncoming wall of fire sweeping toward us; then I too dropped into the well.

It was not good to look at as it came, preceded by a thick, inky, turpentine smoke, but in the well we were comparatively safe from the actual fire. That a tamarack top might come into the well we knew, but we had to chance that. The air in the small space between the water and the level of the ground seemed sweet and pure in contrast to the smoke-laden air outside. The water was bitter cold as we ducked to avoid the hail of sparks.

High above, the tops of the spruce trees burst into flame. Great snake-like flames leaped from tree to tree. Trees crashed to the ground with the ear-splitting crack-crack of artillery. With a roaring, hissing noise, like that of many locomotives in a tunnel, the fire rushed over the well. We plunged our heads into the water. A tree fell across the opening above us. Instantly

a thousand little flames raced along the trunk, scorching our heads and necks. Coughing and choking, we managed to throw enough water with our wide hats to extinguish the fire. The air was unbearable; it was so dry it cut our lungs. Then came the smoke, heavy, impenetrable. We choked and coughed continually, swinging automatically forward and backward—under the water, into the hot dry smoke, and back under water. We tore off our shirts, wound them about our heads, and, still choking for breath, wildly flung water over them. Minute after minute dragged by. The air was rent by a reverberating boom as a powder-house a mile away blew up. It meant at least a dozen lives. Black hopelessness pressed down on us. Smoke rolled over us ceaselessly; the ground was carpeted with glowing embers, with tiny creeping, shooting flames. The icy water, while prolonging our struggle against suffocation, was slowly paralyzing us.

At last came the temptation to put an end to the strangling misery by slipping down into the water. It would be easier, but with my partner beside me I couldn't quit. Without uncovering my eyes, I knew how he looked; knew he was standing beside me fighting for life, refusing to consider whether he had a chance of saving it or not.

A feeling of indignation swept over me. I might be killed, but I wouldn't give up! I would not be found huddled up in the bottom of a well. I fought grimly for breath, half mad with the idea that it was a personal issue between me and the Lord of the Universe. I fought angrily, spitefully. I kept muttering that a man took a lot of killing, that I could tough it as long as my old partner did.

The smoke became cooler and less thick. Sometimes for a few seconds it rolled past on one side or the other, giving us a chance for a long breath. Old Tom seized the charred tree-trunk above his head and swung himself out of the well.

"Son," he said, "a couple of hours of that sort of thing is enough."

"I guess I'm well enough chilled to keep for some time myself," I remarked, coughing and panting as I looked around.

The completeness of the transformation of the country was disconcerting. It took us a few seconds to get our bearings as we walked slowly to where the cabin had stood, for the sheet-iron stove was the sole remaining proof that there had ever been a shack. To the north the fire, swept along by a seventy-mile gale, leaping from side to side, mowing down monster trees, consuming underbrush, small trees, and the little dwelling-places of man, rushed on its course, leaving in its wake the skeleton of a forest, skeletons of little and big animals, and the skeletons of men.

The smoke-laden wind had turned cold, so we stood close to a glowing log as we took off our long boots and wrung out our socks. Then I remembered the pack-sack, went back to the well for it, and wrung my socks again, while the old man stood by, shivering and profane. We pulled on our cold, wet shirts, and started for the settlement, climbing over countless fallen trees, feeling that we were walking swiftly, though we barely moved. Trees fell about us, several almost on top of us. We were cold, dazed, miserable. The strain had left us half sick, half ashamed of the fight we had made for our lives.

On the township line we met a big Finn. He was running back and forth, moaning, nursing one hand with the other. He showed us its burned back, then continued to walk about, sobbing and whimpering. Old Tom regarded him with disgust. "If you're going to Porcupine with us, stranger, you'd better shut up and come along." He led the way slowly, breathing heavily, while the Finn brought up the rear, whining. The eyes of all of us, inflamed by the smoke, became harder and harder to keep open. Every few steps we had to throw back our heads to get a glimpse of the trail.

A leaden-gray twilight settled about us. The smoke swept past, cool and light. The air was filled with carbon dioxide. The black, smooth ground, the great black trunks of trees standing at a distance from one another, the black broken logs stretched on the ground, the whole hedged about with a dead, gray shroud of smoke, made me feel that we alone remained on the unwholesome remnant of a destroyed earth. With the extinction of all life about us, we were miserably impressed with our insignificance as we crawled over great hot tree-trunks and tried to follow the altered trail with eyes more than half blind. The Finn thought only of his burned hand, which seemed to be the extent of the damage inflicted upon him by the fire. He wept, begging us to hurry, until finally, seeing that he was not regarded as an object

"THEN I TOO DROPPED INTO THE WELL"

of sympathy, he strode angrily past us and moved strongly and swiftly down the trail.

The disappearance of the big log camps that had stood near the trail on cleared ground, offering nothing to feed the fire, and the gruesome discovery that what looked like three little logs were the charred bodies of men, prepared us to find Porcupine in ruins. The old man led the way in silence. He was having a bad time forcing himself to walk. He seemed almost overcome by dizziness; he coughed ceaselessly, doubling up after the effort of climbing over a tree-trunk, and spitting blood after his worst attacks. Feeling that I was following at a terrific pace, I shambled behind him. I was oppressed by an inability to fulfill a persistent desire to fill my lungs. Every few steps my mouth would be pulled open, a little air would rush into my lungs, and a fit of coughing follow.

Evening was upon us when we arrived at the smooth black area of land cleared by man for his houses, and during the past two hours cleared of man and his houses by fire. There was nowhere the faintest trace of a house. The lake at the north end of the town was obscured by a great cloud of smoke sweeping out of the swampy shore. Besides a hideous smell of burned flesh there was no clue to the whereabouts of the several thousand inhabitants of South Porcupine. It was inconceivable that they had all perished. We walked listlessly to the lake shore, where, seated close to a fire, was a little group of men. There were no greetings. They all knew us and were glad to see us alive; still, they were themselves too miserable to say so. Everything was burned, they said, nothing left of any of the towns. Most of the inhabitants had stood in the lake, and so escaped burning. They thought that several hundred had been drowned by the crowd pushing those farthest out into the water that was beyond their depth. This and much more of the same sort the group told us in callous, monotonous tones, as though it all made little difference. Their friends had burned and drowned before their eyes; their own lives had been spared by luck they could not understand. What had become of the survivors they neither knew nor cared. The terrific sweeping force of the fire had stunned them.

We left the group and started for North Porcupine, the settlement at the other end of the lake. "There's bound to be a crowd somewhere, Tom; I shouldn't wonder if the North End had slid by." The old man nodded his answer. He had not spoken for two hours, but had gone on doggedly, his big sloping shoulders drooping more and more, his whole body shivering. The eyes of both of us were puffed and aching, requiring

a backward jerk of the head for a momentary glance at the trail, then closing heavily again.

Half-way around the lake we came upon a gathering of foreign laborers, prospectors, mine managers, and brokers, among whom were several shivering and half-blind women. They spoke in low, dead voices. The North End, they told us, had been saved as by a miracle. The fire had swept by on both sides of the town, taking only one street as it went.

They all fell silent as a big motor boat approached. It brought a doctor in a white collar and well-pressed clothes, who obviously had not been in the fire. This man jumped ashore and began to select passengers for the boat. Every one crowded about him, eager to get out of the desolated bush. The doctor helped the women into the boat first. Foreign laborers, mostly Finns, set up a shout and rushed into the boat, throwing the women into the water. Without a word the prospectors and mining men fell upon the Finns, and a moment later the women were again in the boat, shivering, but for the most part calm. They had suffered much that day.

After the outburst the doctor had easier work. He set about filling the boat with the men who were least able to walk. His eye fell upon my partner and me; and we must have been a sorry sight, standing together, shivering, our eyes tight shut, our shirts torn and hardly tucked in at the belt. He came quickly to the old man.

"You'd better get into the boat," he said.

Tom started. "Come on, son," he said.

"He can walk all right," said the doctor, "but you get in; everybody's waiting."

The old prospector stopped short. "If he can walk, why, I guess I can too." His voice sounded thin, and the words were followed by a fit of hard, dry coughing.

Startled, I spoke brusquely: "Don't be a fool, Tom." Anger masked a great uneasiness. "You needn't worry about me. I'll be 'round the shore nearly as soon as you are. So don't stand here with those women freezing in wet clothes."

Attacked from this angle, the old man surrendered, and a moment later I stood watching the boat as it shot out into the high chop, swung north, and, with wind and waves behind it, headed up the lake.

The gathering broke up; little groups took the trail to the North End, till presently I found myself alone. I kept wondering why the doctor thought that old Tom couldn't walk. It was all rot; the old man had come out of the bush like a moose—and yet there had been something strange. It was like him to say nothing. The longer I stood thinking about my old partner, the farther the mile to the North End seemed. I looked for a place to lie down out of the wind. I would sleep there and go to town in the morning. Then the thought of old Tom waiting for me at the "first call" decided me. I started up the trail, now nearly obscured in darkness, stumbling often, swearing extravagantly. Finally, half dazed with exhaustion and a peculiar numbness, I walked into the crowded bar-room and sank into the barber's chair.

Men who happened to have been in the little settlement that had been spared crowded about me. Many of them I knew. All of them knew me as the partner of the grim old veteran of the bush. "Where is Tom?" they demanded. "Doc took him in a boat; thought he'd be here," I answered, wondering.

At that moment the doctor in the white collar entered. He came up to me and congratulated me on my escape. "Where's Tom?" I asked. "He's all right," he answered quickly and turned away. He said something to a young fellow who stood a little apart from the group. I couldn't hear what it was, though I felt he was talking about me.

"Where's Tom?" I fairly shouted, but he left the building, and the young fellow came over and told me to come with him, assuring me that Tom was being cared for.

He took me to the upper end of the town. The street swarmed with homeless people walking back and forth, talking in groups, beaten, hopeless, tragedy depicted in nearly every face. Authentic rumors came in steadily of horrible deaths of men and women in some of the mines. Any one who had been in the fire and had come out alive was hailed with wonder, so all-overwhelming the disaster had been. Man after man stopped me, some of whom I knew well and some not at all. They acted as though a ghost had come among them. An old friend threw his arm about my shoulder.

"I never knew you were lucky before," he exclaimed.

"I'm feeling blamed lucky just now, Jim," I told him. "All you've got to do to keep me going is to feed me on bits of dry wood; I swallowed about half that fire."

A little later I was steered into a shack and

was put into a double bunk that already contained three survivors, two of them badly burned, the other one exhibiting symptoms similar to my own. "Kind of a cemet'ry special," grunted one of the bandaged ones. We exchanged stories of our escapes. At the close of each story the auditors remarked feelingly, "Well, you were lucky."

With night the doctor came, put a few drops of boracic acid and cocaine in the inflamed eyes, a few drops of whisky into the parched throats, and went his way. More and more of the injured were crowded into the shack, until every inch of floor space was covered with rolling, groaning men. The owners of the cabin sat on the table talking in low tones. Now and again the door opened to admit members of a hurriedly organized rescue committee who were going about in search of facts concerning those who had come out of the bush and the probable whereabouts of those who had not come out. A train of box cars had already taken eighteen hundred people out of town. Several had died on the journey, the story ran. People tried to persuade me to take the next train. I told them Tom and I would go together in the morning. But I could get no information regarding his whereabouts.

The next morning, in spite of much opposition, I rose early and went out to find my partner. I met a procession of stretchers being carried to the station. I knew most of the men on them. The streets were deserted except for a small group of people in front of the theater. I crossed the street and joined the group who were reading a typewritten list of the dead, which had just been pinned to the door. I read the list slowly; on it were the names of many of my friends. Near the bottom was the name of my partner. Certain that there was a mistake, I turned to the man near me, remarking that there were probably a good many errors on the list, and pointing to old Tom's name as an example. "That's no mistake, stranger; I helped lug his box to the station myself," the man said. "He and his partner got in wrong yesterday, and the doc says that the young one will go out in a box by to-morrow."

Again the feeling of rebellion which had come over me in the well swept every other sentiment from my mind. "If the doctor said that, he lied." I spoke quickly, trying vainly not to cough. "And you tell him that you saw old Tom's partner walk to the station and go out on this train." I walked up the hill to the station, choking, and terribly lonely for the old man.

LOUIS GLAVIS IN CALIFORNIA

BY HAROLD FRENCH

Louis Glavis is the young man who, by his charges against Secretary Ballinger, started what is known as the Pinchot-Ballinger controversy. We are sure our readers will be interested in this account of Mr. Glavis's more recent public service.—THE EDITORS.

WHEN young Louis R. Glavis, special land agent of the Federal Government, presented to the judicial consideration of President Taft certain evidence indicating a plan of the Department of the Interior to turn over the wealth of Alaska to the Morgan-Guggenheim interests, he was summarily dismissed from the service for having circulated "mere unfounded suspicions" reflecting upon his superior officers. Whereupon, "this rash boy, Glavis," retired to the simpler life as an honest horticulturist. But Glavis was by no means forgotten.

When the apple blossoms of his Hood River orchard were unfolding in 1911, he received a summons from the State of California to appear before its Governor, Hiram W. Johnson, and show cause why he should not be transplanted to the post of executive officer of the newly created State Conservation Commission.

Betwixt the Sierras and the sea was a new world to win for the people. In this realm of natural riches were certain assets belonging to this sovereign State which were well worth a billion dollars to its public owners. The Conservation Commission proposed to control the development of its water supplies, forests, minerals, and reclaimable lands for the benefit of the whole people. And as

LOUIS R. GLAVIS

an administrator they wanted a man who had not only "made good," but who could make better records. The urge of social service was too strong for Louis Glavis, and so he consented to be drafted as a soldier of the good government of this progressive commonwealth.

As far back as 1887 a State Board of Forestry was established and $29,500 was appropriated for its maintenance; but the idea that the State should attempt to regulate the ruthless greed of the organized land-grabbers was deemed an unwarranted intrusion upon the rights of vested interests. Backed by the powerful influence of the Southern Pacific machine, the resources of the State were the spoil of speculators, who obtained valuable timber lands for as low as $1.25 an acre, which they devastated with utter disregard for the future welfare of the State. As the denudation of the watersheds progressed, the recurrence of ruinous floods awakened a growing sentiment in favor of regulating the basic industries of the State in the interest of all the people.

When Dr. George C. Pardee became Governor of California in 1903, he impressed upon the Legislature the fact that the future prosperity of the State would depend upon the conservation of its forests and water supplies, and by persistent efforts he secured appropriations sufficiently liberal to permit the performance of effective work by the State Forester. But his conservation projects were again held back by the blighting influence of the machine. The Southern Pacific had no use for a Progressive Governor, and the then all-powerful Boss Herrin recalled Pardee from his post at the close of his term. During the next four years the very word "conservation" was read out of the party's dictionary.

Then came the popular revolution against the rule of the railway, and Hiram Johnson was inaugurated Governor of California in January, 1911. With all his uncompromising energy he urged the Legislature to create the State Conservation Commission. On April 8, 1911, a law was enacted for the purpose of establishing a commission which should be empowered to regulate the utilization of water supplies for power purposes,

and another commission was authorized to investigate and report to the Legislature upon the development of irrigation and reclamation projects, as well as to investigate forestry, the exploitation of mineral lands, and kindred subjects. Three commissioners were appointed to supervise the revising of existing statutes and to recommend the enactment of laws which would make their work for the conservation of the natural resources of the State more effective. A fund of $100,000 was placed at the disposal of the commissioners, who were authorized to engage the services of experts to gather data and to work out the problems of this ambitious programme.

Among the three commissioners whom Governor Johnson appointed was his predecessor, the pioneer Conservationist, former Governor Pardee. He had attended the memorable Irrigation Congress at Spokane in 1909, when Louis Glavis appeared before that body of progressive public men and submitted his case against Secretary Ballinger to Gifford Pinchot. From that time he took a deep interest in the career of the young monitor whose timely warnings prevented the deeding away of public domain to privileged promoters. When the Commission required the services of an administrative secretary, Dr. Pardee proposed the name of Louis Glavis for the office, with the unqualified approval of his colleagues, and on the 1st of July, 1911, he commenced his new career of usefulness to the public.

The first notable achievement of the State Conservationist was the drafting of a bill establishing a water power commission, a water-wheel within the motive wheels of this new engine of regulation. Mr. Glavis studied every phase of the utilization of water power to generate electricity, and presented his arguments for the creation of this special commission in such cogent form that the Legislature adopted the plan, which became a law on January 2, 1912.

One of the greatest assets of the Golden State is, at the present time, the least developed in proportion to its value. Engineers have estimated its water rights to be worth hundreds of millions of dollars a year to the people of this favored State. The vast and sparsely settled Sierra Nevadas are limitless storehouses of water deposited in Nature's snow-banks. These gradually liquidating reserves linger throughout the summer in this lofty wilderness of glacier lakes and sky-piercing peaks, ranging from eight thousand to over fourteen thousand feet in elevation. Fully five hundred miles in latitude this series of Sierran catchment areas extends, while the width of its alpine zone averages from thirty to forty miles. On either side of this region of perpetual snows cascading rivers carve their courses through granite gorges down to the desert below the eastern escarpment, or to the fruitful foothills of the great interior valleys. For the purposes of generating electrical power, irrigating and reclaiming lands, and furnishing copious supplies of water for domestic needs, these snow-born torrents have a commercial value which will soon bear a proportion of sixteen to one to the average annual production of gold in this State. A miniature Sierra guarding the Pacific coast contains between its contours, which range between two thousand and eight thousand feet in elevation, many streams capable of doing much useful work for millions of people.

Far-sighted speculators, anticipating the ultimate utilization of these water supplies, have not failed to file claims appropriating exclusive rights to retain these sources of energy long in advance of the necessity of their development. A hydra-headed water power trust was intrenching itself at every strategic point and reaching out for the monopoly of the water supply of this great commonwealth. In many instances dummy locators and the makers of fraudulent entries have rendered yeoman service to their financial fiefs. Mr. Glavis did not propose to hurt business in any way for bona-fide appropriators of water rights, but he did take a decided stand that the State should clip the claws of the power trust. In drafting the Water Commission Act he urged the incorporation of clauses that would compel applicants for water rights to file specifications and drawings showing just what use the water would be put to if appropriated. Such entries are now leases, limited to forty years' duration and subject to forfeiture if construction work is not begun in good faith within six months after location. The State now receives a rapidly increasing revenue from such licenses in the form of fees and charges of ten cents for every horse-power generated above a minimum of one hundred units. Should any companies enjoying the privileges of these string-attached water rights enter into a conspiracy to limit the output of electricity for the purpose of

increasing rates or preventing the lowering of prices, the Conservation Commission is empowered to revoke their rights unconditionally.

Glavis is of the dynamic type. Once started, his mental mechanism runs right ahead at a steadily accelerating efficiency. He was not content with regulating the future appropriations of water rights, for he has since followed up his first success by preparing to cancel all water filings held purely for speculative purposes. After checking up the records of water and power site locations, Glavis found that about ninety-five per cent of these franchises were rendering no real service, nor was there any evidence of intention on the part of the appropriators to improve their holdings within the next few years. Accordingly, he is ready to recommend to the next session of the Legislature that these undeveloped water rights should be canceled. It may be expected that Mr. Glavis will encounter some serious opposition from the present possessors of these valuable privileges, who will bitterly resent the prying of such prizes from their grasp. If Mr. Glavis succeeds in winning the support of the State Legislature, and the Commission is authorized to revoke these unutilized franchises, the State will come back into the full possession of water rights which will be readily worth hundreds of millions of dollars during the next decade.

In the spring of this year Mr. Glavis practically presented the State of California with over a million acres of land which his collective employers did not know that they owned. This statement may seem a little strong, but it is quite as true as though the dispossessed heirs of a princely estate had suddenly had the title deeds to their lawful heritage thrust into their hands.

In the early days of the American occupancy of California the Federal Government granted two sections in every township in the State for the support of its schools. A grand total of 5,699,503 acres was conveyed to California in this apportionment of public lands. Many of these sections were situated in early Mexican grants, or have since been included in Federal Forest reserves. Wherever these school lands could not be legally claimed the National Government gave applicants scrip in lieu for these lands, permitting them to exchange these tracts acre for acre in the Federal domain. Under the free and easy rein of the régime of "the good old days" the grossest forms of graft were perpetrated with impunity. The State sold its valuable school lands as a beggar would barter jewels. Tracts of timber land covered with compact ranks of redwoods and magnificent pines, worth in many districts a cent a square foot, were practically given away for $1.25 an acre. In later years this rate was doubled after the richest pickings had been plucked. When the Conservation Commission began business, it was commonly believed that all of its school lands had been grabbed and were irrevocably beyond recall.

When Mr. Glavis got "on the job," he wanted, first of all, to know just how much real estate the State of California really owned. Upon consulting the Surveyor-General, that official informed him that his predecessors had left the records of this department so tangled that there was no evidence to show what had become of the school lands. Under the dominance of the railway régime the powers that were preferred that the people should not know what property they still owned. Therefore the records were regarded as undecipherable.

Glavis promptly decided that it would be worth while to conduct a systematic examination of the surveys and land sale records of every township in the State. He detailed Special Agent H. T. Jones to direct a force of expert record searchers, who were required to trace the filings of all entries of land in every township of the State according to the disordered but decipherable maps and documents in the offices of the Surveyor-General. At the same time Mr. Glavis conducted a similar search at the United States General Land Office at Washington. For four months Glavis and his associates worked unremittingly at this complicated task until they had segregated the surprisingly large total of 1,175,064 acres of school lands which, for various reasons, particularly ignorance of their existence, had never been located. At the recent minimum price of $2.50 an acre for which such property sold, the value of this new-found land to the State was worth nearly $3,000,000.

But, as much of this area is still covered with marketable timber, or possesses other elements of value for agricultural purposes or the development of mineral or water resources, the Conservation Commission has caused the repeal of the laws sanctioning the sale of school land on such terms. In the

future it will probably be sold for a fair price or leased for rentals which will materially reduce taxation. Some of these sections are surrounded by National Forest reserves, and according to the Federal laws governing such locations, these tracts may be exchanged for an equal area of timber land in other portions of the public domain. Blocks of such land will be formed into State Forest reserves, serving many useful purposes, if the plans of Mr. Glavis are carried out. Ripe trees may be cut in accordance with the practices of scientific forestry, yielding considerable revenue to the State and serving as a check on the rising price of lumber to the extent of affording welcome relief from the excessive charges of a monopoly.

In addition to these two most notable achievements of Mr. Glavis, the conservation of water and the discovery of forgotten school lands, he is now hard at work on other noteworthy projects.

He is actively co-operating with the National Government in its Conservation work, and has interested the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Fisher, in fathering a Federal water power bill restricting the appropriation of water to applicants who are prepared to develop their franchises for the purpose of serving the actual needs of the public.

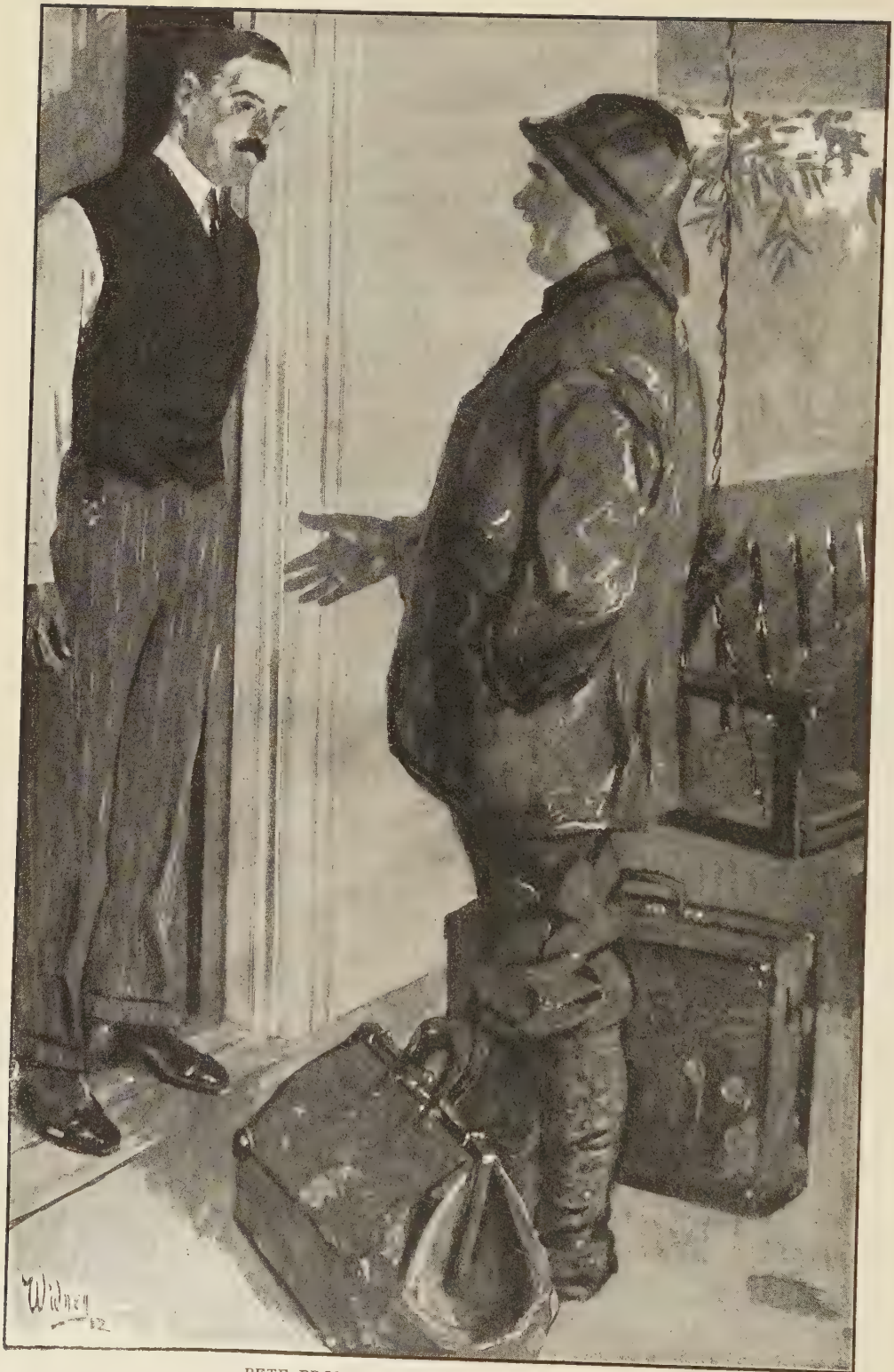
The next session of the California Legislature will have to pass upon a number of bills which Mr. Glavis and the Conservation Commission will present. It is his intention that all leases of water rights should be regulated in the interest of rate-payers.

The Commission expects to induce the National Government to reduce its stumpage charges for timber-cutting in its Forest preserves from $2 to $1 a thousand feet. At this rate, competition in the lumber business will be encouraged to the extent of breaking the power of the monopoly, and at the same time affording a much larger revenue to the Nation at large by the increased business which its Bureau of Forestry will transact.

Although Mr. Glavis will ask the Solons of Sacramento to legalize his plans to regulate the cutting of timber on private lands, this radical departure will not antagonize many owners. Even the lumber kings, whose private interests he is interfering with, are learning that in the long run they have more legitimate profit to gain by co-operating with the Conservation Commission than by opposing its measures for the common welfare. Already Mr. Glavis has won over many prominent lumbermen to indorse his plans for planting young trees where timber has been cut, for the purposes of forestalling a future shortage of lumber, of better protecting the water supply, and of preventing devastating floods. And now that the State is stepping in to enforce precautionary measures which will minimize the millions annually lost by forest fires, the owners of timber lands are no longer calling such protection "paternalism."

Another activity of this vigilant Commission will be the improvement of inland waterways so as not only to render the rivers of the State more navigable, but to reclaim vast areas of rich alluvium along their courses by the construction of levees. During the present session of Congress a bill was introduced authorizing the expenditure of thirty-three million dollars for the improvement of the channels of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers. The Government was asked to appropriate one-third of this amount, the State of California was to furnish a second third of this fund, and the property-owners of this great interior valley would subscribe the remainder. Although Congress was not convinced that the country at large would become the beneficiary of this investment, Mr. Glavis is still hoping for better legislative luck next time.

It is not difficult to hazard a guess as to what Glavis may accomplish for Conservation in California during the next few years. The sale or leasing of the school lands, which he resurrected from the records, mummified in the morgues of officialdom, should net the State many millions of dollars. Considerable revenue will be derived from the utilization of water power, and as this inexhaustible natural resource is developed with the growth of manufacturing and the extension of electric traction and lighting, the wealth-yielding possibilities of this public possession will be inestimable. But more than any utilitarian consideration of promoting wealth is the conservation of human welfare. And, again, it is safe to foresee that the health and happiness of the humblest citizen of the Golden State will be an important part of the programme which Louis Glavis and the Conservation Commission will carry out, to the end that California will be a better State to live in than ever before in all its romantic history.



PETE PROMPTLY INTRODUCED HIMSELF

JOY SELLING

THE FUN PETE CROWTHER HAD PLAYING THE GAME ON MARTIN

BY ELMER E. FERRIS

WITH DRAWINGS BY G. C WIDNEY

THE LAST OF THE PETE CROWTHER, SALESMAN, SERIES

THE rain was coming down in torrents and dashing in vicious gusts against the hotel windows. Inside the writing-room Pete Crowther was bending over the table intently examining a railway time-card. "He can't leave the Junction till 10:30 to-morrow," he muttered; "and that will put him into Brownsville at 11:30. The only way I can head him off is to drive over. Gee, it's fierce such a night as this!"

He glanced through the window out into the darkness and storm, and then at the cheerful fire blazing in the open fireplace. For a moment he was tempted to stay in the hotel and take his ease, but suddenly he struck the table with his fist. "Nit; it's me for Brownsville!" and he hurried out into the office to find the landlord.

"Say, Reilly, you and I are about the same size; won't that rubber hunting suit of yours fit me?"

"I guess so. Why?"

"I want to rent it for to-night. I've got to drive over to Brownsville. I'll express it back to-morrow."

"You can't rent it, but you can borrow it. Who's going to drive you to Brownsville to-night?"

"I guess Smith will."

"Yes, I guess he will—not."

A few minutes later Pete presented himself at the livery stable.

"Hello, Smith, how's business?"

"Pretty dang quiet to-night. Ain't this a soaker, though?"

"Yes. I've got a job for you."

"Well?"

"I want to drive to Brownsville."

"Come off, Pete! It's twenty-two miles, and darker than pitch. There ain't no team could keep the road to-night."

"Oh, that span of bays could. I've been out nights as bad as this. Be a sport, old man."

"Why, dog-gone it, Pete, a horse couldn't see a foot ahead of him, and the mud is up to the hubs. I bet the bridges are out, too."

"See here, Smith, there's fifteen dollars in it for you if you land me at Brownsville in the morning, and if we can't get through I'll pay you what you say is fair."

"I'll call Dan and see if he wants to drive you. I'll offer him half."

Dan came into the office, looking dubious. "I don't believe we could make it, Pete," said he.

"Look here, Dan, you've got a reputation for nerve. You ought to be willing to tackle it if I am."

"Well, all right; but we will probably get upset in the mud. The bays and the road wagon, I s'pose?" said he to Smith.

"Yes."

After they had pulled out from the stable and plunged into the darkness beyond the outskirts of town Dan grew inquisitive. "Why in the deuce are you taking this drive to-night, when you could go over to the Junction on the morning train and get into Brownsville before noon?"

"That's a fair question," laughed Pete. "You see, there's a man over at Brownsville that's going to buy a big stock of goods for a new store. Martin has got a pull on him, and if he sees him before I do he'll sell him the stock. Martin went over to the Junction this evening, and will get to Brownsville at 11:30 to-morrow. See?"

"Gee, it's a dog's life to travel on the road, ain't it?"

"That depends on your dog. Take Jack there at the livery stable; now he's got his work cut out. He watches the barn and barks up the bus teams when they start for the train, and about once a day he goes up the street and whales the tar out of any dog that stands up to him, and the result is that Jack has got doghood. But take that dog up at the hotel; he lays around in front of the fire and doesn't do a thing but eat and sleep, and he's so fat he can't even run; why, he's no dog. It takes activity and scrapping to make a dog, and it's that way with a man."

"All the same, I could get plenty of activ-

ity without taking a drive such a night as this."

"Yes; but about once in so often a man ought to tackle a job that has got a kick to it—something that makes him fight for it, like this team trip—then he won't get soft. Gee, I like the flavor of that mud!"

"Say, Pete, there's a fellow in town that's organizing a labor union, and last night, over at the hall, he said that the way things are run nowadays everybody is trying to beat everybody else, and what one man gits he takes away from some one else. Ain't that about so? Here you are driving all night to beat Martin, and he is going to try and beat you, and one of you is goin' to git it in the neck, sure."

"What of it, so long as we play fair? If I drive all night and get the order, won't I earn it? And if Martin doesn't get it he won't starve; he's got a good trade. There's enough chances for all of us, Dan, if we go to it. A man has got to earn it, that's all. That labor organizer was giving you hot air."

"All the same, Martin will feel sore if you beat him to it, and so will you if you lose out."

"Oh, not so very sore. Martin put one over on me last month. He sold Cameron his stock and I got left; but did I grouch around? Not on your life! I had done my best, and I dropped it. It used to give me a pain every time I saw a competitor, but I've got over that good and plenty. It's this way, Dan: The woods are full of competitors. Everybody has got them—preachers and doctors and merchants and liverymen—everybody, and the sooner a man makes up his mind that his competitor has got as much right on earth as he has, why the better for his peace of mind. See?"

"You ought to hear Smith cuss whenever Barton gets a livery customer away from him," said Dan. "Why, he almost throws a fit every time he sees Barton."

"So much the worse for Smith. The thing to do with a competitor is to let him alone, or he will get on your nerves. You take it from me, a man never gets anywhere by knocking his competitors."

"That fellow over at the hall last night said that business these days is war. He said we are all fighting each other instid of working together. Ain't that so, Pete?"

"Oh, maybe there's something in that so far as the big corporations and their employees are concerned, but with the average man, like you and me, that isn't so unless we make it so. If a fellow bucks up to his job and keeps trying to find better ways to do his work, and keeps hustling, he won't get any more war than is good for him; but business isn't war—it's a game, and a man ought to be a sport and play it the way the baseball men do. They don't make a personal matter out of it and hate the man that plays on the other side. Business is a bully old game too. There wouldn't be so much fun in life if you took all the game out of it. That's what makes a man dig his toe corks in. If I don't beat Martin to it to-morrow, why I'll give him a run for his money."

"Ain't you in favor of labor unions, Pete?"

"Why, sure. Laboring men are up against organized capital, and they've got to organize to protect themselves; but organization isn't the whole thing. You take it from me, organization can't get something for nothing and get away with it. Lots of these fellows spend so much time standing on their rights that they never come across with the goods. Organization can't take the place of hustling."

"Whoa!" cried Dan, suddenly. The wagon was settling rapidly upon Pete's side. He sprang out into the mud, and sank nearly to his boot-tops while he braced himself against the wagon, trying to prevent an upset. Dan steadied the horses and handed Pete the lantern. After the wagon was righted Pete wallowed ahead of the horses to investigate. "There's a bad wash-out this side of the road," he called. "I'll go ahead, and you follow the lantern."

After getting past the wash-out Pete clambered back into the wagon. The horses toiled slowly ahead, while the rain continued to pour down in torrents. The conversation grew more desultory, and finally ceased altogether as both men and horses braced themselves for a contest of endurance against the storm. It was about midnight when they came within the sound of a rushing stream.

"We must be coming to Ten-Mile Creek," said Dan. "This is half-way to Brownsville."

The horses suddenly came to a halt and refused to respond to Dan's urging. "Something's the matter up in front," said he. "Hold the lines, Pete," and, seizing the lantern, he sprang from the wagon and went on ahead.

"It's all off!" he called. "The bridge is washed out!"

Pete jumped out of the wagon and joined Dan at the edge of the stream. The bridge was entirely washed away, with the exception of a single stringer, which had withstood the force of the current, but seemed in momentary danger of giving way.

"The team couldn't wade it, eh, Dan?"

"Nix! It's over ten feet deep. It's back to Dover for us, Pete."

"Not on your life! I'm going to walk across on that stringer."

"Yes, you will!"

"Sure! When I was a kid, I could walk a board fence for a hundred yards without falling off. I bet I can walk that stringer. Is there a farm-house near here on the other side?"

"Yes, Mr. Thomas lives near the creek—first gate on the left."

Pete took the lantern in one hand and his grip and sample-case in the other, and approached the end of the stringer.

"Hold on, Pete! Thomas has got a big dog that's an ugly brute, and he'll jump you, sure. Here's an iron wrench with a knob on the end. You can paste him one with this."

"Good idea," said Pete, as he slipped the wrench into his coat pocket. "I feel a little like fighting, anyhow. I'll take it out of that dog's hide if he gets too fresh."

The current dashed swiftly against the stringer, overflowing it in places, as Pete made his way cautiously across.

"Good luck, old man!" called Dan, when he saw that Pete had safely reached the other side. "Look out for that dog!"

When Pete reached the gate and turned into the farm-yard, he had proceeded but a few steps when he was suddenly greeted with the furious barking of an angry dog. He dropped his grip and sample-case and drew the wrench from his pocket just as he caught sight of a huge animal bounding toward him with the evident purpose of attacking him. Pete ran toward the brute and shook the lantern in his face, and quickly dealt him a sharp clip upon the side of the head The dog sprang backward with a snarl, but checked himself and charged again,

"NOT ON YOUR LIFE! I'M GOING TO WALK ACROSS ON THAT STRINGER"

hurling his whole weight full at Pete's throat. Once more Pete shook the lantern in his face, and this time brought the iron knob down squarely upon his skull with such force as nearly to stun him. Meanwhile he kept up a vigorous "Hello!" toward the farm-house. At this instant a light appeared at the window.

"What do you want out there?" cried Mr. Thomas.

"Call off this dog or I'll knock his block off!" shouted Pete.

The farmer whistled and called the dog, who retreated sullenly toward the house.

"Who be you, and what do you want?" called Mr. Thomas again.

"My name is Crowther. I'm a traveling man, on the way to Brownsville. I want to get in out of this rain. See?"

The farmer opened the door and admitted Pete. "Wall, I swan!" he exclaimed, as he caught sight of his mud-bespattered guest. "What are you drivin' for sech a night as this? Where's your team?"

"The other side of the creek. The bridge is washed out."

"I s'pose you want to stay all night."

"Nit. I want you to drive me to Brownsville."

"Not by a darn sight! I've got rheumatiz, and I wouldn't do it, anyway, sech a night as this."

"Haven't you got a hired man that would like to make a few dollars?"

"My man likes to make an extry dollar, and he owns a team, but I bet he wouldn't git up and go out in this storm."

"Let's go up to his room and see."

The farmer took the lantern and led the way upstairs into a sleeping-room.

"Say, Jake," he exclaimed, as he shook the sleeping man vigorously, "there's a traveling man here that wants to go to Brownsville."

"All right," grunted Jake, drowsily; "tell him he kin go."

"But he wants you to drive him," persisted the farmer, giving him another shake.

"Let him go to the devil!" muttered Jake. "Lemme alone."

"I don't want to go to the devil; I want to go to Brownsville. See?" interposed Pete, as he stepped to the bedside. "Look here, Jake, there's fifteen dollars in it for you."

At the words "fifteen dollars" Jake opened his eyes and turned over.

"Cash?" he inquired.

"Sure. See here," and Pete produced a roll of bills. "I'll peel off three of these fives if you land me at Brownsville in the morning."

At the sight of the money the hired man sat up in bed. He glanced at the window, against which the rain was dashing in copious sheets. "It's a deuce of a night to drive in," he muttered.

"Sure it is, and that's why I'm offering you so much money. Do you suppose I'd pay you fifteen dollars if it was moonlight and a macadamized road? Not on your life!"

Pete's money argument produced its effect.

"Can I take your buckboard if I drive my team?" inquired Jake of Mr. Thomas.

"Yes; but you ought to pay me a dollar and a half for the use of it."

"All right. I'll have the team around in about twenty minutes." And Jake jumped out of bed and began to pull on his clothes.

"Do you have to take many trips like this?" asked the hired man after they had pulled out from the farm-yard.

"Oh, I guess about once in six weeks I get into some such mix-up."

"You ought to have pretty good pay. What wages do you git?"

"That's right to the point," laughed Pete. "Well, I get a salary of $300 a month and my expenses paid, and I make commissions, about $1,000 a year, besides."

"Aw, quit your kiddin'!"

"It does sound like it," admitted Pete, "but I'm giving you straight goods."

"Gosh, I wish I could make half of that—I'd be satisfied. I bet you don't work any harder than I do, either."

"How many hours a day do you put in?" asked Pete.

"I git up about half-past four in the morning, and git through about nine at night."

"How much wages do you get?"

"Thirty dollars a month, and I own this team and make about fifteen dollars a month with it."

"How much do you save?"

"Oh, about thirty-five dollars a month. I've got $600 out on interest, and this team is worth $300."

"You've got a pretty good start. What are you going to do—buy a farm after a while?"

"I don't know. I like horses, and I'd rather do teaming than anything else."

"Not a bad business, either. There's a fellow named Joe Ryan that does the teaming for our company. He owns his teams. He used to be one of our porters at forty-five dollars a month, but he got to teaming and worked into that job. The bookkeeper told me that Joe cleans up over $250 a month. That's going some, eh?"

"I've been thinking about some such job as that," said Jake, eagerly; "but how is a feller going to git at it?"

"You have to lay for your chance and keep hustling," advised Pete. "You take it from me, a man can just about land what he goes after if he plugs hard enough. Maybe I could get you a job with our company as porter, and then you might work your way in with Joe. It would be up to you to make good."

"I'll work like blue blazes if you git me in there."

"I'll see what I can do, and let you know."

It was 6:30 in the morning when the team pulled into Brownsville.

"Shall we go up to the hotel?" asked Jake.

"Nit. We'll drive right up to Stevens's place. I'll inquire where he lives."

After getting directions they proceeded up to Mr. Stevens's residence. Pete alighted and unstrapped his grip and sample-case and handed Jake fifteen dollars. "You go down to the hotel and feed the team and get a warm breakfast, and tell Mac to charge it on my bill."

"Don't forgit about that job, Mr. Crowther," admonished Jake as he shook hands in good-by.

"Sure not. I like the way you do things, Jake. You will hear from me."

When Mr. Stevens appeared at the door, Pete promptly introduced himself.

"Where did you accumulate all that mud?" inquired Mr. Stevens.

"Oh, driving from Dover."

"What, last night?"

"Sure. I was out all night."

"And you want to sell me a stock of groceries," laughed Stevens.

"You're a good guesser," grinned Pete.

"Come in and clean up and take breakfast with us," invited Stevens. "I'm sorry to say that you won't get anything else out of me. You can't sell me any goods. I am going to buy my groceries from—"

"Bond-Mathews & Co.," interrupted Pete with a smile, "and Martin is coming in on the 11:30. That's why I drove over last night. You know, we Dodd, Garrells people are a wide-awake outfit. We keep just that far ahead of our competitors. See?"

"Oh, I guess you have got a good company," admitted Stevens; "but, you know, my brother-in-law has bought from Bond-Mathews for years, and I am personally acquainted with Martin."

"Sure, and he's a good fellow and has got a good company. There's only one better, and that is Dodd, Garrell & Co. Well, I'll take breakfast with you, anyway."

Pete at once became an object of interest to the family, as he described in his jovial way the adventures of the night before.

"Any one would think that you had been taking a joy ride," smiled Mrs. Stevens.

"That's about what it was," asserted Pete. "When a man has got good health and a rubber suit, it's great sport to rough it in a storm, especially when he lands on a breakfast like this. Yes, I will take another muffin, please."

During breakfast Mrs. Stevens had occasion to go into the pantry, and through the open doorway Pete caught sight of a can of Aragon baking-powder upon the pantry shelf.

"You see, Mr. Stevens," said he, "every big company has got some special feature in its business that's a winner. One reason why we do such a big business is because we are the people that put out the Aragon goods. Those Aragon goods, you understand, are the class. When you see that word 'Aragon' on a package—no matter what it is, cocoa, baking-powder, extracts, canned goods, or anything else—why, you can bank on its quality; it's aristocratic stuff. Why, when people use Aragon goods once, you can't get them to change. Take Aragon baking-powder. Now—"

Mr. Stevens and his wife broke into a laugh. "My wife has been telling me that, no matter where I buy my stock, I must put in Aragon baking-powder and cocoa and extracts. We have used them in our family for two years."

"I might have known it!" cried Pete, enthusiastically. "These muffins now—light as a feather! Well, that's good. I'll sell you our Aragon line, anyhow. Mrs. Stevens will back me up."

"I certainly will," said she; "and you ought to get something for your long drive."

After breakfast, when they withdrew to

the sitting-room, Pete caught sight of a violin box upon the piano. "May I look at your fiddle?" he asked.

"Certainly. Help yourself."

Pete took out the violin and tuned it. After drawing the bow across it a few times he began to inspect the instrument carefully.

Stevens tipped a wink at his wife.

"Where did you get this fiddle?" asked Pete.

"From my father, and he got it from his father."

"You've got a corking good fiddle here."

"Yes; we were offered eighty dollars for it last month."

"Nit; don't take it."

"Certainly not. It isn't for sale. Play us something, Mr. Crowther. My daughter will play your accompaniment."

Pete needed no second invitation, and they were soon making the air vibrate with waltzes, two-steps, and marches. Between selections Pete vented his enthusiasm over the violin. "If you ever get ready to take $100 for it, give me the first chance, will you?"

"Yes; but you won't get the chance. We will never let that violin go out of the family."

Pete placed the instrument back into the case.

"Speaking about those Aragon goods," said he, "it's a big thing for a new store to get a reputation for classy goods, and the beauty of that Aragon line is that, while the goods are the finest quality, the prices are no higher than other companies charge for ordinary goods, and they cost you less than these brands that are advertised so much. I want to show you the line, Mr. Stevens. The best stores in this State are pushing them. They will give any store a reputation. Let's take your price lists now and compare them with some special prices that I'll make you if you will put in the whole Aragon line. We will begin with baking-powder, cocoa, and extracts—you want them, anyway."

An hour later Pete had taken Mr. Stevens's order for the entire Aragon line, including canned fruits, soaps, olives, pickles, teas, cigars, tobaccos, and a miscellaneous line of other fancy groceries.

"There, that's all!" insisted Stevens. "I declare, you've got about half of my order. The rest of it goes to Martin."

"All right," said Pete; "smoke another Aragon cigar. I want to play a little more on that bully old fiddle before I go."

After a few more selections on the violin, Pete suddenly laid the instrument aside.

"See here, Mr. Stevens, I want to give you a little straight talk. You will find after you've been in business a while that it pays to concentrate your trade. You can always get better terms if you buy the bulk of your goods at one place. Now, I've got the best part of your order—the fancy goods—and so I can afford to do better by you on the staples than any one else can. I'm going to offer you a deal that you can't afford to pass up. You are well posted on the prices of staples, and I want you to sit down here and figure with me a few minutes, and I want to give you some inside points on quality."

"It won't do you any good, Crowther."

"Yes, it will. It always makes me feel better when I offer to do a man a good turn."

During the next half-hour they went carefully over the matter.

"Now, you'll have to admit," said Pete, "that this is the best proposition you've had yet, and you know that you are dead safe on quality. It's like picking up a hundred dollars off that table. I couldn't make you this offer if I didn't have the rest of your order."

"Martin will be badly disappointed," mused Stevens, hesitantly.

"So will I if I don't get the whole order. You might as well let the tail go with the hide, and this is purely a business matter. You've got to consult your own interests, and nobody else will make you such an offer as this on the staples alone."

Before the hour of 11:30 arrived Pete had booked Stevens's order for his entire stock, amounting to over $8,000. When the train, which was an hour late, pulled into the station and Martin stepped off and came face to face with Pete, he dropped his sample-case upon the platform and gazed at his competitor in astonishment.

"How did you get here?" he cried.

"I drove from Dover last night."

"In that storm?"

"There was a storm, come to think," grinned Pete.

"After Stevens's order, eh?"

"That's what. And I landed it."

"No!"

"Yes."

"Did you get it all?"

"IT'S GREAT SPORT TO BRING HOME THE BACON," HE WROTE IN CONCLUSION

"Sure, I made a clean-up. You see, old man, I had to even up that Cameron deal."

"Looks like horse and horse," admitted Martin, dubiously. "Where are you going this afternoon?"

"I'm going in to the house. Stevens is coming in to-morrow to change the order some and pick out some of the stuff."

"Well, enjoy yourself, Pete. I know how you feel."

Late that afternoon, when Pete reached the office and presented the situation to Mr. Dodd, that gentleman sat back in his chair and regarded him with a look of mingled satisfaction and envy.

"Great work, Pete, great work!" said he. "It reminds me of the old days. You make me feel like taking a sample-case and striking out again myself. But, say, you haven't had any sleep since night before last. I want you to go up to the best hotel and stop at our expense. Get a good rest. We will try and make a good impression upon Mr. Stevens to-morrow."

On the evening of the following day Pete was sitting in his room at the hotel writing a letter to his wife. He told her about the stirring events of the past two days, describing in detail the incidents of the long night ride, the big order, and the satisfactory day that Mr. Stevens had passed with the company. "It's great sport to bring home the bacon," he wrote in conclusion, "and have everybody at the house give you the glad hand, but, all the same, I'm ready to start out again. A little taffy tastes pretty good, but too much of it is as bad as castor oil. This is a crackajack hotel, and it has got all the dudads that go along with $6 per (the Company pays it), but I've always noticed that when a hotel gets about so high-toned it goes in for a lot of monkey-work that isn't any earthly use, and the people in it swell around too much and don't act natural. I prefer to be where things are more genuine, even if they aren't quite so rashashay. I'll be glad to-morrow when I get out and hit the pike again. A man has the most fun while he is playing the game. PETE."

CHRISTMAS WHEN WE WERE KIDS

BY CARL WERNER

ORDINARILY I give little heed to him who begins his story with "Now, when you and I were boys," or, "Yes, indeed; those were the good old days!" Strikes me that all days are good days if they are boy-and-girl days. It is the age of the individual rather than of the day that makes the difference.

My grandfather—he of the Saxon side of the family—once told me a story in this connection that comes to my mind whenever I'm tempted to speak comparatively of departed youth. He was a small boy when he came to this country, and for many years afterward he carried a kind recollection of the cherries that grew on the old homestead that he had left behind. Through all the years, until middle life, he sought in vain for cherries as good as those he had plucked in his childhood on the old farm. He tried red cherries and black cherries, cherries from all parts of the State and from all parts of the United States, but none were as sweet or as satisfying as the fruit of his boyhood days. He resolved that if he ever revisited Europe a feast of those cherries would be the chief event of his tour. Eventually the opportunity came. He was careful to time the voyage so as to reach his destination when cherries were ripe. Arriving in Europe, he lost no time in journeying to the town of his birth, and soon he stood in the old orchard beneath the trees. It was a supreme moment. The craving of half a lifetime was to be gratified. With eager hand he plucked a luscious cluster and conveyed the fruit to his mouth. The next moment he had spat it upon the ground. The cherries were unpalatable and impossible, and he took his departure with face awry and lips a-pucker.

"You see," he used to tell me, "the fruit was as good as ever; it was I who had changed, not the cherries."

So, when I am moved to prate of the superior qualities of the old swimming-hole and the games we used to play and the pies our mothers used to make, I think of Grandfather's cherries and hold my peace.

Nevertheless, and in spite of the cher-

ries, I doubt very much if our boys and girls get as much fun out of Christmas as you and I did. Not that their capacity for enjoyment is less, but that our opportunities were greater. Location has much to do with it, and the boy in the country and in the small town—and such most of us were—has the best of it in a hundred ways.

Diminishing frugality, which marks the passing generations, has to do with it also; for it is unquestionable that affluence acts as a check to the pleasures of giving and receiving.

I try to make my boy's Christmases as joyous as mine were; but it is hard to overcome the disadvantage of his misfortune in being a child of the city. I cannot give him the broad expanse of starlit sky to gaze at on Christmas Eve from his bedroom window. I cannot give him the snow-topped roofs of the neighboring houses, with the smoke going straight up from the chimneys in silent columns, or the jingling of sleigh-bells, or the fairy frostings on the window-pane, or the soft footfalls of travelers along the village road, all of which added so much to the delicious mystery of the night before. I cannot give him the brilliant Christmas mornings, the broad, snow-covered meadow sparkling like a blanket of white diamonds, the hills to coast on, the ponds for skating, the drifts to tunnel through, or the sleigh-ride out to Grandfather's farm.

Ah, those *were* the Christmas mornings, in spite of the cherry story—speaking of Grandfather reminds me of it—and those *were* the good old times!

And really, when you come to think of it, doesn't it strike you that children of our time were more imaginative and less mercenary than children of to-day? Weren't they more prone to accept things as they found them, and less given to digging into intrinsic values?

I know a little chap who came down to his Christmas tree last year and surveyed the display with a smile of mild interest, until his eye fell upon a certain little gray horse on wheels. Then he sniffed contemptuously.

"Huh!" he said, as he turned his back to it; "that came from the five-and-ten!"

He was right, in point of fact, but—

Well, it wasn't like that when we were kids, *was* it? Of course I don't hold the children responsible for the transition. I think the child's attitude toward Christmas is just about as the parents make it. Now, when I've spent two hours of an evening hanging candies and glass folderols on the Christmas tree, I feel that I have done all that could be expected of me, except footing the bills. But have I? Why, trimming the tree was only an incident, a mere finishing touch to the Christmases our fathers and mothers used to make for us. The best things we found in our stockings were the toys made by Santa Claus—a real flesh-and-blood Santa Claus in shirt-sleeves and overalls, out in the woodshed, after we had gone to our dreams. And that same Santa Claus used to cut the tree himself, and haul it in from the woods on Christmas Eve.

I recall one winter when a terrific blizzard set in just before the holidays, and the little up-State town in which we lived was snow-bound. It was utterly impossible for any one to get out of the village or into it. The Christmas tree problem seemed insoluble, and, although I did not know it then, my father and mother were sorely perplexed. I am sure there was much anxious discussion in the late evening as the great day drew near. Christmas Eve arrived, and the fury of the storm was unabated. Sundry preparatory hints were thrown out, so that our disappointment would be less keen. But our supreme confidence in the mythical saint was not shaken.

I remember that the awful possibil-

ity of his failure did occur to us, momentarily, on Christmas morning as we tumbled out of bed, and that we went more fearfully down the stairs in consequence; but, oh, joy! there in its usual corner stood the expected blaze of green and goodies and glory!

We never knew until a week later, when the ceremony of stripping the tree was over—and it *was* a ceremony in those days—that Santa Claus had failed us, after all. Of course by that time the fun was over, and we didn't care.

How do you think they accomplished the impossible? I can imagine them standing over our cot that evening, when we were asleep, looking at our rosy, expectant faces, and how their hearts may have ached in contemplating the disappointment of the morrow. And I can imagine how my father may have suddenly slapped his thigh and cried, "By George!" under his breath, as he was wont to do when an idea came to him. And I can imagine with what feverish pleasure they set about putting the inspiration into effect.

It happened that among our house plants we had two, an oleander and an orange tree, that had grown to very large proportions. Taken out of their jars and put together in a single tub they made a very respectable showing. Of course the two trunks had to be wound together with brown cloth to make them look like one, and several extra pans of corn had to be popped and strung to fill the gaps in the foliage, and unusual ingenuity had to be exercised in making the candles stick on the slender branches. But all of this extra work was a labor of love; and, as a result of it, that tree, without a doubt, was the most radiantly beautiful one we had ever seen.

I can't help believing that the Christmases at which the parental love is paramount to the parental pocketbook are the happiest for the children as well as for the parents. Not attempting to fathom the psychology of it, I believe that in the giving which entails sacrifice there is an added joy which is transmitted to those who receive.

I never doubted that my new rocking-horse, dappled and rampant, came direct from Santa Claus. I did not know that my father, with crude tools and an amateur hand, had spent his winter evenings in fashioning the thing—when his pipe and book were calling him to an easy chair by the fireside. Nor did I know that every stitch in the woolen scarf that went twice around my neck, crossed over my chest, and doubled around my waist was worked by my mother's patient hands.

But I do know that through some mysterious means I felt the love and devotion that were breathed into these things with the making, to the end that my sense of appreciation was keener. I believe that the spirit of this kind of Christmas preparation diffuses itself throughout the household and reaches the heart of every member, from the oldest down to the babe in arms.

Not that every father and mother ought to sit up nights making rocking-horses and things for the kiddies. No, no; I'm just throwing in the suggestion that the lack of this sort of thing may partly account for the difference between the Christmases of then and now. For my part, I could no more make a rocking-horse than I could make a piano—and I can't even play one (I mean a piano). Once I essayed to fashion an elephant out of a small block of wood, and I left it on the boy's pillow as a surprise for him. Next morning I found him sailing it in the bath-tub. He thought it was a battleship!

Speaking of toys, why, even the store kind seem to have changed in general character since our day. Don't you think so? Of course there are certain old staples that will go on forever, but

there are thingumajigs that there never used to be. Now my recollection of Christmas morning shows me an array of rather substantial things, such as tool-chests and fishing-rods and drums and jackknives (one every year), and a wooden velocipede, and an all-over cap that covered even my chin and had eye-holes in it to see through, and skates with heel-plates (do you remember the heel-plates ?), and always a few books. We didn't have so many of these mechanical contrivances that let you wind them up a few times and then stop and refuse to be wound up or to run down or to do anything but submit to being dissected by the young gentleman, who is secretly delighted at an excuse for ripping the insides out of 'em. We had a few baubles, to be sure, such as trumpets and jacks-in-the-box and monkey-on-the-sticks—what *is* the plural for those things, anyhow ?—but even that sort of toy was more durable than it is nowadays, it seems to me.

I recall a pair of stilts—and who sees any stilts around these parts ?—and mittens, and mufflers, and sleds, smelling very painty, and a pair of copper-toed boots.

Oh, those copper-toed boots ! Not boots *à la* English, meaning anything other than bath slippers, but real American boots, reaching nearly to the knee, with straps on the sides, and red tops, and a strip of bright copper in either toe. Oh, that first pair of boots, just like a man's, only handsomer ! I couldn't have been more than four years old, but I recall the occasion distinctly—how proud I was, and how they laughed when they came to my bed the next morning and saw the copper toes sticking out at the foot-board ! I had slept all night with my boots on !

And oh, those sleds ! those sturdy, steep-hill-going, red-painted sleds ! We used to gather on the hill by the old school-house on Christmas mornings to try out the new ones. There was sex in sleds, too, those days. The boy-sleds were built low and long and sturdy, with handles on the sides and solid wooden runners. Grown-up people called them coasters, I believe, but they were known in boyland by the frankly intimate name of " belly-whackers." In general outline they resembled somewhat the flexible flyers of to-day, but with considerably less of the flexible and infinitely mor of the "whack." The girl-sleds were higher, lighter, and built on more graceful lines. They were more decorative, too, and usually bore the picture of a supercilious swan floating on a small patch of pea-green water, or else a cluster of vivid flowers. Sometimes added to this was the name of the good little girl who owned it.

I remember one such particularly. I encountered it, and—horrors !—almost stumbled over it, trailing behind its possessor, just as I was starting up the hill after my first slide of the morning. It was a spick-span new one, only an hour from the Christmas tree. Its top was decorated with a magnificent painting representing a wreath of pink roses, and within the wreath was the name " Blanche." Guess I'd never observed Blanche at close range until then, for when she turned a pair of brown eyes upon me at my offer to tote her sled up the hill I felt something flutter under my jacket. She seemed all daintiness and beauty, and I all mittens and boots. But she was exceedingly gracious, I remember, and when we reached the top of the hill she urged me to try the new sled myself, which I did. And then we tried it together, to see if it couldn't go faster with two on—which *it* did. And then she proposed that we slide down one more together—which *we* did. And this we continued to do, going down like the wind, with her curls

brushing my cheek as they streamed out behind, and walking up very slowly, with our hands together on the rope, until the distant whistle of the 12:02 train told us it was noon and dinner-time. I remember how those long lashes drooped when I said "Good-by," and how deliciously happy and disgracefully red I was when she answered, shyly, "I'll be here again to-morrow."

I went home whistling, my battle-scarred belly-whacker scraping along in the rear, forlorn and forgotten. The happiness of conquest was in my heart.

Oh, those first romances! those first little heart-affairs of the ante-teens! Looking back through the dim vista, what do you find in later years that is half so simple or half so sweet?

And yet, do you know, I'm jiggered if I have the faintest recollection of ever seeing that little girl again. Funny, isn't it? I remember clearly that we had turkey for dinner, and that I "spoke first" for the wishbone, and that I almost quarreled with my sister over it—although why it mattered which "choosed it" first is inexplicable, as it required both of us to wish with it. I remember that my sister took an exasperatingly long time to decide what she would wish for, and that just as we were ready to pull she said, "Wait a minute," and started to think of a new wish, having disposed of the first one by exercising the prerogative universally conceded to members of her sex; and how we kept hitching up our fingers toward the top, each having a secret notion of getting a little more leverage than the other, until one would cry, "No fair!" after which we would start down at the ends again, only to repeat the process. And I remember how, finally, my father was summoned to act as umpire, and how, after a few more false starts, we pulled, only to have the hub fly off independently and impartially, all by itself, which was taken to signify that neither wish could be realized.

Oh, yes! And I remember that the next morning, while we were playing "shinny" on the mill-pond, a boy made a face and chanted the name of the brown-eyed girl at me in a voice of extraordinary carrying power and a tone of unmistakable derision, and that I was filled with wrath and humiliation and there was a fight on skates in which considerable execution was done on both sides.

Blanche, you sweet little girl with the brown eyes, I wonder what you are like this Christmas morning!

Fair, fat, and forty, like the rest of them, possibly. Still, it is hard to fancy you different from what you were at ten. Stoutish you may be, for you were plumpish then; nearing forty surely, for so am I; but still fair, radiantly fair, and gracious without the shadow of a doubt, for eyes like those and the grace with which you extended me the hospitality of your beflowered namesake will defy the ebb and flow of fortune and the flight of time.

There's no use talking, these snowless Christmases of the big cities are not the simon-pure article. Why, whenever it snows around our place my youngsters awaken in the morning, begging me to promise that I'll not clear the sidewalk until they've had a chance to play on it. Generally I promise, in defiance of repeated warnings from the officer on the beat, whose attitude on the question is decidedly belligerent. On these occasions I think of my own boy time, when from Thanksgiving till near Easter time there wasn't a spot of bare ground as big as your hand; I think of the quarter-mile hill, of the little river on which we could skate four miles straight away; I think of the tunnels we used to dig through huge drifts, and of the fine forts we used to build, breast-high and roomy enough for a small army. I think of these things on

snowless Christmas mornings, and I feel that somehow I'm not giving the youngsters a square deal.

However, as far as the snow is concerned, there's plenty of it outside of the larger cities, and the joys of the old-fashioned winter are not becoming extinct by any means. No doubt there are quite as many rivers to skate on and hills to coast down and tunnels being bored and forts being raised as there were in my time; and I'm mighty glad if there are, even if my own kids, paying the price of the Call of the Town, are not among the fortunates.

But there is, in the last analysis, one great common and deplorable shortage in the measure of to-day's Christmas, when we match it with the Yuletide that you and I knew as boys. It is the decadency of that element of surprise—of the unexpected. There is too much taking of children through the stores, too much parading them before the shop windows and showing them what they are going to get, and, incidentally, what they are not going to get. There is too much counseling with them and having it all understood beforehand. There is more realism than there was in our time and less of mystery; more of the matter-of-fact and less of the fanciful.

Another aspect of the overdone modern Christmas was once described by a writer of great common sense in these words: "The great majority of Christmas givers expect to receive as much as they give. In many cases the Christmas gift actually breeds selfishness instead of good will and gratitude. A proportion, if not a large proportion, of the Christmas morning action on the part of children and adults consists of criticism of the people who have made them presents; and much of this criticism is cruel and contemptible." This writer adds: "I would try to make our distorted Christmas a real Christian Christmas, to carry out the spirit of gratitude to God and of good will to men. I would not do away with the Christmas gift, but I would try to teach both the adult and the child that swapping and trading are not giving, and that the only gift that is a gift is that which comes from the heart of the giver who expects no material return."

If our children are to get as much out of Christmas as we got out of it, we must give them the mystic atmosphere of the unknown, the pleasure of undirected anticipation. It is the uncertainty of the evening and the unexpectedness of the morning that makes the home a fairyland at Christmas time.

Motherhood

By Francis Day

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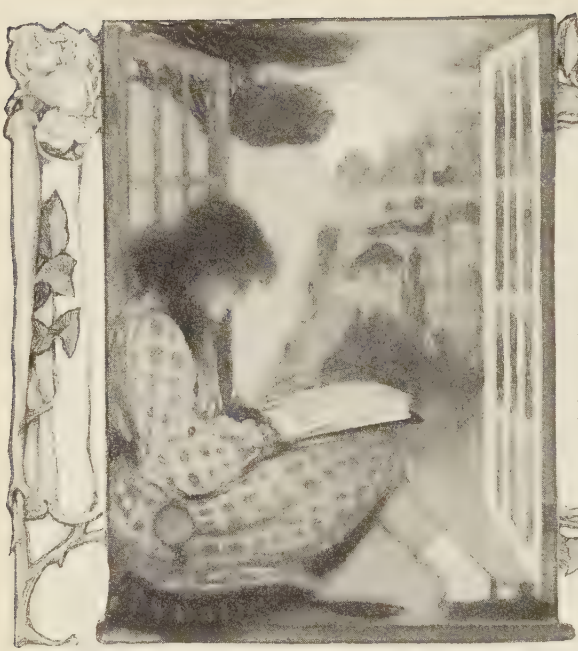
THE FIRST MUSIC LESSON



CHILDREN IN BOOKLAND

BY

ELIZABETH McCRACKEN

THE SECOND OF A NEW SERIES ON AMERICAN CHILDREN

ONE day, not long ago, a neighbor of Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, of honored memory, was talking to me about him. Among the score of charming anecdotes of the dear Colonel that she told me, there was one, the most delightful of all, that related to the time-worn subject of the child in the library. "As a family we were readers," she said. "The importance of reading had been impressed upon our minds from our earliest youth. All of us liked to read, excepting one sister, younger than I. She cared little for it; and she seldom did it. I was a mere child, but so earnestly had I always been told that children who did not read would grow up ignorant that I worried greatly over my sister who would not read. At last I unburdened my troubled mind to Colonel Higginson. 'She doesn't like to read; she doesn't read,' I confided. 'I am afraid she will grow up ignorant; and then she will be ashamed! And think how we shall feel!' The Colonel considered my words in silence for a time. Then he said: 'There is a large and finely selected library in your house; don't be disturbed regarding your sister, my dear. She will not grow up ignorant. You see, she is exposed to books! She is certain to get something of what is in them!'"

Colonel Higginson's neighbor went on to say that from that day she was no longer haunted by the fear that her sister, because she did not read, would grow up ignorant. Are many of us in that same condition of feeling with respect to the children of our acquaintance, even after we have provided them with as excellent a library as had that other child, in which they may be "exposed to books"? On the contrary, so solicitous are we that, having furnished to the best of our knowledge the best books, we do not rest until we are reasonably sure that the children are, not simply getting something from them, but getting it at the right times and in the right ways. And everything and every one conspires to help us. Publishers issue volumes by the dozen with such titles as "The Children's Reading" and "A Guide to Good Reading" and "Golden Books for Children." The librarian of the "children's room" in many a library sets apart a certain hour of each week or each month for the purpose of telling the children stories from the books that we are all agreed the children should read, hoping by this means to inspire the boys and girls to read the particular books for themselves. No effort is regarded as too great if, through it, the children seem likely to acquire the habit of using books; using them for work, and using them for recreation.

Certainly our labors in this direction on behalf of the children are amply rewarded.

Not only are American children of the present time fond of reading—most children of other times have been that; they have a quite remarkable skill and ease in the use of books.

A short while ago, spending a spring week-end with a friend who lives in the country, I chanced to see a brilliant scarlet bird which neither my hostess nor I could identify. "It was a redbird, I suppose," I said, in mentioning it later to a city acquaintance.

"What *is* a redbird?" she asked. "Is it a cardinal, or a tanager, or something still different?"

"I don't know," I replied. "Perhaps," I added, turning to her little girl of ten who was in the room, "*you* know; children learn so much about birds in their 'nature study.'"

"No," the child answered; "but," she supplemented, confidently, "I can find out."

Several days afterward she came to call. "Do you remember *exactly* the way that red bird you saw in the country looked?" she inquired, almost as soon as she saw me.

"Just red, I think," I said.

"Not with black wings?" she suggested.

"I hardly think so," I answered.

"P'aps it had a few *white* feathers in its wings?" she hinted.

"I believe not," I said.

"Then," she observed with an air of finality, "it was a cardinal grosbeak; and the other name for that *is* redbird; so you saw a redbird. The scarlet tanager is red, too, but it has black wings, and it isn't called a redbird; and the crossbill is red, with a few *white* feathers, and *it* isn't called a redbird either. Only the cardinal grosbeak is. That was what you saw," she repeated.

"And who told you all this?" I queried.

"Nobody," the little girl made reply. "I looked it up in the library."

She was only ten. "How did you look it up?" I found myself asking.

"First," she explained, "I picked out the birds on the bird charts that were red. The charts told their names. Then I got out a bird book, and looked till I found where it told about those birds."

"Do you look up many things in the library?" I questioned.

"Oh, yes," the child replied.

"And do you always find them?" I continued.

"Not always by myself," she confessed. "Everything isn't as easy to look up as birds. But when I can't, there is always the librarian, and she helps; and when she is helping, 'most *anything* gets found!"

The public library of my small friend's city, not being the library I habitually used, was only slightly familiar to me. Not long after I had been so earnestly assured that the scarlet bird I had seen was a redbird, I made occasion to go to the library in which the information had been gathered. It was such a public library as may be seen in very nearly every small city in the United States. Built of stone; lighted and heated according to the most approved modern methods; divided into "stack-rooms" and "reading-rooms" and "receiving-rooms"—it was that "typical American library" of which we are, as we should be, so proud. I did not ask to be directed to the "children's room;" I simply followed a group of children who had come into the building with me.

The "children's room," too, was "typical." It was a large, sunny place, furnished with low bookcases, small tables, and chairs. Around two walls, above the shelves, were pictures of famous authors and celebrated scenes likely to be known to children. At one end of the room the bird charts of which I had so interestingly heard were posted, together with flower charts and animal charts, of which I had not been told. At the other end was the desk of the librarian, who so helped young investigators that, when she helped, *anything* got found.

I seated myself at the little table nearest her desk. She smiled, but she said nothing. Neither did I say anything. The time of day was just after school; the librarian was too much occupied to talk to a stray visitor. I remained for fully an hour; and during that hour a steady stream of children passed in and out of the room. Some of them selected books, and, having obtained them, departed; others stayed to read, and others walked softly about, examining the pictures and charts. All of them, whatever their various reasons for coming to the library, began or ended their visits in conference with the librarian. They spoke just above a whisper, as befitted the place, but I was near enough to hear all that was said.

"We want to give a play at school the last day before Christmas vacation," said one small girl; "is there a good one here?"

The librarian promptly recommended and put into the child's hands a little volume entitled "Fairy Tales a Child Can Read and Act."

A boy, entering rather hurriedly, asked,

"Could I have a book that tells how to make a wireless set—and have it quick, so I can begin to-day before dark?"

It was not a moment before the librarian found for him a book called "Wireless Telegraphy for Amateurs and Students."

Another boy, less on pleasure bent, petitioned for "a book about Abraham Lincoln that will tell things to put in a composition on him." And a girl, at whose school no Christmas play was apparently to be given, asked for "a piece of poetry to say at school just before Christmas." For these two, as for all who preceded or followed them, the librarian had help.

"How wonderful, how unique!" exclaimed an Italian friend to whom I related the experiences of that afternoon hour in the "children's room" in the library of that small city.

But it seems to me that the wonderful thing about it is that it is not unique; that in almost any "children's room" in almost any public library in America practically the same condition prevails. Not only are "children's rooms" of a very fine order to be found in great numbers; children's librarians, as sympathetic and as capable as the librarian of my small friend's library, in as great numbers, are in charge of those rooms. So recognized a profession has theirs come to be that, connected with one of the most prominent libraries in the country, there is a "School for Children's Librarians."

The "children's librarians" do not stop at assisting them in choosing books. The story hour has come to be as important in the "children's rooms" as it is now in the school, as it has always been in the home. Telling stories to children has grown to be an art; there is more than one text-book laying down its "principles and laws." Many a librarian is also an accomplished story-teller, and in an increasing number of libraries there is a story hour in the "children's rooms." Beyond question, we in America have taken every care that our public libraries shall mean something more to the boys and girls than places in which they are merely "exposed to books."

American children read; it is doubtful whether any other children in the world read so much or so intelligently. In our public libraries we plan with such completeness for their reading that they can scarcely escape becoming readers! At home we keep constantly in mind the great importance of inculcating in them a love of books and a wontedness in their use. To so many of their questionings we reply by advising, "Get a book about it from the library." So many of the fundamental lessons of life we first bring to their attention by putting into their hands books treating of those lessons written by experts—written, moreover, expressly for parents to give to their boys and girls to read.

A few days ago I received a letter from a mother saying: "Do you know of a book on hygiene that I can give to my children to read—a book on that subject *for* children?"

Within reach of my hand I had such a book, entitled "The Child's Day," a simply but scientifically written little volume, telling children what to do from the hour of rising until the hour of retiring, in order to keep well and strong, able to do good work at school, and to enjoy as good play after school. It was a book that a child not only could read with profit, but would read with pleasure.

At about the same time a father said to me: "Is there any book written for children about good citizenship—a sort of primer of civics, I mean? I require something of that kind for my boy."

A book to meet that particular need, too, was on my book-shelves. "Lessons for Junior Citizens," it is called. In the clearest and also the most charming form it tells the boys and girls about the government, national and local, of their country, and teaches them their relation to that government.

It is safe to say that there is practically no subject so mature that it is not now the theme of a book, or a score of books, written especially for children. Every one of the numerous publishing houses in the United States issues yearly as many good volumes of this particular type as are submitted. A century ago a new writer was most likely to win the interest of a publisher by sending him a manuscript subtitled, "A Novel." At the present time a beginner can more quickly awaken the interest of a publisher by submitting a manuscript the title of which contains the words "For Children."

"Authors' editions" of books we have long had offered us by publishers; "*éditions de luxe*," too; and "limited editions of fifty copies, each copy numbered." These are all old in the world of books. What is new, indeed, is the "children's edition." We have it in many shapes, from "Dickens for Chil-

dren" to "The Children's Longfellow." These volumes find their way into the "children's rooms" of all our public libraries; and, quite as surely, they help to fill the "children's bookcases" in the private libraries to be found in a large proportion of American homes. For no public library can take the place in the lives of the children of a private library made up of their "very own" books. The public library may, however, often have a predominant share in determining the selection of those "very own" books. The children wish to possess such books as they have read in the "children's room."

Sometimes a child has still another similar reason for wishing to own a certain book. Only the other day I had a letter from a boy to whom I had sent a copy of "The Story of a Bad Boy." "I am glad to have it," he said. "The library has it, and father has it. I like to have what the library and father have."

So parents buy books for their children in very much the proportions that parents bought them before the land was dotted with public libraries. Indeed, they buy books in larger proportions, for the reason that there are so many more books to be bought! The problem of the modern father or mother is not, as it once was, to discover a volume likely to interest the children; but, from among the countless volumes offered for sale, all certain to interest the children, to choose one, two, or three that seem most excellent where all are so good. A mother of a few generations ago whose small boy was eager to read tales of chivalry simply gave him "Le Morte d'Arthur;" there was no "children's edition" of it, no "Boy's King Arthur," no "Tales of the Round Table." The father whose little girl desired to read for herself the stories of Greece he had told her put into her hands Bulfinch's "Age of Fable;" he could not, as can fathers to-day, give her Kingsley's rendering, or Hawthorne's, or Miss Josephine Preston Peabody's. Like the father of Aurora Leigh,

> "He wrapt his little daughter in his large
> Man's doublet, careless did it fit or no."

At the present time we do not often see a child wrapped in a large man's doublet of a book; even more seldom do we see a father careless if it fit or no. What we plainly behold is that doublet cut down, and most painstakingly fitted to the child's little mind.

Unquestionably the children lose something by this. The great books of the world do not lend themselves well to making over. "Tales from Shakespeare" are apt to leave out Shakespeare's genius, and "Stories from Homer" are not Homer. In cutting the doublet to fit, the most precious part of the fabric is in danger of being sacrificed.

But whatever the children lose when they are small, they find again when they come to a larger growth. Most significant of all, when they find it, they recognize it. A little girl who is a friend of mine had read Lamb's "Tales." The book had been given to her when she was eight years old. She is nine now. One day, not long ago, she was lingering before my bookcases, taking out and glancing through various volumes. Suddenly she came running to me, a copy of "As You Like It" in her hand. "This story is in one of my books!" she cried.

"Yes," I said; "your book was written from this book, and some of those other little red books there with it in the bookcase."

The child went back to the bookcase. She took down all the other volumes of Shakespeare, and, sitting on the rug with them, she spent an utterly absorbed hour in turning over their leaves. Finally she scrambled to her feet and set the books back in their places. "I've found which stories in these books are in my book too," she remarked. "Mine are easier to read," she added; "but yours have lovely talk in them!"

Had she not read Lamb's "Tales" at eight I am not certain she would have ventured into the wide realms of Shakespeare at nine, and tarried there long enough to discover that in those realms there is "lovely talk."

Occasionally, to be sure, the children insist upon books being easy to read, and refuse to find "lovely talk" in them if they are not. It was only a short time ago that I read to a little boy Browning's "Pied Piper of Hamelin." When I had finished there was a silence. "Do you like it?" I inquired.

"Ye-es," replied my small friend; "it's a nice story, but it's nicer in my book than in yours. I'll bring it next time I come, so you can read it."

He did. The story was told in prose. It began, "There was once a town named Hamelin, and there were so many rats in it that the people did not know what to do." Certainly this is "easier to read" than the forty-two lines which the poem uses to make an identical statement regarding the town

named Hamelin. My little friend is only six. I hope that by the time he is twelve he will think the poem is as "nice" as, if not "nicer" than, the story in his book. At least he may be impelled by the memory of his pleasure in his book to turn to my book and compare the two versions of the tale.

The children of to-day, like the children of former days, read because they find in books such stuff as dreams are made of; and, in common with the children of all times, they must needs make dreams. Like the boys and girls of most eras, they desire to make also other, more temporal, things. To aid them in this there are books in quantities and of qualities not even imagined by the children of a few generations ago. The book the title of which begins with the words "How to Make" is perhaps the most distinctive product of the present-day publishing house. No other type of book can so effectively win to a love for reading a child who seems indifferent to books; who, as a boy friend of mine used to say, "would rather hammer in nails than read." The "How to Make" books tell such a boy how to hammer in nails to some purpose. I happened to see recently a volume called "Boys' Make-at-Home Things." With much curiosity I turned its pages—pages illustrated with pictures of the make-at-home things of the title—glancing at directions for constructing a weather-vane, a tent, a sled, and a multitude of smaller articles. I thought of my boy friend. "Do you think he would care to have the book?" I inquired of his mother over the telephone.

"Well, I *wish* he would care to have *any* book!" she replied. "If you want to *try* this one—" She left the sentence unfinished, unless a sigh may be regarded as a conclusion.

I did try the book. "This will tell you how to have fun with your tools," I wrote, when I sent it to the boy.

Except for a laconic note of thanks, I heard nothing from my young friend about the book. One day last week I chanced to see his mother. "What do you think I am doing this afternoon?" she said. "I am getting a *book* for my son, at his own request! He is engrossed in that book you sent him. He is making some of the things described in it. But he wants to make something *not* mentioned in it, and he actually asked me to see if I could find a book that told how!"

"So he likes books better now?" I commented.

"Well—I asked him if he did," said the boy's mother; "and he said he didn't like '*booky*' books any better, but he liked this kind, and always would have, if he'd known about them."

Whether my boy friend will learn early to love "booky" books is a bit doubtful, perhaps; certainly, however, he has found a companion in one kind of book. He has made the discovery quickly, too; for he has had "Boys' Make-at-Home Things" less than a month.

It was an easy matter for that boy's mother to get for her son the particular book he desired. She lives in a city; at least three large public libraries are open to her. As for book-shops, there are more within her reach than she could possibly visit in the course of a week, much less in an afternoon.

The mothers who live in the country cannot so conveniently secure the books their boys and girls may wish or need. I know one woman, the mother of two boys, living in the country, who has to exercise considerable ingenuity to provide her sons with books of the "How to Make" kind. There is no public library within available distance of the farm-house which is her home, and she and her husband cannot afford to buy many books for their children. The boys, moreover, like so great a variety of books that, in order to please them, it is not necessary to select a book that is not "booky." Their parents are lovers of great literature. "I cannot bring myself to buy a book about how to make an aeroplane, for instance," their mother said to me one day, "when there are so many wonderful books they have not read, and would enjoy reading. Since I must limit my purchase of books, I really think I ought to choose only the *real* books for the boys; and yet they want to make things with their hands, like other boys, and there is no way to teach them how except through books. My husband has no time for it, and there is no one else to show them."

The next summer I went to spend a few days with my friend in the country. The morning after my arrival her boys proposed to take me "over the place." At the lower edge of the garden, to which we presently came, there was a little brook. Across it was a bridge. It was plainly to be seen that this bridge was the work of the boys. "How very nice it is!" I remarked.

"We made it," the older of the boys instantly replied.

"Who showed you how?" I queried, wondering, as I spoke, if my friend had, after all, changed her mind with respect to the selection of books for her children, and chosen one "How to Make" volume.

"It told how in a book," the younger boy said. "A Latin book father studied out of when he was a boy. There was a picture of the bridge; and on the pages in the back of the book the way to make it was all written out in English—father had done it when he was in school. It was a long time before we could *quite* see how to do it; but mother helped, and the picture showed how, and father thought we could do it if we kept at it. And it is really a good bridge—you can walk across on it."

When the boys and I returned to the house my friend greeted me with a merry smile. As soon as we were alone she exclaimed, "I have *so* wanted to write to you about our bridge, patterned on Cæsar's! But the boys are so proud of it, they like to 'surprise' people with it—not because it is like a bridge Cæsar made, but because it is a bridge they have made themselves!"

Another friend of mine, the mother of a little girl, has had a different problem, centering around the necessity of books for children, to solve. She, too, lives in the country, and her little girl is a pupil at the neighboring district school. During a visit in the city home of a cousin the small girl had been a spectator at the city child's "school play," which happened to consist of scenes from "A Midsummer-Night's Dream." When she returned home, she wished to have such an entertainment in her school. "Dearest," her mother said, "we have no books of plays children could act."

"Couldn't we do the one they did at Cousin Rose's school?" was the next query. "Papa says we have *that*."

"I am afraid not," her mother demurred. "Ask your teacher."

The child approached her teacher on the subject. "No," the teacher said, decisively. "'A Midsummer-Night's Dream' is too long and too hard. Read it, and you'll see. But," she sagely added, "if you can find anything that is suitable, and can persuade the other children to act in it, I will help you all I can."

That evening, at home, the little girl read "A Midsummer-Night's Dream." "Mamma," she suddenly cried, as she neared the end, "my teacher says this is too long and too hard for us children to do. But we *could* do the play that the people *in it* do—don't you think? It is *very* short, and all the children will like it because it is about poor Pyramus and Thisbe, that we have all read about in school. It isn't *just* the same as the way it was in the story we read; but it is about them—and the wall, and the lion, and everything! Don't you think we could do it? They did the fairy part when I saw it at Cousin Rose's school, and not this at all. But couldn't *we?*"

"I did not like to discourage her," my friend said when she related the tale to me. "*All* the other children were willing and eager to do it, so her teacher couldn't refuse, after what she had said, to help them. I helped with the rehearsals, too, and I doubt if the teacher or I ever laughed so much in all our lives as we did at that time—when there were no children about! The children were so sweet and serious over their play! They acted it as they would have acted a play on the subject of Pyramus and Thisbe written especially for them. *They* weren't funny. No; they were perfectly lovely. What was so irresistibly comic, of course, was the difference between their performance and one's remembrance of regular performances of it—to say nothing of one's thoughts as to what Shakespeare would have said about it. How those children will laugh when they are grown up! They will have something to laugh at that will last them a lifetime. But *poor* Shakespeare!"

I did not echo these final words of my friend. For does not Shakespeare rather particularly like to bless us with the laugh that lasts a lifetime, even if—perhaps especially if—it be at our own expense?

Books are such integral parts of the lives of present-day children, especially in America. Their elders appreciate, as possibly the grown-ups of former times did not quite so fully appreciate, the importance of books in the education of the boys and girls. It may even be that we over-emphasize it a bit. We send the children to the book-shelves for help in work and for assistance in play. In effect, we say to them, "Read, that you may be able to mark, learn, and inwardly digest." It is only natural that the boys and girls should read for a hundred reasons, instead of for the one reason of an older day—the pursuit of happiness in the mere reading itself. "How can you sit idly reading a book when there are so many useful things you might

be doing?" was the question often put to the children of yesterday by their elders. To-day we feel that the children can hardly do anything likely to prove more useful than reading a book. Is not this because we have taught them, not only to read, but to read for a diversity of reasons?

American children are so familiarly at home in the world of books. It should not surprise us to find them occasionally taking rather a practical, every-day view of some of the things read. A little girl friend of mine chanced to begin her reading of Shakespeare during a winter when her grown-up relatives were spending a large portion of their leisure going to see stage representations of Shakespeare's plays. She therefore heard considerable conversation about the plays, and about the persons acting the chief rôles in them. It happened that "As You Like it" was one of the comedies being acted. The little girl was invited to go to see it. "Who is going to be Orlando?" she inquired; she had listened to so much talk about who "was," or was "going to be," the various persons in the several dramas!

"But," she objected, when she was informed, "I think I've heard you say he is not very tall. Orlando was *such* a tall man!"

"Was he?" I ventured, coming in at that moment. "I don't remember that about him. Who told you he was tall?"

"Why, it is in the book!" she exclaimed.

Every one present besought her to mention where.

"Don't you remember?" she said, incredulously. "He says Rosalind is just as high as his heart; that wouldn't be *quite* up to his shoulder. And she says she is *more than common* tall! So he must have been *'specially* tall. Don't you remember?" she asked again, looking perplexedly at our blank faces.

There are so many bonds of understanding between American children of the present time and their grown-up relatives and friends. Is not one of the best of these that which has come out of our National impulse toward giving the boys and girls the books we love, "cut small;" and showing them how to read those books as we read the larger books from which they are made? "What kinds of books do American children read?" foreigners inquire. We are able to reply, "The same kinds that grown-up Americans read." "And why do they read them?" may be the next question. Again we can answer, "For much the same reasons that the grown-ups read them." "How do they use the libraries?" might be the next query. Still we could say, "As grown people use them." And if yet another query, "Why?" be put, we might reply, "Because, unlike any other children in the world, American children are almost as completely 'exposed to books' as are their elders."

I WOULD NOT BE A CHILD AGAIN

BY HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

I would not be a child again
For all the rainbow's hidden gold;
Though I saw wondrous visions then,
My hands were never strong to hold.

Forgetful of the open sky,
Bravely I dreamed as hour by hour
I lingered like some butterfly
The prisoner of a single flower.

With strength to love, but none to save,
I marked each fragrant petal fall.
Flower and dream found a wind-bourne grave
With molten sunlight for a pall.

Then I was left with empty hands
And loneliness too blank for tears.
God pity him who understands
Glad dreams too holy for his years!

THE NEW BOOKS

Why Women Are So. By Mary Roberts Coolidge, Ph.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.50.

No one can fail to understand this title, for it is cleverly noticeable. The author claims to be impartial, and to have made a first-hand study of the ordinary, orthodox, middle-class women, who have constituted the domestic type for more than a century. She defends with skill the thesis that sex traditions rather than sex character have produced what is called "feminine" as distinguished from womanly behavior. In order to prove her point, she assembles a great number of undisputed facts, all supporting her view. While her statements are true, she makes the mistake of generalizing too recklessly. As some one said concerning her premises, it depends upon *whose* mother and grandmother she is talking about. Probably in some circles these ladies were the stunted product of their narrow lives. But in so many circles as to be of importance in considering the question in hand our mothers and grandmothers had better-trained minds and were of far wider outlook than have the specialized products of the latest modern ideals. The author's good-natured irony is directed against the training that too often used to be regarded as necessary for girls. It may be that some readers will recoil from her uncompromising plain speech. We are rapidly becoming emancipated from prudish traditions. A boy she says might be by nature a coward, and a girl a fighter, but he would be admired for winning in a fisticuff encounter, while she would be called a "vixen" under similar provocation. Very justly, credit is given to liberal-minded men who have tried to dispel the apathy of women toward their advancement in social and educational lines. The "learned lady" was as much of a bugaboo to most women as she was to men. And as to the laws, "Most men are better than the law," said Alice Stone Blackwell. It is amazing to know that even now only thirteen States give to women the joint guardianship of their children. Such facts as these help us to comprehend the bitterness with which the women's rights movement began. The arguments, supported by statistics and other facts, made in favor of equal suffrage are stated with more restraint, though no less strongly, than by other recent writers. A chapter on Literary Amateurs is interesting from its point of view. An acute observation is to the effect that, while the number of qualities called "feminine" in recent thinking has diminished, masculinity has remained a fixed congeries of characteristics. Yet listen to Professor Gayley, of the University of California, describe the male college student: "Busy to no purpose, imitative, aimless; boastful, but unreliant; inquisitive, but quickly losing interest; fitful, inconsequential, platitudinous, forgetful; noisy, sudden, ineffectual." Would one be far astray if all these terms (except perhaps boastful) had been applied to women, and assumed to be merely "feminine"? The alarm about the "feminization" of the schools by women teachers does not seem to extend to the undoubted feminization of the family, through the inattention of men to their family duties. In the words of the author, when woman "shall have caught up with the game and when she has acquired the same confidence in herself that the ordinary man has and an equal opportunity to exercise her abilities, she will be—herself! Not a masculine female, nor a defeminized anomaly, but just a competent, sensible woman, for whose service the world already has unlimited use."

Arrival of Antony (The). By Dorothea Conyers. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.35.

Any one who loves the Irishman in his own land (and who can wholly resist his charm?) must enjoy this story. Antony, for sufficient though mysterious reasons, was brought up on the Continent in good society. When of age, he took his place in Ireland between two uncles who were somewhat scandalously engaged in horse-dealing. A greater contrast to his former life could hardly be imagined, yet innate nobility kept Antony true to his accepted position, and, a loyal youth, he lived with and loved his old Uncle Tim. The brighter future that opened to him reconciles us to his discipline. The perfect Irish humor and point of view, with dashing accounts of horse-racing and fox-hunting, carry the reader on with an enjoyable sense of having found something fresh in the way of good tales.

Johnny Blossom. By Dikken Zwilgmeyer. Translated by Emilie Poulsson. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. $1.

Johnny Blossom's gay little figure, with mouth pursed up in a shrill whistle, wins our hearts at first sight. No little Lord Fauntleroy is Johnny—and even less is he the irresponsible mischief of modern boy stories. He is simply the dearest, most natural boy we have met in all recent fiction. Translated from the Norwegian, the atmosphere and wholesome feeling of the sweet little narrative is really a bit of sincere and noble art. Johnny Blossom truly is not local, but universal. Would that his wise parents were as universal! Note the way they meet Johnny's schemes and receive his childish confidences, and be enlightened. Everybody should know dear little Johnny Blossom.

Helen Ormsby. By Belle Moses. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.

A fanciful, merry, often foolish, and quite improbable story of seven gay, rich college girls who, when the father of one of them was threat-

ened with financial difficulties, came in a body to his elegant home and paid to be trained in housekeeping under his six servants. Lovers and fun came into the scheme, of course, but equally of course it never could have happened.

Russian Wonder Tales. By Post Wheeler, Litt.D. The Century Company, New York. $2.50.

A beautiful book, charmingly illustrated with colored plates by a Russian artist, Bilibin, contains translations of Russian myths as told to the little children of Russia. The Foreword, by the translator, is a valuable paper upon folk-tales, their origin and meaning. This is for the older reader and student. Children will be fascinated by the mysteries and marvels of the tales, and in the quaint, brightly tinted pictures they will find unending pleasure.

Journal of a Sporting Nomad (The). By J. T. Studley. The John Lane Company, New York. $3.50.

The present year has apparently seen a larger addition to the number of books on sport than has any previous year. Mr. Studley's book tells us about Alaska and North Canada, but also about Newfoundland, Iceland, Spitzbergen, and Africa. His book is thus one of very varied interest. His manner of writing is simple and straightforward, and his descriptions are graphic.

Sir Walter Raleigh. By John Buchan. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $2.

A boy's book which is at the same time a distinct contribution to history is certainly desirable for any family library, and that description fits Mr. Buchan's "Raleigh." The present volume might well charm all ages. Surely the delightfully quaint and exquisitely colored pictures would please the veriest child, and the text is simple enough to be understood by any lad of the grammar school age. The account of Raleigh is unlike other accounts, and therefore it will interest those of an older age who may welcome another point of view with regard to one of the greatest names in the Elizabethan age.

Spiritual Culture and Social Service. By Charles S. Macfarland. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.

This is a distinctly inspirational book. Its author, already esteemed for his devotional, theological, and exegetical writings, stands in the group of such prophets as Phillips Brooks and James Martineau. His brief but well-rounded sermonettes all speak to conscience. His message is given in thoughtful and ringing speech from his chair as Secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, intent on using the key to our pressing social problems which Jesus has given in the as yet unapplied principles of his gospel of a divine humanity. The splendid manhood of Jesus, rousing men to moral enthusiasm by its inspiring revelation of what they must become to be true men, is strongly emphasized. New points put to old texts demonstrate the statement that "we need some new commentators." This book has two things that the whole Church needs to have—spiritual authority and human sympathy. It is a book to be read, and read again; by none more needed than by those religionists who decline to try to better the present social order on the plea that we must leave that in the hand of God.

Childhood Verses. By Burges Johnson. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. $3.

It is difficult to construct the right sort of book on children or for children. Mr. Burgess Johnson, the author of "Rhymes of Home," "Rhymes of Little Boys," etc., has essayed to do this sort of thing, and has succeeded. His elaborate quarto volume is notable both because of its twenty very remarkable illustrations and because of his poems, which reflect not a little of the Eugene Field atmosphere. The book is one which concerns itself with very little children. It will doubtless be a foremost contribution to the Christmas gift season.

Historical Setting of the Early Gospel. By Thomas Cuming Hall. Eaton & Mains, New York. 75 cents.

This is a small but meaty volume, lighting up the historical background of the New Testament. Not only are many passages therein better understood, but also, what is equally important, the hitherto but partially comprehended character of primitive Christianity and the early Church—"it was a new brotherhood with a new economic life," in a period of social reconstruction. It was the religion of a working class, as it again was in the mediæval free cities; the religion of thrifty freedmen, doing for their class "much what the evangelical revival did for the rising working class of England, and what Socialism is doing for that class in Germany." It was persecuted, says Dr. Hall, because of the "jealousy of the economic and social power that the new organization evolved," threatening the solidarity of the Empire. The solidarity of the Church, thus threatened, became correspondingly important. So it was for a social and political rather than a purely theological interest that heresies (literally, factions) were banned, and orthodox formulæ insisted on as the test of membership in good standing. Dr. Hall points to the internal conflicts in labor unions to-day as "an admirable commentary on the early Christian history." Thus viewed in its historical setting, the New Testament is, as he says, "an intensely modern book." Thirty years ago a distinguished Churchman, Dr. Hatch, of Oxford, called attention to the social and economic character of early Christianity. This has never till now been so fully exhibited. While we must cease, as Dr. Hall concludes, "to idealize the early Church after the fashion of an unhistorical High Churchism," we cannot

"underrate the elements of great primitive moral strength in a Church which, in spite of all the weaknesses brought into it by . . . the Empire's underworld, transformed the ideals of the community."

Economic Beginnings of the Far West. By Katharine Coman. Two vols. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4 per set.

While this work throws little new light on the history of the expansion movement from the Mississippi to the Pacific, it is valuable as bringing together a great variety of useful information relating to the several steps in the American advance hitherto accessible only in scattered publications, many of them books now seldom read by any but professional historians. Certainly it makes very plain the influence of colonizing ability in determining the ultimate ownership of the vast trans-Mississippi region; for, as Miss Coman truly observes, the international controversies of which this region was the subject were undeniably "adjudicated in advance of diplomatic award by thronging settlers whose political and economic vision no less than their superior industrial efficiency made them masters of the coveted country." In her first volume she graphically depicts the failure of the Spaniards and the French to follow up the discoveries of their explorers—whose adventures she relates in perhaps superfluous detail—and in the second volume she describes the successful exploitation by the American pioneer of the resources of the different States now comprised in our Far West. Each of the successive processes in the Americanization of Louisiana Territory, Texas, California, and Oregon—the distinct but mutually helpful activities of the hunter, trapper, trader, missionary, and home-seeker—are informingly described, not merely in a general way, but with emphasis on the specific contributions of well-known and little-known leaders; and the net result is an excellent presentation of both the obstacles overcome and the opportunities utilized by the "economic founders" of Western America. The inclusion of a number of admirably chosen illustrations, mostly from old books of travel, undoubtedly reinforces the statements of the text by affording interesting and convincing glimpses of the land and the people in those bygone times.

Land and Peoples of the Kasai. By M. W. Hilton-Simpson. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $3.50.

In these days when interest in the Congo and other regions of equatorial Africa is particularly keen, Mr. Hilton-Simpson's book is well in place. A few years ago he visited the Kasai basin of the Congo Free State. The Kasai is the largest of the tributaries of the Congo River; it falls into the Congo about a hundred and forty miles above Stanley Pool. The region described by the author is little known to most of us, and his account differs so much from one's preconceived notions that it will occasion surprise in more than one particular. For instance, he tells us that he came across no examples of brutality on the part of white men towards the natives, and yet he lived for practically two years in close contact with the natives. He adds, however: "What goes on in parts of the Congo which I have never visited I am not in a position to state." Another thing which may surprise some is the author's tribute to the blacks. Let no one imagine that "any sort of man" will do to administer the black man's country. "No one can more quickly distinguish a gentleman from a scapegrace or a strong man from a weak than the primitive inhabitants of Central Africa. Let the Belgians, bearing this in mind, do their utmost to induce men of the *best class* to enter the Congo service, and the success of their colonial enterprise should be assured."

Religion in China. By J. J. M. De Groot, Ph.D., LL.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50.

The eminent sinologue to whom we owe this new volume of American Lectures on the History of Religions develops a profounder view of his subject than is commonly taken. It is the fruit of independent research during and after the six years which he spent in the Far East in study of the Chinese and their languages. The groundwork of the religion and ethics of China as presented by Confucianism is found in Taoism, of which Confucianism is the more conservative and classic form. Taoism is a doctrine of the universe, "universism," Tao meaning "the way," or natural order, in the constitution of the world and of man. Taoism sets forth the way of human conduct where conformity to the order of nature leads to happiness. Here Chinese wisdom in immemorial antiquity anticipated the doctrine of Grecian Stoics many centuries later, "Live according to nature." Like the Greek philosophy, Chinese wisdom had its four cardinal virtues, of which benevolence was the chief, all given from Heaven, and it enjoined their culture as the Tao to all blessings. Like the Socratic ethics, Confucianism conditioned virtue on knowledge, but made knowledge dependent on the study of orthodox classics. Consequently, despite its sublime theory of universism, Chinese religion has been unable to rise above "demonocracy," worshiping and dreading the spirits—divine and devilish—swarming throughout the universe. The details given in this deeply interesting volume will impress its readers with a conviction of the prodigious revolution involved in the modernizing of the Chinese mind. Yet it has already been effected in a multitude who have proved their faith by their lives and by many martyr deaths.

BY THE WAY

"O for an hour of Suleiman the Magnificent!" the beaten Turks might well exclaim in this day of their extinction as a great military power. On thirteen different occasions Suleiman's armies marched forth from Constantinople through its Adrianople Gate, and as many times returned in triumph through that portal of victory. The equally famous Golden Gate was walled up by Mohammed II after his capture of the city in 1453, as a superstition arose that by it the Christians would re-enter Constantinople, victorious.

That peculiar combination of age, worldly wisdom, and affability which insures the application of the sobriquet "uncle" to a public man does not always save him from being relegated to private life when the political tide runs out. "Uncle" Joe Cannon and "Uncle" Cy Sulloway are recent illustrations of this truth. A host of Congressional nephews must now find new subjects for avuncular honors.

The p'ai-lous, or memorial arches of China, says Frederick McCormick in the "National Geographic Magazine," rival the pagodas in grace, beauty, and numbers. Many of them are erected to commemorate the devotion of virtuous widows who have refused to remarry. The fabled phœnix, which never changes its mate, is prominent in the decorations of these arches.

The dead are evicted from their holdings in great cities with much more difficulty than the living. A cemetery in New York City which had been unused since 1851 has just been sold. Three times the opposition of descendants of persons buried there has held up the sale. The bodies, with the tombstones, were several years ago transferred to another burial-place.

A curious foot-note to history is found in Mr. G. L. de St. M. Watson's recently published book "A Polish Exile with Napoleon," to the effect that the Emperor's evenings at St. Helena were solaced with music from a piano which was imported from England at a cost to Napoleon himself of £122 ($610). The musician was perhaps Mme. Bertrand; at any rate, the piano was bequeathed to her and was removed by her from the island after Napoleon's death.

An illiterate, in the eyes of the United States Census Bureau, is a person of ten years or over who cannot write, regardless of his or her ability to read. Judged by this standard, illiteracy in this country has decreased in the last decade from 10.7 to 7.5 per cent. Among children from ten to fourteen years old only a fraction above four to the hundred are now illiterate.

Andrew D. White's eightieth birthday, celebrated November 7, was marked by messages of congratulation from all parts of the world. Among them was one from the German Emperor, who formed a strong attachment for Dr. White when he was the American Ambassador at Berlin.

Nine years ago Mme. Alice Blache, according to an interview in the "Dramatic Mirror," came to this country from France, speaking no English, having little money, and with few friends. Now her friends are legion, she speaks excellent English, and she is a dominant figure in the motion-picture world, being the president of a film-producing company which she has built up and from which she is said to draw an income of $50,000 a year. She seems to combine a Frenchwoman's talent for business with the American ability to grasp an opportunity such as the motion-picture furor has afforded.

New York City must get its Christmas trees this year from some other than its usual source of supply. The Department of Agriculture has barred the sending of such trees from New England, because of the prevalence there of the gypsy moth and the brown-tail moth. It hopes thus to prevent the spread of these pests.

If buyers of Christmas presents will bear in mind the following injunctions of an auxiliary Consumers' League, they will help effectively to spread the Christmas spirit of good will: Don't leave Christmas shopping till the week before Christmas. Don't shop after five o'clock or on Saturday afternoons. Don't give your address carelessly to the saleswomen. Don't forget that "the welfare of the worker is part of the buyer's responsibility."

An incident seen on a city street the other day indicates that the antagonism between drivers of horse-drawn vehicles and chauffeurs of motor trucks is giving way to an *entente cordiale*. A heavily loaded wagon was stuck between two car tracks, and the horses were vainly endeavoring to pull out their load. A huge ten-ton motor truck passed, then turned, backed up, and with a mighty push dislodged the wagon. The driver beamed his thanks, and an atmosphere of general good feeling took the place of one of gloom and hard words.

Among anniversary celebrations this year is that of Liechtenstein, a tiny Principality on the Rhine, established in 1712. Its population of 10,000 are in many respects ideally situated, for they have a beautiful, productive country, they pay no taxes, have no public debt, and are free from liability to military service.

Large corporations, comprised mainly of Englishmen, are now making Oriental rugs in a wholesale way, according to a writer in one of the magazines. These corporations, located mainly in Turkey, gather the rug-makers from different places, set up looms for them, and give them regular pay. The workers copy handsome antiques, and in this way the price of fine rugs has, it is asserted, been much reduced.

Chauffeurs in Berlin, Germany, are forbidden to smoke cigars or cigarettes while on duty. This order by the municipal authorities has been issued with a view to lessening accidents.

Items like this make encouraging reading for the traveling public: The largest single order ever placed for steel passenger coaches was given recently by the New York Central Railroad. It was for 207 cars, representing an investment of $5,000,000. These cars thus cost about $25,000 each—and they are worth it, in assurance of safety to passengers and immunity from damage suits to the railways.

Signor Scotti, the singer, appeared in the papers on his recent arrival in America as a "how to get thin" expert. The Scotti system is simple: no potatoes, no fresh bread, no butter, spaghetti but once a week, and nothing at all to drink at meals. But is a temporarily diminished waist line worth so many gustatory sacrifices?

The Outlook

NOVEMBER 30, 1912

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The Balkan War: The Turks

The Turkish Government's request for an armistice interrupting the Balkan war was answered last week. After consulting the allied Governments of Servia, Montenegro, and Greece, the Bulgarian Government, according to report, imposed two conditions to an armistice, added to those already indicated in The Outlook as probable. These were the demolition of the Tchataldja forts, which form the outer line of the defense of Constantinople, and the unconditional surrender of Adrianople and the other strongholds, instead of the expected permission to the Turkish troops to march out with "the honors of war." These honors have been amply earned, claim the Turks and the European military officials in sympathy with them. As to Tchataldja, the Turks were no less resentful. Naturally, they were not willing to leave Constantinople open to Bulgarian attack at any time, though they must have seen that the Bulgarians would not be willing to leave the Turks free to amass an army on a possible new Bulgarian frontier under the protection of those forts. Hence, whatever might be said as to the other terms, these particular conditions appeared unjust and harsh to the Turks. Apparently they formed the rock on which the peace proposals finally split. At all events, the Turkish Government replied as follows:

> The Bulgarian Premier has addressed to the Ottoman Government a document containing conditions for an armistice, which were communicated to-day to the Council of Ministers and were considered to be unacceptable. Consequently . . . the Commissioner-in-Chief has been instructed to continue military operations, with the help of the Almighty, until reasonable and moderate conditions are proposed to us.

The phrase "with the help of the Almighty" has doubtless a special reference to the Sheik-ul-Islam's recent proclamation. The Sheik, as the chief Mohammedan prelate, ordered a hundred eloquent and influential Ulemas—the Mohammedan theologians and preachers—to go to the front with a view of elevating the morale and exciting the warlike ardor of the Turkish army at Tchataldja. This attempt to stir up religious fanaticism in the army was interpreted by some as a counsel of despair. A part of the appeal reads thus:

> With a view to exciting and encouraging the soldiers of the enemies who surround us, their priests, cross in hand, are working in the ranks of the army. It is not fitting that our Ulemas should neglect the accomplishment of a similar duty.
>
> In order that the victory and glory promised by the Almighty may be granted without delay to the Ottoman army, it is necessary that the venerable Ulemas organize a Jehad [a holy war]. Such a holy war has, moreover, become an obligation, if the condition of the Ottoman soldiers, who are all heroes, is to be strengthened.

The Turkish Government apparently regarded the conditions as an ultimatum. They were therefore summarily rejected. But they need not have been regarded as an ultimatum. Turkey could have made counter-proposals. Instead, to order an immediate resumption of the war is, to say the least, extraordinary on the part of a defeated Power. In their turn, the allied troops may now decline to treat further with Turkey until they can dictate sterner terms in Constantinople itself. Or they may arrange a treaty which will give to them all that they have conquered but will omit that which has not been conquered.

The Balkan War: The Allies

Another and chief reason why the Turks rejected the armistice proposals was doubtless because last week, for the first time since the war began, the Bulgarian advance received a real setback. The attack on the Black Sea end of the twenty-six Tchataldja forts seemed at first successful; indeed, as reported, a small detachment of

Bulgarians even got beyond the forts and began its march towards Constantinople. But on the second day's battle it became clear that the Bulgarians were not prepared to make the further sacrifice of life which would have followed any attempt to storm the rest of the forts before their resistance had been destroyed by bombardment. And in the matter of bombardment the Bulgarians were at a disadvantage. They had to fire from a lower ground against the Turkish defense, and were further handicapped by being compelled to employ field artillery instead of siege guns. Thus they were held at bay by the heavier projectiles of the Turkish howitzers Finally, something went wrong with the Bulgarian transport. On the other hand, the Turkish supply and commissariat department had been relieved, and the numbers of Turkish troops had also been reinforced by the arrival of soldiers from Syria. The battle continued for most of the week, resulting in the retirement of the Bulgarians for a slight distance. This acted as a tonic to the spirit of the Turkish troops, and doubtless accounted for the summary nature of the Turkish Government's reply to the Bulgarian Government's conditions. As to the Servian advance, the news of the week chiefly concerns the victory at Monastir, the principal town and fortress in the interior of Macedonia. It seems that the brunt of the attack was borne by the Servian infantry, the men wading breast-deep in the water and the surrounding marshes. The Turkish troops were in great strength, their numbers being estimated at eighty thousand, reinforced by about a hundred field guns. The despatches say that the fight lasted four days and cost the Turks and Servians no less than twenty thousand each in killed and wounded. The Servians took a great number of Turkish prisoners. The Greeks have now occupied the town of Florina, to the south, and have cut off the Turkish rear-guard, numbering about thirty thousand men, retreating from Monastir after its capture by the Servians. Large quantities of ammunition and stores fell into the hands of the Greeks when they cut off the rear-guard. The gallant little Greek navy has, moreover, been busy, having occupied during the week the islands of Nikaria and Mitylene, or, as it is often called, Lesbos. Nikaria lies close to Samos, and received its name from Icarus, that famous mythological personage who was drowned between this island and Samos by flying so near the sun that his wings of wax melted. Mitylene lies off the west coast of Asia Minor, separated from it by only a few miles. As the population of these islands is nearly all Greek, their capture by the Greeks was welcomed. At the northern end of the lengthening war-line, of which Nikaria forms the southern point, the Montenegrins have been advancing by the capture of the Albanian ports, Alessio and San Giovanni di Medua.

The Balkan War: The Cholera

A more dreadful enemy has broken out in the Balkan Peninsula than is the Turk to the Bulgar or the Bulgar to the Turk—that common enemy to both, the cholera. While the Constantinople authorities have been able to keep this enemy out of the foreign quarters of the city, it has made ravages in the native quarters. In the army encamped at Tchataldja and at Hademkeui and San Stefano, half-way to the capital, however, the cholera camps have become terrible sights. Incredible as it may seem, in the endeavor to destroy the Bulgarian boast of a triumphal entry into Constantinople and the celebration of mass in Santa Sophia, the Turks have transformed that mosque into a pest-house. No less than two thousand cholera-stricken patients, it is reported, have been crowded within the walls of this former Christian temple. Outside the city in the great cholera camps, the Red Crescent Society is apparently unable to supply either bread or water, much less a blanket to cover the sick or a rest for their heads. It is supposed that several thousand died in these camps last week. Of that at Hademkeui a despatch reads: "The dead lie in heaps, . . . the faces drawn with the combined agony of thirst and the torturing pain in the vitals." There is thus greater necessity than ever to heed the appeal for funds made by the American Red Cross. It has already telegraphed tens of thousands of dollars to Constantinople, where the money is being spent in connection with the funds contributed by the various Red Cross Societies of Europe. But more money is needed at once. It should be sent to the Red Cross treasurer, Mr. Jacob A. Schiff, Red Cross Office, United Charities Building, New York City. In addition, sums sent to the American Red Cross for distribution by the Bulgarian Red Cross, the Servian Red Cross, or the Greek

Red Cross will be immediately sent to the societies in those countries. With regard to the work of these societies, it should be remembered that the suffering is being greatly increased now that the Balkan winter has set in, with its heavy snows and bitter winds in the mountain regions. Americans in the Turkish Empire may expect the arrival before long of our own armored cruisers Montana and Tennessee, which have been coaling at Gibraltar. At present, in the Bosphorus, at Constantinople, the only American vessel is the little Scorpion. Meanwhile the American Embassy in the Turkish capital is being guarded by British marines! This is as it should be if we cannot guard our own embassies. In this case we should have had men at hand, both at Constantinople and on the Syrian coast. Trustworthy news from Turkey gave to the authorities at Washington plenty of warning.

The Chinese Republic: The Delay in Recognition

The fourth annual Conference held by Clark University on questions of foreign relations and the dependencies was wholly devoted this year —November 13 to 15—to China. The Conference included a considerable number of native Chinese: Mr. Wang, one of the officials of the railway from Peking to Mukden; Mr. Tsao and Mr. Kuo, advanced students; Mr. Yui and Mr. Chin Tao-chen, who spoke from intimate knowledge. Several missionaries stated their point of view, especially Dr. Edmunds, of Canton, and the Rev. Paul L. Corbin; Mr. Edward B. Drew, for many years a member of the Chinese custom service, gave a graphic sketch of Sir Robert Hart from personal experience; while half a dozen recent travelers, headed by President Eliot, stated the results of their personal observation. Among the variety of interesting discussions of trade, industry, education, religion, and personal characteristics of the Chinese, the two subjects which stirred up most interest and seemed to go deepest into the heart of the matter were the failure of the United States to recognize the Chinese Republic and the recent loan to China under the influence of the six allied Powers, both regarded by many of the members of the Conference as evidences of the Dollar Diplomacy which is new for the United States and has still to gain popular favor. We state as follows, in this and the following paragraph, the views expressed at the Conference in favor of immediate recognition. The question of recognition is tangled up with that of the assertion by European Powers of a sort of benevolent protectorate over China. Upon the face of it, any government in any country which has come into power by a national revolution, and has maintained itself for a full year, has a prima facie right to recognition, and the withholding of such recognition is not only an inconvenience, but a serious hindrance to the complete acceptance of the new government by its own people. The policy of the United States on this point has always been liberal, and well may be, inasmuch as this country was recognized in 1778 by France, while the Continental Congress, then the only National Government, was driven out of its capital, Philadelphia. Without the recognition and military aid of France the Revolution must have failed. In the discouraging period of the Confederation, when the United States had neither money nor credit, Holland, Sweden, Prussia, and Spain recognized and treated with the Republic of the United States. Toward the Latin-American Powers the United States reciprocated this cordiality to struggling young nations. We were the first to recognize them in 1822, an example speedily followed by other countries; in 1849 an agent was sent by President Polk with authority to recognize the Republic of Hungary, if he thought it likely to continue. Such weak Powers as Liberia, Hayti, Santo Domingo, the Central American States, were recognized, and re-recognized after revolution; and even infant Panama was recognized, it was said, before it was old enough to cry for help. Upon a basis of international law of precedence and of republican sympathy, the United States ought forthwith to recognize the Republic of China. There is here no question of two rival powers contending for government; there is no other claimant to sovereign authority in China except the present republican Government. It would be as easy, it was pointed out, to put a Japanese or an Arabian prince on the throne of China as to restore the Manchu dynasty. People say that the present Government is not really republican. But a nation which recognized the French Empire under Louis Napoleon, and is at present in diplomatic relations with non-republican states, has no right to insist that the new government of a country shall be republican; but simply that it is actually

a government and is governing, as is the case in China.

The Chinese Republic: Financial Influences

The Chinese believe, and some of their representatives at Worcester did not hesitate to say so, that the delay of the United States in recognizing China is due to the connection of American bankers with the effort to control the finances of China. That point of view was undoubtedly strengthened by the straightforward and candid address of Mr. Willard Straight, formerly Consul-General at Mukden, and now the representative of the American bankers concerned. The facts as he states them were already substantially known to the public; the Chinese Government is in desperate need of funds for current expenses, to pay off the army, and to clear up arrears. At the same time it desires to build essential railway lines, and to carry out the much-needed reform of the currency. Mr. Straight says that the Chinese Government asked for a loan of three hundred millions, and was referred to the so-called "four groups" of associated British, German, French, and American bankers, by whom three conditions were laid down: (1) Loans must be made only through this combined syndicate, to which Russian and Japanese groups were speedily added. (2) Each of the groups was to participate in the profits to be had through the expenditure of part of this money by the Chinese Government in purchases from abroad. (3) The bookkeeping and the expenditures on public works were to be subject to the supervision of a representative of the banking syndicate. These conditions are hard and humiliating and cannot be avoided by simply refusing to borrow; because China must have immediate funds. When China recently attempted to make an independent loan, the six-Power group threw all its energy into preventing subscriptions; and the Russian Government aided by a pretense of demanding the payment of overdue installments on the Chinese indemnity for the Boxer war. Mr. Straight's address substantially claims that the bankers had a right to make the only loans to the Chinese Government; and every one of the six Powers (including the United States) appears to have used diplomatic pressure on China in behalf of its group of bankers. In this process there is an element of the comic, because neither the Japanese nor the Russians are prepared to put up their shares of the capital; and it is expected that each of them will turn over the greater part of its fifty million dollars to be subscribed by the four moneyed groups. Nobody can deny the right of the bankers to refuse to lend on what they think unsafe security, although it was understood that they were to place the bonds at a discount which would give them a handsome bonus—probably not less than twenty-five millions. What they are actually doing, it was claimed, is to enlist the six Governments in a combination which refuses to recognize China until the Chinese agree to finance their Government on onerous terms dictated by the banking groups, not for the advantage of the Chinese, but for the foreigners' profit. Some believe that the real reasons why our State Department now holds back from recognizing the Chinese Government have not been given to the public; but the American banking group certainly believes that their Government is aiding them in their financial deal with China. It is a dangerous thing for the United States to permit the Chinese to have even a reasonable suspicion that they are considered still, as they have been for seventy years, a source of profit and exploitation to other nations; and the United States cannot afford to pool its policy in China with other nations, every one of which is in possession of territory claimed by China. Nearly a month ago The Outlook expressed its hope that the Government of the United States would promptly recognize the Chinese Republic. It is only fair to add, however, that the State Department has announced that this Government is simply withholding its official recognition until the present provisional republican Government of China is ratified by popular suffrage.

The Industrial Development of China

The extraordinary and apparently rapid political changes in China during the last two or three years have created such a sensation throughout the Western world that the average observer has failed to note the fact that the industrial evolution of China has been equally extraordinary and significant. For thirty centuries China has been one of the great agricultural countries of the globe. An immense population has been maintained by the products of the soil, raised by the most careful and intensive processes of cultivation. An article in the October number of that very

interesting periodical the "National Geographic Magazine" gives in a striking and pictorial form an account of the scientific way in which the Chinese employ irrigation and soil-enrichment to preserve the fertility of their densely populated area. The author of the article in question, the late Professor F. H. King, an agricultural scientist not given to making unsubstantiated estimates or statements, says that forty canals across the United States from east to west and sixty from north to south would probably not equal in number of miles the canals employed in China to-day both for transportation and irrigation. We often hear of the deforestation of China. It is unquestionably true that during three or four thousand years of populous life the Chinese have destroyed many of their forests. This was due perhaps to two causes: first, the pressing necessity for obtaining fuel and lumber; and, second, the fact that the Chinese had not discovered that trees may be cultivated, like crops. But in one respect the Chinese afford us an example of agricultural economy which is in striking contrast to our extravagant and almost criminal wastefulness. This example is in their work of fertilizing agricultural soils. Every farmer in the United States knows the value of stable manure. The writer of these lines is to-day, for example, within fifty miles of New York City, paying $2 a wagon-load for well-rotted stable manure, used in the development of a long-neglected field which he is seeding down in grass for hay. But the American people apparently have almost no conception of the value as fertilizers of the chemical elements in human waste or manure. In China these chemical elements are preserved and utilized with the utmost care. In China "the 400,000,000 of adult population send back to their fields *annually* 150,000 tons of phosphorus, 376,000 tons of potassium, and 1,158,000 tons of nitrogen, obtained from human waste," says Dr. King. He adds that "the people of the United States and of Europe are pouring into the sea, lakes, or rivers, and into the underground waters, from 5,794,300 to 12,000,000 pounds of nitrogen, 1,881,900 to 4,151,000 pounds of potassium, and 777,200 to 3,057,600 pounds of phosphorus per million of adult population *annually*—and this waste we esteem one of the great achievements of our civilization." What a lesson in extravagance! When the Chinese begin to devote to manufacturing the same care and precision which have characterized their agriculture for thirty centuries, there is no reason to suppose that they will not achieve an equal success. That there is a marked development of modern manufacturing in China is indicated by the following list made by the Shanghai "Times" of recent enterprises in China:

A new cotton factory with 20,592 spindles opened at Shanghai.

Electric lighting installations at Changsha, Hangchow, and Foochow.

A brick factory at Canton with up-to-date British machinery, capable of turning out 40,000 bricks per day.

A cement plant at Tongshan equipped with motor plant and new machinery, having a capacity of 500,000 barrels per year.

Two new flour mills at Chungking and Yunanfu.

A leather factory and tannery at Canton.

A match factory at Hangchow.

A large private printing establishment with foreign machinery started at Changsha.

A new paper mill at Hankow.

A rice-hulling mill at Changsha.

This list, of course, is not a catalogue of Chinese manufactures, nor even a complete list of all the new factories established in recent months, but it is here presented because it is an important and concrete indication of what is going on in China. We hope the directors of the Panama Exposition will lay emphasis in their Chinese exhibits on modern Chinese industry and agriculture rather than on Chinese ceramics and antiquities.

The New Minister to Belgium

The appointment of the Hon. Theodore Marburg, of Baltimore, as Minister to Belgium, to succeed the newly appointed Ambassador to Japan, the Hon. Larz Anderson, has a special element of appropriateness, inasmuch as Mr. Marburg was one of the three members of the American Committee on the Celebration of the Hundredth Anniversary of the Signing of the Treaty of Ghent in Belgium, who took part in the initial conference in London on the terrace of the House of Commons, which resulted in the creation of the British Committee and the choice of Earl Grey as its head. Mr. Marburg is the Secretary of the American Society for Judicial Settlement of International Disputes, and is connected with many other organizations devoted to the extension of the arbitration idea. He is a man of extensive business interests, and has devoted a large amount of time, effort, and money to the public service in his own city, as well as in wider circles.

Private or Public Pensions for Ex-Presidents?

The announcement has been made by the Carnegie Corporation (the board of trustees formed two years ago to manage Mr. Andrew Carnegie's educational and other organized beneficent work) that it is proposed to establish a fund the income of which should be used to provide "a pension for each future ex-President and his widow, unmarried, of $25,000 per year as long as these remain unprovided for by the Nation." This last phrase suggests the comment which we venture to say will be made by the vast majority of those who read this announcement—namely, that if such provision is necessary and desirable it should be made by the Nation. The American people are not niggardly or unappreciative of services rendered. The very reasons adduced for the establishing of a private pension apply with double force as reasons why the Nation should assume its own obligations. These reasons, as stated by the trustees, are that ex-Presidents "may be able to spend the latter part of their lives devoting their unique knowledge gained of public affairs to the public good free from pecuniary cares." A provision intended to be delicate and thoughtful is that no application need be made by the proposed recipients, but that the provision established should be offered to them by the representatives of the donor. With full appreciation of Mr. Carnegie's generous desire to contribute to a much-needed reform, we think that the method which he proposes for the accomplishment of this reform has very serious objections. We doubt if the people of the United States can accept with comfort a proposal to make their Presidents the beneficiaries of private philanthropy. A not improbable and very desirable result of this generous proposal ought to be that Congress at the first opportunity should take up the need and usefulness of such pensions as a National question, and act promptly, as National dignity requires.

The Extra Session of Congress

It was not in the least a matter for surprise that the President-elect should announce his intention to call Congress together for a special session not later than April 15. What is surprising is that there should be any question in any man's mind as to the prime necessity of this action. Governor Wilson states two reasons for his decision: one, that the pledges of the party should be redeemed promptly; the other, that business should be relieved quickly of uncertainty as to just what tariff revision will be made. He might well have added another: that it should never be possible for a space of more than a year to intervene between the time of a Congressional election and the time when the new Congress meets to take up the problems intrusted to it by the people at that election. The absurdity of the present system is always brought most emphatically to view when, as in the present case, there is a change of party predominance. The Democrats were by the election which has just taken place put in power as regards the Executive and both branches of the National Legislature. Yet, if it were not for the plan of an extra session, there would be from early in November, 1912, to early in December, 1913, no way for the party to carry out its policies or to reply to the mandate of the people which puts responsibility upon the party. That Congress and the people should remedy this state of affairs needs no demonstration. Whether the plan, often proposed, that the Constitution should be so amended as to allow a newly elected President to be inaugurated on the first of January following his election is adopted, or whether some other shifting of dates be deemed preferable, does not matter. The essential thing is that a recognized absurdity should not be left untouched because of political inertia—that is, in common parlance, political laziness.

The Three Presidential Candidates

Mr. Woodrow Wilson has wisely escaped to Bermuda from the throng of office-seekers and the scarcely less insistent and irritating throng of voluntary advisers. There he can take counsel with himself and send for such counselors as he may wish to consult with. His task is an exceedingly difficult one. He owed his nomination to the aggressive action of Progressive Democrats, although the reactionaries and the bosses reluctantly joined in it, and his election would have been impossible but for his reputation as a Progressive. And yet to keep his party together and achieve political success he must have in his Administration from the forces which control the Democratic party in such States as New York, Indiana, Illinois, and Colorado the support which those forces gave to him in the nominating

Convention. We do not take the gossip of the newspapers respecting Cabinet appointments very seriously, but, if there is any truth in that gossip, Mr. Wilson proposes to make a Cabinet of Progressive Democrats. We hope this is true, for we wish to see in America the issue clearly drawn between those Progressives who believe in a return to the individualism of the past and those Progressives who believe in going forward to a self-governing Republic, co-operating alike in city, State, and National administration for the general welfare. Mr. Taft, at the Lotus Club dinner last week, made a speech which, to use his own figure, may be regarded as his "swan song." In this speech he indicated two reforms which he regarded as desirable: the first involving a change in the written Constitution, the second in the National habit. The first was an indorsement of a plank in the Democratic platform. He would have the Constitution extend the Presidential term to six years, and, as the Democratic platform proposes, forbid a re-election. If he had made this suggestion six months ago, and accompanied it by the refusal to accept a second term himself, his suggestion would have carried a weight in the country which it now inevitably lacks. The Outlook does not think the recommendation a reform. Six years is too long for the term of a President whose Administration the people do not approve. It is too short a term for a President whose services the people wish to continue. The principal argument against a second or third term is the supposed power of the President to continue in office despite the popular will. This argument seems to The Outlook to have been finally overthrown by the recent Presidential election. The second reform which Mr. Taft proposes has for its object to bring more closely together the operation of the executive and the legislative branches. "The studied effort to maintain those branches rigidly separate is, I think, a mistake." We agree with him. The connection between the executive and the legislative branches, which is now carried on in non-public conferences, would be more efficient, and would be free from some of the present evils, if it were carried on in the open. This result Mr. Taft would accomplish by giving seats in the House to the members of the Cabinet. Whether this attempt to engraft on the American Constitution the English method would succeed is, we think, very doubtful, but Mr. Taft's proposition may at least have the effect of bringing before the American people for their discussion the question how to accomplish a result much to be desired. Mr. Roosevelt in two utterances has given emphatic expression to his faith that the Progressive party is to go on with its work by transforming the political campaign into a campaign of education. He expressed this conviction in a very brief address to the State Progressive Committee in convention in New York City, and also in a written letter to the Committee appointed by the mass-meeting of Progressives held in Boston, to which we referred last week. The following sentence from that letter expresses admirably the purpose and the spirit of the Progressive movement:

> We work with a feeling of the kindliest charity toward all our opponents, but with a firm resolution not to rest until this has been made both a genuine political and a genuine economic democracy, until justice has been secured to the weak no less than to the strong, until equality of opportunity is secured, and at least some rough approximation to equality between reward and service, until the burdens have been lifted from the helpless, from women and children and from overworked men, and until the souls of our people have got the upward lift that comes only with the vision of genuine brotherhood and the spirit of insistence by each of us, not only upon the rights of each, but upon the duties of each and the rights of all others.

The Bathtub Decision

The decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Bathtub Trust case and its order to dissolve the combination entered into in order to fix prices paid by the consumer and the jobber are of importance and value because they show that the plain provisions of the Sherman Law are not to be nullified by the specious pretext set up in this case. This pretext would make the rights of the owner of a patent override the duties of manufacturers as laid down by the Anti-Trust Law. Whatever doubt was felt as to the outcome of this case came from the decision of the Supreme Court last spring in the Mimeograph case, in which, contrary to the opinion of the Chief Justice and the minority of the Court, it was held that the owner of a patent on a mimeograph may compel a purchaser of the machine to buy from the patentee the paper and ink to be used on the machine. Far-reaching and extraordinary as this decision was, the Supreme Court has now definitely refused to

carry it further by saying (as it was asked to do by the Bathtub Trust) that the power of the owner of a patent should include control by him over trade in the unpatented product of a patented machine or process. The scheme of these manufacturers who were trying to set up a monopoly was ingenious: they wanted to control the sale of enameled iron ware, and among them they owned the processes by which the enamel is applied to the cast iron of bathtubs and kitchen ware; they transferred the rights in all these patents to a young man without capital who was merely their dummy and agent; he issued licenses precisely alike in terms to the manufacturers to make the bathtubs; the manufacturers in turn made, or tried to make, these licenses a part of their contract with jobbers and to insist, not only upon a uniform price, but upon a price which should rise or fall as the manufacturers ordered. Thus the bathtub, which was not itself a patented article, could be, they imagined, controlled as to its sale with impunity. The case differs from the dissolution of the Standard Oil Trust because the trade normally would follow lines of very severe and lively competition. This has been shown by the fact that since the methods above described stopped, while the case was awaiting decision, the prices of the product have fallen from twenty-five to forty per cent, while, so one of the Government's attorneys states, nearly all the manufacturers in this line are running their factories overtime and making money at the reduced prices. The central point involved is thus stated by Mr. Justice McKenna, who read the Court's opinion: "Rights conferred by patent are indeed very definite and extensive, but they do not give, any more than other rights do, a universal license against positive prohibitions. The Sherman Law is a limitation of rights—rights which may be of civil consequence, and therefore restrained."

Railway Accidents: Passengers

Some dreadful railway accidents have just happened. And what is singular, they have all happened on one railway system, the New York, New Haven, and Hartford. And what is still more singular, several of them have happened upon a very short stretch of track which runs through a thickly populated region, namely, the track between South Norwalk and Bridgeport, Connecticut. On the whole road during the past seventeen months the following wrecks have occurred:

June 8, 1911, Fairfield, Connecticut, freight, 4 killed; disregard of signals.

July 12, 1911, Bridgeport, Connecticut, Federal express, 12 killed, 100 injured; careless engineer.

August 28, 1911, Middletown, Connecticut, passenger, 60 injured; spreading rails.

June 11, 1912, Clinton, Massachusetts, passenger, 8 injured; open switch.

July 15, 1912, Stonington Junction, Connecticut, passenger, 3 killed, 4 injured; collision.

October 3, 1912, Westport, Connecticut, Springfield express, 9 killed, 50 injured; crossover.

November 16, 1912, Greens Farms, Connecticut, Merchants' Limited, 19 injured; cause in doubt.

November 16, 1912, Milford, Connecticut, Portland express, 4 cars derailed; frog split.

November 17, 1912, Putnam, Connecticut, freight train, 1 dead, 1 hurt, 1 missing; rear-end collision.

November 18, 1912, Derby, Connecticut, freight train, 4 cars derailed; train jumped a frog in crossing through a labyrinth of switches.

In these accidents twenty-nine persons were killed and two hundred and fifty-eight injured. What have been the causes of these disasters? Nearly all have apparently been due to disregard of signals or poor equipment. Careless disregard of signals and poor equipment on one of the supposedly best roads in the world? This seems incredible. Perhaps the most notable of the above disasters was that which occurred at Bridgeport. After investigating it, the Inter-State Commerce Commission recommended certain reforms to the company. Had these reforms been put in operation they would, it is held, have prevented further casualties. Under the present law the Inter-State Commerce Commission unfortunately does not possess power to compel carriers to adopt hard and fast rules in connection with actual train operation. In the cases of both the Bridgeport and Westport wrecks the trains were operated, it was shown, without automatic control and went from one track to another over a short crossover at a speed of more than sixty miles an hour. Under these circumstances we are not surprised to read the announcement of the State Attorney at Bridgeport that he will prosecute the railway officials on the findings of the coroner, who charges criminal negligence in connection with the Westport wreck. In the Bridgeport and Westport disasters the coroner's jury, it is announced, found the railway either criminally negligent or jointly responsible

with the engineer. Jail penalties for such a showing may not be amiss; but better still would be the enlargement of administrative power to enforce such reforms as will make such a condition impossible. Pending this, a road so well equipped in other respects as is the New Haven can at least replace its present crossovers by longer ones, and we are glad to hear that it is doing so.

Railway Accidents: Employees

The "Baltimore and Ohio Employees' Magazine" is an attractive publication. The subject-matter covered is varied and interesting, but nothing is of greater point just now than the discussion of safety. Mr. Willard, President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway system, was recently asked this question: "Where do you place safety in relative importance among the ends to be sought in the operation of a road?" He promptly replied, "Above everything else." That this is a first consideration is indicated by the "safety page" of the "Baltimore and Ohio Employees' Magazine." Each month it indicates the divisions of the road which make the most creditable showing as to immunity from injuries to employees. Most accidents to them, it finds, are due to failure of the human element—that is, to thoughtlessness or carelessness. For instance, during a period of nine months fourteen employees were killed in stepping off one track to another as a train was passing. Again, nine employees were killed while adjusting angle cock or air hose while the train was in motion, despite the rule prohibiting that practice. Moreover, nineteen employees were killed in train accidents: three of these accidents were due to defects, the remaining sixteen were chargeable to the fact that the rules were not rigidly obeyed. Furthermore, twenty-six employees were killed by not keeping a proper lookout while working on the track or while walking from the yards. "Think of these twenty-six experienced men losing their lives!" says the "Magazine." Mr. W. R. Moore, the Baltimore and Ohio agent at Chillicothe, Ohio, declares that "a man would be a fool to put his hand or foot in the mouth of a lion, thinking he could withdraw it before the jaws came together. . . . The man who will try to adjust a draw-bar when cars are approaching each other closely might as well take a chance with a lion;" and again: "If a physician should offer you five thousand dollars for your arm or leg for medical purposes, you would not sell; you would think him a crank for making such an offer; well, some of you take a chance every day by selling to the railway for a great deal less. The company wants to buy your arms and legs and is willing to pay a fair price for them, but it wants them fastened to your body." The company may also remember, however, that in a great number of accidents the carelessness of the brakeman is really and ultimately the carelessness or negligence of the organization.

A New Day in Prison Reform

Delegates from all sections of the United States to the American Prison Association's annual meeting at Baltimore, November 9–14, must have felt that a new day is dawning in American prison reform. At the meeting at Baltimore a special committee, appointed a year ago by the American Prison Association and composed of representative members of the Association, rendered a strong adverse report on contract labor, condemning particularly the Maryland penitentiary. It was pointed out that the so-called earnings of the prisoners, amounting to some $30,000 per year, were achieved at the expense of necessities which are allowed free of charge to the inmates of prisons in States with more modern systems of prison administration. Labor from sun to sun, absence of educational and recreation features, were condemned. The committee's report favored the application of a combination of the State use and State account systems of prison labor, whereby the State shall manufacture for its own consumption and that of its political subdivisions such products as are most readily produced in the prisons; and wherever the needs of the State are not sufficient to absorb the products they should be supplemented by products that can be used within the State where they are manufactured. The opinion predominated among the delegates who spoke that the principle of the contract system is bad. A number of delegates stated that they preferred even the contract system to prison idleness. Closely allied was the subject of relief of prisoners' families. The Association felt keenly the injustice of the enforced destitution of those dependent upon prisoners, but has marked out as yet no constructive suggestions.

Defective Delinquents in Prison

The topic of feeble-mindedness and other mental abnormalities of prisoners had perhaps the largest share of space upon the Baltimore programme. Dr. Goddard, Dr. Fernald, and Dr. Healey, all of whom have made careful studies of defective delinquents, urged greater classification along psychological and psychiatric lines. Many wardens and superintendents still showed reluctance to accept the findings of the scientists as to the extent or nature of feeble-mindedness in criminals. There is probably no question receiving closer attention by the heads of correctional institutions than the problem of the defective delinquent. An interesting development in this connection is the recent appointment of Professor von Kleinsmidt, formerly of the Department of Psychology of De Pauw University of Indiana, to the position of Associate Superintendent of the Indiana Reformatory, the Board of Managers planning thereby to unite the sciences of sociology and penology in better methods for the reformation of the offender. Prison farms, farms for inebriates, tramp farms, and reformatory farms came in for extended discussion and for general approval. Here the problem is picturesque and often astounding. From all over the country came verbal reports from the platform that vicious and hopeless criminals were being trusted at a distance from the institution, were working hard, were often without guards, were docile and normal, and were doing a man's work. Warden Gilmour told of the transformation of the sullen, discouraged man at the Central Prison of Toronto into the busy, trusted farm laborer of the prison farm at Guelph. Warden Homer, of the latest New York State prison at Comstock, reported that several hundred men were trusted daily outside the prison, which is still without walls, and that as a reward of good conduct a Saturday afternoon ball game has recently become a regular feature. Similarly the District of Columbia and Kansas, Washington, Colorado, Arizona, and many other States are working prisoners at some distance from the prisons. Skeptics as to the new order foresee possible general jail deliveries and find it difficult to understand why the men have failed to run away. The Association passed unanimously a resolution condemning those recent accounts in the daily press that attributed the causes of the recent prison riots at Jackson, Michigan, and Rawlins, Wyoming, to the failure of humanitarian methods introduced as a substitute for the older and more rigorous discipline. The delegates to the Association felt keenly the injustice of blaming modern methods of humanity for conditions resulting from politics, inefficiency, ignorance, and inability to employ modern methods reasonably. The Association pointed to the remarkable success of modern methods in many of the leading prisons of the country to refute the news and editorial allegations which have been specially prominent in recent months. A feature of special interest was the local Maryland situation. On the opening evening Governor Goldsborough announced that he had recently appointed a commission to investigate the Maryland State Penitentiary and to present a plan for the modernizing of Maryland prison methods. The Governor stated his absolute opposition to the contract labor system. Commissions were present from New Hampshire, New Jersey, Wisconsin, and several other States. Noteworthy were the bearing and caliber of the majority of the prison wardens and reformatory superintendents, a stalwart group of good carriage, of large heart, and of businesslike methods and principles.

The Nobel Prize for Literature

The 1912 Nobel prize for literature has been awarded to Herr Gerhart Hauptmann, the German poet, dramatist, and novelist. This prize is part of a bequest left by Alfred Bernhard Nobel, the Swedish scientist, who died in 1896. By his will a large portion of his fortune was devoted to five annual prizes, each valued at about $40,000, to be awarded without distinction of nationality. They were to be awarded for the most important discoveries in physics, in chemistry, in physiology or medicine, for the most distinguished work of an idealistic tendency in the field of literature, and for the best effort by a person or society toward the fraternity of nations and the promotion of peace. The last named is awarded at Christiania by a committee of the Norwegian Storthing or Parliament. The others are awarded at Stockholm by the Swedish Academies. The prize for literature has been conferred on the following persons:

1901, Sully Prudhomme.
1902, Theodor Mommsen.
1903, Björnstjerne Björnson.

1904 (one-half to each), Frédéric Mistral and José Echegaray.
1905, Henryk Sienkiewicz.
1906, Giosuè Carducci.
1907, Rudyard Kipling.
1908, Rudolf Eucken.
1909, Selma Lagerlöf.
1910, Paul Heyse.
1911, Maurice Maeterlinck.

Herr Hauptmann may well feel a sense of pride at being included in such a list. He was born in Silesia, on November 15, 1862, and the honor of receiving the Nobel prize fell on his fiftieth birthday. Working on a farm as a boy and young man, Hauptmann employed his spare time in study. At length he was able to desert the plow for a university course at Jena. By the time he was thirty he had won an acknowledged place as a dramatist. His first dramas, such as "Vor Sonnenaufgang" (Before Sunrise) and "Die Weber" (The Weavers), set forth the condition of the lower order of day-laborers much as Zola or Gorky might have outlined. These depressing plays, however, were not merely examples of crude, stark, brutal realism; something like their shock was necessary to stir the slow-moving Germans to a realization of the condition of the working classes. When they did so realize it, they paid due praise to Hauptmann, and from that moment his career was assured. The later period of his career, beginning with his imaginative fairy drama "Die Versunkene Glocke" (The Sunken Bell), has been marked by mysticism as well as a high degree of dramatic and poetic idealism. Much of his work combines the repulsive with that which is beautiful and compelling.

The "Baptist Bible"

Under striking headlines several newspapers gave out as a bit of sensational news last week that the Baptists had banished Jonah's whale from the Bible and put in its place "a great fish." The impression of audacity on the part of the Baptists was deepened by the report that they had modified the Lord's Prayer. Evidently the reporters and headline producers had not even yet learned that the modified form of the Lord's Prayer which they ascribe to the Baptists is the form to be found in the Revised Version (New Testament) of 1881, which is used in numberless churches every Sunday of the year, and that the whale could not be eliminated from the Book of Jonah for the simple reason that no standard version of the Book of Jonah—neither the Douay Version, nor the King James Version, nor the Revised Version (Old Testament) of 1885—contains any reference to a whale. The "great fish" of Jonah has come to be called a "whale" simply because in the passage in Matthew which contains a reference to the Jonah story the common English versions use the word "whale." Even there the Revised Version puts "sea monster" in the margin. The basis for this sudden journalistic interest in the Bible—an interest which is all the more welcome because it bears with it evidence that it has been aroused where it is needed—is the recent publication of an "Improved Edition" of the Bible, based in part on a former version known as the Bible Union Version, and published by the American Baptist Publication Society. This version is the final result of labors that have extended over nearly thirty years. There are many variations from both the King James Version and the Revised Version, as well as from the Douay. For example, the first two verses of the first chapter of Genesis are as follows:

The King James Version:

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness *was* upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

Douay Version:

In the beginning God created heaven, and earth. And the earth was void and empty, and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the spirit of God moved over the waters.

Revised Version:

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was waste and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep: and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

Improved Edition:

In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. Now the earth was waste and empty; and darkness was over the face of the abyss; and the spirit of God was brooding over the face of the waters.

As for Jonah's whale, the Improved Edition simply substitutes in the passage of Matthew the "great fish" of the Book of Jonah, instead of the "sea monster" suggested in the margin of the Revised Version. It is true that the Improved Edition puts "immerse" in parenthesis after "baptize." This is not new. The Bible Union version was published

in two forms, one using "baptize," the other "immerse." This edition simply puts them together as alternatives.

PROSPECTS IN THE BALKANS

In spite of obstacles raised by mutual distrust, both Turks and Bulgarians are, we believe, probably really desirous of ending the war in the Balkans. Under these circumstances it is reasonable to hope that terms of peace will soon be arranged—possibly before this issue of The Outlook reaches our readers.

On another page those readers will find an interesting article by a writer who has made a long, careful, and intimate study of the Eastern question. In this article he forecasts certain ultimate results, some of them of a very radical nature, which he thinks may eventually follow what, if he is right, will prove to be much more than a local revolution. Without either indorsing or criticising his prophecy, we here attempt the task of telling our readers what we think there is reasonable ground to hope may immediately result from that revolution. We do not write here either history or prophecy. We do not undertake to tell our readers either what has been or what will be. We simply tell them what we think there is reasonable hope may be the present issue of the military campaigning now, we trust, about to end, and the diplomatic negotiating now begun.

Bulgaria may follow the example set by Germany, which insisted at the end of the Franco-German War on entering Paris. Or she may follow the example of Russia at the end of the Russo-Turkish War, which did not insist on entering Constantinople. We hope that she will follow the example of Russia.

We hope that if Constantinople remains a Turkish city, it will be under some sort of protection and control from the European Powers—control adequate for the protection of all foreigners residing within the city.

We hope that Montenegro, Servia, Greece, and Bulgaria will be able to maintain in some form in time of peace that co-operation which has given them success in time of war. The difficulties in the way of federation are enormous, perhaps insuperable; but before this war the European Powers thought the difficulties in the way of co-operation would be insuperable. The statesmanship of King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and of Prime Minister Venizelos of Greece, found a way to overcome those obstacles. We hope that the same enlightened statesmanship will find a way to overcome the apparently insuperable obstacles to political union. We do not hope for immediate federation, but we do hope for the establishment of such a relation between these independent kingdoms as will eventually lead to a united Balkan Empire. We do not think it is unreasonable to hope that, as the skill of a Cavour made out of separated kingdoms a united Italy, and the skill of a Bismarck made out of separated kingdoms a united Germany, so the skill of a King Ferdinand and of a Prime Minister Venizelos may make out of separated kingdoms a united Balkan nation.

We hope that Servia will secure a commercial port on either the Adriatic or the Ægean Sea, or on both. She needs such a port for her self-development, and she is entitled to it as a reward for her courage.

We hope that Albania will be a free and independent state until she chooses of her own accord to affiliate herself with the other states in the Balkan Peninsula.

We hope that the European Powers will at least not hinder, if they do not co-operate to promote, this development of the Balkan peoples into a united nation.

And we hope that Russia will get a free passage to the Mediterranean. Commerce is a great enlightener, and there is no one influence which would do more to bring Russia into fellowship with free and enlightened Europe than an ice-free port and a developing commerce.

We may add, as a reassurance to readers who have friends in Constantinople, that private advices give us good ground to believe that American and English residents in that city are not under such great apprehension, for their safety as the American press has aroused in the minds of their friends here. As a concrete illustration of how little life in Constantinople has been affected, it is worthy of note that not only the college work at Robert College has gone on without serious interruption, but some erection of college buildings which had been begun before the war has not been halted. The most serious danger to foreign residents in Constantinople is from epidemic, and with proper precautions suggested by modern sanitary knowledge it is believed that it is possible successfully to guard against this danger.

NO CAUSE TO WORRY

Two weeks ago, in the course of an editorial on the meaning of the Democratic victory, The Outlook undertook to indicate the pledges to which the American people have a right to hold the Democratic party bound. No one will deny that a party which commits itself to certain definite policies is under obligation, if put into power, to see that those policies are carried out. There may be, however, a legitimate difference of opinion concerning the extent to which such a party is under bonds. It is only the implacable partisan who will be captious in interpreting a party's promises. One who wishes to be fair will interpret such promises liberally. This is what The Outlook attempted to do, all the more because it does not believe that the methods which the Democratic party proposes will secure the ends of freedom and justice at which the Democratic party aims. The Outlook took pains to interpret the Democratic pledges fairly and to resolve every doubt in favor of the party that now must bear the responsibility for the government of the Nation.

With this especially in mind, The Outlook emphasized those particulars in which the Democratic party could not be held to be bound. One of these particulars it mentioned as follows:

> The people have no right to expect of the party any action tending to lessen the power of the bosses or to increase the power of the people—except in so far as the election of United States Senators by the people and preferential Presidential primaries may have some such effect. The Democratic platform is absolutely silent on this subject.

Stimulated by an editorial in the New York "Sun"—that assiduous universal censor—three or four correspondents have called our attention to the following declaration of the Democratic platform:

> We call attention to the fact that the Democratic party's demand for a return to the rule of the people, expressed in the National platform four years ago, has now become the accepted doctrine of a large majority of the electors. We again remind the country that only by a larger exercise of the reserved power of the people can they protect themselves from the misuse of delegated power and the usurpation of governmental instrumentalities by special interests. For this reason the National Convention insisted on the overthrow of Cannonism and the inauguration of a system by which United States Senators could be elected by direct vote. The Democratic party offers itself to the country as an agency through which the complete overthrow and extirpation of corruption, fraud, and machine rule in American politics can be effected.

Neither the "Sun" nor our good friends who have written us need worry. The moral obligations resting upon the Democratic party as a result of its victory are sufficiently extensive and heavy as they are, so that no anxious friends have any occasion to feel concerned because The Outlook has deprived the Democratic party of any burden that rightly belongs to it. If The Outlook committed an error, it was obviously through a desire to be scrupulously fair, and to include in the list of the burdens which rested upon that party none which that party had not clearly and willingly assumed.

In the light, however, of the remonstrance of these anxious friends, we have re-examined our statement, and still feel that it is justified by the facts, and that it relieved the Democratic party of no burden it can be fairly required to bear. The Democratic party has assumed no responsibility to end boss rule, or even seriously to attack it. Those who demand that it should do so are demanding that which it is not fair to ask of the party. The passage quoted from the platform does not refer to boss rule at all. The closing sentence of that passage can be fairly interpreted only in the light of the context. What it refers to there is made clear by the examples it cites—"the overthrow of Cannonism and the inauguration of a system by which United States Senators could be elected by direct vote." Oligarchical methods employed in the management of both houses of Congress are evils which call for correction, but they have only distant relationship to that very distinctive evil of American politics, the rule of the boss. The Democratic platform promises no relief from that form of boss domination which, for example, was described in The Outlook two weeks ago by Richard Spillane in his article "Driven from the City." The Democratic party might overthrow Cannonism and its successor, the rule of the caucus, it might, in addition, secure the direct election of Senators, and might even do more to secure the "exercise of the reserved power of the people," and yet leave the rule of the boss untouched. Those who regard this passage from the platform as referring to boss rule do not know, apparently, what boss rule is. Mr. Murphy, of New York, Mr. Taggart, of Indiana, and Mr. Roger Sullivan, of Illinois, know very well what it is, and for that reason the forces

which they controlled were perfectly willing to vote for the platform that contained that passage.

Mr. Wilson also knows what boss rule is. He has had to deal with it in New Jersey. As we said in discussing this subject two weeks ago, actions speak louder than words, and, while the people have no right to demand that the Democratic party attack the bosses, they have the right to expect that Mr. Wilson as President will carry on his battle against the bosses as far as it can be carried without threatening his party with disruption.

LETTERS TO UNKNOWN FRIENDS

Your definition of Christian is the only thing that ever grated on me. I am something of a purist, and believe the meaning of a word should not be changed. A Christian can be nothing more or less than one who believes that Christ is the Son of God and who follows in his footsteps. A Unitarian may be as godly, as holy and righteous a man, but he is not a Christian. C. F. F.

I do not find, in either the Century Dictionary or Webster's Dictionary, your definition of the word Christian. I do not think that the best usage of modern English justifies that definition. I am not, however, greatly interested in the question of how the *word* should be used. I am greatly interested in the question, What are the conditions upon which Jesus Christ accepted men as his followers and received them into his fellowship? A study of the four Gospels justifies, I think, the statement that he never made either an emotional experience or an intellectual belief a condition of such fellowship.

On one occasion his disciples were discussing who should be greatest in the kingdom of heaven. He took a little child and put him in the midst of the group and said to them: "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." It is not to be imagined that this little child knew anything about the doctrine of the Trinity, or the divinity of Jesus Christ, or of vicarious atonement. The characteristic of a little child is not knowledge, but open-mindedness and eagerness to learn. The condition of entering Christ's fellowship is not knowing the truth, but eagerness to learn the truth. When a child of proper age applies for admission to the public school, we ask how much he knows, for the purpose of determining, not whether we will let him into the school, but where in the school he shall be placed. The Church has made the mistake of supposing that one cannot become a pupil in Christ's school until he has learned what Christ teaches. But it is not necessary that he should have learned what Christ teaches in order to enter Christ's school; it is necessary that he should desire to learn and should be willing to accept Christ as his teacher.

Very early in his ministry Jesus was teaching by the shore of the Sea of Galilee. The people crowded upon him, and he asked one of the fishermen to favor him by allowing him to use his boat as a pulpit. The fisherman consented, pushed the boat out a little from the land, and Jesus, sitting in the prow of the boat, talked to the people on the shore. Then he turned to the fisherman and counseled him to push out into the deeper water and cast his net for fish. The fisherman replied: "We have been fishing all night and got nothing; still, if you say so, we will try again." He did, with instant success that amazed the fishermen. When they had come to land, Jesus turned to the fishermen and said, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men;" and it is said that "when they had brought their ships to land, they forsook all and followed him."

There is no reason to suppose that in this case these fishermen knew anything about the doctrine of the Trinity, or the divinity of Jesus Christ, or the vicarious atonement, or about any of the so-called essential doctrines of the Christian religion. But they had an open mind and were willing to learn; they had an accommodating spirit and were willing to put their boats at the service of a religious teacher; and, when the issue was presented to them, they were willing to leave their business and follow the spiritual aspiration which he had enkindled in them by his teaching.

In another case Jesus was passing through the city of Jericho. A tax-gatherer, small of stature, drawn by curiosity, climbed a tree to see the celebrated Rabbi. That he was jeered at by the crowd is highly probable, if crowds in that day were at all like crowds in our day. Jesus called him down from the tree and went with him to his home, inviting himself to be the tax-gatherer's guest. What he said to the tax-gatherer we do not know; but we do know that he could not have been a tax-gatherer under the Roman tax system with-

out having been guilty of constant oppression of the people, and we know that before Jesus departed from his home Zaccheus promised to restore to those whom he had oppressed by false taxation fourfold, and to give half of what remained of his fortune to the poor; and Jesus upon this statement accepted him. There is not the least reason to imagine that Zaccheus knew anything about the Trinity, or the divinity of Jesus Christ, or the like.

On several occasions Jesus rejected those who came to him desiring to enter his fellowship. Once a rich young man came running, kneeled down in the road before him, addressed him in the language of reverence as "Good Master," and asked what he should do to inherit eternal life. Jesus put no questions to him respecting his belief or his emotions. He first put before him the ethical laws: Do not commit adultery, nor kill, nor steal, nor bear false witness, and honor thy father and mother; and when the rich young ruler replied that he had always complied with these laws from his youth up, Jesus prescribed for him the same condition which he had prescribed in the case of the fishermen, and which he had accepted when voluntarily offered in the case of Zaccheus: "Sell all that thou hast and distribute unto the poor, and follow me."

It is sometimes asked whether, in order to be a follower of Christ, one must in our time sell all that he has and give to the poor. No! But he must, in our time, if he will be a follower of Christ, hold all that he has in loyalty to Christ, and use all that he has in such way as he believes will best serve Christ's purpose in the world. The question, how much of his income he will use for promoting the kingdom of God in his own family and making the lives of his own children rich and full and noble, and how much he will spend outside of his own family in promoting rich, full, and noble lives in others, each man must determine for himself, but he must determine it in the spirit of loyalty to Christ.

On another occasion three men applied to Jesus to become his followers. The first was jauntily ready to follow him everywhere, until Jesus said to him: "Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." The second was ready to follow Jesus, but would first go back and bury his father. Jesus would have no promise of loyalty to be fulfilled in the future. The applicant must accept Jesus as his Master unconditionally, and afterward ask permission to go to his father's funeral. The other would follow, provided he might first go back and bid his family farewell. To him Jesus gave the same reply, for he would have no divided allegiance. In these cases the conditions of discipleship were absolute, unquestioning, and immediate loyalty to Jesus as a Supreme Master, but in none of them was there a request for an opinion respecting the character or the mission of Jesus.

On one occasion Jesus did ask his disciples, after they had been with him for more than a year, what they thought of him, and Simon replied, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God;" and Jesus accepted this definition of his character in very explicit terms. But he not only did not make acceptance of this definition a condition of his fellowship, he did not even regard it as sufficient to admit to his fellowship; for almost immediately after, when Peter inveighed against the idea that Jesus' mission would involve his crucifixion, Jesus rebuked him in very vigorous terms, saying, "Get thee behind me, Satan; thou art an offense unto me." Later, when he was washing the disciples' feet and Peter said to him, "Thou shalt never wash my feet," Jesus replied, "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me." Couple these instances together and their meaning is clear. Believing that Jesus Christ is the Son of God does not make one a Christian, unless he is willing to follow Jesus even to the death and to obey Jesus even in apparently insignificant details. That acknowledging Jesus to be the Messiah and the Son of God does not of itself constitute one a Christian is evident from the fact that in more than one instance it is recorded that the devils, when cast out of the possessed, acknowledged his Messiahship and his divinity.

There are five words by which in the New Testament Christians are designated. To understand what these five words mean is to understand what is a Christian in the New Testament sense of that term. These five words are:

Disciples, or scholars.
Believers, or the faithful.
Followers, or soldiers.
Brethren, or members of the household.
Saints, or the holy.

A Christian is a scholar seeking to learn from Christ how to live. He is a believer, or faithful one, trusting in Jesus as Master and as friend. He is a follower or soldier,

who has enlisted in Christ's service and given himself to carrying on Christ's work in the world. He is a brother, or member of the household, ready to work in co-operation with all other loyal followers of the Master. And he is a saint or holy one; that is, one who has given himself up entirely to Christ's service and is entirely possessed by the ambition to be Christlike.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

THREE CAPITAL BOOKS OF THE WILDERNESS

EDITORIAL BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

MAJOR Stevenson-Hamilton, the warden of the Transvaal Government Game Reserves, has written an entirely new type of book.[1] It is the first time that full advantage has been taken of his opportunities by any competent observer and writer whose good fortune has put him in charge of one of the great sanctuaries for the wilder forms of life that have been created in both the Eastern and the Western hemispheres of recent years. There have been plenty of good books about African game, some by professional naturalists, some by men whose interests were primarily those of the hunter; and it is a mistake to suppose that there is not room for other good books of this type. But Major Stevenson-Hamilton's book is far more than any ordinary hunting book can be. He deals with African travel; he deals with hunting; but the great value of his book consists in the notes on the life histories of the big game, as well as of the crocodiles, poisonous snakes, and some of the birds and insects, which give its peculiar character to the South African fauna. I know of no other book which contains as much and as valuable information on outdoor African natural history of an interesting kind. There are of course books by great hunters in which more information will be found upon some particular species of big game—lion, or elephant, or buffalo, or rhinoceros. But taking game in the aggregate, and other interesting animals as well, there is no other book I know which equals this. Take the account of the ratel or honey-badger, for instance, the most valiant and I am inclined to think the most interesting beast in Africa. Major Stevenson-Hamilton's work has been such as to enable him to make observations and investigations in a way that the big-game hunter pure and simple cannot possibly do, and in consequence he has added some really extraordinary bits of information to our knowledge of the ratel. Its partnership with the honey-bird is one of the noteworthy facts of natural history. Both the bird and the mammal have a peculiar and marked individuality in their make-up and habits; the whole life history of each is well worth studying, but their partnership in marauding against the bees is the most extraordinary of all. Normally the ratel feeds on vegetable matter, insects, and the like, yet Major Stevenson-Hamilton gives what seem to be unquestionable incidents of its attacking and killing adult males of the largest and most formidable antelopes. If attacked, it will fight to the death against any odds, and it is no easy work for even a lion or leopard to kill it.

Major Stevenson-Hamilton's position enabled him to note closely all kinds of incidents in the life of the great carnivores, the big cats, the hyenas, and those bush pirates the hunting-dogs. His running notes on natural history are enlivened by accounts of very interesting adventures—one or two of them in connection with lions were of a really extraordinary nature. Like every other competent observer—including the authors of both the other volumes here considered—he dwells on the extreme variability of character among the higher mammals. This is a factor always to be considered in speaking of dangerous game. There is a certain average difference in the danger of hunting lion, buffalo, elephant, and rhinoceros, but this average difference is less than the very wide differences among individuals of the same species. On the whole, lions charge more readily than any other species; yet some can hardly be bullied into making any kind of a fight.

The account of the tame eland makes one regret more than ever that some government does not somewhere undertake the task of taming this splendid animal. The eland is probably by nature much fitter for domestic uses than are cattle. Unfortunately, as with the American bison, it lived in regions where

[1] Animal Life in Africa. By Major J. Stevenson-Hamilton. William Heinemann, London.

the natives never reached the stage of themselves taming species of wild animals. Accordingly in Africa, as in America, the tame animals that now flourish were taken over from races who had domesticated them through long ages, so that they had become entirely fitted for their work. At least two, and probably three, wild species of oxen proper were thus tamed, not to speak of the buffalo, the gaur or gayal, and the yak, in Asia, from which region doubtless the cattle-owners spread into Europe and Africa many thousands of years ago, just as within the last few hundred years they have spread into the Americas and Australia. The bison could unquestionably have been domesticated at least as easily as the other species of cattle were domesticated in the long-buried past, and the eland probably much more easily, and certainly very much more easily than the reindeer. In the case of the eland it is not too late now, although the work would probably have to be done by a government rather than by a private individual.

Major Stevenson-Hamilton is not only a keen observer and good writer as well as a good hunter, but he is also admirably fitted to give advice on the whole subject of game reserves and of preserving the wonderful fauna of the wilderness without interfering with the legitimate demands of the settlers in wild places. His book should be in the library of every hunter, of every naturalist, of every man who cares for the life of the wilderness. Moreover, it should be in the hands of every man who is awake to the need of preserving at least a fragment of that extraordinary wild life which vanishes before civilization.

There are all kinds of problems connected with preserving wild creatures, by the way, and one of the most important of them, of a totally unexpected kind, has come to the front during the last decade in connection with the wapiti, the elk, of the Yellowstone Park. The Yellowstone Park was always a favorite summer range of the elk. Under protection they have increased enormously in numbers. They summer within the park; although some of them winter within it, especially near its northern border, the majority tend to go out, especially to the south. All wild birds and animals of course possess a fecundity such that where natural checks are removed they increase in geometrical ratio. This is true of them just as it is true of tame animals; let any kind-hearted lover of animals remove all checks on the increase of, say, the cats or rabbits on his place, and inside of a year he will find this truth illustrated by practical experiment. Almost any species, if freed from natural enemies, increases so fast as speedily to encroach on the possible limits of its food supply, and then either disease or starvation must come in to offset the fecundity. In European game reserves the shooting tends to keep down any abnormal increase—although even in these game reserves over-preservation often results in stunting the development of the animal or exposing it to disease. In America hitherto the success of the effort to preserve the different kinds of wild creatures has not been great enough to cause us any alarm as to their over-increase, with the single exception of the elk in the Yellowstone Park. But this is a very serious exception. Elk are hardy animals and prolific. It is probable that a herd under favorable conditions in its own habitat will double in numbers about every four years. There are now in the Yellowstone Park probably thirty thousand elk. A very few moments' thought ought to show any one that under these circumstances, if nothing interfered to check the increase, elk would be as plentiful as cattle throughout the whole United States inside of half a century. But their possible range is of course strictly limited, and as there are no foes to kill them down, the necessary death rate is kept up by nature in a far more cruel way—that is, by starvation in winter. The suffering and misery that this means is quite heartrending. Every winter the wapiti herds that go south of the Yellowstone Park lose thousands upon thousands of their numbers by the long-drawn agony of slow starvation. The loss falls especially, of course, on the calves of the year, and the cows in calf—the very animals that under any proper system of hunting suffer least. From time to time well-meaning people propose that the difficulty shall be met by feeding the elk hay in winter or by increasing the size of the winter grounds. Of course there are circumstances under which feeding hay is not only proper but necessary, and it may be that there can properly be made a slight enlargement of the summer range of the elk. But as a permanent way of meeting the difficulty neither enlarging the range nor feeding with hay would be of the slightest use. All that either method could accomplish would be to remove the difficulty for two or three years until the elk had time to

multiply once more to the danger-point. What is needed is recognition of the simple fact that the elk will always multiply beyond their means of subsistence, and that if their numbers are not reduced in some other way they will be reduced by starvation and disease. It would be infinitely better for the elk, infinitely less cruel, if some method could be devised by which hunting them should be permitted right up to the point of killing each year on an average what would amount to the whole annual increase. The herd must be kept stationary, and it should be kept stationary in some way that will work the least possible cruelty to the animals and will be of most use to the people of the country, especially of the States in which the park is situated. Of course the regulation should be so strict and intelligent as to enable all killing to be stopped the moment it was found to be in any way excessive or detrimental. There should be no profit hunting—that is, no sale of the meat or trophies.

Mr. Sheldon is an outdoor naturalist, a faunal naturalist, as well as a great hunter. His present volume [1] is one of a series he is writing dealing with the animals of Alaska and the Northwest, a series which when finished will give us more information on the natural history of the most interesting animals of the Northwest than any or indeed all other volumes contain. Mr. Sheldon and Mr. White—whose book I shall next consider—are big-game hunters of the best type. They are not professionals, but in point of hardihood, of skill in their craft, of ability to fend for themselves, and of readiness to meet every emergency and every risk, it is not too much to say that they are fairly entitled to come in the line of descent straight down from the Boones and Crocketts, the Kit Carsons and Bridgers, of the old days. Each of them by preference hunts entirely alone. Each is as competent to care for himself as any Indian. The book is admirably written by a man who loves the mountains, the great woods, and the stormy seacoasts, and who describes with power and charm what he has seen. He is the direct reverse of a game butcher; he cares nothing for a "big bag." He kills only what must be killed. His book is of practical value to naturalists.

Mr. Sheldon's book is most interesting, as well. Its greatest value consists in the account of his hunting trip after the huge bear of Montague Island, a bear which Hart Merriam has made into a new species—"species" nowadays having no such significance as in former times, it being a mere term of convenience. His observations of the habits of the big bear have a particular value. It is evident that nowadays these bears are not dangerous game in the sense that various African animals are to be considered dangerous game. The book is illustrated by exceedingly good and well-chosen photographs, and also by certain pictures of Carl Rungius's, which make us realize vividly that even the best photograph in no shape or way replaces or comes anywhere near replacing a really good picture by an artist who is himself a first-class out-of-doors man.

Stewart Edward White's book [1] deals with hunting-grounds as unlike those of northwestern America as can well be imagined. He too has written a notable book, and has given a fresh proof, if one were necessary, that the fact that many first-class books about hunting in a given region already exist in no way means that there is not ample room for another first-class book. It is totally unlike Sheldon's, except in the sense that both men have a great love for wild natural scenery and good power of describing it, that each is an observer as well as a hunter, that both are thoroughly hardy men whose deeds in no way resemble those of the mere holiday hunter. I am not running down the holiday hunter at all, for he may do the best that his opportunities allow: I am only pointing out that he must not compare himself with the man who can push boldly into the unknown and do all his work for himself.

Mr. White was for part of the time while in Africa a companion of Mr. Cuninghame, a professional elephant hunter, who managed my safari during most of my own trip in Africa, and Cuninghame wrote me that White was the very best game-shot with a rifle he had ever seen in his life. The account of some of his adventures with lion and buffalo is thrilling, and, moreover, it is so written as to give a real and satisfactory idea of just what it was that happened, and, without either understatement or exaggeration, of what might have happened if the powder had not been straight. Moreover, his account of his gun-bearers, of the natives they met, of the vast, strange, barren country through which he traveled, and of the great

[1] The Wilderness of the North Pacific Coast Islands. By Charles Sheldon. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

[1] The Land of Footprints. By Stewart Edward White. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

beasts by which he was continually surrounded, is all most interesting. The chapter on the lion dance of the wild savages who were his porters is as vivid as anything of the kind in any book. And the following chapter, describing the precarious rise from the ranks of a porter with aspirations to become a gun-bearer, is not only very humorously told, but affords a practical illustration of some of the things which Mr. White does that make him a good hunter. Not the least interesting chapters are the two which describe the visit to Mr. McMillan's Juja Farm, where the fortunate visitor can relish, as probably nowhere else on earth, the experience of living in a house with every comfort and luxury, right in the middle of the teeming life of the African wilderness.

In the appendix Mr. White treats of rifles and equipment. In his protest against the needless luxury, in fact the cumbrous luxury, of present-day African hunting he is quite right. At the same time, in the outdoor sense of the word, Mr. White is a very "hard" man, and it would not be well for the average holiday sportsman to try to follow his example in cutting down the paraphernalia of African camping life, any more than in cutting down cartridges. Moreover, he is mistaken in thinking that all the men who use shorts and leggings, leaving their knees bare, do so for the sake of looks. Much the best hunter of my own party speedily adopted them, purely because he liked them; and he has used them since then, hunting sheep in the Mexican desert, and moose and caribou in the great northern forest. Personally, I cannot stand them; but that does not alter the fact that other people genuinely like them better than any other rig. It is rather gratifying to find that White used three rifles of the same kinds that I used—a Springfield, a 405 Winchester, and a double cordite Holland & Holland—and that he found that each of them did just what I found they did, that is, the Springfield was his ordinary weapon—his walking-cane, so to speak; the Winchester was his lion gun and the gun for the big antelope; while the Holland was for the few species of very heavy game. But I emphatically dissent from Mr. White's advice to take out only three cartridges for every head of game which it is expected to shoot. His own record was extraordinary, for he got about one animal for every two cartridges fired. I believe that the great majority of animals he killed cost him but one cartridge apiece. Moreover, the antelope of the plains were killed at an average of 245 yards, with a maximum of 638 yards. Now I am an ordinary shot, neither better nor worse than the average big-game hunter who has had some experience. But I could not begin to approach these figures. I did not ordinarily shoot at such long ranges, and yet I averaged about three times as many cartridges to a kill as did Mr. White. As a matter of fact, Mr. White at a hundred yards shoots about as well with a pistol as I do with a rifle. Unless the hunter going to Africa is a very unusually good man, I advise him to triple the number of cartridges which Mr. White thinks it necessary for him to take.

Mr. White hunts his lions in the most sportsmanlike style. I agree with him that rounding them up on horseback and following them on foot are the two most sportsmanlike ways. But when he speaks as he does about hunting them with dogs he should remember that it is an exceedingly difficult feat to train a lion pack with real efficiency, and that a pack not so trained is only a doubtful and occasional help. For a century hunters have employed dogs occasionally in chasing lions, and never with any marked success. It was not until Mr. Paul Rainey, an experienced bear hunter, introduced his pack of Mississippi bear hounds into East Africa that this method of hunting became a really startling success. Until Rainey brought his hounds to East Africa few people believed that anything could be done with hounds against lions. Then when Rainey had made his striking success most people jumped to the opposite extreme, and said that it was not a really sporting way in which to hunt lions. As a matter of fact Rainey's was a great feat—not quite as great as the feats of Buffalo Jones and his associates in roping lions, rhinos, and giraffes, but still a great feat. Wherever settlers are found lions must be destroyed, and the very few hunters able to train a pack as Rainey trained his can do more for their destruction than any other man. Of course, where it is desired to preserve lions it is wise not to let such a man as Rainey with such a pack as Rainey's go after them!

These are three capital books, written by three men of the best outdoors type, three men who are hunters, who are naturalists, who are keen observers and excellent writers.

THE BALKAN WAR

A POLL OF THE PRESS

THE TURKS

THE New York "American" prints in part an address delivered in 1905 by Mr. Bryce, British Ambassador at Washington, from which we take this excerpt:

There is encamped in eastern Europe and western Asia a band of raiders, miscalled a Government, who have done nothing since they came out of Central Asia but rob and murder the unhappy peoples they have conquered, and who have unfortunately been treated by the European states as if they were a civilized Power.

The worst Governments in other parts of Europe at least profess to secure order and administer justice, and consult the interests of the governed. Those who rule Turkey do none of these things. The Sultanate would long ago have disappeared, being either overthrown by internal insurrection or seeing its territories partitioned among neighbor states, had it not been for the mutual jealousy of other Powers.

The "American" says:

While the views of the author of "The American Commonwealth" on the Eastern question could be expressed with perfect propriety, it would not be fitting that the distinguished diplomat should do so at this critical time; still it is fair to suppose that his views freely expressed in 1905 have not materially changed.

In the same strain the New York "Mail" says:

Strange that Europe should ever have deemed it desirable to save the Turk from expulsion! Strange that the destroyers of the Greek civilization; the ravagers of temples and churches and libraries; the authors and centuries-long perpetrators of the tribute of children; . . . the injectors of nameless shames, diseases, and corrupting vices into the blood of Europe; the perpetrators of the awful massacres of Chios, of Smyrna, of Cyprus, of Armenia, of Bulgaria; the pillagers of thousands of European villages and the outragers of myriads of European women—strange, indeed, that these monsters should fancy that they have the right to appeal to Europe for protection! The blood of countless thousands of murdered Christians cries out against such a doctrine.

No. . . . The Bulgarian at the door of Constantinople is Nemesis. He represents the overdue justice of centuries.

THE BALKAN FEDERATION

According to the Paris "Temps," the terms of a compact were signed last March, a compact which not only provided for concerted action against Turkey and the time for that action, but also outlined the division of the spoils of war. The Burlington, Vermont, "Free Press" says:

The Balkan powers plainly selected the time for their onslaught upon Turkey with the greatest care and the most skillful strategy. Choosing a period when Turkey had not had time to recover from the disastrous effects of a prolonged struggle with Italy, the . . . allies suddenly began a campaign which was evidently carefully thought out and well planned as the result of long deliberation.

A marked feature of the war was the excellent fighting of the Bulgarians, says the Buffalo "Express."

Their infantry has shown great steadiness, their artillery is credited with splendid work, and their generalship is of a kind not to be despised. It is known that Bulgaria made long preparation for this war, and evidently that preparation was thorough and wise.

The New York "World" points out the main reason why the war has succeeded:

The Bulgarians were operating in Turkey, but mainly among Bulgars and friends. The Greeks fought in Turkey, but among Greeks. The Servians invaded Turkey, but the welcoming villages were Servian. . . . Each nation marched to relieve its own race, with short lines of communication and a friendly folk about it. For this reason the advance information of the allies was perfect. . . . Wherever they went men of their own blood, beliefs, and national aspirations came to them from the side of the enemy.

Thus the Knoxville, Tennessee, "Sentinel" concludes:

Military critics missed the mark in predicting that Turkey would construct another impregnable Plevna and hold up the Bulgarian armies, as it held back the Russian, and that the Asiatic reserves would then overpower the Balkan allies.

On the other hand, the allies' success has been so instant and continuous as to lead the Springfield, Massachusetts, "Republican" to query: "When have events of such momentous import come with such stupefying speed?"

THE TURKISH DEFEAT

The Turkish press is pessimistic but defiant. The Constantinople "Tanin" thinks that, even if Tchataldja should fall, a new line of defense, beginning at San Stefano, could be organized. It adds:

All the population of Constantinople should work at the erection of these lines of defense.

We ought to have a Corps of National Defense. Every one must fight, for it is probably the last time that we shall fight in Europe.

The Constantinople "Ikdam," however, which is supposed to have Government connections, urges the necessity of making peace. The result of another defeat, it says, would be not only the expulsion of the Turks from Europe, but the partition of the whole Turkish Empire.

According to the London "Times" Constantinople correspondent, cabling Wednesday, giving a statement from Kiamil Pasha, the Turkish Premier thus complains of the Powers:

A fortnight ago . . . we demanded mediation from the great Powers, with the object of concluding an armistice as a preliminary to peace. Several days passed before they decided to undertake the task of mediation in common. . . .

Had the great Powers without loss of time communicated our demand for an armistice to the allies, they would have taken serious steps to insure a cessation of hostilities, and saved the lives of thousands of soldiers who fell in the battles which have since occurred. . . .

Had the fortune of war been propitious to us, and had the Imperial army entered Bulgaria, would the great Powers have shown that indifference which marks their attitude to-day, or would they have forced us to quit Bulgaria, as once they prevented us from marching victoriously into Athens, and from retaining the territories we had conquered from the Greeks?

As to final peace terms, the London "Times" expresses the hope that Turkey will accept those offered, adding:

The Turks will do well not to be misled by the resistance they are able to offer at the Tchataldja lines. All the valor they can summon to their aid can never now repair in the slightest degree the territorial losses they have sustained.

Turkey's instinctive appeal to the Powers "was not unnatural, in view of the practice of the past," says the New York "Tribune," and it adds:

But now the past is indeed past. As a French wit has put it, "Old Mr. Status Quo is deceased."

Even if the Powers had listened to Turkey's appeal for help, says the New York "Evening Post," "it is doubtful whether the result would be largely different from what it will be if Constantinople and the Balkan States are left to settle matters between themselves." The "Post" then proceeds to point out another result:

This same reason makes the possibility of a European conflict much less probable than it would have been in case Turkey had been victorious. With the Balkan States as pawns in the game, the appetites and passions of the Powers might easily be aroused. With the Balkan States largely the masters of their own fate, there is obviously so much less matter for the Powers to quarrel over.

There must be, says the New York "Sun," three phases to the negotiations for peace:

First, Turkey and the allies must agree on the extent of territory the former is to cede to the latter, the conditions under which it is to be transferred, and the amount of indemnity, if any, one side is to pay to the other.

Next, the Balkan States must satisfy the mortgage of the European Powers upon the estate thus acquired. Austrian purposes for Albania and her interest in an internationalized Salonika must be met and satisfied. The Rumanian demand for "compensation" from Bulgaria for her passivity during the present war must be honored or rejected. Russian concern for the future of Constantinople, and perhaps for the opening of the straits to her Black Sea, must be considered.

Finally, the rival claims of Servia, Greece, and Bulgaria in Macedonia . . . must be reconciled before the new order is established in the Balkans.

THE FINAL DISPOSITION

Among the terms of peace offered to the Turks by the Balkan allies were, as reported, the following:

The surrender of the Turkish army.

The demolition of the Tchataldja forts.

The evacuation of Adrianople and the other strongholds now besieged by the allies.

The surrender of conquered territory and the payment of a war indemnity.

The Dardanelles to be opened to the commerce of all nations without restriction.

Constantinople to be put under international control, and Salonika to be made a free port.

"With regard to the visible facts of the situation," comments the Chicago "Inter Ocean," "these terms strike disinterested observers as both moderate and shrewd." It explains:

They are shrewd because they offer inducements against intervention by the great Powers of Europe in behalf of the beaten Turks. They avoid arousing national jealousies. They consider all the interests involved.

With regard to Albania, the New York "Times" thus counsels:

The erection of Albania into an autonomous state, under the suzerainty of Turkey with a Christian Governor, after the plan that has worked admirably in Lebanon, would be one means of utilizing Turkish influence, and preventing the confusion that would otherwise arise.

THE POWERS

Among the Powers of Europe, thinks the Missoula, Montana, "Missoulian," "there

appears to be the honest purpose to let the Balkan belligerents have the fruits of their hard-earned victory."

As to the attitude of particular Powers, Austrian feeling towards Russia is reflected by the Vienna "Neue Freie Presse," which has always enjoyed a certain official authority:

The Austro-Hungarian monarchy has been appealed to for intervention between the two parties in the struggle on the Balkan Peninsula. This is a flattering offer, but it is impossible to comply with it until Russia changes her present policy. . . . While we do not covet an inch of ground which belongs to Russia, and we think that Russia has the same feeling towards us, . . . Russia is jealous of the power which we exercise over the south and east of Europe, . . . though in comparison with Russia's vast possessions . . . Austria's territory is no more than that little vineyard which the rapacious Jezebel wanted to add to her royal garden.

Russia's position is outlined by the St. Petersburg "Rossya," supposed to be a Government organ:

We cannot conceal from ourselves, nor indeed from others, the fact that the sympathy and friendship of Russia are on the side of those who are our Slav brothers both by race and by faith.

The St. Petersburg "Novoye Vremya" says:

Of course every thinking Russian sincerely wishes for the growth of Slavism, and would gladly support a policy leading to the ultimate victory of the Slav idea in the Near East. But . . . it would be naïve to think that the war will be with the Turks only. Of course, with regard to the Turks, the Serb-Bulgaro-Greek army might prove sufficient. . . . Even if the Bulgarian guns are never directed north or west, the war will really be with Austria just the same.

THE CHOLERA

Meanwhile a common enemy, the cholera, has attacked both the army of the Sultan and the army of the allies. Says Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, correspondent of the London "Daily Telegraph:"

No words can convey an adequate impression of the terrible ravages of the Asiatic cholera, carrying off hundreds of men in a day, and casting dread into the heart of a resolute foeman. A man may be perfectly well in the morning; a few hours later he is writhing on the ground in agony, and is a corpse by nightfall. Every road over which the troops move to the front is marked by a trail of corpses, or of men dying by the roadside. There are no medical arrangements of any sort. Once a soldier is seized with the cholera he is regarded by his comrades as a pest to be avoided. Those who fall are left to die where they drop. . . .

The scenes in the villages in the rear of the army pale into insignificance compared to the horrors of Hademkeui, the headquarters of the Turkish army, where the remnants defeated at Lule-Burgas were rallied. It is the men who went through the awful hardships and sufferings of the retreat after that battle, and who lived ten days on green corn or scraps of offal picked up as they marched, that yielded the greatest number of victims on the altar of Asiatic cholera.

The London "Daily News" Constantinople correspondent also gives a vivid story of the cholera horrors. He says the daily mortality is placed by some of the authorities at six thousand, but by none at less than two thousand. A well-known war correspondent said to him:

Of all the hundreds and thousands of men dragged here from Asia, scarcely one per thousand will return to their families, and their friends will never learn their fate.

"Turkish officers declare," says the Boston "Journal," "that the spread of the disease has made any real resistance to the invaders impossible, but also that it will effectually prevent the Bulgarians from crossing the line and occupying the district around Constantinople."

The cholera is a peril not alone to the two armies. Says the New York "Times:"

The cholera and typhus, which have attacked impartially the contending forces in the marshes about the Tchataldja hills, are as dangerous to the world as to the immediate victims, for their infection will spread unless checked on the spot. At best the resources of the Turkish administration to deal with the peril are inadequate, and those of the Bulgarians no less so. The former are demoralized by defeat; the latter are hampered by conditions of actual warfare, in which scant attention can be given to any but the men fit to fight.

With the cessation of fighting on the adoption of the armistice there will be opportunity for the splendid organization of the Red Cross to get in its effective work. The demand for all sorts of supplies and for trained men and women to apply them will be very great and very pressing. We in America are too far from the field of operations to send nurses or physicians. But we can send money, and we should send it without stint.

To this the Sioux Falls, South Dakota, "Press" adds:

The Red Cross organization of the world is human sympathy materialized. It ministers alike to the fallen friend and the fallen foe. When it asks for aid, the appeal of the Red Cross goes straight to the heart of the philanthropist, for real philanthropy is dedicated to the cause of humanity in the broadest sense.

WHERE THE GUNMEN COME FROM

BY JAMES FORBES

The conviction last week of the gunmen who actually killed the gambler Herman Rosenthal, following the conviction of Becker, the former lieutenant of police, who planned the crime, makes this article of peculiarly timely interest. Mr. Forbes is the Director of the National Association for the Prevention of Mendicancy, and readers will remember his articles in The Outlook on the Yeggman, the Tramp, and the Ex-Convict.—THE EDITORS.

WE used to look to Arizona and Nevada for gunmen. But these sections having become civilized, we are compelled to fall back upon our own East Side for the supply of hired assassins. Years ago the old English and Irish thug of the "Red Leary" type obtained. These men usually inflamed themselves with liquor, and fought with their fists, brass knuckles, and the like. Later came the "guerrilla," the immediate predecessor of the modern gunman. His justification in the eyes of the politicians who "took care of him" lay in his ability to vote early and often, and to do such "rough-house" work as primary day in a close district might demand. Although he came into prominence only in the late '90s, the "guerrilla" is already a thing of the past. Though his memory be not sacred, even he was a less unsavory character than the more pretentiously styled "gunman" who has succeeded him. Although essentially a "rough-house" man, he fought with his fists, though his ethical sense rarely restrained him from kicking his victim. Nor was he unacquainted with the sandbag and blackjack.

The gunman is a new species in New York even among gangsters. He seems to be a product of the last decade. He has neither the burly physique of the old thug nor his aggressive courage. So he resorts to more refined methods—the revolver. The Western gunman, though a desperado, was never, or rarely, a hireling. But the fellows we have on the East Side to-day, whose profession is the six-shooter, are just the transplanted, slinking type of hired bravo of familiar Italian style. They have their regular prices for killing, maiming, or beating up. And the jobs are turned off very cheaply here.

Instead of the former thug, the Neapolitan bravo, the burly Apache in cap and blouse, or the sodden Hooligan of London, who lurks in dark corners and waylays his victim, we have in New York a dapper, black-haired, brown-eyed, sallow, sleek, well-dressed, carefully manicured person. In some variations of our old-time thug and in the picturesque assassins of other lands there was occasionally something that might appeal to the romantic side of us. But the East Side gunman lacks even the doubtfully redeeming quality of picturesqueness. He is essentially a coward; he is almost childishly profane, this accomplishment being necessary to overawe the broken-spirited people who are his usual prey. With the ferocity of the rabbit, he sports such appellations as are evidenced in the list of Rosenthal gunmen. He is the rat, the weasel type of man, undersized, wormy, not even approaching the wolf man in style. The quality of his courage is most accurately shown in his congenial business of beating up girl pickets in a shirt-waist makers' strike. On such occasions your "Spanish Louies," "Kid Twists," "Cyclone Lewises," and other doughty warriors of their kind, with gangs of rabbit-like retainers, all packing guns of large caliber, are most effective.

The New York gunman has no fight in him. He is a parasite upon the outlaw industries, and those whom he bleeds are wretches so degraded by liquor, drugs, and similar excesses as to be able to oppose no resistance even to his feeble will. It is the gunman and not the gun that talks. That he actually ever pulls a trigger, except to shoot a man in the back, is a matter for interesting psychological deduction. In fact, he presently becomes the victim of his own long-continued bluster. As a result of excesses, his inhibitory powers fail as the force of impulse increases, and presently the instrument of death in his hands comes into use—whether half-subconsciously or not. Swinging his gun with finger through the trigger guard, swaggering, bragging of "croaking this one" and "cooking that," he comes to believe himself a desperado. All sense of perspective is lost, and, steamed up all the time by drugs or liquor, stimulated by the glare of the lights, the jangling music, in the back rooms he infests, he is seized by an obsession to do the very thing that he has

boasted of—to make good in the eyes of the gang.

Such artificial stimulation is necessary in our East Side silken, perfumed gunman, who is invariably a pander, and whose luxuries—for he demands luxuries, and would scorn the Spartan corn beef and cabbage and mixed ale of the "guerrilla"—are his tribute as the parasite of "Pretty Marian," "Cross-Eyed Lizzie," or the "Kansas Kid." Under these conditions, he is supposed to recognize the *quid pro quo* idea. He must play the cavalier—protect his dame. If she be arrested, he must bail her out. If the "Johnnie" she has in tow will not part from his "roll" amiably, the gunman must appear on the scene and supply the necessary impetus. Under pain of distressing scenes, he must at least pretend to live up to his oaths of fidelity to the fair one whom he has selected as his meal-ticket. But, being a rat at heart, he is never faithful very long. Inter-underworld feuds, with the beatings up and cowardly shootings typical of them, are continually occurring under the lash of some injured beauty's tongue.

Quite in keeping with his other drug-exhaled ideas is the gunman's absurd confidence in the power of the underworld to protect him through the police and the politicians. But the underworld is pathetically weak. It knows no such thing as coherence or concerted action. Each of its members is an extreme individualist, who, when his or her interests compel, will not hesitate to violate what is supposed to be a fundamental code, "Thou shalt not squeal." However, there is a fragment of reason in the almost childlike faith of criminal peoples in their ability to secure protection. Political exigencies have developed types of leadership in politicians who have stood, and still stand, the traditional sponsors for social outlawry, and whose ability as "fixers" is unquestionably great. The blind faith in the "Big Fellow" in New York, in the "Big Four" of Pittsburgh, and in kindred institutions throughout the country is justified in large measure, and reflects the modern tendency to commercialize even vice. But the slum politician, although he must protect his henchmen for the political strength their votes and those of their gangs afford, shies at including murder in the list of negotiable crime.

As a parallel to the New York gunman, even closer home than the Italian bravo, is the "highbinder." The On Leongs, Hip Sings, or Four Brothers tongs have difficulties to adjust in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, or New Orleans. Highbinders, paid by the job, are imported from some other city than that in which the tong execution is to occur. Armed with long blue-barreled .45 automatics, the sandal-shod Celestials come shuffling into the local Chinatown. The lobbygows (messengers) of their employers point out the victims. At a convenient time and place the fusillade occurs, and then the furtive, inconspicuous highbinder slinks back into the byways inhabited by his tong, and the white man's justice seldom strikes effectively. "A war of monkeys," in police parlance.

But even this type of the bravo has something about him superior to the East Side gunman. A slave, he carries out the mandates of his tong masters; for hire, it is true, but only incidentally for hire. He simply executes the justice of his tong, and no doubt is justified in his own eyes. There is no such code of ethics in operation with our gunman. He is but a cunning, dangerous beast, with certain menacing qualities for sale to any bidder, for any purpose. Having no stomach for fighting, he will, whenever possible, "double-cross" his employer, as in the very usual instance where gang leaders hire their retainers out to employers and labor unions impartially, as thugs in the same strike. Or again, having contracted with a chain of gambling-houses to supply gunmen for protection against raiders, they will, in collusion with the raiders, permit their gambling patron to be held up, and, after having pocketed his fees for protection, proceed to the division of the new spoils.

Most of the gunmen in New York are Jews or Italians. When we consider that both races are home-loving, and that the Jew in particular has withstood the disintegrative acid tests of civilization more successfully than any other race, it is surprising that from homes often patriarchal in type, the parents deeply religious and self-sacrificing for their children, the sons of such mothers and fathers should in a few short years deteriorate into the unmoral creatures of whom this article treats. What we have said of the Jewish home may be said in large measure of the Italian home, for, be it remembered, the Italian criminal is not the father of the Italian children of New York.

Is there, then, some evil influence peculiar to the city or country or climate, operating

to bring about so sinister a transformation of type? Or is it a case of new wine in old bottles? Has the wine of liberty that has been fermenting so long in the races in the Old World suddenly found a destructive expression in the New? Is it something in the air that makes these children resent the rigid discipline so long imposed upon them in Europe? Is it the reaction from the Russian ghettos? Certainly this theory does not apply to the Italian children.

In the matter of the Jews it is a question how far the patriarchal family discipline that obtained in the Old World is possible in the New. There is a pervading resentment against restraint on the part of the young people growing up in this city that would have been regarded as unheard-of rebellion in the homes in Russia, or, again, in Italy.

Certainly this change is not due to congestion of population. The ghettos of Warsaw and Krakow are quite as over-populated as New York's East Side, and the outlet there for healthful ambition infinitesimal in comparison. In those two cities conditions of poverty are at least as bad as the worst prevailing in New York; yet gun-play is unknown. Perhaps the nearest approach to Jewish criminality (so viewed at least by the Government bureaucracy) in Warsaw and other Russian cities is the developing of the type of the Jewish intellectual who allies himself with the physical force movement against the Russian bureaucracy. But this does not imply moral deterioration necessarily.

What is it, then, that produces gunmen from these two excellent races? Is it the intensely stimulating atmosphere of the cities of Western civilization that brings out all the repressed forces of their nature? Is it the fact that commercialized vice carried on in tenement neighborhoods cheek by jowl with respectable home-loving families makes sin less hideous and at the same time suggests an escape from drudgery? Surely these influences are disintegrative, subversive of good morals; undoubtedly they account for the continual sloughing off, as it were, from homes of piety and happiness and forcing into the mire children of excellent promise.

Many are the gradations through which the sloughed-off product of the home passes. He does not become a gunman at a stroke. There is a period of apprenticeship preceding his final definite reception into vice and his naturalization among the outlaw citizenry of the underworld.

School environment, so far as school authorities can impose it upon the boy, is good, but how far this is offset by street environment is the question. Many experts consider street environment the vital factor in shaping the boy's character.

The street atmosphere of vice soaks into the boy or girl more or less rapidly according to temperament and the relatively close-knitted or loose-knitted moral fiber which resists or surrenders in greater or less time: The pleasures of the young on the East Side constitute one potent factor in breeding gunmen. The dance-halls down there have from their inception been largely in the hands of men connected either directly with commercialized vice or of so low moral standards that they have permitted what might have been innocent, healthful amusement to degenerate into license and immorality.

The boy or young man of the district, having passed through the public school, and now at work in a broker's office or as a messenger boy, is still unable to escape the atmosphere which stimulates and sophisticates before its time. From a day's exciting work he goes almost directly to the dance-hall or pool-room. Then the day comes when "Louis" or "Lefty" or "Whitey" is laid off from his job. If he still lives at home, he is afraid to go there and tell the old folks that he has lost his place. So he goes to a furnished room—one of the most fatal steps in the beginning of a boy's downfall, since here he almost certainly finds criminals who induct him into the ways of "easy money." He is either taught to pick pockets or given employment in some outlaw and degenerate profession in connection with gambling or other vice. As his nature feels the reaction and he seeks stimulants, as do all about him, he acquires the "hop" habit, probably, and then his descent is rapid, sure, and final.

Another thing to be considered is that underworld peoples are almost always deficient mentally, and defective in some physical respect. They are one-sided to a degree. The moral obliquity of gunmen and their kind is justified from the scientific and humanitarian standpoint. In another generation we shall very likely have, instead of widely advertised criminal trials, scientific tests by alienists, which will show in all instances, probably, that arrested mental development is symptomatic of the underworld.

It must be remembered that children who are at all defective are peculiarly subject to

the criminal tendencies of environment. Childish vanity plays an important part. The only acts of children that are particularly exploited are their misdeeds. Now and then one gets into the papers on account of stealing, maybe, and is taken to the Children's Court and reprimanded. This makes a hero of him. Anything that is picturesque catches the child's eye, and gun-play, above all, is the most picturesque of crimes. When a man wields a six-shooter, and has his picture in the papers, that act may sow the seed in innumerable infantile minds of future gun-play.

There is no doubt that the great exploitation of the present disgusting Rosenthal tragedy has moved defective boys to emulate the exploits of the four unfortunates who are now close to the shadow of the chair. And it is important to note that, whether induced by such exploitation of the Rosenthal murder and its settings or not, a lively agitation is on foot to discover the defective children in the schools and secure for them such constructive training as will insure the fullest mental development possible in each case. As usual, the experts are divided, one opinion leaning strongly to the segregation of all alleged defectives in a central training school, and the other, and perhaps the more humane, standing out for no further segregation than special classes for such children in their own neighborhood schools.

We should note, too, in this general connection, great advances made in recent years in the physical care of school-children, such as free dental clinics, oculists' examinations, the furnishing of spectacles where necessary, and the strong movement on foot to furnish sufficiently nourishing lunches to underfed pupils. Granted a wholesome home atmosphere, the best development of the modern school plant on its social side, small parks and playgrounds provided, a cleaner municipal government which will remove from the child's vision and perception vice and ruffianism in their more obvious aspects, it must follow that, unless there be some latent moral lesion, the child can be steered successfully through the formative period of his life free from taint.

Comparatively recent additions to municipal activities possess in a high degree the preventive quality which successfully offsets evils inseparable from congestion. The authorities are alive to the danger of the gang tendency, and are trying to the best of their ability to work out some remedy. They are face to face with the adolescent period of the youth, after he has left school. But it is beyond the province of this article to attempt to adjudge the precise value of, or take sides in the great battle between the advocates of, environment *versus* heredity and temperament as the prime factors in determining disposition and conduct.

THE SAINT OF LITTLE BIRDS

BY ARVIA MACKAYE

We are sure that our readers will like to know that the author of this poem is the daughter of Mr. Percy MacKaye, the well-known writer of dramas, and is only ten years old.—THE EDITORS.

On the fresh first day of spring
  Will come Saint Valentine;
Every sort of bird he'll bring,
  That will nest in every vine.

Every bird a rose-red heart
  Shall bear unto his love,
So that they may never part—
  Robin, swallow, thrush, or dove.

Valentine, that blue-winged saint,
  Will bring the sunny Breeze,
That scatters buds and flowers quaint,
And wakes the drowsy humming bees.

He shall drive the snowflakes back,
  Trumpeting to them all:
"Spring shall follow in your track;
  Wait till winter, ere you fall."

AFTER TURKEY BREAKS UP—WHAT?

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS

ALL the world is wondering concerning the consequences of the present war in the Near East. To many persons the despatches are largely a muddle of strange names, confused battles, and involved diplomacy. May a plain man find a clear trail out of this tangle? Readers not a few are asking to be told in broad, general, untechnical terms what really has happened, and what are the likeliest consequences. Clearly, great issues are involved. The public to-day, with its growing world mind, wants to be informed. With some diffidence, and having as my only warrant the fact that I have studied the situation on the ground through patient months, trying to see it from many angles, do I venture to restate the whole subject, endeavoring so far as possible to deal with the basic human factors.

It may clarify the geography of the story to speak, not of the Balkans, but of that bit of Europe at the extreme southeastern corner of the continent which juts down toward the Mediterranean, with the Adriatic Sea on the west and the Ægean Sea on the east. This peninsula is the little strip of Europe which the Apostle Paul best knew It was to this region that he adventured when he heard in a dream the same cry that has caused the present war—"Come over into Macedonia and help us." It was to dwellers in the Balkans that he wrote his letters to the Philippians and the Thessalonians—Thessalonica being, of course, the city of Salonika which the Greeks recently captured. On this peninsula also the events of classical literature were chiefly enacted. Here Homer sang, and his Achilles fought, his Hercules labored, Socrates taught, Phidias wrought, and Paul preached. Some readers may study the scene of the war more intelligently from the map of Paul's journeys in the back of their Bibles, or from the maps in the classical histories which we knew during school days. This peninsula is the door through which armies and travelers have passed from Europe to Asia or from Asia to Europe during long ages, and consequently it is one of the oldest battlefields in the world.

In his heyday the Turk conquered it all, even to the city founded on the Bosphorus by the first Christian emperor. Little Montenegro, a mere spot on the map, with but a quarter of a million inhabitants, has been longest free from Ottoman dominion; for freedom is the birthright of mountain folk. Greece, down at the tip of the peninsula, won her independence nearly a century ago, and has ever since nursed the thought of vengeance against her ancient oppressor. Servia and Bulgaria more recently escaped from under the Turkish yoke. None of these four Powers has ever ceased to regard the Turk as their national, racial, and religious foe. If fuel were needed to keep alive the ancient animosity, it has been furnished in abundance by the Moslem oppression of the Christians in Macedonia. Lust and loot and bloodthirstiness have been always present factors in these atrocities. The Greek Church has seen to it that the souls of her members in the Christian states in the Balkans, and in bigger Russia beyond, should be harrowed by these tidings of persecution and massacre. One of the shrewdest of the American residents in the Near East said to me upon one occasion, "We shall never have peace so long as Moslems rule Christians." Unarticulated, that thought has been in the minds of millions of the subjects and neighbors of Turkey. Hence the war. Back of the fighting Christian states which took advantage of Turkey's internal chaos to precipitate the war, Russia has stood as mentor and guardian. Pan-Slavism and the devotion to the Cross which the Greek priests everywhere have preached, have been moving factors in Russia's conduct. The importance of her part in the present situation will steadily be discovered as the days progress. Russia means that in the conclusion of matters she shall have a free passage through the Dardanelles, and exert a dominant influence at Constantinople.

So much for the present war, with its dramatic victories by the Christian allies. Every interested person has expected grave consequences when the oft-prophesied and inevitable war in the Balkans should become an actuality. Now that the event has happened, even the man on the street sees the unlikelihood of a return to old conditions. Victorious armies cannot be dictated to by gentlemen in frock coats in foreign capitals. The Balkans have passed out of the posses-

sion of Turkey. The primitive passions of a multitude of men have been unleashed. The deepest instincts of a long-suffering people, bound into oneness by common ties that are fundamental, have got beyond all barriers imposed by diplomacy. The victorious armies of the allies are as confident as the Crusaders of the Middle Ages that they are doing the will of God. A glimpse into the minds of the people is afforded by this letter from a Bulgarian woman to her husband:

> My dear Husband—Thou art right. Rejoin at once. Thou wouldst lose a day coming to embrace us. Go and do thy duty. I will pray for thee. God will not wish thee to leave nine orphans. Their innocent voices unite with mine for thy good and quick return. But do not worry about their future. He who watches over thee will watch over them also.
>
> If thou dost return, thou wilt find a loving, proud woman. If thou dost not return, know that the memory of thee will accompany me to the tomb. But I will find force to live and bring up thy sons and daughters, who will be the children of a national hero and Christian martyr.

Now, at last, the ancient prayer, "How long, O Lord, how long?" seems to be answered, and the power of Turkey shattered. The break-up of the Ottoman Empire at this writing seems inevitable and imminent. What will become of the pieces? Doubtless the Turk himself will go back to Anatolia, or Asia Minor proper, the land that was his home after he had spilled over from the uplands of Central Asia. In Anatolia, a fertile land of great possibilities, he will have a chance to work out his ultimate destiny, always in the salutary consciousness that the war-ships of the foreign Powers, insisting upon civilized behavior, are cruising in the Mediterranean. Instead of the involved problems of far-flung dominion, to which he has never been equal, the Turk, shorn of his distant territories, will have to learn efficiency, industry, and tolerance within his own Anatolia.

When we come to the question of the disposition of the major portions of the ancient Ottoman Empire, scarcely any two authorities agree. Nor is it necessary to tarry to discuss the exact limitation of the boundaries of the newly conquered Balkan territory. It will be apportioned among the allies, and the likelihood is that the Albanians, the oldest people in the peninsula, the descendants of the ancient Illyrians, may be given an independent existence.

First of all the problems is that of the fate of the city which was the first Christian capital and which Constantine called "New Rome," as he planted it on the Bosphorus, looking over toward Asia, which is less than a mile distant. Everybody who has felt the pulse of the Christians of the Levant is confident that, come what may, the cross will be restored to the dome of the Mosque of St. Sophia, and Christians will have full liberty in this city which is peculiarly theirs. Only an Oriental can understand the depth of the affront and ignominy contained in the fact that the Caliph of Islam has had his throne in the city of the first Christian emperor.

The jealousies for the possession of Constantinople are too powerful and too acute to permit of any one nation securing this prize. Germany has worked hardest for it (and it is perhaps fortunate that the mighty von Bieberstein has not lived to see the overthrow of all his great labors at Constantinople), and Russia most assiduously. Each is an effective block to the other, not to mention the interests which Great Britain, France, and Austria have in the situation. Probably Constantinople will be neutralized under the joint protection of the Powers. Russia's pet ambition to come through the Dardanelles into the Mediterranean, an ambition in which Great Britain has hitherto thwarted her, will doubtless be realized at this time. Such a great Power can no longer be bottled up. In this day of popular rights, nations as well as men must be accorded a square deal. It does not comport with the universal sense of fairness that Russia should be denied this outlet, any more than that Servia and Germany should be isolated. The rivalries of the Powers have a new factor to contend with in the intelligent, determined, and vocal spirit of a common world consciousness.

Having already lost Egypt and Tripoli, Turkey will be obliged to give up all her other outlying territory, which she has proved herself unfit to govern. At no time during the reign of the Turk have law and order and justice prevailed within her confines. In the distribution of the fragments, Russia will presumably get that section of Asia Minor lying north of the Taurus Mountains, north of the Mediterranean, north of Syria, and north of the Tigris River. Her frontier will be realigned to march with that section of Persia over which she now wields sovereignty. The ambitions of the Armenians for an independent kingdom in this region, which was once old Armenia, are doomed to disappointment,

at least for the present; for this pathetic people, despite their mercantile efficiency, are without solidarity and without experience in self-government. Russia will be well content with this prize, which gives her all she can ask in the way of territory and rectification of her boundaries. Perhaps she will ask a port at the head of the Mediterranean, and no man knows what answer the Powers will make.

The present seems the hour of opportunity for British diplomacy to settle some of its most delicate problems. England's old contention for the control of the Mediterranean is no longer valid. She has really lost it at the present time. The immediate concern of Great Britain is to keep control of the Persian Gulf, of the Suez Canal, and of the Red Sea, and to thwart the German Bagdad Railway, which is pointed straight at the heart of India. The simple way out, and the likeliest, is for Great Britain to take Arabia, the most lawless part of the earth, and agree to subjugate it in the interests of humanity. Britain is the most efficient and experienced policeman in the world, and in the present instance has more at stake in Arabia than any other nation. There are manifest compensations for the difficulty of the task.

The high strategy of such a move becomes clear when it is pointed out that already Great Britain is the greatest Moslem power in the world. To insure the tranquillity of these subjects who have been sorely disturbed by the waving of the green flag at Constantinople, Britain needs but to take possession of Arabia, which includes Mecca, Medina, Kerbela, and Meshed Ali, the four great shrine cities of the Moslem world. Once these pass from beneath the sway of the Sultan, his power for mischief will be almost wholly destroyed. With a modern police system and modern sanitation introduced into Mecca, the physical welfare of the world will be mightily served, for this city is the greatest plague spot on earth. Great Britain would not only protect the caravan routes and guard the safety of the pilgrims, but she would also introduce a measure of religious tolerance that would doubtless result in the eventual opening of these sealed cities to travel and trade by Christians. This consummation would not be so undesirable to the Moslems of the world as might at first sight appear. As pilgrims from all corners of Asia have gathered in inns and about caravan fires, they have talked of the safety and liberty which exist under British rule; and a Moslem's religion is not strong enough to make him enjoy being pillaged and persecuted by fellow-Moslems, as is the experience of many visitors to Mecca.

Still another vast concern would be affected by British control of Arabia—a concern of such magnitude that to dismiss it in a paragraph does scant justice to the reader's interest. Mesopotamia, once the home of world rule, the fountain of civilization, and the granary of the known earth, is being reclaimed from the desolations which Islam brought upon it, by the engineering work of Sir William Willcocks. There should be a home and affluence for twelve million people within the area of the present irrigation scheme which is now definitely under way. Sir William himself told me in Bagdad that the two twin problems of the Mesopotamian irrigation scheme are security and labor. Under British rule the security would be sure, and from her Indian and Egyptian territories the same sovereign power could furnish an abundance of field labor accustomed to the problems of irrigation.

As if these reasons were not enough for the taking over of Arabia by Great Britain, and as the ships of the future are to burn oil, and as a fuel station in the East is a problem of first gravity, there may be pointed out the simple fact that the Tigris Valley holds the first known and still unmeasured oil-fields. It was from the bubbling wells of bitumen that Noah got the pitch for his ark, and Nebuchadnezzar the cement for his brick palaces. To this day the overflow of oil in this region covers the Tigris River for miles. Great Britain already has secured absolute right to the oil-fields of Persia. The Anglo-Persian Oil Company sends its roots very close to the British throne. Several other corporations have sought from Turkey concessions for these Mesopotamian oil-fields. Should Britain get them, she would have on both sides of the Persian Gulf an absolutely unlimited store of fuel for her ships of war and commerce. The region of the Garden of Eden would once again teem with cities if Christian sovereignty and enterprise were given to Mesopotamia.

Of all the territory in the Turkish Empire, the most precious in the eyes of the greatest number of human beings is that little strip of land lying along the northeastern end of the Mediterranean which we call the "Holy

Land." Christendom and Judaism both have a peculiar and eager interest in Palestine. Here are the shrines of these two faiths. The soil of Syria was hallowed by the footsteps of the Man of Galilee, whom the world is to an increasing degree acclaiming as Master. Hungry-hearted Jews throughout the wide dispersion are also turning longingly toward this, their only fatherland.

Now Zionism is more potent than many persons know. It does not employ a press agent for all its operations. It plays a part in the world's diplomacy, through its control of financial channels, that is as potent as it is romantic. A single illustration suffices: Despite all edicts and restrictions and laws of expulsion, the Jews have remained in considerable number in Palestine. They and their friends will clearly be a factor in the settlement of the fate of this part of the Turkish Empire. The common mind of the world wills it so. The Jews themselves are not ready for a Jewish state. This strip of land must be controlled jointly by the Powers, and made open, under equitable conditions, to Jew, Gentile, and Moslem. Religious liberty must be realized in the land where it had its birth. It should not be necessary for the traveler to take a guard to protect his life from Moslem fanaticism as he enters the Temple area. Palestine is bigger than any nation, and all flags should become one in safeguarding the precious interests of this territory, which wields such sovereignty over the hearts of men.

Mention of Palestine calls up Germany's plight. German enterprise, especially as represented by the Emperor's visit in '97, has covered Syria with her trade-mark as a much-traveled suit-case is covered with labels. Observant travelers have said that Germany would surely get Syria. But this is no longer sure. Germany has overreached herself. She, more than any other nation, saw the value of Turkish territory. At high cost she made friends with the Turk. For his sake she turned her back upon Christendom, which had always made common cause against him. In high elation, Turkey accepted the friendship of Germany, which she thought to be all-potent. She favored Germany in concessions, as witness the Bagdad Railway; she bought German war-ships and German weapons, adopted the German drill and installed German drill-masters. Now, with a measure of justice, Germany has fallen together with the Turk. She has proved totally unable to serve her ally in the expected fashion. Her weapons and her strategy were unequal to those of the Balkan allies. Her diplomatic influence was not able to avert the war. She could not venture to prevent the humiliation of Turkey by her ally, Italy—and there is grim humor in this, because two years ago the Germans were talking seriously of substituting Turkey for Italy in the Triple Alliance! What remains to Germany territorially is hard to say. Her pre-eminent rights in the Bagdad Railway will in all likelihood be sacrificed. She will, however, have opportunity for free trade all over the Empire, under conditions more advantageous than existed with Turkey itself. In Anatolia, as well as in Syria. there will be opportunities for colonization. Possibly in Africa territorial compensation will be accorded by the Powers.

France and Italy already have their share, in Morocco and Tripoli, with free opportunity for commercial exploitation all over the regions that once were Turkey. Austria does not want territory, but she unquestionably will get to the sea and share in trade privileges.

The Triple Alliance has really become a Dual Alliance of Germany and Austria, and its potency has shrunken mightily. Italy is reported to be not over eager to renew the Triple Alliance, preferring a possible understanding with the confederated Balkan States and with Russia.

Great Britain, France, and Russia are standing together and dominating the situation. The outcome of present conditions, however territory may go and wherever sovereignty may run, will doubtless be liberty of travel and speech and research throughout these lands where graft and repression have been rampant for centuries. The peace of the Near East will be secure, and the riches of the Orient will be newly developed for the whole world. The archæologist may take his spade to the richest storehouses of antiquities, without fear of Turkish ignorance or vandalism. Best of all, in the thought of modern civilization, is the immeasurable emancipation that will come to millions of people within the boundaries of old Turkey, who have been suffering poverty and persecution incredible to the Western world. The largest task of social service before the human race at the present hour is the amelioration of conditions throughout the whole of that vast empire which for centuries has borne the name of the sons of Othman.

THE SKIPPER OF THE MATRIMONY

BY WILLIAM J. HOPKINS

THREE long blasts on the fog-horn, and the Matrimony came wallowing out of the fog, bound in. Her skipper stroked his grizzled beard thoughtfully and looked over the slowly diminishing strip of water that lay between the Matrimony and the wharf. The Matrimony was not fast.

"Charlie," he said, in a deep and gentle voice, "I guess you may as well be shortenin' sail. We don't want to carry away any o' them yachts this time—not if we can help it. No, not if we can help it," he added, as if to himself. "But what is to be will be."

Accordingly Charlie, who was half the crew, stirred up the other half, who was dozing by the foremast. The skipper had the helm.

"Hi, Benny! Shorten sail."

And Benny bestirred him, and together they took in the jib and left it in a heap on the bowsprit. Then they lowered the mainsail, but did not stow that either; and it swung, a great mass of dirty canvas, utterly cutting off the view to starboard. The skipper was a tall man, and many a time he had made shift to see by standing on tiptoe. Perhaps Charlie counted on that. With the foresail alone they made steerageway, but not much more. She was not what you would call an easily manageable vessel, and the tide ran swiftly.

However it happened—whether it was the tide, or the preference of the Matrimony for progressing sidewise, or the jib's blowing out again, or the fact that this time the skipper was unable to see even when he stood on tiptoe—however it happened, they managed to carry away two of the yachts, moorings and all.

The skipper sighed. "Stop runnin' around, Charlie," he said, in the same gentle voice. "You ain't gettin' nothin' done. Better drop anchor right here, while we unsnarl 'em. I don't know's I care about tyin' up at the wharf." He sighed again. "I knowed it," he murmured. "What is to be will be."

A cat rubbed against his great boots, and he looked down. "Not now, Tommy. I'm busy."

It was well along towards sunset when he had the moorings set once more in their places. The fog, which had cleared away reluctantly about noon, was rolling in again over the hills and up the shore. The Matrimony lay at anchor, safely out of reach of the yachts, and the skipper sat on a coil of rope, leaning against the mast, his cats about him.

There were many cats: four or five full grown, though still young; as many more half grown, but just beyond the kitten age; and, strolling along by the rail with four kittens that were just able to run, came another. She paid no attention to the cats already present, and they seemed satisfied to let her alone. The skipper whistled shrilly, and, with a great scrambling, still another cat came rapidly down the mast and landed on the skipper's shoulder. He began trying his claws in the skipper's clothes.

"There you are, Tommy," said the skipper. "I knowed you'd be up there. There, I guess that'll do. Your claws get through, though I know you don't mean nothin' by it. And there's Mammy, too. She ain't what you'd call an affectionate cat, now, is she? Only comes out when it's feedin' time."

Tommy seemed to understand. At any rate, he rubbed against the skipper's curling whiskers, as if to make amends for Mammy's deficiencies.

"Charlie'll be back pretty soon," the skipper went on, "and I expect he'll bring something for you. I expect he will. This old vessel's the onliest home we've got, Tommy, and we must try to make it seem homelike. And if Charlie don't hurry a little mite it'll be thicker'n cheese here, and then he might get on some o' them yachts by mistake. That'd be onfort'nit, Tommy, onfort'nit—them yachtin' fellers havin' your dinner. Like as not they'd have it all ate up 'fore ever I c'ld stop 'em. Now I shouldn't wonder if that's Charlie I hear. I shouldn't wonder a mite."

Tommy jumped down and walked to the rail; and Charlie appeared, bearing a bundle, which he held high out of reach of the horde of cats. He handed the bundle to the skipper.

"Thank you, Charlie," said the skipper. "We're much obliged. And now you might see how Benny's gettin' along with our supper. Seems to me I smell somethin' burnin'. Like as not he's fell asleep. He's liable to, any minute. And, Charlie, we'll

haul out at high water to-morrow mornin'. Four o'clock it is."

"What you goin' to do, Ike?" asked Charlie. "Paint her?"

"No," returned the skipper. His name was Isaac Thompson; but his devoted crew always called him Ike. "No. I don't cal'late she needs paintin' much. I'm goin' to calk her. She leaks a little forrard."

"Well," said Charlie, "all right." And he went his way.

As to the question of paint, whether the Matrimony needed any was a matter of taste. She showed no traces of it for three or four feet above the water, but her oak planking was sound. Most people might have wasted good money in paint, but not Skipper Ike. He kept her well calked; and what more could any skipper want? It was a question that evidently was not worrying him. He untied the bundle while the cats arranged themselves in a half-circle about him and gazed eagerly at it. Then he spread it open on the deck before him, and proceeded to give each cat a proper share; which they had no sooner received than each ran off with his own, growling, to find a spot where he could eat it without fear of molestation.

The next morning, at exactly high water, the Matrimony pushed her keel gently into the sand of a little beach on the far side of the harbor. The fog was still thick—so thick that one wondered how the skipper could find the beach at all. But he had even picked his place. And he ran an anchor out ahead and set up a few shores, the men wading in the water up to their waists. Not that there was really any need of shores, for the bottom of the Matrimony was as flat as a scow's; but merely as matter of form the skipper set a few. Then they went aboard for their breakfast and to wait for the tide to fall, and, incidentally, to dry their clothes.

The calking was done to the skipper's satisfaction in time for the afternoon tide, and Benny took the anchor out astern. Charlie was paying out warp, and the skipper strolled forward to see how he was getting on. Charlie seemed thoughtful.

"Ike," he said, "he's a pretty old vessel, ain't he?" It was a peculiarity of Charlie's that he always spoke of any vessel as "he."

"Yes," the skipper answered. He was not offended, as many men would have been. "Yes, I cal'late she is. She was counted old—leastways, she wa'n't by no means new—when I got her. I've had her twenty-five year—twenty-five year come September. But she's sound, Charlie. And tight now. Twenty-five year 's a long time to look ahead to, Charlie, but it's short enough to look back on—short enough." The skipper's voice dropped to little more than a murmur. He was talking to himself now. "I guess I'll go find Tommy. You'll get along. Just a bit of a strain on that warp, and she'll float."

The skipper went in search of Tommy, but Tommy was not to be found, high, low, nor aloft. The old Matrimony was afloat and swinging easily at anchor when the search ended. The skipper looked worried.

"Charlie," he said, "I s'pose you ain't seen Tommy? No, I thought not. He must 've slipped ashore while we were busy. I'm goin' ashore to find him. You c'n rest easy here for a bit."

He landed on the sand and pulled the boat up. Then he stood, for a moment, undecided.

"I'll go up wind," he said then. "That's the likeliest way. And I hope I find him. But what is to be will be—what is to be will be."

The fog had blown in thicker than ever. The skipper sniffed it eagerly; it dripped from his beard and his clothes were wet with it.

"I love the smell of it," he said to himself, "and I believe Tommy does, too."

He could not see fifty feet, but he strode rapidly up the beach, keeping near to the water and whistling softly. He seemed shut in by an immense silence, as if he were alone in the world. The soft noise of the water was but a part of it, and when he whistled more shrilly, noises echoed all about him and the fog gave back strange sounds. At last he saw the cat, standing and waiting for him, tail in air and blinking lazily.

"There you are!" cried the skipper. "Come, Tommy."

But, though he patted his shoulder, Tommy did not come and jump upon it, as he expected. Instead, he turned about and walked away, looking back occasionally to make sure that the skipper was following, going just fast enough not to be caught.

"Well," said Ike, after trying a fruitless run for a short distance, "I guess you know what you're up to, which is more'n I do. So go ahead, and I'll come along."

There was not far to go. The cat had stopped by something that lay on the beach,

a huddled shape. But the skipper had seen it already.

"A man, by the Lord!" he cried, under his breath. "And has he life in him? We'll see."

That shape did not appear to have life in it. It lay, just as it had fallen or the waves had cast it, on its face, the feet still in the water. If it had been left there by the tide, there was small hope.

Ike took hold of it tenderly to turn it, and his face showed swift wonder, for the body was warm and yielding. He bent to listen at the heart, and drew back quickly.

"Drunk!" he said, in disgust. "Dead drunk—and it's just luck that he ain't dead. A night here would 'a' finished him, he's that far gone. Well, Tommy, we'll just take him aboard. You ought to have a medal, that's what you ought, for life-savin'. It ain't your fault if he dies now."

So saying, he rolled the unconscious man over into his arms, and with the same motion he rose to his feet. Skipper Ike was a strong man, and he strode along now as fast as he had come. The body hung limp and helpless in his arms, head and feet dangling. He stopped for an instant to lift the dangling head upon his arm, and saw the face. He had not looked before.

"By the living God!" he cried, and dropped the body. It fell upon the sand, one arm crumpled under it. "Me carrying him! I'll not do it! I'll not! Let him die, as God meant he should. And I'll help him to it."

And he ran off a little way and came back carrying a stone in his hand—a huge stone, such as few men could lift. He raised it above his head, held it poised a moment, then let it fall into the sand.

"I can't do it. I ain't a murderer." He stood for some minutes gazing down at the helpless body that lay with one arm crumpled under it. "But I c'n leave him here," he muttered, "and let the night do its work—the night and the water. And I will. It was never meant that I should have to carry him."

He spoke earnestly, as if he were pleading. And, having finished, he turned resolutely and strode down the beach. But before he had gone fifty paces he faltered and looked back. The cat was sitting beside the body, blinking lazily.

"Come, Tommy," the skipper called; but the cat did not move.

"Come here, Tommy," the skipper called again, somewhat angrily.

The cat rose, took a few steps, stopped, stretched—and went back; and he began to dig in the sand close to the head, as if he would bury it.

Skipper Ike sat down and buried his face in his hands. "Oh, Tommy, Tommy," he moaned, "it's little you know what you done—findin' him—and stickin' to him. And I can't leave him so. I can't. If he could only have died so, an' me not knowin' to it till it was done! But I can't leave him now; 'twould be clear murder. Ah, well, what is to be will be."

So saying, he rose and again went to the body, his feet seeming to drag him there reluctantly. And once more he took up his burden, apathetically, without looking at the face; and doggedly he strode off down the beach. The cat ran along beside him.

Charlie leaned over the rail, looking into the fog. He heard the sound of oars, then the boat took shape. He watched it silently for a while.

"Hello, Ike!" he called. "Got him?"

"I got him," answered the skipper.

The boat was well under Charlie by this. "And what's that you've got besides? A man, is it, Ike? And is he dead or alive?"

"Alive, but near dead, too. I'll need some help, Charlie, getting him aboard."

Charlie gave him the help he needed, and they got the man aboard.

"It's dead drunk he is, ain't he, Ike?" said Charlie. "Give him a souse overboard, I say. And who is he, d'you know, Ike?"

Ike ignored the last question. "A souse overboard would finish him, Charlie," he answered. "He's that far gone. It's heat he needs, and to lay by for a while. I'll put him in my bunk."

And so he did, covering him deep in blankets, and left him. More he could not do. Then he went on deck to meet, but not to answer, many a question from Charlie.

"It's feedin' time for the cats, Charlie," was all the reply he would make. "Don't you see Mammy stalkin' along by the rail there?"

The next day the skipper was strangely silent. He was not usually silent, though he was never a garrulous man. The crew made preparations for going out again; and incidentally they discussed the man who lay, unconscious still, in the skipper's bunk.

"Who is he, anyway?" growled Benny. "Why, I ain't even seen him."

"Nor you won't, neither," said Charlie. "I ain't askin' no questions. Ike ain't told

me nothin', and that's a sign that he don't mean to. But Ike knows him well enough. Well, it's queer, that's what it is. And now we're goin' out this afternoon, like as not."

"In this fog—thick enough to cut out chunks of it an' put 'em in your pocket?" growled Benny again. "Why can't he wait till it lifts?"

"It ain't a-goin' to lift till the moon changes in the west," answered Charlie, triumphantly; "and that won't be for a good two weeks yet. Ike told me so to-day. And what's fog to him? He c'n pick his way anywhere—in the thickest fog that ever blew in, Ike can."

Benny was silent for some while. "Well," he said at last, "I don't like fog, an' I just wish Ike didn't. An' I don't like his pickin' up that corp', neither, an' bringin' it aboard. It's bad luck, that's what it is. You'll see."

"He ain't no corp'," said Charlie. But he had his misgivings.

And Skipper Ike tended the "corp'" all day, until it began to show some signs of returning consciousness. Then he went out and closed the door softly.

"Not yet," he said, "not yet. I couldn't stand it yet. Maybe to-morrow, or soon, but not yet. I'm afraid I might do him hurt. I guess he'll get along."

And with that he went on deck. "We'll be goin', Charlie. Better get the anchor hove short and some sail on her."

And so they did; and presently, with frequent short blasts on the fog-horn, the Matrimony was under way, bound out. She was an engine of destruction, slow, but not less sure for that. Her skipper knew that well. He laid his course well away from the yachts, and she cleared the breakwater safely, but with none too much margin. They could hear the sound of the seas breaking heavily upon it, for the breeze was fresh, as it is apt to be in such thick weather. It made Benny nervous to hear breakers so near and not to be able to see them.

"That's pretty close, Charlie," he said. "It's too close for me. Ike makes me nervous sometimes."

"Huh!" answered Charlie. "You'd rather go aground to the west'ard, I s'pose. I ain't worryin' any. Ike ain't a-goin' to pile her up—not on any breakwater, he ain't."

"Well," muttered Benny, as he turned to the rail again and looked off into fog, "all the same, he makes me nervous sometimes. It's that corp' in the cabin, that's what it is."

"He ain't no corp'," Charlie said for the second time. But he did not speak with conviction, for again he had his misgivings.

And the skipper stood at the wheel all night, and he thought hard. He did not speak, except occasionally to Charlie, telling him to heave the lead; and, that done and the sample of the bottom brought up by the lead carefully inspected, he returned again to his silent thinking. Toward morning they began to hear the whistle of an occasional steamer feeling her way into port or out. The Matrimony always answered these by a long blast, and the skipper gave them no thought.

"Charlie," he called softly, in his deep voice, just as day was breaking, "have you seen Tommy? He ain't aloft, is he? I want to come about, and he's liable to get throwed off if he's up there. It's blowin' pretty fresh."

Charlie looked up at the shadowy masts. Tommy's favorite station was on the spreaders.

"I don't see him, Ike," he answered. "It ain't hardly light enough to make out much, but he came rubbin' against me a half-hour ago. That's the last I seen of him."

"Better stand by your jib, Charlie. I'm comin' about."

And the crew stood by the jib, and, with a thunder of shaking canvas, the Matrimony slowly came about. As she heeled to the wind a small body dropped from the gaff of the mainsail into the water, and it gave a cry as it fell. Charlie had not thought to look out on the gaff by the peak block.

That cry frightened Benny nearly out of his few remaining wits. "D'you hear that, Charlie? It's the soul of the corp', that's what it was! An' now bad luck 'll be comin' to us—comin' fast."

"Shut up!" cried Charlie. "It's Tommy, that's what it was, gone overboard. An' now Ike'll be goin' after him 's soon 's this bloomin' old vessel—'s soon 's he stops goin' to leeward. An' it'll be for us to take in the jib. You'll see. Better stand by your sheet."

And so it was. "I'm goin' after him, Charlie," said the skipper. "I couldn't leave him to drown, and me doin' nothin'. I shouldn't know no peace. You c'n lay to, here. Blow your horn once in a while, and I'll find you."

He was lowering their only boat as he

spoke—the wheel was lashed—and soon he disappeared into the fog, astern. The sound of his oars rapidly died away.

"I hope I find you, Tommy," he was murmuring. "I hope I find you. You're a terrible worry, but she wouldn't seem like home without you. She went a long ways before I c'ld bring her up, but I did it as soon as I could. And I hope I find you, but what is to be will be. I shall ha' done what I could, and that's always a comfort. Yes, that's always a comfort."

He followed their wake as long as he could, but that was not long. The sea wiped it out, although the Matrimony left a wake that in ordinary weather was visible for nearly a mile. And the rowing was hard work, too, but he did not mind that. It was the fog that he objected to, for the first time in his life; the fog that narrowed his vision to a small circle in which the waves rose and fell with monotonous and provoking regularity. Search as he would, he could not see that small head for which he was looking. He listened until his ears ached—and heard nothing but the wash of the waves as they broke. A half-dozen times he cheated himself into thinking that he heard Tommy crying, and pursued the cry in vain.

The skipper sighed. "Well, Tommy," he said at last, "I guess I'll have to give it up. It's hard to do it, and hard on you, but you couldn't keep up a great while in this sea. I'll just try one more time."

That time he found Tommy. He pulled him into the boat, talking to him all the while, when he suddenly became conscious of the hoarse whistle of a steamer. He had heard it at intervals for some time, but had not heeded, so occupied was he with the search. But now it became an almost continuous bellowing; and in one of the brief intervals he heard the faint, scared toot of a fog-horn.

"That's Charlie," he said aloud, "gettin' in trouble. And I can't help him none. I couldn't get there in time. And what is to be will be."

As he made an end of speaking there drifted down the wind faintly a sound as of splintering wood. That was all. He heard no more the frantic bellowing of the steamer, only the measured blast of her whistle every minute or two. He listened for a few minutes to make sure.

"I guess that was the Matrimony, Tommy," the skipper said, "and we better get there soon 's we can. That won't be none too soon, against this sea. I hope she ain't hurt much, Tommy. Bowsprit gone, maybe, or such like; that's easy fixed—but not worse. I can't bear to think of worse."

The cat crawled, shivering, under his seat, and he began to row with powerful strokes in the direction of the schooner. There was nothing to guide him except his sense of direction and the wind, for the steamer seemed to have proceeded on her course. He heard her whistle now off on his right. He rowed on doggedly. Suddenly the boat was lifted high on a great sea, dropped into the hollow, and the next wave broke over the bow, wetting the skipper's legs and drenching the cat afresh. The cat cried out, and the skipper stopped rowing.

"Come up on the th'art, Tommy," he said, "out of the wet. That was, likely, the wave of the steamer. We're close on to her course now, and I'll follow her wake."

He began rowing again, and was soon in the broad wake, which he followed, knowing well that it would lead him straight to the schooner, if she were afloat. If she were not—but he could not bear to think of that, and put his fear from him. And while he hoped and feared his search came to an end.

There was no mistaking the signs. Here were broad stretches of yeasty seas on which the foam lingered. And here, close at hand, was a piece of the steamer's rail, but no sign of the Matrimony. Skipper Ike knew better than to hope.

"Cut her right in two, 'tis likely," he said. "Cut her right in two, she did. And Charlie and Benny—but they must 'a' had time to climb aboard. Well—" he sighed a long, shivering sigh—"well, what is to be will—no, it has been. That's the last of her, Tommy."

He put his hand on the cat and stroked him. Then he wiped his eyes. Suddenly he remembered the man who had been lying helpless in his bunk.

"I'm glad of it—glad of it," he said. "It's nothin' that I'm responsible for—his drownin'—and I'm glad."

A faint cry came to him, and he turned his head, then began rowing again. Soon he stopped rowing, and presently pulled aboard another cat.

"Now ain't that lucky, Tommy? It's Mammy, that's who it is. And I s'pose I'd better be goin' over the water to leeward, just as a matter o' form. For I ain't noways

anxious to find him. But I see a splinter or two."

He rowed easily back and forth a few times. Then a something took shape out of the fog to leeward, and the skipper's heart sank. He rowed slowly toward it, but he did not talk to Tommy. In another minute he was trying to get a nearly helpless man over the stern.

"Here!" he cried, angrily. "Keep still, can't you? Don't swamp the boat."

The man was in at last and seated in the stern. He looked up as the skipper resumed his seat, and spoke weakly.

"Well, Ike—"

"Don't you call me by name."

The man smiled feebly. He seemed amused. "Well, then, as I was about to remark, here we are again, cats and all."

"It ain't by any wish o' mine," said the skipper, shortly. "Where's Charlie and Benny?"

"How should I know?" answered the stranger. "I have not the honor of knowing those estimable gentlemen. But if they are—or were—your crew, it seems very probable that they are now on their way to, let us say, Nova Scotia. Yarmouth or Halifax, I believe it was. I have no doubt that they had opportunity to take passage, although it must have been hasty."

He waited for a reply, but the skipper made none.

"No doubt you feel some regret that I was not drowned," continued the stranger.

The skipper nodded. "I do," he said.

The man seemed amused again. "Quite natural, quite natural that you should," he returned, amiably. "But I have followed your illustrious career, Ike— Ah, pardon me. A slip, I assure you. As I was saying, I have followed your career, at intervals of course, for a number of years, and I do not believe that you are capable of standing by and seeing a creature drown—a cat, for instance. I am. Now I should have seized the chance to see you drown, supposing you to be drownable, with some pleasure, not to say eagerness. It is somewhat of a mystery to me that you are—what you are."

The skipper glowered at him, saying nothing. And the man looked at the skipper for some minutes, with a sort of wonder in his eyes.

At last he sighed shortly. "But many things are mysterious, Ike—"

The skipper half rose from his seat. "By the living God," he said, thickly, "if you name me again—"

The man interrupted him. "You will do nothing. It is hard—impossible—to break up old customs instantly. Don't I know? You will pardon me if the name slips out now and then. As I was saying, Ike, many things are mysterious. Now, it is a mystery to me that your Charlie and your Benny should have allowed that steamer to cut us in two. You would not have allowed it. I would not. Sheer incompetence, Ike. For I am as good a man in a fog as you are. Confess it. Give the devil his due."

The skipper only growled in reply.

"I suppose I must take that as assent," said the man, "and I thank you for your hearty indorsement." He was silent for a moment, half smiling to himself. "The first thing I knew—the first thing for some days, I should judge—the nose of that steamer cut in alongside my bunk. Wasn't it fortunate, Ike, that it did not come a foot farther aft? It would have sliced me very neatly. Sharp things, those steel steamers. And I made up my mind right away that that was where I got off. I waited a long time, it seemed to me, for the steamer to withdraw from my room—very rude, to enter a gentleman's room that way, unannounced. But it did so at last, and I got off at once, taking the bunk with me. There was plenty of room to get out, plenty of room."

There was again silence between them, broken only by the hard breathing of the skipper, who glared fiercely at the stranger. The skipper was an elemental man.

"Your old hooker gave her a hard tussle," continued the stranger, chuckling. "Scraped some of the paint off her bows. Why, nearly the whole of the 'N. S.' dropped in on my bunk. That was how I guessed where she was bound. Lucky there were no ladies aboard, Ike."

The skipper rose at that, dropping the oars into the boat. The smoldering fire in his eyes blazed up fiercely. "By the living God!" he cried. "I'm a-goin' to kill you, Jim Doane," he went on, quietly.

There was no shadow of fear in the eyes that met the skipper's. Only a mild curiosity showed in the voice. "Now I wonder if you are," he said. "I have been wondering. In your place I should have done it long ago, when you found me—somewhere. I suppose that you found me. Now is an excellent opportunity—excellent. Nobody

need ever know that there was a murder. Nothing about but the fog and the sea. But you missed your best chance, Ike. You should have known better than to take me in. You ought to have batted me over the head with an oar, or have rowed around me and then off. And a jeer or two, Ike. That's what I'd have done. Why," he said, chuckling again, "I almost swamped your old boat, but I hadn't the strength. I regret that I had not."

"I'm a-goin' to kill you, Jim Doane," said the skipper again, less quietly than before. "You robbed me of my wife—all I had in the world. Twenty-five years ago you stole my wife. I ought to 'a' killed you years ago. But I'll do it now." His deep voice, usually so gentle, rolled out the sentence. He looked about him for some means of carrying it out.

Doane was smiling. "Oh, don't look around, Ike," he said. "Use your hands. I promise to stay quiet. I wondered if I could poke you up to it."

The skipper had taken up an oar and held it poised.

"Don't use that, Ike," said Doane. "I wouldn't use that. Blood on it, you know. There'll be a question or two to answer. Use your hands."

A change came over the skipper's face. He put the oar down softly. "I can't do murder," he muttered. "I can't do murder." And he sat down on the thwart and buried his face in his hands. His lips were moving, but no sound came from them.

Doane watched him, the same amused smile on his face. "Can't do it, eh? Haven't the spirit of a—a—" He looked about and his gaze fell on the cats. "Haven't the spirit of a cat, eh, Ike? I knew you couldn't."

The skipper still sat with his face hidden; his lips moved on. A softness came over the face of the other as he watched.

"Ike," said Doane at last, gently, "you are a God-fearing man, which I'm not, and a good man, which I'm not, either. I wish to God that I was! And I ask your pardon for rousing you, and for—for—"

The skipper raised his face and again his eyes were fierce.

"Jim Doane," he said, "were you good to her?"

And Jim Doane met those fierce eyes evenly. "I was as good to her as I knew how to be," he said, "while she lived."

The skipper turned away for a moment; then he took up the oars again.

"It's a weary long way to shore," he said, without looking up. "I c'n do it with no trouble, but I'll thank you not to bother me with your talk. And, once ashore, our ways part for good and all. I hope I'll never set eyes on you again."

And the skipper began rowing. The cats shivered in the wind and snuggled closer to him.

THE TUG OF WAR

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD

Said the Bottle that was old to the Wine that was new:
"I was made long ago, ere the grapes of you grew;
So adapt yourself to me, and learn how to be content.—
It's unsafe and *demagogic* and OUTRAGEOUS to ferment!"

Said the Wine that was new to the Bottle that was old:
"The power that stirs in me is beyond your strength to hold;
Though I rend you into pieces, that power I shall fulfill,
For it's ferment that I must—and it's ferment that I will!"

There is something, it is true, in the Bottle's point of view,
But—the victory always rests with the Wine that is new.

THE NEW BOOKS

Everybody's St. Francis. By Maurice Francis Egan. The Century Company, New York. $2.
Japanese Gardens. By Mrs. Basil Taylor (Harriet Osgood). Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $6.
Bells and Other Poems (The). By Edgar Allan Poe. Hodder & Stoughton, New York. $5.
Shakespeare's Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet. Hodder & Stoughton, New York. $5.
She Stoops to Conquer. By Oliver Goldsmith. Hodder & Stoughton, New York. $5.
Colonial Homes of Philadelphia and Its Neighborhood (The). By Harold Donaldson Eberlein and Horace Mather Lippincott. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $5.
Art Treasures of Washington (The). By Helen W. Henderson. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. $3.
Old Time Belles and Cavaliers. By Edith Tunis Sale. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $5.
Castles of England and Wales. By Herbert A. Evans. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $4.
Tapestries. By George L. Hunter. The John Lane Company, New York. $5.
Broad Highway (The). By Jeffery Farnol. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $3.
Holiday Cards and Calendars. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

A few of the more notable gift books of the season may here be noted. Any such survey should by all means include the just-published life of St. Francis of Assisi. In text and illustration it challenges the interest of old and young alike. Every year brings some new book about St. Francis. The present volume is by Mr. Maurice Francis Egan, our Minister to Denmark. M. Boutet de Monvel's delightful pictures and Mr. Egan's equally delightful text are worthy of the handsome setting given by the publishers to the book. Let no one expect to find this a formal and complete biography. But, whatever it lacks in this direction, readers may expect to find it a genuine and just appreciation. The text quickly transports us to the mediæval life of Umbria, that country "of sweet and austere hills and valleys." There Mr. Egan is a lively guide, and there he shows us the lively lad who lived in Assisi. The boy owed to his Provençal mother that care-free vivacity which found expression in the jongleur ditties; perhaps he also owed to her some of that more divinely joyous later period which, despite its austere outward forms, found expression in sermons to the birds. Mr. Egan's is a volume for every boy and girl to read, for it is full of youth. And it is full of a real religion, the kind easy to those who are ever young. But those who have thumbed their Sabatier over and over again in the desire to know more about St. Francis should also read the book. Though it is a very "popular" volume—as its title shows—it has additional value in emphasizing the simplicity and economy of the means used by the Saint in attaining his purpose both as a religious and as a social reformer.

It seems a far cry from Umbria to Japan, but the charm of nature, people, and hills is found both in the Monvel pictures just noted and in those by Mr. Walter Tyndale in the volume on "Japanese Gardens." Certainly, among the year's holiday books this will assuredly find a very prominent place. For some time Americans have had a fad for Italian sunken gardens; they may now perhaps have another fad for Japanese gardens. Our returning travelers from Japan are enthusiastic about that fad, and the present volume reflects that enthusiasm. Mrs. Taylor's vivacious text and Mr. Tyndale's exquisitely colored pictures will make many a reader long to see Japan for himself.

In the usual holiday editions—often unnecessarily heavy to the hand—of the works of great men the year 1912 finds three which demand special mention. The first is an edition of Edgar Allan Poe's poems, the illustrations being by Mr. Edmund Dulac. The book is chiefly valuable because of these pictures, which, in most instances, will probably satisfy Poe lovers. The second volume is a large edition of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet." The illustrations are by Mr. Hatherell, and are remarkable alike for originality and harmony. The third volume is a large edition of Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," with illustrations by the always delightful and sympathetic Hugh Thomson. Those who have seen Miss Annie Russell in the present rendition of the famous play in New York City will have a special appreciation for these illustrations.

A volume on Philadelphia's Colonial homes represents the collaboration of Mr. Eberlein and Mr. Lippincott. We are all interested in Colonial architecture because that is the sort which seems to recall our American history the best, and we are all interested in the various existing types of Colonial architecture. Many of them are in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, and the present volume is restricted to those in that vicinity. While the book will have a very special interest to Philadelphians, it will also have much interest for all students of architecture.

Another art volume, by Helen W. Henderson, has to do with Washington. There is an increasing feeling that, as Washington is our political capital, so it should be our art capital. At present it is excelled in the number and value of paintings, for instance, by New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other cities, and in the number of engravings and etchings by Boston. But, so far as sculpture is concerned, there are already some notable examples in Washington. Their number and quality are quite sufficient to call for description in such a volume as that just published by Helen W. Henderson. As to paintings, too, the additions to the Corcoran Gallery

of Art and the actual birth of a real National gallery make plenty of text for such a book. Aside from sculpture and painting, the other art collections in Washington are interesting—especially that of pottery in the National Museum. The present volume, therefore, is a valuable guide for intending visitors to Washington, and contains much varied information of interest to everybody.

A capital book of very high class gossip is Edith Tunis Sale's account of "Old-Time Belles and Cavaliers." The belles range from Pocahontas to Betsy Patterson, and the cavaliers from King Carter to Count Rumford.

If the intending traveler to England and Wales would like to post himself on the architectural, domestic, and military biographies of the castles there, let him consult Mr. Evans's just-published volume. Despite its not over lively text it is an excellent compendium.

Mr. Hunter's book on tapestries will be indispensable for those who take a close interest in the history and technique of the ancient art and in the modern revival of the art. In such a volume naturally the illustrations play a most important part, and here the four color plates and the very numerous photo-engravings are admirable and in many cases unique. There is a fascination in finding in these pictured tapestries the stories of antiquity, the deeds of mediæval knighthood, and scenes from legend and myth. One of the best examples of the last class in this art is Burne-Jones's "Holy Grail," while among the old pieces one's attention is strongly caught by the Renaissance tapestry representing Ahab and Jehoshaphat. The book will be of the greatest use and interest to all collectors and connoisseurs.

We have received a sumptuous holiday edition of Mr. Farnol's delightful romance "The Broad Highway." The color pictures are tasteful and restrained, the format is suitable, and all in all the volume is exceptionally suited for presentation purposes.

Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. send us a large assortment of Christmas cards, art calendars, holiday oddities and novelties, small gift books, and other pretty and jolly things for holiday greeting. It would be impossible to consider them individually, but the variety and choice are large, and no doubt the publishers would be pleased to send special catalogues to those who are interested.

Problems of Men, Mind, and Morals. By Ernest Belfort Bax. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $1.50.

The fifteen essays included in this new volume by a prominent British Socialist are introduced by an exposition of his theory of ethical evolution. This differs from the oxthodox Marxian theory in acknowledging a psychological besides an economic factor in the sphere of intellectual and moral relations. Nevertheless, he holds that "the ethic of Socialism has not only no need of a personal Deity, but may well find a personal Deity in the way." We are further informed that in "the new social ethics" society has "no right . . . to interfere with the sexual liberty of the individual *per se*," but only on "the question of children" who may result from it, and then only on the ground of social utility. Mr. Bax's remarks on "continence," deprecating it as not good for the average man, do not accord with the best medical authority any better than with sound ethics. "'Continence,'" he tells us, "may be conducive to a 'virtuously' ascetic life, but it certainly does not conduce to a socially ethical life (at least for the vast majority of men)." There are Socialists and Socialists. Socialism does not stand or fall with the party of Mr. Bax, as religion does not stand or fall with the Church of the Latter-Day Saints of Utah.

Preacher (The): His Life and Work. Yale Lectures. By the Rev. J. H. Jowett, D.D. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.25.

This latest of the long series of Yale lectures on the Lyman Beecher Foundation is a sort of Sermon on the Mount—a discourse from a mount of vision reached by an intensive and costly soul-culture. Thence speaks a prophet to a school of prophets on the grandeur and responsibility of their calling. He leaves no point in the life and work of the preacher untouched, but links the streets with the heights in the light of a sublime purpose irradiating drudgery and commonplace. Conspicuous are the danger-signs found set along the way to the heights at every possible divergence. Among the many volumes in this series none outranks this in inspirational value.

Tangles. By Margaret Cameron. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.30.

A book full of amusing tales told so skillfully as to excite attention and prevent the reader from skipping to find out the end. The people who figure in the droll predicaments are bright-witted and full of clever expedients. While there are both romance and mystery, the author holds to her sure and graceful course between undue sentiment on one side and an excess of complex detective plots on the other. She is a diverting, talented *raconteur*.

Origin and Antiquity of Man. By G. Frederick Wright, D.D., LL.D. The Bibliotheca Sacra Company, Oberlin, Ohio. $2.

The problem discussed in this volume is for geology to solve with whatever assistance other sciences can contribute. Dr. Wright discusses it with the ample knowledge gathered during his forty years' study of geology, supplemented by such evidence as history, philology, physiology, and psychology can give. The central point of interest is the evidence derivable from the story which geology tells of the glacial epoch, during which all the present northern centers of civilization were buried deep in ice.

This period culminated, as Dr. Wright concludes, not more than twenty-five thousand years ago, perhaps less. He argues that "while the antiquity of man cannot be less than ten thousand, it need not be more than fifteen thousand years." This is a far lower estimate than most other authorities have reached. It is generally admitted that man existed *during* the glacial epoch, and this seems to be admitted also in Dr. Wright's reference to palæolithic men who "became extinct" under the rigors of that period. These, he says, and not the American Indian, were our "real aborigines." One must agree with him that it is unnecessary to allow immense time for the growth of Egyptian and Babylonian civilization. The being who can discover how to produce fire is not far separate from him who can build pyramids; when great geniuses are born evolution speeds. Of the hypothetical "missing link" between man and a lower creature Dr. Wright can find no evidence. All the continents are included in his survey, but most prominence is given to ours, and especially to our own land. The store of varied information he has brought together imparts a well-sustained interest in his elaborate discussion. It is apparently a supplement to his great work on "The Ice Age in North America," the fifth edition of which appeared in 1911.

Life of Mirabeau (The). By S. G. Tallentyre. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.50.

The author (whose real name, we are told, is Miss E. V. Hall) in her "Life of Voltaire" made a notable contribution to the literature of biography; in fact, there are few biographies which surpass it in acuteness and readableness. Frankly, we do not find the companion work on "Mirabeau" equal in those qualities. The opportunity for a fine study of the subject was unique, but the difficulty of that subject was also unusual. The result is not so well proportioned nor always so clear as one could wish.

Call of the Brotherhood, and Other Poems (The). By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.25.

There is a note in these poems not often struck in books of contemporary verse—the note of deep personal feeling. This feeling is so strong and so sincere that one is tempted to forget the form and to be aware only of the thought, so direct and transparently clear is the force of personality behind the lines. The poems carry the sense of profoundly felt experience or of passionately held convictions, and they are full of quick sympathy with human conditions. The poem which gives its title to the volume conveys the feeling which penetrates it in six lines:

> "If a frail sister slip, we must hold her;
> If a brother be lost in the strain
> Of the infinite pitfalls of pain,
> We must love and lift him again."

If perfect felicity of phrase does not always wait on deep feeling, neither skill nor energy of expression is lacking in this volume; a warm, generous, high-spirited facing of the facts of life; frank, courageous, not without pain, but entirely without cynicism or fear. Two poems selected almost at random will convey better than any description the vitality of thought and feeling which gives this book of verse a vibrant quality:

THE GREAT QUESTION

> My heart is weary with the world's distress,
> The cry of those who struggle in the night.
> Oh, Lord, who sent thy Son for our redress,
> We pray thee as of old, "Let there be light!"
> I would not ask thee "Why," nor pierce the veil;
> All that I long for is to know, behind
> The torture, and the terror, and the wail
> Of human woe, there is no cruel, blind,
> Unreasoning Chance, that hurls us here and there,
> Victims of an insensate Tyranny;
> I would not ask the Cause, but this my prayer—
> To know there is a Cause for Misery:
> Could I but see the working of Thy Hand
> I should be willing not to understand!

TOGETHER

> I cannot leave you, ask me not to go,
> Love of my youth and all my older years—
> We, who have met together smiles or tears,
> Feeling that each did but make closer grow
> The union of our hearts—Ah! say not so
> That Death shall find us separate. All my fears
> Are but to lose you. Life itself appears
> A trifling thing—But one great truth I know:
> When heart to heart has been so closely knit
> That Flesh has been one Flesh and Soul one Soul,
> Life is not life if they are rent apart,
> And death unsevered is more exquisite
> As we, who have known much, shall read the whole
> Of Life's great secret on each other's heart.

Diaries of William Charles Macready. Edited by William Toynbee. In 2 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $7.50.

When one takes up these two heavy volumes with their more than a thousand rather closely printed pages, one wonders whether most readers would not prefer a judicious condensation. The famous tragedian wrote voluminously, often feverishly. His personal likes and dislikes were never shaded, and the dislikes predominated. He was a colossal egotist, and an ingenuous one moreover; one can hardly open the book at a venture without finding the actor's confidential report to his diary that he had *never* acted this or that part so well as the night before. He knew many famous people on and off the stage, and talks of them freely and often amusingly. American interest will naturally center largely around Mr. Macready's accounts of his journeys in this country, of his feud with Forrest, and of the Astor Place riots—the latter a graphic bit of scene-painting. In reading such passages, whatever one's views of that disgraceful episode in American theatrical history, one forgets the superabundance of entries like "Went to Thomas and Gimler's to give orders," or "Met Mr. Penn, or Pell, and Mr. Griffiths." The forty-nine portraits are a valuable addition

to the work. Despite its excess of matter, the Diary affords an excellent field for browsing here and there by the student of the drama and of English and American social life from 1830 to 1850.

Secret of the Clan (The). By Alice Brown. The Macmillan Company, New York. $7.50.

One of the best stories for girls we have seen for years. It has both plot and incident; it is not priggish or preachy; the girls of this clan act and talk naturally; and, finally, the fun is contagious.

Rise of Roscoe Paine (The). By Joseph C. Lincoln. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.25.

More ambitious and perhaps a little less amusing than most of this author's Cape Cod stories. We like all of Mr. Lincoln's books, including this one, but there are others among his books that we like better.

George Palmer Putnam: A Memoir. By George Haven Putnam, Litt.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $5.

The late George Palmer Putnam was a representative American publisher and a real citizen. In this double capacity he naturally took an interest in international copyright, and began his activity in that direction as far back as 1837. The present volume by George Haven Putnam should be in the hands of every one interested in this subject. It is a real contribution to the history of international literary relations. But the volume is far more than this. Its reminiscential value is very evident, especially to the men of letters and noteworthy characters of another era than ours. The value of the book in this direction may be gathered when we mention the fact that Mr. Putnam had personal relations with Louis Napoleon, Washington Irving, Fenimore Cooper, Hawthorne, Sumner, Bayard Taylor, Talfourd, Élisée Reclus, Fredrika Bremer, Susan Warner, Longfellow, Dana, Emerson, Lincoln, Bryant, Curtis, and many another. The biography discloses a man of sturdy character, of high ideals, and of far-reaching sympathies.

German Memories. By Sidney Whitman. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.25.

Mr. Sidney Whitman has already instructed us authoritatively concerning Germany and Austria. In his just-published volume he tells us about German society in particular, and of himself as connected with that society—about school days in Dresden and about the famous men whom he knew later—the old Emperor, Bismarck, Moltke, Mommsen, Lenbach, Bülow. This is a book of genuine German atmosphere.

Kings and Gods of Egypt. By Alexandre Moret. Translated by Madame Moret. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.

The Outlook has already had occasion to commend "In the Time of the Pharaohs," by Alexandre Moret, and the just-published book by that author also deserves commendation. It is a popular account of certain representative figures in Egyptian history and worship. A particularly interesting chapter has to do with the Egyptian ideas of resurrection as symbolized in Osiris. Other chapters treat of the mysteries of Isis, but perhaps most interesting of all is a chapter on the indebtedness of Homer to Egyptian literature and art for certain passages in the Iliad and Odyssey.

Cardinal de Richelieu. By Eleanor C Price. With Twelve Illustrations. McBride, Nast & Co., New York. $3.25.

An interesting and scholarly account of the great Cardinal who did so much to break up the feudal system of France, convert the government into an absolute monarchy, and so unconsciously prepare the way for the French Revolution. The author, however, unfortunately assumes too much knowledge of European history in her readers, and has made a book which for this reason will not be as valuable to the general reader as it might have been.

Fifty Years of Prison Service. An Autobiography. By Zebulon Reed Brockway. Charities Publication Committee, New York. $2.50.

Mr. Brockway is recognized by all who know anything of the prison reform movement as one of the most practical and influential leaders in the attempt to make punishment reformatory rather than vindictive. The book may be cordially recommended both for interest and instruction to those who wish to know what in a Christianly civilized state a prison ought to be.

History of the Modern World, 1815–1910 (A). By Oscar Browning. In 2 vols. Cassell & Co., New York. $7.50 per set.

It is a pleasure to take up such large volumes as Mr. Oscar Browning's and find them so light to the hand. These books are thus admirable for popular reading in a double sense, for the text is clear, compact, and comprehensive, though not as vivacious as one might wish. The author's sense of perspective, however, is excellent, as might be imagined from the thirty years which he has spent in teaching history at Cambridge.

Gallant Little Wales: Sketches of Its People, Places, and Customs. By Jeannette Marks. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.25.

There are not too many books on Wales. The latest is by Jeannette Marks. She seems to have breathed the atmosphere of Wales as if she had always lived there, and not as if she were breathing it from "outside." Hers is thus a delightful book in subject and style. The descriptions are of well-known picturesque regions in North Wales and of some of the most interesting aspects of present-day Welsh life. We hope that the author will soon follow her volume with a companion book about South Wales.

BY THE WAY

Not long ago the Maxim "silencer" for guns was welcomed by military experts as an aid in warfare; now another silencer is announced, this one coming in the interests of peace—a device that is to silence the motor boat engine. The inventor, not content with this public benefaction, is, it is stated, at work on a silencer for noisy street cars; may his work be uninterrupted!

A Bureau of Labor was established in Porto Rico in September. This Bureau, says the "American Federation of Labor Weekly News Letter," will be of special value to the working people of the island. Labor conditions, the "News Letter" goes on, are steadily improving in Porto Rico; and as evidence it cites the fact that a daily labor paper has been successfully started.

A recent Pension Office report states that there were at the close of the last fiscal year 860,294 pensioners on the rolls, of whom 238 were widows of soldiers of the War of 1812. The last actual survivor of that war died in 1905, at the age of 105; the last surviving soldier of the Revolution died in 1869, aged 109 years.

Not since a baby fell out of a New York City elevated car window and landed uninjured in an astonished citizen's arms has a more curious accident happened than one that occurred last week on a Ninth Avenue elevated train. A violent lurch at a curve pitched a trainman from the car to the street below; but he alighted on an upholstered couch that happened to be on the sidewalk! The man's life was saved by the remarkable coincidence.

A periodical of peculiar interest to those who like to study physiognomy is "The Detective," of Chicago. It contains dozens of photographs of offenders against the law who are "wanted." Some of the faces are hard, many show simply stupidity, some are bland and agreeable in expression, and one, as the description declares, "has an innocent look" and the owner possesses "a soft voice, is a fine penman, and believes himself a poet"!

Our American dust is certainly brought nigh to European grandeur when the highest bidder at a New York City auction sale can become the owner of a real letter of Catherine de' Medici, written entirely by her own fair hand. Such links to royalty come high, however; $1,350 was the price paid for the letter at the recent Hoe sale.

Dean Stone, of the Columbia University Law School, criticises the methods of conducting examinations for admission to the bar in New York. They favor the man of photographic memory, he says, but keep out the more capable man who has reasoning ability. This obsolete system of examination, the Dean asserts, exists in no other State in the Union.

The crossing of the Delaware River by Washington just before the battle of Trenton, which was one of the turning-points of the Revolution, is to be commemorated by the purchase of the property on which the landing was made, and its use as a public park.

Captain W. I. Chambers's invention of a catapult device to launch hydro-aeroplanes from war-ships is characterized by Mr. Glenn H. Curtiss as "the most important achievement since wheels were put on land machines." The device, only thirty feet long, enables the aeroplane to fly immediately after leaving the ship's deck.

Rough-and-ready surgery, says Mrs. Arthur Colville in her book of African travel called "A Thousand Miles in a Machilla," is quickly learned by a traveler who accompanies a large caravan, with which slight casualties are frequent. Mrs. Colville's panacea was strong permanganate of potash in hot water, which she declares effected wonderful cures in treating sprains, bruises, and sores. Some other traveler in places where a physician cannot be reached may find this worth trying. It is, however, caustic, and, taken internally, a mortal poison.

Actresses are commonly reputed to wear "paste" jewelry on the stage. That some of them wear genuine diamonds, however, is attested by the new York City Custom-House, which recently assessed the gems of an incoming French actress at $327,000.

The problems of "Edwin Drood," Dickens's unfinished novel, have a perpetual fascination for the inquirer, like those of Junius and the Man in the Iron Mask, says the London "Athenæum" One problem, according to the "Athenæum," is settled by Sir Robertson Nicoll's recent book on the Methods of Dickens: it is that Drood was murdered. "If he rose again to confute Jasper, well-established human testimony means nothing," the reviewer concludes.

"The trouble about dramatizing novels," says William A. Brady, the theatrical manager, "has always been that the people who wrote the plays, and the managers who put them on, have been bothered about trying to reproduce the book exactly. I don't read the book at all. Then I don't have any trouble in telling whether I have a play." This apropos of the successful dramatization of "Little Women," as presented by Mr. Brady. The public, however, unlike Mr. Brady, no doubt looks for a degree of resemblance between the characters of a play and those that have made a book popular.

"Joe" Wood, the Boston baseball pitcher, during the past season attained an efficiency percentage of .872, which is said to be a higher average than any other pitcher has attained since 1875.

Times have changed since Captain Burton, sixty years ago, made a pilgrimage to Mecca at the peril of his life. A recent account of such a pilgrimage, by Mr. A. J. B. Wavell, says that with a passable knowledge of Arabic and of Moslem ceremonial, and with due precautions as to avoiding pilgrims from the country to which one pretends to belong, "the pilgrimage to Mecca may be made in disguise without running any risk worth mentioning."

One of the oldest dry-goods houses in New York City, that of Lord & Taylor, is to move to the new shopping district on Fifth Avenue. This is the fourth removal of the firm since its founding in 1826, and its successive removals register the shifting business centers of the city. It was first on Catharine Street, then on Grand Street, then on lower Broadway, and since 1872 at Broadway and Twentieth Street. The new store will have several novel features—among others, the attractive one that no goods will be sold below the street floor.

The Outlook

DECEMBER 7, 1912

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
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Contributing Editor

The Salem Trial of the Lawrence Case

When an American court, an American jury, and American legal methods can stand such a test as that to which they were subjected in the trial of Ettor, Giovannitti, and Caruso, they must be established on a fairly firm basis. Our courts are far from perfect, our juries are human like the rest of us, and our legal methods sometimes seem designed to thwart as well as to promote justice and fair play; but they are, we believe, essentially sound. It is an occasion for thankfulness on the part of every decent, law-abiding American when our court methods for obtaining justice do withstand any severe shock. In the case of Ettor, Giovannitti, and Caruso it was not merely the defendants who were on trial. The question was not merely whether these three men were guilty of murder, but also whether an American court could discriminate between charges against men as murderers and opposition to men as agitators of an undesirable propaganda. The acquittal of these three men proves that that court could see and enforce the distinction. The events of the Lawrence strike, which began in January of this year and lasted for several weeks, are still fresh in the minds of the people. During that strike a woman was killed. It was charged that the killing was the consequence of a riot, and that those who were engaged in the riot had been wrought up to their pitch of excitement by the speeches of two leaders in this strike, Joseph J. Ettor and Arturo Giovannitti. Passions were inflamed on both sides. How deep the feeling ran and still runs regarding this strike The Outlook has evidence in the form of numerous letters from its readers. The struggle was one of those in which each side is convinced that those who are not actively for them are against them. On the one hand, the opponents of the strikers regard Ettor and Giovannitti as intruders, who came bringing disorder, anarchy, and hatred; they consider that the inevitable consequences of their activity must be revolution and death; and that they must be held responsible for such inevitable consequences. When, therefore, a homicide occurred, those who felt this animosity toward the leaders of the strike declared that these leaders should be held directly accountable as murderers in the eyes of the law. On the other hand, the sympathizers with the strikers, who were for the most part poor people unaccustomed to the English tongue or to American institutions, regarded their fight as a struggle on behalf of justice and human rights, and looked upon the opponents as the selfish and heartless apologists of a selfish and heartless capitalistic system. With such feelings on both sides, Ettor and Giovannitti were arrested as murderers on the ground that their words had brought the murder about, and Joseph Caruso as one of the actual perpetrators of the deed. For months these men lay in jail. The case came to trial in October. The case for the prosecution may be fairly said to rest upon the assumption that the sort of economic doctrine which Ettor and Giovannitti held and preached was of itself an incitement to murder. After the testimony and arguments of counsel were all in, the judge charged the jury that neither Ettor nor Giovannitti could be adjudged guilty of murder in the first degree, though it would not be contrary to the law to convict them of murder in the second degree. Each of these two prisoners, instead of counsel as usual, made his own final plea to the jury. The jury was not long in deliberation, and promptly brought in a verdict of acquittal. To regard this acquittal as in any wise an approval of the doctrines that these men preached would be as irrational and unintelligent as would have been a conviction of these men on the ground simply that they held such doctrines. If the American people believe that the economic theories propounded by the Industrial Workers of the World and

their leaders such as Ettor and Giovannitti are contrary to public policy and welfare, the way to combat such theories is not to put the preachers of the theories into jail, but to show that other theories more in harmony with American institutions will in practice result in real justice in industrial and social conditions.

Arbitration and the Panama Canal

At a recent dinner of the New York Chamber of Commerce Senator Root made a very strong plea for submitting to arbitration the differences between the Governments of Great Britain and the United States regarding the administration of the Panama Canal. To be exact, Senator Root takes the ground that there are not differences to be adjusted, but that there is only one difference. Under the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty the United States agreed, according to Senator Root, to treat the vessels of all nations, including her own vessels, on equal terms in the matter of Canal tolls. It is apparently his view that the terms of the treaty in this respect are not debatable, although, in our judgment, there is some reasonable ground for asking whether, in framing the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, the United States deliberately intended to waive in this wholesale fashion her authority to administer the Canal for her own necessary self-protection with due regard to the just rights of the rest of the world. But, assuming for the moment that Senator Root is correct in his assumption that the general terms of the treaty are not debatable, there remains the question which he recommends for arbitration, namely, whether the exemption of American coastwise vessels from the payment of tolls is a violation of the general terms of the treaty as Great Britain and Senator Root interpret it. Of this particular question Senator Root said in his speech:

> I say to you, if we refuse to arbitrate it, we shall be in the position of the merchant who is known to all the world to be false to his promises.

As our readers know, The Outlook does not believe that the exemption of American coastwise vessels—that is to say, vessels engaged solely in the transportation of American merchandise from one recognized United States port to another United States port—is, in any sense of the word, a discrimination against foreign nations. If there is anything in the Panama Act of the nature of a loophole or evasion which permits, by hook or by crook, American *foreign* commerce to take advantage of this provision for its *domestic* commerce, the Panama Act should be at once amended to correct a secret abuse of this kind. We have more than once said in these pages that we should like to see submitted to arbitration the question whether our coastwise navigation laws are incompatible with the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. But we cannot go as far as Senator Root in believing that hesitation regarding such arbitration springs from the same motive that makes a dishonest merchant "false to his promises." There are some practical difficulties in the way of a just and impartial arbitration of this question which, so far as we know, have never come up before in the history of international disputes. This is not a question which involves the interest of the United States and Great Britain alone. The interest of all the great maritime powers of the world are involved. Can arbitral judges be selected who are not really parties at interest? It has been suggested that the court might be constituted of South American jurists. But what states have a greater stake in the issue than those which lie along the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of South America? Switzerland is perhaps the only country capable of furnishing international jurists of high standing who would probably be free from all pressure of selfish public opinion when acting as judges of the case. We wish that Senator Root, for whose authority as an international jurist this country has the greatest respect, would indicate how the arbitration court which he recommends could be constituted with justice to all the interests concerned.

The Coal Question

An investigation has been made by the Merchants' Association of New York City into the advances in price for anthracite and into the statements as to the alleged shortage of the coal supply and the danger of still further increased prices. The results of this inquiry seem to sustain certain statements of those in control of the output of coal, who may be for purposes of convenience here termed the Coal Trust, but these statements of the Coal Trust do not by any means cover the basic questions relating to production, carrying, and distribution of anthracite. The Merchants' Association, through its committee, finds that the immediate recent advances in the retail price have been due to the independent coal dealers rather than to those retail dealers who

are under control of the Trust. When it is remembered that the great bulk of the trade is controlled by the Trust, and that the independent producers and dealers control only about fifteen per cent of the total trade, the reason for the fact stated by the committee of the Merchants' Association is at once evident. There are two kinds of advanced prices now paid by consumers: one (which is paid by all consumers) is the advance made by the Coal Trust over the prices of last year; the retailers under the control of the Trust have adhered, it appears, closely to these advanced prices as fixed by the Trust; the second advance has been made by the independent dealers because the retailers under the control of the Coal Trust have not been able to supply coal as fast as it was needed, and buyers who must have coal immediately have been obliged to get it wherever they could, and in many cases from independent dealers at advanced prices. The first advance of which we speak was made by the Coal Trust on the ground of the additional cost to it caused by the breaking off of work while the new contract between the coal companies and the unions was being considered; to the same cause is attributed the temporary shortage of coal. But this matter also will bear a little further examination. It is alleged, and apparently on official statistics, that in point of fact the loss to the Coal Trust from these causes was about six and a half million dollars; while it is pointed out, on the other hand, that the increase in price of twenty-five cents per ton must have given the Trust some fifteen million dollars of profit—an excess of eight and one-half millions over its loss. It is furthermore asserted that improved methods of production and the use of small sizes of coal formerly discarded have made the profits of the Coal Trust larger and not smaller in recent years, and that the consumer of coal has not only reaped no benefit from these things, but has had to bear the burden of increased prices.

The Coal Monopoly

The whole coal problem, thus brought into prominence by the recent events, is a deep-seated question of monopoly, combination, and price-control—a question of precisely the sort that calls for full investigation and action by the Inter-State Commerce Commission, and one that in some of its aspects should certainly be looked into by such a Commerce Board dealing with other than railway interests, as was urged and promised by the National platform of the Progressive party. It has long been known that the anthracite mining companies and the railways which carry this coal are under the same control and practically under the same ownership, so that it has been possible for these owners to fight off claims for fair pay by the miners on the ground that the coal-producing companies are not paying large dividends; to get their own large profits from the coal-carrying business; and at the same time to assert that the coal-carrying railways are not making excessive profits because those profits are needed in order to pay the established dividend on an enormous capitalization which does not represent investment. Now it is further alleged that the Coal Trust controls not only the production of coal and its carriage, but also its distribution. In a hearing which has been going on before the Pennsylvania State Railway Commission the admission was wrung reluctantly from numerous Philadelphia retail coal dealers that they held the leases for their coal-yards from the coal-carrying railways, and that in some cases the railways even owned the machinery in the yards for handling the coal. It seems to have been established that the majority of the coal-yards in Philadelphia were thus ultimately owned by the Coal Trust. This is a branch of investigation which ought to be pushed to a conclusion in New York City and in other large places. If it appears that every branch of the coal industry is under the control of the Trust, while the consumers (which means everybody who uses anthracite) are paying exorbitant prices, the need for drastic action is instant.

The Balkan War: The Allies

Last week saw little fighting in the Bulgarian advance on Constantinople. For this there were two reasons. The first was the resumption of discussions between envoys from Turkey and Bulgaria concerning an armistice and peace terms. The second was the cholera, which, despite the Red Cross camps, is making dreadful ravages among the troops. At Adrianople the lines of investment drawn by the Bulgarian troops are being tightened day by day, the attackers' trenches being now only about a thousand yards from the city itself; the foreign consuls have hoisted flags over their offices so as to prevent the Bulgarians from firing shells in their direction.

It is reported that the Turkish garrison has been reduced by losses through the desperate sorties and by deaths from diseases to less than half of its strength at the beginning of the siege. Part of the Greek army has now gone eastward from Salonika to the region where last week the Bulgarians captured a great number of Turkish reserves. Meanwhile the Greek navy has taken another of the islands in the Ægean Sea—Chios this time, one of the richest of them. The capture may mean justice at last, for it may be remembered that when, in 1822, some of its inhabitants rose in revolt, sympathizing with the general Greek revolt, the Turks massacred or sold into slavery nearly all the population of over a hundred thousand persons. But the week's principal event occurred in the advance of the Servian troops through rough, mountainous Albania, and their arrival at the Albanian port of Durazzo, the ancient Dyrrachium where Cæsar besieged Pompey in B.C. 48. A place of importance under the Romans, the city has shrunk to a dilapidated town, and its formerly fine harbor is now full of silt. Its seizure by Servia is proof of her need of a seaport, but it is resented by Albanians and by Austrians. The Albanians resent it because it takes no account either of the fact that they are, as they claim, as much a nation as are any of the allies, or of their historic and national rights, or of their recently proclaimed independence. Hence, if there is elementary justice in the principle of "the Balkans for the Balkan peoples," it must be, they assert, also to the advantage of the Albanians. Austrians object to a Servian port on the Adriatic because Servia would thus cross from east to west Austria's north-to-south commercial, if not territorial, path to the Ægean. Two solutions of the difficulty have been suggested. The first is that Servia should obtain an Ægean port by making Salonika—by far the finest harbor on the Ægean, and no farther from Servia than is Durazzo—a free port. It is reported that Turkey has already consented to this. In the event, however, that Servia would not be satisfied, a port to the east of Salonika could be secured to her, Greater Servia thus extending southward to the Ægean. The second solution is that Servia should obtain an Adriatic port, subject to the same conditions as those long prevailing at the harbor of Antivari in Montenegro—that is to say, no fortifications to be built, and no war-ships, either Servian or foreign, to be admitted to the port. Thus Servia's real desire could be reached, not by military possessions, but by a guaranteed access to the Adriatic for commercial purposes only. This might be reconciled with an independent Albania.

The Balkan War: Europe

Despite the occupation of Durazzo, the danger last week of a European conflagration resulting therefrom grew less. In general, throughout Europe the disproportion between the question of a port for Servia and the untold calamities that would result from a European war were more clearly seen. Certain movements and events in particular countries were also helpful towards the trend for peace. The principal movement was in Austria. Nine of the Austrian provinces are inhabited by Slavs, and they are naturally more or less in racial sympathy with the Slavs in the Balkans. But six out of these nine Austrian provinces are not only Slavic in general, but are Serbo-Slavic in particular. The reported applause given in Bohemian Prague to the news of Servian successes, and the reported slipping across the frontier of a considerable number out of Austria's six million Serb subjects, warned the Austrian Government, lest it have trouble at home, to move cautiously in any threat to Servia. As somewhat offsetting this, in Austria's interest, Rumania began concentrating troops along the Russian frontier, and, it is said, has issued a general mobilization order. This is interpreted as forecasting the Rumanians' determination to help Austria in case of trouble with Russia and the Balkan allies. It may seem strange that Rumania should be less friendly to the allies than to Austria. The present position of the Rumanians, however, is presumably not so much one of regard for Austria as one of fear that the rise of a Big Bulgaria would make their own kingdom look small in comparison. In case of actual war Austria would count on the support of the other members of the Triple Alliance, Germany and Italy. If Russia, as the greatest Slav power, supported the Servian claim, she would be, it has been supposed, backed by the other members of the Triple Entente, France and England. But the governments of Germany, Italy, France, and England are making no secret of their strenuous counsels of moderation to Austria and Russia. In the Triple Entente, so far as the relations between

Russia and England are concerned, a statement was made last week that England had no intention of supporting Servia's claims by force of arms or aiding any other Power to do so. This is in harmony with Premier Asquith's recent speech, in which he declared that no "isolated question" (that is, a question concerning some specific claim) should be permitted to provoke interference in the Balkan war by inducing hostilities between interested Powers in advance of the general settlement of peace. The Premier's speech has now been followed by a proposal from Sir Edward Grey, the British Foreign Minister, that an international conference should take place as early as possible and that its programme, while avoiding the injection of any question that might wound national susceptibilities, like the issues directly at stake between Turkey and the Balkan States, should discuss such questions as the independence of Albania, the free passage of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, and the disposition of the Ægean Islands. The Six Powers are therefore now engaged in preparing the way for an international conference to include as well Turkey, Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, and Greece.

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Football Pro and Con

Each year the American game of football is the subject of criticism and the object of attack, and each year it continues if it does not grow in popularity. A football attendance of thirty or forty thousand has become a commonplace. The crowd at a football game is not the sort of crowd that assembles at an automobile race, rather excitedly anticipating the thrill of a serious accident, and more eager when one occurs. It is the sort of crowd that enjoys the thrill of the game but dreads the casualties. When, a few years ago, a fatal accident occurred at West Point, the crowd who witnessed it dispersed with the grief of it written on their faces. Those who say that the American football crowd is like the throng at a Roman gladiatorial show or a Spanish bull-fight are slanderers. As football has been freed from serious accidents it has grown in popularity. It can never be other than a rough sport, and it is none the less wholesome for that; but it is growing more sensible, and it is all the more wholesome for that. To the undergraduate the important phase of a football game appears to be the victory or defeat at its close. Few undergraduates at Yale, for example, minimize the importance of the field goal which at the last moment tied the score with Princeton and saved the Yale team from what seemed certain defeat; few undergraduates at Harvard can forget that the Harvard team has been one of the strongest American college teams in recent years and has scored emphatic victories over both Princeton and Yale. And so along the line. Cornell men think of the strong game their team played against Pennsylvania, and the "break" by which it was defeated. Pennsylvania men think of the dramatic scores their team has made in more than one game, turning apparent disaster into triumph. Wisconsin men take satisfaction in the winning of the "conference" championship. What is lasting, however, about this season is not the victories or defeats, but the effect of gain or loss in the progress of football as a rational, manly sport. This year has afforded another test for the rules which opened up the game, as well as for the modifications of those rules made for the purpose of meeting certain practical difficulties. There seems to be little doubt that during the past two or three years there has been a reduction in the number of serious football accidents. It is certain that there has been a reduction in unfair and needlessly rough play. Several incidents can be cited to illustrate the improvement in spirit that has come over the game. In the game with Harvard the Dartmouth team was subjected to criticism for the roughness of its play. A supporter of Dartmouth, in a printed statement, in commenting upon this criticism, suggested that what appeared needlessly rough play was simply the effect upon Dartmouth players of the criticism by Dartmouth undergraduates of the earlier symptoms of lethargy in the team. It was furthermore said—we paraphrase the statement from memory—that if on investigation Dartmouth found any of its players really guilty of what was unfair, the offense would be dealt with by the College itself. A Harvard player was sent from the field for rough play, and that fact was recognized by Harvard men as a blot on the Harvard record even if the penalty was not just. A Princeton player was likewise sent from the field, and the Princeton captain came to the player's defense and declared that he was as clean a player as any on the team. There are graduates who still call themselves young men who can remember very well that, when charges of rough-

ness were made, the normal answer was a counter-charge, or some cynical remark to the effect that football "wasn't marbles or squat tag." The progress in this respect has been indubitable, and the present sensitiveness to criticism shows, first, that such charges are not so recklessly made as they used to be and are therefore taken more seriously, and, secondly, that they are regarded not as a criticism upon the game itself but as a demand for adherence to the high standards of sportsmanship. One can recognize this progress and can recognize the great value of athletics and the specific advantage of a vigorous game like football while recognizing at the same time the continuance of certain evils in American college athletics. The excessive excitement over athletic contests, the extravagance in expenditure of time and money, the lack of due proportion maintained between the athletic and intellectual pursuits, all need attention. There is not a college or university in which the authorities are not immediately responsible for the conduct of its athletics. We believe that those college authorities can do very much more than they are doing now in rendering athletics more wholesome and more rational. At present this task seems to be the concern of a comparatively small proportion among the faculties of our colleges and universities. It ought to be the concern of every man in a position of responsibility as college teacher.

The Profit on Crime

The report on the State Convict Board of Alabama shows that the total gross earnings of convicts in that State for the year ending September 10 was $1,073,286.16. These figures, without taking into account the earnings of one hundred convicts who were employed on the State farm, from whom the State would have received $30,000 more if they had been leased on the same terms as the others, shows a gain for 1912 over the previous year of $16,456.93. The figures for other States where the convict lease system is in force are not at hand, but there is every reason to believe that the above is a fair sample of the profits made elsewhere. No doubt this statement of the Convict Board, coming at the time of the year when the papers are filled with the reports of bountiful harvests and bumper crops, will read to a good many people like another evidence of the prosperity of the State. Other persons, considering the dubious source of this income, will perhaps comfort themselves with the reflection that the profits of the State upon its convicts go very largely to support the public schools, and so return good for evil. How many know or have considered the actual facts in regard to the matter, namely, that under the fee system, as it still exists in Alabama and other parts of the South, the sheriff is put in the position of a recruiting agent for the employers of convict labor; that about eighty-seven per cent of all convicts of the State are Negroes, many of whom, arrested for trifling offenses, have drifted into crime because of ignorance and the neglect of the State properly to educate them; that in spite of the regulations to protect these unfortunate slaves of the State, life in the convict camps to-day is more degrading and cruel than it ever was under the worst form of slavery; that when these men are finally released they go back into the walks of daily life broken in body and embittered in mind, to become not only a burden but a menace to the remainder of the community? Considered in the light of its ultimate results to the community, this large profit from convicts' labor is not a gain —not even in the material sense—but a loss. A few private individuals may profit by this system, but the State loses. The State loses because these men from the convict camps and the mines return, at the end of their period of servitude, worse in body and in soul than they were before. No State can afford to make a business profit out of the moral degradation of any of its citizens.

A New Editor for the "Churchman"

The Rev. Herbert Britton Gwyn, of Chicago, has been elected editor of the "Churchman," which, since Mr. McBee's regrettable retirement last spring, has been without an editor-in-chief. Mr. Gwyn is a Canadian and a graduate of Trinity College, Toronto. He served as assistant in a Toronto parish, and for the past ten years has been rector of St. Simeon's Church, Chicago. Last spring the "Churchman" was purchased from Mr. Marshall H. Mallory by a syndicate, represented by the following directors: The Rev. Dr. Douglas, Canon of the New York City Cathedral; the Rev. Dr. Slattery, Rector of Grace Church; the Rev. Howard Robbins, Rector of the Church of the Incarnation; the Rev. George Alexander Strong, Rector of Christ Church; and the Rev. John Mockbridge, Vicar of Trinity

Chapel—all in New York City ; together with an equal number of laymen. Mr. Gywn will enter upon his new duties with the beginning of the new year. Mr. W. B. Parker, formerly associated with the "Atlantic" and later with the "Century Magazine," will continue to act as business manager of the "Churchman." Under Mr. McBee the "Churchman's" influence has been much wider and broader than that of a merely denominational paper. The Outlook sees every reason to hope that this valuable and vital influence for Christianity will be fully maintained under the new editorship.

HEALTH AND THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT

If a father comes home from business to find one of his children seriously ill, he does not treat the matter as he would a business question. That child's illness is a bigger and more important matter to him than any mere question of dollars and cents. There is only one thing that he regards as of more consequence than the health of the members of his family, and that is their character and reputation. When illness enters his household, he needs no further argument to persuade him that human life is more valuable than property.

And yet if Americans were judged by the Government they have made for themselves, they would appear to place a higher value upon property than upon human life. The Federal Government is very well equipped, on the whole, to help farmers protect the health and lives of cattle ; but it is very badly equipped to enable the American people to defend their own health and their own lives.

In this issue Mr. Earl Mayo, whose articles on the various aspects of public duty toward questions of health have evidently made a marked impression upon the readers of The Outlook, presents the facts upon which the demand for a Department of Health in the Federal Government is based. We advise our readers to read carefully Mr. Mayo's article and then decide what they wish Congress to do about this matter.

There is no question of the right of the Federal Government to conduct such a department. It has as much right, for example, to put up barriers against disease as it has to put up barriers against goods of foreign manufacture. Moreover, it is exercising its right already through various disconnected agencies, such as the Public Health Service and the officials who are engaged in the enforcement of the Pure Food Law. The question is not whether the Federal Government shall exercise the right or not, but whether it shall exercise that right intelligently and effectively by means of a single, unified, administrative body devoted solely to matters of health.

Suppose such a department were established, what would its functions be ?

In the first place, there should be no misapprehension as to what those functions would not be. The Federal Department of Health would not be concerned with the treatment of individual cases of illness. It would not have anything to do with the "healing art." The officers of such a department would not be engaged in making sick people well.

Unfortunately, some of the advocates of such a department or service have done much to create a wrong impression on this point. For example, the National platform of the Progressive party, in its plank favoring the "union of all the existing agencies of the Federal Government dealing with the public health into a single National Health Service," adds the phrase : "Without discrimination against or for any one set of therapeutic methods, school of medicine, or school of healing." The platform might as well have opposed discrimination against or for any school of theology. With the work of such a Department of Health, so-called therapeutic methods, schools of medicine, or schools of healing, have nothing whatever to do. One might as well say that in establishing the Bureau of Chemistry there should be no discrimination against or for the practice of alchemy ; or in the work of the Geodetic Survey there should be no discrimination for or against astrology. The Bureau of Chemistry is concerned only in ascertaining and acting upon the facts of the science of chemistry. The Geodetic Survey has only to take into account the scientific work of geographers, mathematicians, and astronomers. And so the sole basis of such a Department of Health as is proposed should be, and must necessarily be, the facts of science as ascertained by the scientific methods of the laboratory. As a matter of fact, there is no confusion regarding this. It must be remembered that there is nothing essentially new so far as the nature of the work itself is concerned. It should not be forgotten that it was the United States

Government which carried on the investigations that resulted in the expulsion of yellow fever from the Canal Zone. The Federal Government did not engage in curing people, except in so far as it employed physicians to care for those for whom it was directly responsible, as it employs physicians and surgeons in the army and navy. So far as the public is concerned, its work had nothing whatever to do with methods of therapeutics or schools of healing. It was a scientific work as firmly based upon the facts of science as the engineering work in the construction of the Canal and its locks. It was an error to introduce the question of schools of healing into the proposal for a unified public health service or department, and it should not be repeated. The one form of discrimination which such a department should practice should be against the unscientific, and for the methods of the ascertained facts of science.

The primary function of such a Department of Health is that of acquiring and distributing information. In other words, it should do for the health of the people what the Department of Agriculture is doing for the agriculture of the people. The officials in the Department of Agriculture have at no time attempted to tell farmers how they must plow their land or sow their seed. The Department of Agriculture is continually studying the question of soil, of seed, of animal life, and of agricultural methods, and is storing up and tabulating this information. And then it makes this information accessible to those to whom it will be useful; it answers the queries of farmers; it sends out its instructors. This is just what such a Department of Health would chiefly do with regard to the health of the people. At present there are no uniform vital statistics for the United States. There is no means, for example, of accurately ascertaining what the death rate in America is. Some States and some cities have vital statistics that are, in part at least, valuable, but there is no uniformity with regard to these statistics. There is no means of comparing the death rate of one city with that of the other cities of the United States. In New York City, for example, stillbirths are not counted among the births at all. In other places they are included both in the statistics of births and in the statistics of deaths. New York City can compare the death rate of children in one year with that of the previous year, and thus can measure its own progress in the immeasurably valuable work of saving infant lives. There is no way, however, by which New York can discover whether its methods are more effective than the methods of the other cities of the country, for the basis underlying its own records is different from the basis underlying the records of other cities. A National Department of Health would establish a uniform system of statistics, and would be enabled to let any city know how its work on behalf of the health of its inhabitants compared with the work done by other communities. The fight against disease cannot be carried on in ignorance. It must be based on knowledge. A National Department or Bureau of Health is the only instrument through which knowledge of health and disease on a National scale can be obtained, and it is the only agency which can distribute such knowledge Nationally.

Secondarily, its function would be regulative. Now the United States Government does to some extent establish health regulations. But only to some extent. To-day the Nation at large must depend for protection against the invasion of cholera through the port of New York, not upon its National servants, but upon officials of the State of New York. It so happens that in the past the State of New York has done some exceedingly competent work in this respect; but the people of Ohio and of Pennsylvania and of Minnesota, and of other States where immigrants go, should not have to be dependent upon the efficiency of the State Government in New York to be adequately protected against the disease which may at any time become a menace to the whole Nation by appearing at the port of New York. It is as much the function of the Federal Government to fortify the Nation against foreign disease as it is to fortify the Nation against foreign armies. It cannot do so adequately until a single, united body for that purpose is established as its instrument.

The question whether such a body should be a Department with a Cabinet officer at its head, or a bureau erected in one of the departments, or an independent commission having no relation to any department, like the Inter-State Commerce Commission, is not an unimportant question, but it is a secondary one. Mr. Mayo puts cogently the arguments for making such a body a Department in charge of a Cabinet officer. It would be better, however, to have a bureau or an inde-

pendent commission rather than not to have a unified body at all. The prime duty of Congress in the protection of the health of the American people is to unite the various disconnected, and sometimes conflicting, agencies of the Government into a single body and to give it power: first, to acquire the necessary information; second, to make that information accessible to the public; and, third, to enforce generally and effectively such regulations as are now enforced by the Federal Government sporadically.

MR. WHITMAN'S CALL TO THE CITY

A dinner was given in New York City on Friday evening, November 22, to Mr. Whitman, the District Attorney, in appreciation of his successful prosecution of Police Lieutenant Becker and the four gangster gunmen. In his speech at the close of the dinner Mr. Whitman put admirably the issue before the people of the city—before the people of all cities—in saying that the question is, not whether New York City is better or worse than London, Paris, Vienna, or St. Petersburg, but whether it is the best city we can make it.

To that question there is but one possible answer: It is not the best city we can make it.

The difficulty is not that the majority of the citizens are corrupt or inefficient. They are neither corrupt nor inefficient. The American people are an honest people. They are an efficient people. There are no people more energetic and efficient in private enterprise. But in public affairs they have been spasmodic or inert.

Mr. Whitman's sentence gives the rallying cry: To make our city the best city we can make it.

How can we get together?

One party can prescribe a platform and nominate candidates and invite all citizens to join it. This method never has succeeded. Party affiliations and party prejudices are too strong. It may be desired, but it is not to be expected, that Democrats will support Republican nominees, or that Republicans will support Democratic nominees, or that either will support Progressive nominees. There are thousands of voters in New York City who would be glad to vote for a party pledged to make the city the best city that can be made, but are not prepared to commit themselves to the referendum, initiative, and recall as a means of doing it.

The different parties, through their party organizations—Democratic, Republican, Progressive, Prohibition, Socialistic, Labor—can form a coalition and apportion the offices according to the size of the various constituencies represented. This method has sometimes succeeded. It succeeded two years ago. Except the Mayor, the coalition candidates were elected, and in all those departments which the coalition candidates control New York City has had the best administration she has had for many a year—perhaps the best she has ever had.

But coalitions are generally short-lived. And behind the coalition is no united constituency to give it courage and support. A coalition is at best a temporary expedient—better than nothing, but very far from the ideal.

The ideal would be a union of all citizens in a common endeavor to make New York City the best city they could make it; a union which would no more be a coalition of different parties than the Red Cross Society is a coalition of different churches.

Such a union might be called into existence by the City Club, but its object should not be the upbuilding of the City Club, and the City Club should not control it; or by the Citizens' Union, but not to upbuild the Citizens' Union, and the Citizens' Union should not control it; or by a group of Republicans, Progressives, or Independents, but not to promote the political fortunes of either the Republican, the Progressive, or the Independent organization, and neither organization, in its National capacity, should control it. The platform should be a pledge to make New York a clean, wholesome, well-ordered city in which to live, and the candidates should be the best available men to carry that pledge into effect.

Is this impracticable?

We never can tell what we can do till we try. It was thought impracticable in 1860 to unite the men of the North in a resolute determination that slavery should not become National. But the Union proved practical. It was thought in 1840 that it would be impracticable to unite the jealous and hostile kingdoms of Italy in a united Italy. But the genius of Cavour accomplished it. It was thought impracticable six months ago to unite Montenegro, Servia, Bulgaria, and Greece in

a common effort for the emancipation of the Balkan Peninsula. But, thanks to two great statesmen, it has been done temporarily, and it is reasonable to hope that the temporary fusion may grow into a permanent union.

To-day the different commercial organizations of New York are uniting in a common effort to preserve the commercial prosperity of the city from being impaired if not destroyed by its inertia. Why should it be thought impracticable to unite the citizens of that city in a common effort to make it the best city they can make it?

The municipal campaign ought not to wait for next fall. It ought to begin now. It ought to be more than an anti-Tammany campaign; more than an anti-vice campaign; more than an anti-graft campaign. It ought to be a campaign to make the biggest city in the land also its greatest city—or at least as great as any other. It should aim not merely to elect candidates; it should also aim to study the municipal problems and to formulate some municipal principles. It should seek to find answers to such questions as these:

How to make a dock system that shall keep pace with the world's steamship systems?

How to preserve sanitary conditions in a population of four millions crowded together in so compact a space?

How to keep our streets from becoming cañons into which the sun never penetrates?

How to add new and needed thoroughfares to relieve the present overcrowded streets?

How to meet the just criticisms on our present cumbersome school organization, and make it at once simpler and more efficient?

How to reorganize our police as an army, under quasi-military control and military discipline?

How to weed out from it the few but influential members who both demoralize and dishonor it, and make it from top to bottom an organization devoted to protecting the citizens from criminals, never employed to protecting the criminals from the law?

How to unify our too complicated city government, and make all its departments co-operative because all parts of a coherent whole?

We do not here formulate any principles. We do not even attempt to state all problems. We only indicate the direction in which the citizens of New York should move if they would make that city the best it can be made.

The city has been stirred as never before by the revelations of organized crime in partnership with the guardians of law and order. Now is the time for the citizens to awake; now is the opportunity to move forward to a common end, animated by a common purpose to make the city of New York worthy of the geographical place it occupies, and the social and civic place it ought to occupy in the life of the Nation.

AUSTRIA AND THE BALKANS

Austria, of all the European Powers, has been one of the most consistent, and therefore one of the most successful, obstructionists of the principle of political independence or self-government. Her emperors and statesmen have been among the most powerful advocates of the system of aristocratic despotism—often benevolent despotism, it is true, but nevertheless despotism. France has become a republic; Stein and Bismarck made a constitutional empire of Germany; the warring Italian principalities were welded by the great Cavour into a unified democracy, with a monarch who may be called a hereditary President at its head; reactionary Spain has had little influence on European politics since the days of those two great English Imperialists, Admiral Nelson and Lord Palmerston; even Russia set free her serfs under Alexander II, and the whole world knows of the slow but sure progress towards constitutionalism within her borders during the past fifty years. It may be said that Russia, not Austria, is the greatest European opponent of free government. It is true that Russia has treated the peasants and the Jewish population within her own borders, and the inhabitants of Finland and Russian Poland who claim the right to be considered as living outside of her own borders, with a despotism and cruelty much more barbaric than any exercised by Austria in modern times. It is true that Austria, at least since 1866, has pursued a liberal and enlightened policy with regard to her own subjects incomparably better than anything the Russian populace has ever enjoyed. It is true that Austrian rule in Herzegovina and Bosnia has been far superior, politically, economically, and socially, to the misrule of Turkey. It would be unjust not to recognize the efficiency and material prosperity of Austria's administration of her own empire

during the last fifty years. But it is the prosperity and efficiency of a benevolent autocracy imposed from above, not the progress of a freely developing and self-governing people. Moreover, Austria has persistently sought to promote the autocratic or despotic theory of government among her neighbors.

The foremost name in the history of Austrian statecraft is that of Prince Metternich, who during the first fifty years of the nineteenth century was the most influential reactionary in Europe. He believed in the divine right of kings and in the divinely appointed association of Church and State. He sincerely feared democracy, and saw no safety for Europe except to parcel it out among four or five great Powers. The stability of Europe and the suppression of all democratic or "revolutionary" movements was to be insured by these great monarchical powers working together in harmony for their mutual advantage. This is the idea of the "European Concert." It is nothing more nor less than the principle which has been applied to industry in America by some of the great promoters of the "trusts" or "combines." Metternich was the apostle of the monarchical "combine," and his philosophy of government prevails to a very large extent in the administration of the Austro-Hungarian Empire to-day. Metternich was not a "robber baron," an individualistic "land-grabber," like Napoleon or Abdul Hamud II of Turkey. He believed in the "gentlemen's agreement." He wanted the monarchs of Europe to sit about a round table and divide the political profits of Europe with proper consideration for one another, but with the same regard for popular rights that finds expression in the saying popularly attributed to Commodore Vanderbilt, "The public be damned!"

A story is told of Dr. Jowett, the great liberal Anglican clergyman who was Master of Balliol College at Oxford, which illustrates the futility of an absolutist policy like that of Austria. A group of Oxford men were discussing after dinner the question as to which held the position of greatest authority, the bishop or the judge. The lawyers present claimed the honor for the judge, because he can say "you be hanged." The clergy in the party retorted that the bishop is greater, because he can say "you be damned." "Yes," commented Dr. Jowett, who had not spoken until then, "very true; but when the judge says 'you be hanged,' you are hanged!"

The trouble with Metternich's philosophy of government is that popular rights will not stay damned. Austria tried to condemn them to destruction when she urged the European Powers to forbid Cavour to federate the Italian states into one united nation and she was driven out of the Italian Peninsula for her pains.

There is every indication that she would to-day like to say to Bulgaria and Servia, You shall not make a united and constitutional nation out of the Balkan States. If this is the Austrian intention, if it is her desire to-day, as it was in 1850, to obstruct constitutionalism and protect absolutism, the liberal statesmen of Europe ought not to sit quietly by and let her accomplish so reactionary a design.

It is said that Austria is depending upon the Triple Alliance—that partnership between Germany, Austria, and Italy formed in 1883 for mutual protection against France and Russia—to aid her in the control, if not the actual subjugation, of the Balkan States. It may be so, for Austria is not sufficiently powerful to act alone in any partition of European territory. But we do not believe that Italian statesmen, familiar with the lives of Victor Emmanuel II, Cavour, Massimo d'Azeglio, Villamarina, and the other great opponents of Austria in the Italian struggle for independence, can bring themselves to support Austria in throttling the Balkan peoples in their similar struggle for independence and union.

If any reader thinks the foregoing brief interpretation of Austria's malign influence upon the development of free government in Europe is overdrawn or unjust, let him consult William Roscoe Thayer's "Life and Times of Cavour," a biographical work by an American writer which takes rank with the great biographies written in the English language. At the Congress of Paris—convened in 1856, at the conclusion of the Crimean War, primarily to settle the terms of peace with Russia, but also to determine the status of united Italy in Europe—England, under the leadership of Lord Palmerston, her Prime Minister, and Lord Clarendon, her representative to the Congress, espoused the Italian cause and gave Cavour the whole weight of their moral, if not their political, support. Austria, under the leadership of Count Buol, a faithful disciple of Metternich, bitterly opposed the creation of the new

European nation which Caviour was striving to make out of united Italy. What European diplomatists thought of Austria's arrogant absolutism in those days is indicated by two incidents of the Congress of Paris related by Mr. Thayer. At one of the sittings Count Orloff, the Russian envoy, said in a stage whisper to Cavour, "To listen to Buol you would suppose that the Austrians had taken Sebastopol." And Bismarck remarked: "If I could be as great for a single hour as Buol thinks he is all the time, I should establish my glory forever before God and man!"

The Balkan allies, not Austria, are in military possession of the Balkan Peninsula, and we cannot believe that Italy, France, and England will permit Austria to insist on distributing the fruits of the victory.

One of the most honorable and inspiring pages in the history of English diplomacy is that which records the story of England's support of Cavour and a united Italy. If England now supports the Balkan allies she will have the applause of every lover of political freedom throughout the civilized world.

RECREATIONS OF A PRODUCTIVE SCHOLAR

EDITORIAL BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ANYTHING that Professor Lounsbury writes is certain to be interesting. Any collection by him of the writings of others is also certain to be interesting. Probably when Mr. Lounsbury is doing what he himself is willing to accept as work, it is both so profound and so erudite that we laymen can do little but admire it from a distance. Fortunately, however, he is also willing to do what he regards as play, such as a Life of Fenimore Cooper, or a study of English adapted to the needs of those who are not scholars; and all of his writing of this lighter kind adds markedly to the sum of enjoyment of laymen who are fond of reading.

The two volumes before me illustrate the good that can be done by people of cultivation who at our different universities provide the means needed to foster productive scholarship—for, unfortunately, productive scholarship in this country is apt to be unremunerative. The slender volume on the early literary career of Robert Browning[1] is based on four lectures delivered at the University of Virginia under the terms of the Barbour-Page Foundation, a foundation due to the wisdom and generosity of Mrs. Thomas Nelson Page. The "Yale Book of American Verse"[2] is published by the Yale University Press under the auspices of the Elizabethan Club of Yale University, a club founded by Mr. Alexander Cochran. It is the kind of club the possession of which every real university in the country must envy Yale.

[1] The Early Literary Career of Robert Browning. By Thomas R. Lounsbury. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.
[2] Yale Book of American Verse. Collected by Thomas R. Lounsbury. Yale University Press, New Haven.

This study of Browning particularly appeals to any man who, although devoted to Browning, yet does not care for the pieces that some of the Browning clubs especially delight in. Browning's great poems, those which will last as long as English literature lasts, are given their full meed of praise by Professor Lounsbury. The other poems, those which especially excite the interest of the average Browning Society, are treated very amusingly, and on the whole very justly. Professor Lounsbury insists that these "poems" will not permanently last, because they are essentially formless, and therefore not poetry at all, and indeed not literature. He holds that the attraction such poems exercise on certain people is the attraction of the unintelligible. Mr. Lounsbury's writings are always full of delicious touches, and he is sometimes at his best in this little volume, as, for instance, where he says, "In fact, commentaries on Browning generally bear a close resemblance to fog-horns. They proclaim the existence of fog, but they do not disperse it." One of his main contentions is that fundamentally the interest in those poems of Browning which are both very long and very obscure does not differ in kind from that displayed in guessing the answers to riddles, or, to use a more dignified comparison, from that employed in the solution of difficult mathematical problems.

I think, however, that for the admiration of these rather obscure philosophical poems of Browning there is a reason upon which Mr. Lounsbury has not touched. He says truly that the men who admire Browning are very apt to be men not especially drawn to

writers in whom lofty speculations have found their fitting counterpart in clearness and beauty of expression; and he instances Wordsworth and Tennyson as poets to be enjoyed only by men and women who have a certain degree of fondness for literature as literature. Now, I think it is true of Browning (as it is true of Walt Whitman) that many of the people who labor longest and hardest to master his meaning are entirely mistaken in thinking that they enjoy him as a poet. But I do not think that Mr. Lounsbury's explanation that they prize him only as a puzzle fully accounts for the enjoyment of many of these men, or the profit they derive from their study. The fact is that Browning does represent very deep thought, very real philosophy—mixed, of course, with much thought that is not deep at all but only obscure, and much would-be philosophy that has no meaning whatsoever. In an instance that came to my own knowledge, a class of college boys in a course of literature, after carefully studying Browning for a couple of months, and after then taking up Tennyson, unanimously abandoned Tennyson and insisted on returning to the study of Browning. These hard-working, intelligent boys were not all of them merely interested in puzzles. They were not all of them blind to poetry as such. They did care to a certain extent for form, but primarily they were interested in the great problems of life, they were interested in great and noble thoughts. Doubtless many of them rather enjoyed having to dig out the thought from involved language. But probably a greater number felt a larger enjoyment in finding lofty thought expressed in language which was even more lofty than obscure.

It is true that as a poet Browning is formless. But the poets who are great philosophers are few in number, and great philosophers who have any gift of expression whatever or any sense of form, or whose writings so much as approach the outer hem of literature, are even fewer in number. Browning the philosopher is not more deep than many other philosophers, and in form and expression he is inferior to many poets. But he is a philosopher, and he has form and expression. The philosophy he writes is literature, even though hardly in the highest sense poetic literature. Therefore he appeals to men who are primarily interested in his writings as philosophy, but who do derive a certain pleasure from form or expression; who, without being conscious of it, do like to have the writings they read resemble literature. These men are given by Browning something that no other poet and no other philosopher can give them; and I do not think that these men receive full justice at Mr. Lounsbury's hands. Moreover, as compared to Tennyson or Longfellow, or any other of the more conventional poets—and I am extremely fond of these conventional poets—there is far more in Browning, even in Browning's simpler and more understandable and formal poems, that gives expression to certain deep and complex emotions. There are many poets whom we habitually read far more often than Browning, and who minister better to our more primitive needs and emotions. There are very few whose lines come so naturally to us in certain great crises of the soul which are also crises of the intellect.

"The Yale Book of American Verse" is an excellent anthology, and the preface is one of the best things about it. In this preface Mr. Lounsbury quite unconsciously shows why he appeals to so many men to whom a college professor who is nothing more than a college professor does not readily appeal. He mentions that on the march to Gettysburg he picked up a torn piece of newspaper containing certain verses which have always remained in his mind, and which he includes in this collection of verse. This is the only hint in Professor Lounsbury's writings that he fought in the Civil War. A Professor of English Literature in a great university who in his youth fought at Gettysburg must necessarily have something in him that speaks not only to scholars but to men.

This anthology includes hymns as well as secular poems. The collection is good in itself, as I have already said, and, moreover, to all real lovers of anthologies it will also seem good because each of them will take much satisfaction in wondering why certain of his or her favorite poems have been left out, and why certain other poems have been put in. I suppose every man who cares for poetry at all at times wishes that he could compile an anthology for his own purposes. I certainly so feel. I would like to compile two anthologies, one of hymns and one of those poems which our ancestors designated quite ruthlessly as "profane," in opposition to sacred. I should not expect any one else to read either of my collections. I should not wish the edition to consist of more than

one copy. But I would like, purely for my own use, to own that copy! In the anthology of hymns, for instance, besides all the great hymns, from Bernard of Morlais to Cowper and Wesley and Bishop Heber, I would like to put in some hymns as to which I know nothing except that I like them. Every Christmas Eve in our own church at Oyster Bay, for instance, the children sing a hymn beginning "It's Christmas Eve on the River, it's Christmas Eve on the Bay." Of course the hymn has come to us from somewhere else, but I do not know from where; and the average native of our village firmly believes that it is indigenous to our own soil—which it cannot be, unless it deals in hyperbole, for the nearest approach to a river in our neighborhood is the village pond.

As for the "profane" anthology, I think I should like to make one consisting of several volumes. Even Mr. Lounsbury's volume of American verse, though it contains some specimens of verse I would not have included, omits others which I certainly should put in. And then, think of the many, many volumes that would be needed to include the English poems, and the French poems, and the German poems from the Bard of the Dimbovitza, and all the other poems which no human being could make up his mind to see any anthology leave out! I fear that a perfect anthology of the kind that fills my dreams would be as large as the various rather dismal series of volumes which contain, as we are told, "the world's best literature"—and doubtless would be as unsatisfactory.

Meanwhile, as all this represents an unattainable dream, we have reason to be glad that Mr. Lounsbury's particular anthology has been published.

THE RAILWAY ARBITRATION: A REVIEW

I—THE FACTS OF THE CASE

THE settlement by a Board of Arbitrators last week of the long-standing dispute between the locomotive engineers and the railways in the eastern part of the country is of almost unprecedented importance, because of the wide extent of this labor struggle, because serious interests pertaining to the public at large are involved, and most of all because of its bearing on the fundamental questions in future dealing with industrial railway wars. Both sides to this particular controversy have accepted the award, and that in itself, although it was fully expected, is a happy augury for authorized arbitration under similar conditions.

THE HISTORY OF THE CASE

Six months ago, when it seemed almost inevitable that a railway strike of colossal proportions would take place that might paralyze the business of this country even as for a short time the commerce of England was paralyzed a year ago, there was set in motion a means and agency of conciliation provided under the laws of the United States. The locomotive engineers on fifty-two railways in the so-called Eastern District of the United States demanded that their wages should be, as they called it, "standardized," and also relatively equalized with the wages of the engineers on the roads westward. Their complaint was not so much of low wages as that there were great inequalities among the different roads involved, and that the same service on the different roads ought to meet the same reward. There were also other demands, but all of them had as their moving cause the desire to establish equal conditions and equal pay among railway engineers the country over. Their union, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, is not only one of the strongest labor organizations in the country, but one which in the past has been reasonable and conservative. These demands were flatly and apparently finally rejected by the railway companies, on the ground that to yield would involve a cost of seven million dollars a year, and that conditions of business made this impossible. The threatened disastrous conflict was first postponed and is now finally averted through the prompt action of Judge Knapp, of the United States Commerce Court, and Mr. Neill, of the United States Labor Bureau. The Erdman Law gave the opportunity for arbitration, although it did not compel arbitration. Under its provisions the President may appoint any member of the Inter-State Commerce Commission or any member of the United States Commerce Court to act as a mediator with the United States Commissioner of Labor, and these two are instructed to offer

arbitration when either one of the parties to a railway labor dispute asks for such action. It did not appear probable that either would so ask; but, without sitting supinely while a labor war broke out and commercial interests were imperiled, the two men we have named, relying on the implied permission of the law, sought out the official representatives of the railways and of the union, and by every means in their power urged them toward conciliation. Presumably neither side dared take the responsibility and opprobrium of refusing mediation and thereby closing the railways and blocking the transportation of half the Nation. Each appointed its representative on the board—for the engineers, Mr. P. H. Morrissey, formerly head of the Conductors' and Trainmen's Union, and a man of unquestioned ability and fairness; for the railways involved, President Daniel Willard, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, a road which has an enviable reputation for its treatment of its employees. As it did not seem possible for the disputants to choose a single man to act as a third arbitrator, a larger board was selected, under the provisions of the law, by mutual consent. Its members, in addition to those already named, were Oscar S. Straus, former Secretary of Commerce and Labor, who was Chairman; Albert Shaw, editor of the "Review of Reviews;" Otto M. Eidlitz, former President of the Building Trades Association; Charles R. Van Hise, President of the University of Wisconsin; and Frederick N. Judson, of the St. Louis Bar. As these five men were named by the Chief Justice of the United States, the United States Commissioner of Labor, and the Presiding Judge of the United States Commerce Court, it is evident that the interests of the public at large were adequately and prominently brought before the Board of Arbitration, as assuredly the nature of the case and the large principles involved demanded.

THE TWO CONTENTIONS

Leaving aside exact figures and precise claims as to wages, it should be pointed out that each side in this controversy put forward a contention based upon a broad economic theory, and applicable to many other economic and financial problems now before the country. These two contentions have been thus stated in these columns: "The engineers declare that for public safety only men of high skill and experience should be employed; that living cost has so increased that former wages are insufficient; that if skill and care among those who constantly have our lives in charge is to be maintained, living wages must be paid, and that the time has come for a movement in this direction. On the other hand, the companies reply that if they increase the pay of engineers they must ultimately increase the pay of all employees; that this means a charge on the railways which can be met only in one of two ways—by raising rates (to which the Inter-State Commerce Commission objects) or by decreasing dividends. The railway managers seem to take it for granted that the first course is really the only available one, and argue that railway stock is so widely held in small amounts that to decrease dividends would be not only to lower the market value of stocks and thereby injure business, but to decrease also the incomes of such an enormous number of people that it would really be a blow at the consumer—that is, the user of railways." And The Outlook commented as follows: "This is a question which requires calm consideration, for it affects industrial conditions fundamentally; it may, however, be said that no large industrial concern dealing with public safety and public comfort should be allowed to make the payment of large dividends its first consideration; before dividends should come fair treatment and reasonable pay to its employees, safety and reasonable treatment for both employees and public, and finally the maintenance in proper condition of the industry itself. So long as the alleged necessity of maintaining the stock market value of securities and of keeping up whatever dividend rate has been established are considered paramount, the industrial question in its largest aspects will remain unsettled." Thus the engineers, well paid though they are, may naturally lay stress on the terrible strain of their service and the responsibility for human life upon them; and, on the other hand, the railways may with considerable reason urge that they must not be forced to pay higher wages and at the same time be debarred from raising their rates.

THE THIRD PARTY IN INTEREST

It is a long cry from the day when the public first heard the heartless saying, "The public be damned!" as applied to railways. Now it is admitted by all, except a few rock-bound and mediæval-minded economists, that the public is not only a third party in rail-

way management, but that it is *the* most important party; and that questions of wages and rates are subordinate to human safety, to reasonable comfort for passengers, and to justice and fairness in charges for both passenger and freight transportation. This is clearly stated in the award of the Board of Arbitration. It is pointed out that the population of the area served by these roads is forty per cent of the total population of the country, and that the section involved represents at least four-tenths of the wealth of the entire United States. A strike such as was contemplated would have cut off food supplies from the big cities in the East within a week, while their milk supply might not have lasted over a day. "It is evident," says the award, "that for a great section of the United States a railroad strike can no longer be considered as a matter which primarily affects the railroads, operators, and employees. It is therefore imperative that some other way be found to settle differences between railroads and their employees than by strikes."

WHAT IS THE REMEDY?

It might fairly be argued that this state of things would justify legislation for the appointment of a Board of Compulsory Arbitration. It is The Outlook's belief that the Erdman Law should be modified so that the machinery of arbitration might be set in motion, not only (as now) upon the application of one of the parties to the dispute, but on the official application of the Government, as representing the public, or of private individuals among the public whose interests are threatened. What the Board of Arbitration in this case suggests might, however, bring about the same results, without the form of compulsory arbitration. It recommends the establishment of Federal and State wage commissions which shall exercise the functions regarding labor engaged upon public utilities analogous to those exercised by the public service commissions with regard to capital. The Board says: "While the railway employees feel that they cannot surrender their rights to strike, if there were a wage commission which would secure them just wages the necessity would no longer exist for the exercise of their power. It is believed that in the last analysis the only solution—unless we are to rely solely upon the restraining power of public opinion—is to qualify the principle of free contract in the railroad service." And it adds: "It is well understood by the Board that the problem for which the above plan is a suggested solution is a complex and difficult one. The suggestion, however, grows out of a profound conviction that the food and clothing of our people, the industries, and the general welfare of the Nation, cannot be permitted to depend upon the policies and the dictates of any particular group of men, whether employers or employees."

If this plan were put in operation, the new Commission would exercise authority over labor disputes on railways just as the Inter-State Commerce Commission exercises authority on other railway matters. And as hearings from both disputants as to the questions involved would certainly be held, the decisions would have the effect, though not the form, of compulsory arbitration. A necessary adjunct to this plan would be some way of penalizing the unions or otherwise enforcing strictly and promptly the decrees of the Commission.

THE MINIMUM WAGE QUESTION

The award recognizes the minimum wage principle. It was impracticable for the Board to decide whether an increase of wages should be granted on all of the fifty-two roads, or upon some and not upon others, or how much the increase should be for each class of service on every road where it was granted. The complications as to the classes of service (whether day or night, or freight or passenger, for instance) were intricate and almost innumerable. It was necessary accordingly to fix on some principle under which the basis of a fair wage should be found. The Board held that it ought to take into account the relation of compensation of engineers to that of other classes of employees, both in the Eastern District and all over the country. A minimum wage for each class of work was the only way out. The award may be illustrated by taking one case alone: for engineers in passenger service the minimum wage is fixed at $4.25 per day. This increases pay for engineers in most of the roads involved in the arbitration, but not in all; in other classes of service many of the men on some roads will have to submit to a lower wage in order that, under the minimum wage plan, their fellow-workmen on other roads may receive an equal reward for their work.

DISSENTING VIEWS

Both Mr. Morrissey for the engineers and President Willard for the railways have

accepted the decision, and both the Brotherhood and the railways will loyally abide by the award, which will be enforced, however, only up to May 1, 1913. This short time is due, first, to the fact that the Erdman Law provides that such an award shall be enforced for one year, and, secondly, to the fact that the award is retroactive, dating back from May 1, 1912. Mr. Morrissey and Mr. Willard have expressed (the first formally in a minority report, the second informally) their dissent from some of the findings of the Board. While Mr. Morrissey acknowledges that there has been a gain in essentials and that a step forward has been taken in the standardization of engineers' rates and of conditions for the Eastern District, at the same time he expresses the belief that the award will have the effect of retarding the progress of arbitration in the settlement of industrial disputes on the railways. He contends that the award does not settle the important principles raised by the engineers, and claims not only that it is based upon statistics that are unreliable for the purposes for which the Board used them, but that the Board also erred in the application of these wage statistics. For this reason, he says, "while the engineers will faithfully abide by the award during the period that it is to continue, at the same time it can be only temporary because its fundamental basis is so insecure." He dissents from the majority of the Board in their recommendation that wage commissions be established with power of compulsory arbitration, although he suggests that there are some important activities to which such commissions might profitably give attention. A striking suggestion is made in his recommendation that hereafter arbitration boards should be so constituted that none of the parties composing them—not even representatives of the public—should have a majority of the members; that the majority should be constituted by the representatives of at least two of the parties agreeing.

Mr. Willard, on the other hand, says:

> My acceptance of the award as a whole does not signify my approval of all the findings in detail. It is intended, however, to indicate clearly that, although the award is not such as the railroads had hoped for, nor is it such as they felt would be justified by a full consideration of all the facts, yet, having decided to submit their case to arbitration and having been given ample opportunity to present the facts and arguments in support of their position, they now accept without question the conclusion which was reached by the Board appointed to pass upon the matters at issue.

Thus ends peacefully what threatened to be a gigantic and calamitous industrial war.

II—THE PRINCIPLES INVOLVED

The Board of Arbitration lays down three principles which appear to The Outlook of great importance and essentially just. Upon two of these the Board is apparently unanimous; upon the third there is a dissenting opinion. And this opinion is entitled to great weight, both from the character of Mr. Morrissey, the representative of the engineers on the Board, and from the fact that in it he personally reflects the general opinions of the railway employees. With regard to this controversy three principles seem to us clearly applicable:

1. Three parties are affected by a controversy between the owners and the employees of a railway: the owners, the employees, and the general public; the interests of the last are of paramount importance, but have too generally been disregarded. The railway system of the United States is to the community what the arterial system is to the individual. Its stoppage is fatal to well-being, and may easily prove literally fatal to many lives. For it inevitably and necessarily deprives the great centers of population of the supplies of food and fuel. The highways of the Nation must be kept open and unimpeded. We add that, if this cannot be done by private ownership, public ownership will be substituted. To public ownership there are serious objections. But they are not so serious as the food and fuel famines which follow from railway wars.

2. The employees must be paid a fair compensation. If the railways are not able to pay such compensation, they must obtain permission from the Inter-State Commerce Commission to raise their rates, or must act on Mr. Brandeis's suggestion of a year or two ago and by increased efficiency and economies in other directions secure the necessary funds.

The first duty of a railway corporation is not to pay dividends to its stockholders, important as that duty is. Its first duty is to operate the highways of the Nation efficiently and honestly. To do this it must keep the roadbed and rolling stock and stations in

good condition; but it is equally essential that it keep the men who operate the railway in good condition. These two things are necessary to enable the railway corporation to do the business for which it has been created; only thus can it render to the public the service for which the public has given to it its charter. Not until it has paid the necessary operating and maintenance expenses are there any profits, and dividends are profits. If in any one year it cannot keep the road and the men in good condition and divide profits, it must do its work without profits. If it cannot permanently keep the road and the men in good condition and divide profits, it will naturally go out of business, and the public will have to take it up or the railway will be abandoned. But dividends never ought to be paid out of the wages of the men or out of money temporarily saved by the deterioration of the road.

We believe that the public will with substantial unanimity sustain these two principles: the interests of the public are paramount, and the payment of a fair wage must precede the payment of a fair dividend.

And we also believe that the public will be willing to pay such price for transportation as will enable the railways to pay both a fair wage and a fair dividend. But they are not willing to leave the railway corporation the sole judge of what is fair.

3. The third principle is thus stated in the daily press account of the report of the Board:

> In many respects the railroads are subject to the Inter-State Commerce Commission and various State Commissions. The same is not true of the employees of the railroads, the Board says. This disparity of status suggests the creation of Federal and State wage commissions which shall exercise functions regarding labor engaged in work upon public utilities analogous to those exercised with regard to capital by the public service commissions already in existence.

From this suggestion Mr. Morrissey, former Grand Master of the Railroad Trainmen, who in the Board represents the engineers, dissents. He says:

> I wish to emphasize my dissent from that recommendation of the Board which, in its effect, virtually means compulsory arbitration for the railroads and their employees. Regardless of any probable Constitutional prohibitions which might operate against its being adopted, it is wholly impracticable. The progress toward the settlement of disputes between the railways and their employees without recourse to industrial warfare has been marked. There is nothing under present conditions to prevent its continuance. It will never be perfect, but, even so, it will be immeasurably better than it would be under conditions such as the Board proposes. The peace that would satisfy such an ideal condition as that had in mind by those making the recommendation would be too dearly bought even if it could be attained. To insure the permanent industrial peace so much desired will require a broader statesmanship than that which would shackle the rights of a large group of our citizens.

Compulsory arbitration would promote rather than prevent labor wars, unless it can be so framed as to secure the approval of the trainmen. But in it we can see nothing essentially inconsistent with either justice or liberty. The same objections were made a quarter of a century ago to the creation of commissions to regulate the owners of the railway that are now made to a commission to regulate the operators of the railway. The creation of such a commission rests in both cases on the same fundamental principle: The railway is a public highway; the owners and operators of the railway are servants of the public; and the public interests are paramount.

There would be nothing inherently unjust in enlisting trainmen as soldiers are enlisted, provided a speedy hearing for all complaints and a prompt and efficient securing of justice can be obtained for them. Such a system would not be unjust. It would not be inconsistent with liberty. It might be impracticable. The real question is, Would it work well?

The first Federal Railway Commission had only power of investigation and advice. Such a commission could hardly be objected to by Mr. Morrissey. And it would be a great advantage to the public and to the men themselves to have such a commission, clothed with authority to investigate all complaints and all labor difficulties affecting transportation, either at the request of the parties, of a third party, or on the initiative of the commission itself. It is quite possible that an informed public opinion is all the compulsion that is required in any labor war. It is certain that in many labor wars no other compulsion is needed. Under present conditions neither the public nor the stockholders, and in many cases not even the men themselves, have sufficiently accurate and authoritative information concerning the facts to form a just judgment respecting the merits of the controversy. Some method of securing a

just judgment comes first. How to enforce such judgment may be left for future consideration.

The Outlook heartily seconds all three of the recommendations of the Arbitration Board.

THE BECKER CASE

A POLL OF THE PRESS

DEATH sentences have been pronounced on Police-Lieutenant Becker and his four hirelings for the Rosenthal murder in New York City, and have called forth much interesting newspaper comment. As to the crime itself, the opinions of many journals are thus summarized by the Peoria, Illinois, "Herald-Transcript:"

The story of the killing of gambler Rosenthal reads like a tale of some morbidly imaginative fiction writer. The sharing of the spoils with the various gambling-houses by the police, the exercise of autocratic power by the lieutenant and his men to compel professional murderers to remove objectionable "squealers," and the perfect nonchalance with which these hired assassins performed their work are details which strain the normal man's imagination.

Two newspapers opposed to capital punishment thus comment. One of them is the Ogden, Utah, "Standard:"

No murder trials have given more general satisfaction than those in which Lieutenant Charles Becker, who instigated, and the four gunmen, who participated in, the murder of Herman Rosenthal in New York, have been found guilty of murder in the first degree. . . .

We are, on general principles, opposed to capital punishment; but in this instance we would not raise the slightest protest if Lieutenant Becker, "Lefty Louis," "Gyp the Blood," "Dago Frank," and "Whitey" Lewis were sent heavenward as were the leaders of the Sepoy mutiny in 1857. New York State has our permission to assemble the entire police force of New York City and, in the presence of officers and men, blow Becker and his gang of cutthroats to Jericho.

The other paper opposed to capital punishment is the La Crosse, Wisconsin, "Tribune." It remarks:

The men are about as depraved, as brutal, as the limits of human degradation permit. When we read of the doings of their kind, we forget, for the moment, that we are opposed to capital punishment. . . .

It is to be regretted that other contributors to the Rosenthal murder—men as low and dangerous as the five convicted—are to go free as a reward for furnishing information which led to the conviction of the five assassins. However, it is probably true that were informants refused immunity, it would become impossible to convict the ringleaders of criminal cliques anywhere.

As to the trial itself, the Sioux Falls, South Dakota, "Argus-Leader," speaks in common with very many newspapers throughout the country in declaring:

The unanimous verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree rendered by the jury in the gunmen's trial, after deliberations that lasted but seventy minutes, is the climax to one of the most sensational cases ever tried in the New York courts. . . .

It took fifteen days to try and convict Becker; the trial of the gunmen lasted about the same length of time, an unusual thing in the courts, especially in the New York courts. . . .

It was indeed a great trial; it might be called a model trial. . . .

It was a great trial, because it was conducted in the presence of the most formidable of all oppositions: that which is hidden, and is fostered by wealth and power.

"It is well to give credit to Justice Goff," adds the Peoria, Illinois, "Herald-Transcript," "who ruled without reference to quibbling in the trial of the cases, and to the jurymen, who placed their own lives in more or less jeopardy in fearlessly pronouncing judgment on members of the most cold-blooded fraternity in the world."

"Aside from the value of the service performed for the community by Justice Goff in the cases of the five murderers of Rosenthal," remarks the Philadelphia "Times," "that jurist has benefited the community in a large degree by setting a salutary example to his associates on the bench of the Supreme Court." The "Times" then explains:

Justice Goff has shown them that even the most conspicuous murder trial, in which experience and cunning are enlisted for the defense, does not have to be dragged out to a weary length as a theatrical spectacle; does not have to be conducted at the mercy of hair-splitting counsel; and can be brought to a rapid finish without a loss of dignity by the court and without a scandalous miscarriage of justice through mistrial or failure of the jurors to agree.

All the presiding judge needs to run his own court is hard common sense and a determination to get at the essentials. Lawyers will yield when they find he means business, and respect him for his firmness. By teaching this lesson to lawyers and judges Justice Goff has set a standard, at least for celebrated cases, so far above what was accepted in the Thaw trial, and even before that, as to cause the community to

gasp. He deserves a special word of thanks for setting a precedent from which judges hereafter will not depart without inviting censure.

Commenting upon the significance of the trial of the gunmen, the Milwaukee "Sentinel" says that "the death sentence in the case of the four gunmen should work a radical change in the mental processes of the bad element in New York's East Side." The "Sentinel" adds:

The general change to be wrought was illustrated in the expression that sprang to the faces of the four men when the evidently unexpected verdict of guilty was pronounced. It was one of dazed surprise and consternation. Why? A local observer says:

"They had seen many men—gangsters—murdered, and in nearly every case the murderer had got away and policemen had let it be known that it was a good thing the man was killed."

That puts in a nutshell one phase of the peculiar psychology of East Side thuggery. Murder as such was not regarded as a particularly serious thing, either legally or morally.

The point to consider was the chance of getting away scot free; and in the chances of cases typified by the Rosenthal murder—murder, that is, committed within the circle of the "underworld," with its police and political connections—the chance of escape was as ten to one against the chance of punishment.

The New York "Sun" points out the fact that the word "gang" includes "not merely the desperate and ignorant brutes who do murder for a wage and exist only by toleration of the police." The "Sun" adds:

It describes the gamblers who thrive through police corruption, the policemen who fatten on the earnings of crime, the landlords who rent their property for illegal establishments, the dishonest and the inefficient executives who, for profit or through incapacity, permit the gigantic conspiracy of criminals to exist. Collectively, these are to-day recognized as the gang. Each stands in the same dock with Becker and his crew.

The cause of New York City corruption is municipal politics, declares the Peoria "Herald-Transcript." "Trace the case of the Rosenthal murder back to its source," it says, "and you will find that the tragedy which has brought five men to the electric chair and made New York's Police Department a subject of National contempt goes back to the admixture of partisan politics and municipal business."

In fact, municipal politics in New York is a business in itself—a business at which hundreds of men make their living, and at which other hundreds have grown wealthy more easily and more quickly than they could have done in almost any other line of endeavor.

Elections in New York are not decided on the basis of what is good for New York, as a rule, but with consideration for the jobs involved. . . .

Police-Lieutenant Becker, reaping his harvest from the gamblers, doubtless felt that he was merely gathering in his legitimate share of the spoils due the job he held.

What is involved in this relationship between politics and systematized, commercialized crime is vividly explained by Magistrate Joseph E. Corrigan in his article "Magnates of Crime" in "McClure's Magazine" for November. Judge Corrigan concludes his article with definite proposals for the reform of police administration and court procedure.

The Los Angeles "Municipal News" was established by the citizens of Los Angeles through an initiative ordinance adopted in 1911. It is published weekly by the city of Los Angeles under the direction of the Municipal Newspaper Commission. It says:

New York's police scandals and the Becker trial have informed the world of the helpless condition of the people of New York City, so far as the government is concerned. The great city is managed under laws made at Albany, and much of this lawmaking is through trades with New York's Tammany-made membership in the Assembly. . . .

New York has reached the point that it obeys what laws it wishes to. Obedience is determined largely by the police and the magistrates, and they have been shown to be the sunshine of vice growth.

New York might restore efficient government and suppress official crime without home rule, but those who have studied the latest presentation of facts agree that home rule is the first step the great city must take before it can purge itself.

With home rule, with the right to make its own laws, institute its own government, and make and unmake its officials, New York will be in a position to gain a character for municipal honesty. Los Angeles knows the value of home rule by experience, and joins in the wish that New York may have it soon, if that be the means of attaining virtue.

Says the Springfield, Massachusetts, "Union:"

Mayor Gaynor's attacks on ministers and social workers for their methods in attempting to make New York a more moral community have been based on the assumption that because of the character of New York's population and its position as the center of activity of all kinds in the East, it cannot be of as high morality as smaller communities. The Mayor has been answered by the clergymen themselves, but the other day his position was attacked by a group of men who represent the ideals of the public, but are not necessarily professional reformers. Among them was District Attorney Whitman, who said it angers him to hear it said that other cities are worse than New York. "Our ideal should be to make it as good as it can be made," he says.

A NEW POWER IN EUROPE

BY STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER TROWBRIDGE

THE outstanding fact revealed by the war thus far is the rise of a new power in Europe. The energy, ability, and patriotism displayed by the Bulgarian army have riveted the attention of the West. We can scarcely imagine what must be the feelings of the Russians, who have hitherto disdainfully treated Bulgaria as a dependent principality, but who must now fully recognize the intense feeling of nationality which has inspired "the young giant of the Balkans." Greece, Servia, and Montenegro have carried out their parts in the invasion of European Turkey, and they have been in almost every instance victorious. But the force and mass of the Bulgarian advance and the fact that Adrianople, once the proud capital of the Ottoman Empire, and Constantinople, the present capital, are upon the verge of capitulation, give to this intrepid little nation a new prestige and a dominating influence in eastern Europe. David has gone forth against the champion of the Philistines.

In a democratic country like Bulgaria the army is the product of the people. It is not the machine of a monarch. And back of the army are the thrift and self-sacrifice of a nation of peasants. The national traits are stolidity (in contrast with the hot-tempered and capricious peoples of southern Europe), thrift, especially in agriculture, indomitable courage, and a passion for education. In some respects the Bulgars betray their Oriental origin. Their complexions are rather dark, and the Tartar or Finnish elements in their physiognomy are often strongly marked. The peasant women carry the household burdens and walk deferentially behind their husbands. The younger women deck their hair, as in the East, with strings of coins, and they love garments of brilliant colors. The shepherds are clad in sheepskins, and the creaking wagons, drawn by oxen or buffaloes, are followed by rough-looking drivers carrying goads in their hands.

But the highland climate of the Balkans and the purity of the home life maintained through a thousand years of national existence have combined to make the Bulgars a singularly strong-built race. Both men and women are broad-shouldered, and they stand erect. Smoking is not common, and drunkenness in public is very rare. Street quarrels and riots are almost unknown, in marked contrast with the noisy demonstrations of Greek and Albanian towns. The mass of the people are peasants occupied with farming, pasturing flocks, lumbering, and the culture of roses. It is one of the ironies of history that the very battlefields near Tirnova and the Shipka Pass, where the Russians bore down upon the Turks with such relentless hand-to-hand fighting in the blizzards of the winter of 1877, are now planted with rose-bushes. Attar of roses is distilled from the petals, and forms one of the chief exports of the country.

The city life in Bulgaria is distinctly Western. Municipal improvements have been rapidly made since the Turkish yoke was thrown off in 1878. Schools and gymnasia have been established in all the large towns, and the homes are built in European style. A university was erected in Sofia in 1907, and Philippopolis (the ancient Philippi of the New Testament) has a *gymnasium* which cost $150,000; this corresponds, roughly speaking, to our high school. The *lycée* for girls in the same town is well administered and well attended. It is interesting to note that, while the Bulgars have an intense love for education, the theaters are very poorly attended and are opened only occasionally. The people are made of sterner stuff than their neighbors, the pleasure-loving Serbs. The practical nature and shrewd judgment of the Bulgars are shown in the fact that, instead of keeping their Turkish prisoners in useless confinement, they have put eight thousand of them to work building the emergency railway to communicate with the field of war.

The history of the Bulgars, which is certainly a dramatic one, falls naturally into six periods:

1. *Invasion* from the valley of the Volga westward and southward across the Danube during the seventh century. This was a period of crude barbarity, before the tribes had come into contact with the Christian faith. The Slavic inhabitants in the region of the Balkans were subjugated and absorbed into the Bulgarian stock, giving to the con-

querors much of Russian literature and usage, in very much the same way that the conquered Arabs have influenced the form and spirit of Turkish literature. The cities of that region were wrested from the Byzantine Empire. Krum, the battle-lord of the Bulgars, a ruthless barbarian, defeated the Greek Emperor, advanced to the walls of Constantinople in 813 A.D., and humiliated the Byzantines by exacting a tribute. He devastated the surrounding country and carried off a vast number of women and children captives. The prisoners, many of them priests and even bishops, did not hide their faith from their captors, and so successful was their preaching that many of the enemy were deeply influenced. The execution of four bishops and several hundred Christians only increased the devotion of the missionaries. Within a generation converts were found throughout the tribe, and in 864 A.D. King Boris himself accepted the Christian faith. Since then Bulgaria has remained a part of the Greek Orthodox Church, though with a national organization of its own.

2. *The Golden Age*, extending throughout the tenth century, is dear to the hearts of the Bulgars. For during this period the boundaries were extended by conquest so as to reach from the Black Sea to the Adriatic, and from the Danube to the Ægean. The title of Prince was superseded by that of Czar. National histories and poems were written in the Cyrillic character. The sermons of St. Chrysostom were translated into Bulgarian and the monasteries flourished. But an invasion by Byzantine armies rudely interrupted this prosperity and peace. The diadem of the Bulgarian Czars was captured and brought to Constantinople, where it was offered up as a trophy in the Church of Santa Sophia. For two centuries an intermittent warfare distressed the land, the sturdy Balkan mountaineers maintaining a certain degree of freedom.

3. *The Turkish Supremacy*, which began with the Mohammedan victory of Kosovo in 1389 and lasted until the last quarter of the nineteenth century, is the gloomiest epoch of Bulgarian annals. Certain tribes were persuaded to accept Islam, and their descendants to-day are known as Pomaks, or Moslem Bulgars. The Turkish practice of carrying off the flower of the Christian youth every five years to serve in the corps of Janissaries in Constantinople was a terrible grievance to the people. The Bulgarians were forbidden to build new churches, the noblest of the ancient churches were forcibly transformed into mosques, taxes became exorbitant, and forced labor was introduced, with torture and imprisonment as the alternative. Brigandage flourished, and the villagers were ground down under manifold hardships. Records for these five centuries are scarce, because the native language was prohibited by the Turks, libraries were burned or captured, and the clergy were required by the Mohammedans as a matter of policy to chant the liturgy in the Greek language. This long period of misgovernment and repression ended in a great tragedy: the massacre of over fifty thousand Bulgarian men, women, and children at the instigation of the Turkish authorities. The pretext for this fearful onslaught was a conspiracy and a local insurrection near Philippopolis in May, 1876. But the fiercest massacre was perpetrated in the town of Batak, a long distance from the troubled district. The Christian population of 7,000 men was entirely disarmed, Ahmed Agha, the Turkish lord, giving his oath that "not a hair of their head should be touched." Then the defenseless multitude was furiously set upon by the Turks under the command of Ahmed Agha. Great numbers took refuge in the church. The roof was torn off by the Turkish soldiers, who flung burning pieces of wood and rags dipped in petroleum down upon the helpless Christians. In other parts of Bulgaria similar outrages occurred by secret consent of the Turkish Government. The Turks had taken care to isolate Bulgaria from communication with Europe. The first authentic news of the massacre came to President Washburn, of Robert College, at Constantinople. "At the outset," says Dr. Washburn, "we alone had had these details, and what we did with them is no secret. It was no secret at the time that we gave them to Sir Henry Elliott, the British Ambassador. We did this in the hope that he could make the Turks see that they were making a terrible mistake. We also communicated the facts to powerful friends in England, to Mr. Pears, correspondent of the daily 'News,' and to the correspondent of the London 'Times.' Could we have done less?" The result was that Mr. Gladstone published his famous pamphlet, and by his impassioned eloquence helped to swell the torrent of indignation that swept through Christendom. Dr. Washburn's record gives such a graphic picture of the intricacies and disappointments

of the diplomacy in the Near East that I venture to quote somewhat at length:

It was under Abd-ul-Aziz that the massacres were planned and commenced. But we had to face a more serious difficulty. It was to be expected that the Turks would deny everything; but Mr. Disraeli, the English Prime Minister, declared in Parliament that the reports, for some of which we were responsible and which he must have known came from us, were "mere coffee-house babble" and without any foundation—that he had official information to this effect. We begged Sir Henry Elliott to send one of his own secretaries to Bulgaria to investigate and report to him. After excusing himself for some time, he sent for me one day and told me that he had at last received orders to do so, and that he would send Mr. Baring down to see me before he started, which he did. But before that I had learned from Sir Henry himself that he was not only sending his youngest secretary, who knew but little of the country and none of the languages, but that he was to get his information from the Turkish authorities and to be in the country only two or three days. I protested in vain, although Mr. Baring agreed with me. Sir Henry told me that he was acting under instructions from home. This made it clear that there was to be no real investigation, and what was wanted by Mr. Disraeli was an official report to confirm his statements that nothing serious had happened in Bulgaria. There was nothing left for us to do but to defend our honor and our veracity as best we could. I went at once to the American Minister, explained the situation to him, and begged him to send Mr. Schuyler, who had just arrived in Constantinople as Secretary of the Legation and Consul-General, to make an independent and impartial investigation of the situation in Bulgaria with proper interpreters for Turkish, Bulgarian, and Greek. He said that he had no authority to do this, but that, if I could persuade Mr. Schuyler to go, he would find a way to send him. I found it easy to persuade Mr. Schuyler, and he left Constantinople with his interpreters the day after Mr. Baring, overtaking him at Adrianople. Mr. Baring was an honest man, and I do not think that he was sorry to find himself checkmated at the beginning of the game. He saw at once that Mr. Schuyler's report would be accepted and believed by all the world. I do not know what report Mr. Disraeli got. He did not publish it; but the first result of Mr. Schuyler's preliminary report, made in ten days, was to convert Mr. Gladstone and make him the leader in the great agitation which finally overthrew the Disraeli Government, and which before that led to the Conference of Constantinople. Mr. Baring went with Mr. Schuyler to Batak and saw with his own eyes the unburied bodies of some five thousand men, women, and children who had been slaughtered in this one town, far from the seat of the insurrection. Our graduate, Mr. Peter Dimitroff, went with Mr. Schuyler as his Bulgarian interpreter. Could we have done less than this under the circumstances?

Having been through the very midst of the Adana massacre in 1909, I can imagine the heartbreaking scenes in the Bulgarian towns at the time of which Dr. Washburn writes. The Turks have certainly done their utmost to retard the civilization of Bulgaria. At last the tide has turned against them. A British correspondent, in speaking of the flight of the Turkish population before the onrush of the Bulgarian armies in the recent advance upon Constantinople, remarks:

One thought strikes an observer forcibly at seeing the Turks migrating back to their ancient home, namely, how little altered after five hundred years are the wanderers, returning practically in the same manner in which they came into Europe—the same rough wooden carts, dragged by bullocks or buffaloes, and covered with straw matting, which conceals the household lumber, and the female members of the family hunched into the smallest conceivable space peering with sad eyes at the unfamiliar sights, while the sheep and goats are prevented from straying by the youngsters of the family.

4. *Emancipation* from the Turks came with the Russian invasion of 1877 and the Treaty of San Stefano. But what was hailed at first as liberation proved to be an exchange of masters, for the policy of Russia in demanding "autonomy" for Bulgaria was to reduce that state to the sad condition of Finland and Poland. The young nation, to use a phrase of Prince Bismarck, had thus been "put in the saddle," but had not yet "learned to ride." A Russian prince was sent into the country to assume control pending the calling of a Parliament and the choice of a King. For the astute policy of Russia designed to give the Bulgars a self-contradictory Constitution, apparently very democratic, but with the possibility of leaving extraordinary power in the hands of the King should he prove to be the willing agent of Russia. The articles were so drawn up that a deadlock in politics was likely, thereby inviting Russian intervention. When the first National Assembly convened at Tirnova, it was composed of 213 Bulgarians, mostly peasants, who had had absolutely no experience in government. Military conscription and elementary education were made compulsory. All titles of nobility were prohibited. Freedom of the press was guaranteed. Prince Alexander of Battenberg, a nephew of the Russian Czar, was called to the throne. This young man, who was at that time serving as a Prussian officer at Potsdam, consulted Prince Bismarck, who advised him to accept, adding that a reign in Bulgaria would at least be "a pleasant reminiscence."

After due formalities Prince Alexander,

amid great enthusiasm, took the oath to the Constitution at Tirnova on the 9th of July, 1879. But the Prince had been placed in an impossible position. His career, far from becoming "a pleasant reminiscence," rapidly grew more and more tragic. He found himself surrounded by Cabinet officers who were delegated from St. Petersburg. The arrogant Russian generals absolutely controlled the newly organized army, and dictated their orders without any regard for Bulgarian feelings. The short boundary war with Servia, instigated by Russia, which ended with the complete defeat of the Serbs at Slivinitza, aroused profound admiration in the hearts of the Bulgarians for their new King. For he showed reckless courage upon the field of battle, and soon came to be known as "the hero of Slivinitza and the champion of Bulgarian freedom." Baffled by his growing power and popularity, the Russian agents conspired to seize him secretly and deport him to Russia. This shameful plot was carried out in the dead of night. The Prince was hurried away under threats of assassination, across the Russian border. The expectation was that in the resulting chaos Russia would step in and assume control. But the St. Petersburg diplomats had failed to reckon with the patriot-statesman Stambuloff, who was Speaker of the Bulgarian House and the embodiment of the new national spirit. He was "the Bulgarian Bismarck," and the entire nation rallied to his leadership. Prince Ferdinand, of Bourbon descent, was invited to the throne, and a policy of emancipation from Russian tyranny was openly followed. After the bitter experience of seven years under the Czar's autocracy the Bulgarian peasants declared that they hated the Russians even more than the Turks.

5. The period from 1885 to 1912 has been one of *free development*, not without diplomatic hindrances and annoyances, but affording this little nation of mountaineers the first fair chance for industrial and educational advance. The result has been scientific development of the natural resources of the country and practical experience in self-government, which has given to the common people courage and self-control. The army has been steadily increased, and has been equipped with the most modern arms, no doubt with a premonition of a struggle with the Turks or Austrians. But the failure of the historian rightly to interpret contemporary conditions is illustrated in the fact that one of the most observant English writers recently said that "the old feeling against the Turks has all but died away," and "the Bulgarian atrocities of 1876 have left no traces behind." What would he say of the battle of Lule-Burgas, when the Turks were hurled back in bloody defeat, or of the terrific bayonet assaults upon the Tchataldja forts? The period of free growth and general prosperity has been made the means for extensive and secret preparations.

6. The new period upon which the Bulgarian nation has just entered is that of *expansion*. National ambition is at the root of this, although the desire to free the Christians of Macedonia is very strong, and the instinct of revenge no doubt plays a large part in the motives of the war. Bulgaria can scarcely expect to weld into an empire the other Balkan kingdoms. But the annexation of the lion's share of Macedonia and the humiliation of Turkey will be sure to give this intrepid nation a dominant influence in the peninsula and a direct share in the future politics of Europe. Sir Frank Lascelles once expressed his judgment that the Bulgarians possessed more common sense than any other people he knew. This rare quality of common sense, which no doubt the Bulgars do possess in a much larger degree than any of their neighbors, will help them to work out a reasonable plan for economic expansion and national progress.

America has given to the Bulgarians two priceless gifts: the translation of the Bible into the vernacular and the educational inspiration of Robert College and the American College for Girls (now called Constantinople College). The excellent translation of the Bible, made by a joint committee of American missionaries and native associates, all of them scholarly and experienced linguists, has wrought a strong influence in the renascence of the Bulgarian language. My grandfather, Dr. Elias Riggs, served on this committee. The spiritual and moral force of the Word of God thus intimately brought to every Bulgarian fireside, and even into the school life of the children, is one of the hopeful signs for the future of the nation. The quiet, uplifting influence of the Protestant churches established in Samakov and Philippopolis, and the recent student mass-meetings in Sofia addressed by Dr. John Mott and Mr. Sherwood Eddy, are other instances of American contact and inspiration. The work of the American Board at

Monastir, in European Turkey, is also largely for Bulgarians.

But Robert College, situated on the Bosphorus, and presided over for thirty years by Dr. George Washburn, a lover of the Bulgarians, met the aspiration of the new nation in its hour of greatest need. And what Robert College has been to the young men, Constantinople College has been to the young women and to the homes which have produced the new generation.

From the year 1870 to 1890, when Bulgaria was coming to feel a new consciousness and a new ambition, the young men had no college of their own. Even the schools were very elementary, and there was a pathetic scarcity of teachers. The result was that the boys came crowding to Robert College, where they found a warm welcome and a vision of Western education. Such was the influence of this American college that when the first National Assembly met at Tirnova in 1879 for the adoption of a Constitution, one of the acts of the Assembly was to pass a resolution of gratitude to President Washburn and Professor Long for what they had done toward the elevation and independence of Bulgaria. The Assembly was a unique one, made up largely of peasants, some of them in their sheepskin clothes. Excepting for a group of Robert College graduates, no one knew anything about parliamentary law.

The direct political influence of the College has been very great. In the summer vacation of 1877 Dr. and Mrs. Washburn, to renew old friendships, visited the graduates who were residing in Eastern Rumelia or South Bulgaria. The trip proved to be like a royal progress. Everywhere bishops, military officers, and even the Governor of the province entertained and honored the American guests. A military escort was sent with them from town to town, and they were met at the railway station by the Mayor of Philippopolis. In 1895 the College was honored by a visit from King Ferdinand himself. While he was taking tea at the President's home the King remarked that Robert College had been a nursery for Bulgarian statesmen, and that he hoped it would continue to be so. An incidental note by Dr. Washburn is of dramatic interest: "He did not know it, but he drank his tea out of a cup that once belonged to his grandfather, then Louis Philippe, King of France." Relative to the statement by King Ferdinand, it may be said that for a certain period all the Bulgarian Cabinet Ministers except one were graduates of this College. Prince Alexander, when he commenced his reign in 1879, chose Mr. Stoiloff, of the class of '71, to be his private secretary and confidential adviser. Professor Panaretoff, of the College faculty, was sent to London by Prince Alexander on a special mission to the British Government. The class of 1881 may be taken as an illustration. There were twelve graduates, of whom nine were Bulgarians, two Armenians, and one Greek. Six of the Bulgarians became teachers and one an editor. Four were promoted to important official positions. One has been for many years in the diplomatic service. Mr. Slaveikoff, of the class of 1871, was Minister of Public Instruction until his death. Mr. Stoiloff held the highest positions in the Government and was the best-loved statesman and patriot of his day. The two representatives of Bulgaria at the Hague Conference in 1907, General Vinaroff and Judge Karandjuloff, were Robert College men. Students often overcame great obstacles in traveling to the College, which was situated in their enemies' country. In one instance a party of twelve young Bulgars from places only two or three days from Constantinople were four weeks making the journey. Having vainly tried two routes and having suffered a week in the wretchedness of a Turkish quarantine station, they started a third time and came over the mountains in carriages.

What was it that drew these young men to leave their fatherland and spend the best years of their young manhood in the Turkish capital? Perhaps the natural trend of their aspirations may be understood from the subjects of the orations delivered by the students on a certain Commencement day in the eighties. (And I remember from my own student days in Robert College that the Bulgarian boys were frequently victorious over others in athletic and oratorical contests.) When it is remembered that the spies of Abd-ul-Hamid prevented free speech in all other parts of the city and imprisoned persons suspected of modern ideas without any process of trial, such subjects as these are the more remarkable: Christianity and Patriotism, The Dark Ages, The Influence of the Fine Arts, Representative Government, Violation of Popular Rights, Man and Nature, The Destiny of States and Nations. No wonder that the Russian newspapers often attributed the anti-Russian feeling in Bulgaria

to the influence of Robert College! In a direct political sense the charge was false. But indirectly it was true.

Yet, with all this freedom of expression within the College campus, there have never been any serious disturbances among the students. It has been well said that the College is "a perpetual peace conference between all the nationalities and religions of the Near East." Once, during the perilous days of Russian invasion, the College was attacked by a Mohammedan mob; but the firmness and presence of mind shown by Dr. Washburn and Dr. Long halted and finally dispersed the mob.

It would be mere speculation to forecast the future of Bulgaria. But it seems clear that a nation which has so long held its Christian faith under an overwhelming Moslem domination, a nation which has made its home life the center of fidelity and affection, a nation that has dared to defy the proud Empire of Russia and has ventured to attack the old enemy of Christendom, has yet to reach its true Golden Age when the principles of an enlightened and benevolent Christianity are more thoroughly understood and more implicitly obeyed.

It seems almost certain that the rich and fertile province of Adrianople will be added by this war to the domain of King Ferdinand. This will give a free outlet through the Ægean Sea and will insure to Bulgaria a share in the commerce of the Mediterranean. If the port of Rodosto and the western shore of the Sea of Marmora are permanently occupied, the Turks will be well-nigh driven out of Europe. Salonika, the objective of the Greek campaign, has been taken. The fall of Monastir, with the surrender of five Pashas and fifty thousand troops, has brought decisive victory to the Servian arms. This will nerve the Bulgarians for a final effort. The desire of the troops is set upon celebrating mass in the ancient and majestic Church of Santa Sophia, the jewel of Christendom, condemned since 1453 to be used as a Mohammedan mosque. Meanwhile the scourge of cholera holds the striving nations in suspense. If Constantinople is forced to capitulate, the Bulgarian nation will have won one of the decisive victories of the world's history.

THE PROBLEM OF NATIONAL HEALTH

BY EARL MAYO

IT is estimated that the total physical wealth of the United States is $110,000,000,000. This is the computed value of all the land and all the buildings, all the mines and mills and factories, all the railways and other transportation facilities, all the domestic animals and farm products—in fact, everything in the country that possesses a monetary value except the people themselves. This is a tremendous sum, and the analysis of its components affords plenty of opportunity for indulging in the American fondness for big figures. We all share a little of the pride with which the Secretary of Agriculture makes his annual announcement of the $9,000,000,000 total which represents the yearly value of our agricultural products. We like to contemplate our $17,000,000,000 worth of railways, our $15,000,000,000 annual output of manufactures, and the serrated rows of figures which represent the many items in our National industrial economy. It is a proud record, and it shows that the people of the United States are the richest of the world's great nations, the foremost in material prosperity.

But what of the one item omitted from the above compilation of the country's assets? How about the value to the Nation of the 90,000,000 individuals who compose it? We are accustomed to think of the value of a thing as the price which it will bring, but that of course is based upon its expected productive power. The activities of human beings are the factor that gives value to all other material possessions; and while the daily papers give no quotations of the latest market values of human lives in New York or Chicago, it is possible to estimate the average worth of a life at any stage of its progress on this same basis of its anticipated earning power less the cost of its maintenance.

Experts in the complicated subject of social statistics, following this system, have

figured out for us with elaborate care the economic worth of human life at every period from infancy to advanced age. The dollar value of life increases steadily from birth to maturity, and then declines slowly as the expectation of life decreases. Different estimates vary somewhat for all ages on account of the impossibility of determining with exactness the average earnings of all classes of the population. Adopting for this average figure the sum of $700 a year—which probably is too low to be accurate for Americans—the monetary value of the average life in the United States is found to be a little less than $3,000, varying from $90 for the newborn infant to $4,100 for the matured adult of thirty. These are the figures employed by Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale, in his valuable report to the National Conservation Commission on the subject of National vitality, and they certainly are not excessive.

Adopting Professor Fisher's figure of $2,900 as the average value of the lives of Americans, we find that what may be termed the vital assets of this Nation of 90,000,000 inhabitants amount to upwards of $250,000,000,000, or nearly two and one-third times the entire amount of its other wealth. Although the material progress of the country has been remarkable and the expansion of its industries presents an astonishing record of growth, its most valuable crop is still the human crop; its most important business is the growing of sturdy men and women; and its greatest problem is the conservation of its *human* resources.

The vital stock of the Nation is receiving continual additions to capital in the form of births and is being constantly depleted by deaths, just as, with the merchantable forms of wealth, old capital is being steadily wiped out and new capital created. In the United States the excess of births over deaths has been augmented by a very heavy immigration, so that the supply of vital assets has increased very rapidly. This rate of increase is bound to lessen in the future, and a wise policy of foresight dictates the necessity of care and study in the elimination of the great wastes now caused by accident and disease, which involve not only an impairment of vital assets but also a loss of monetary capital through its investment in the expenses of unnecessary sickness or in lives cut off prematurely.

In the absence of exact registration of deaths in a large part of the country, it is impossible to tell the precise number of lives lost every year as a result of violence and disease. For those cities and States which do keep a record of this matter the rate is about 16.5 for each thousand of the population. There is no reason to suppose that it is less for the remainder of the country. It is safe to say, therefore, that 1,500,000 deaths occur in the United States every year.

The big fact in connection with this million and a half yearly deaths is not their tremendous total. It is the undeniable truth that a very large proportion of them are preventable—that is, postponable for longer or shorter periods. There is no good reason that anybody can adduce why 130,000 Americans should die every year from pulmonary tuberculosis, or upwards of 30,000 from typhoid fever. The degree of preventability varies greatly, of course, with different diseases. In the case of some it is possible by means already known to bring about their total extinction. Others baffle medical skill and thus far refuse to yield to medical research, so that they are not at all preventable under present conditions.

If we make up a table, however, and include in it the number of deaths from each cause and the degree of preventability that we may conservatively ascribe to each one with our present knowledge of preventive measures, we find that the average percentage of avoidable deaths from all causes is 40 per cent. In other words, 600,000 of the 1,500,000 deaths that occur in the United States every year represent absolute waste—unnecessary waste.

In this army of 600,000 victims, uselessly sacrificed at the rate of 50,000 a month, are children in whom are centered the hopes and pride of parents, young men and women just ready to enter on careers of usefulness, earners whose families are deprived of comfortable support, young mothers snatched away from little children who need their care. It is impossible to picture the woe and misery and needless suffering for which these avoidable deaths are responsible; but, to return to the economic phase of the subject, it is possible to compute with fair accuracy the tremendous loss resulting from them.

Most of the unnecessary deaths occur among children or among those who have scarcely reached maturity. The median age of death from pulmonary tuberculosis is 33, and from other forms of tuberculosis 23. For pneumonia it is 37, and for typhoid fever

26. For diphtheria, on the other hand, the median age is three, and for the gastro-intestinal diseases which yearly decimate the children in our large cities the middle age falls in the first year.

Since the diseases most largely preventable bear chiefly on the earlier periods of life, the value of any postponement is considerable. Using the figures previously employed for the monetary value of life at different periods, we find that the average worth of each of the 600,000 possible prolongations is $1,700, or a round total of $1,000,000,000 that could be added annually to the vital assets of the Nation by the adoption of preventive measures entirely feasible.

The methods required for the prevention of unnecessary deaths would at the same time do away with much preventable illness. The conclusion of the most widely recognized authority on the relative extent of sickness and mortality is that for each death there is a little more than two years of invalidity. Applying this rate to the United States, it follows that there are on the average 3,000,000 sick persons in the country at all times. Many of these cases of invalidity are among the very young or the very old, but at least one-third of them are among persons in the productive periods of life, the great majority of whom are engaged in productive occupations. Averaging the earning power of the million workers constantly incapacitated by sickness at only $1.50 a day, the loss of earnings from this cause amounts to $450,000,000 in the course of a year. The cost of medical care, medicines, and nursing averages at least a dollar a day additional, or a yearly total of over $1,000.000,000. Applying to the sum of these two amounts the 40 per cent which represents the preventable portion of this illness gives a figure of more than $500,000,000 as the possible yearly saving on this score, and makes the potential addition to National resources through the elimination of avoidable sickness and death more than $1,500,000,000 a year.

Consideration of a few of the factors that contribute to this vast total indicates that the amount named is probably below rather than above the true figure. It is estimated that the number of persons in the country suffering from tuberculosis is approximately half a million, and of this army perhaps one-half are incapacitated from work, while the productive power of the others is more or less seriously affected. Of the deaths that occur during the period of early maturity one in every three is caused by this disease, which reaps a harvest of more than 130,000 lives every year and costs upward of $200,000,000 in loss of earnings and expense of care, aside from the $250,000,000 that represents the value of the lives destroyed. If the members of the medical profession were given a free hand to deal with this disease, backed by adequate provision for the care of existing cases, tuberculosis could be practically stamped out within a single generation.

The widespread continuance of typhoid fever is absolutely without excuse. Its existence is an indictment of our civilization. Yet it kills something over 30,000 Americans every year—good, sturdy Americans, most of them, just at the prime of life and with their economic value to the Nation at its highest. An expert authority on this subject has placed the annual cost of typhoid to the American people at $212,000,000. Half of this waste could be prevented by the installation of pure water supplies in the typhoid-ridden communities of the country. Half of the remainder could be eliminated by other simple preventive measures. A reasonable estimate of the yearly saving that could be made in this disease alone is $150,000,000.

The mortality from diphtheria has been lowered greatly since the discovery and adoption of its antitoxin, but it still destroys as many lives as typhoid. A remarkable reduction has been accomplished in the deaths caused by the other diseases of childhood, but nearly one-fifth of all the children born still die within the first year, and more than one-quarter before they reach the age of five. Of this slaughter of the innocents fully one-half could be avoided. Out of the 400,000 children who die every year in the United States, 200,000 or more might be preserved to lives of future usefulness by the adoption of preventive measures well within present knowledge.

The cost of what are usually described as social diseases is quite impossible to estimate, but a distinguished authority makes the statement that they are responsible for half the cost of all our institutions for the care of defectives. It is well known that they are among the heaviest contributors to infant mortality, to insanity, and to certain other diseases which are of particularly serious import for the reason that their frequency is increasing instead of decreasing. Certainly the loss to National efficiency which they

impose is not less than that caused by tuberculosis.

This list could be amplified to include many other diseases that we know how to prevent but do not prevent. Within recent years, for example, medical research has conquered malaria; but still there are from 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 cases of malaria in the United States every year, representing a monetary loss that runs into the millions. Nobody who has given the matter any attention whatever can doubt for a moment the tremendous size of the stake set before us as a reward for the intelligent conservation of National human resources. The prize is the most gorgeous ever offered to a people. What are we doing to earn it?

The story bids fair to become a classic of the farmer who wrote to the Department of Agriculture about his sick hog and received prompt advice that saved the porcine life, while his neighbor who applied to Washington for information that might help his sick wife was informed that the Government could do nothing for her. The usual moral drawn from this tale, that it is better to be a sick hog to be looked after than a sick human being to be neglected, is one that we ought to revise. Suppose we make it read: It is better for a Government, after providing fully for the health of the $250,000,000 worth of American hogs, to pay a little attention to the health of $250,000,000,000 worth of American citizens. Still, we are not in a position to blame Uncle Sam too severely for his neglect in this matter. Too many of our own health habitations are of glass. The man of wealth gives instant attention to the slightest ailment of his favorite horse or his pet dog, but he neglects his own physical troubles until their accumulated total becomes hopeless. The workman declines to make use of the safety device installed for his own protection because it is "too much trouble." We all have too much the point of view of Uncle Samuel. We realize that there is money in hogs. We fail to realize that there is money—a lot more of it—in men. We need to be educated out of our National habit of carelessness in matters of health; and this is a work that the National Government can undertake better than any other agency, through a Department of Health, just as it is daily educating the farmers through the Department of Agriculture to make their acres more productive, to make their herds more valuable, and to protect their crops from the attack of pests that frequently assail them.

It will not do to assume, because the Federal Government gives slight heed to the physical welfare of the general body of citizens, that it pays no attention whatever to health conditions. In a small way it operates a number of agencies charged specifically with the task of looking after health conditions in certain restricted spheres. These health agencies are scattered among the different departments of the Government, including the State, War, Navy, Treasury, Agricultural, Commerce and Labor, and Interior, besides independent bureaus for the District of Columbia and in the Government Printing Office. Approximately $15,000,000 a year is appropriated by Congress for the work of these independent and unrelated agencies. Among them there is inevitably much duplication of equipment and of effort. Duplication means waste. More important than this waste, however, is the fact that there are great gaps left unfilled between the activities of these bureaus, and these gaps comprise the most important fields that governmental effort in behalf of public health should cover, because they are the fields occupied by the greatest number of persons.

Of the Congressional appropriations for health purposes, the larger part, about three-fifths, goes to the medical departments of the army and navy, and of this amount more than three-quarters goes to the army. An efficient medical corps is recognized as an essential feature of a modern fighting force. The United States has able men in these branches of its service, but the service itself is organized in such a way as to reduce their efforts in many cases to the minimum of efficiency. The youngest lieutenant of the line can upset the most careful arrangements of the best sanitarian in the service if he chooses to do so.

When the Japanese engaged in war with Russia, their health officers went ahead of the army, selected the camp sites and made provisions for their sanitation. The result was that they went through that conflict without the usual army scourge of typhoid fever and with an immunity from the diseases ordinarily attendant upon military operations that aroused the admiration of the world. In our own brief conflict with Spain the health officers were ignored. The location and arrangement of camps were dic-

tated by line officers, most of them entirely inexperienced in such matters. As a consequence twenty thousand American soldiers were attacked by typhoid, and more than fifteen hundred were killed by it. Nor were the greater number of cases of the disease confined to Cuba. The camps at Chickamauga and other points in the United States established a frightful record in this respect and were responsible for the major part of the sickness and deaths.

After the war, when the United States took charge of Cuba, it happened, by a circumstance almost accidental, that a man of medical training, General Leonard Wood, was placed in command of the island. Under his administration members of the medical service, with outside volunteers, under the direction of Dr. Walter Reed, were intrusted with the work of investigating yellow fever. They found how the disease was spread and how it could be prevented, with the result that the mortality from yellow fever, which had been 428 to every hundred thousand of population in Havana in 1897, was stopped absolutely by 1902. The city, and to a great extent the whole island, was cleared of its worst scourge. This work, which is a striking illustration of what can be accomplished under favorable conditions, has been worth millions of dollars to the United States by protecting our own Southern ports and by teaching us how to combat this dreaded scourge. The inquiry naturally arises, Why are not conditions made favorable for such work at all times and in all places? If we are justified in cleaning up Cuba, why are we not justified in cleaning up the plague spots within our own domain? If it is good business to drive malaria out of the Panama Canal Zone, why would it not be good business to drive it out of our Southern States, where 2,000,000 persons suffer from its attacks every year? Is there any good reason why we should hesitate to create a department of our Government with the ability, the power, and the prestige necessary to do systematically for the people of the continental United States what we have been able and willing to do in isolated cases for our neighbors and our dependencies?

One of our National health agencies to which the statesmen at Washington point with pride whenever their derelictions in the matter of provision for the public health are mentioned is the Public Health Service. Nobody has ever ventured to attack the personnel of the Public Health Service or the efficiency of its efforts whenever it has been able to work with a free hand. But the point is exactly here—that it is not likely to be allowed a free hand in any serious crisis.

The visitor from Mars inspecting our governmental scheme probably would have considerable difficulty in guessing the department of the National administration to which this important health agency is assigned. It is unlikely that he would seek for it under the Department of the Treasury, but that is where it has been placed. The head of this Department is selected for the position because of his knowledge of finance. Usually he is a banker. He is kept so busy looking after matters of revenue, trying to prevent customs frauds, dealing with an occasional panic, and attending to the multifarious duties connected with the financial side of his work that he would need to be superhuman to have any time left over to devote to the question of public health. By the very nature of his position, as well as by his training, the subject is unlikely to possess any strong interest for him, and the health service is one of the very minor divisions of his Department.

One striking instance may be cited to show what happens to a Public Health Service administered by the financial officer of the Government. More than ten years ago, in 1900, or possibly a year or two before that, bubonic plague appeared in San Francisco. Its presence was determined by the absolute identification of cases in that year. Bubonic plague is a terrible disease. It has been a scourge of the Orient for centuries. As many as a million persons have died in the course of a single epidemic. The discovery of plague in any city is sufficient cause for serious alarm—not for a panic, but for the sort of alarm that expresses itself in prompt and vigorous efforts to prevent the spread of the disease and to stamp it out.

Was San Francisco alarmed? Most assuredly it was; but its alarm took the form of an all-controlling fear that the presence of the plague might become generally known, that visitors might be kept away from the city, that "business" might suffer. After the first announcements all the power of the controlling business interests of San Francisco was devoted to suppressing knowledge of the existence of the disease in the city. The local newspapers were throttled, and printed bitter denials of the facts instead of the facts themselves. The press associations, by per-

suasion or intimidation, were prevented from carrying news of the situation to the outside world. It was so difficult to get at the truth of the situation that the New York newspaper with which I was then connected sent a prominent medical man to San Francisco to investigate. But the influence of San Francisco business interests extended clear across the continent and was exerted upon this newspaper even before its commissioner had completed his work. The newspaper was not thoroughly intimidated. The report of its medical investigator was published, and it showed the existence of plague in San Francisco, but it was so toned down as to minimize the apparent danger.

When the outbreak first came to the official knowledge of the San Francisco Board of Health, that body declared a quarantine against the Chinatown district of the city. Chinatown was one of the sights of the city, an attraction to visitors. An obliging circuit judge was found, a United States judge, to declare this quarantine illegal, and in doing so he rendered the extra-judicial opinion that "there is not now, and never has been, a case of plague in this city."

For the protection of the remainder of the country the officials of the Public Health Service declared a quarantine against the State of California. It was beyond the power of local judges to remove this barrier to the spread of the disease, but it was not beyond the power of the big business interests that had accomplished so much already in the direction of suppression. The report of the members of the Service who had proved the existence of plague was discredited and denied and the men themselves were sent to remote and foreign stations. It was not until the following year that a commission of prominent scientists was appointed to make an investigation which showed conclusively the existence of numerous cases of plague in the heart of San Francisco. Even then the report of this commission was not given out promptly, as required by law, but was held back until the substance of its findings had been published by medical journals and by the Sacramento "Bee"—not, it will be noted, by the San Francisco newspapers, although these might have been expected to find the keenest news interest in the findings of the commission. But for this independent publication it might have been very much longer before the report would have been allowed the sight of day.

The Federal Government has spent more than a million dollars in killing rats on the Pacific Coast, and these sums have been supplemented by local appropriations. Business interests do not object to rat-killing—unless too much noise is made about it—but it is much easier to stamp out a danger of this sort in the beginning than to overtake it after it has gained great headway.

In other parts of the country the same effort of business interests to suppress unpleasant facts has been witnessed, though usually not on so extensive a scale as in the struggle by California to hide the bubonic plague. I was in New Orleans at the time of the last serious outbreak of yellow fever. For ten days before any statement appeared publicly in reference to the disease its presence in the city was a matter of common knowledge. It was the subject of earnest but subdued discussion on the Board of Trade and in the hotel lobbies. It was talked over in the newspaper offices. During all this time the strongest kind of pressure was exerted by important business interests to secure the adoption of a policy of concealment. Publication of the truth would hurt business, they argued. The city would feel the effects for years. The effort failed, thanks largely to the determined stand of a fearless and independent health officer. New Orleans attacked the outbreak openly and vigorously; the co-operation of the Public Health Service was obtained, and the city was thoroughly cleaned and put into a condition which makes it unlikely that it will ever again suffer seriously from yellow fever. Had the business opposition not been conquered at home, it is difficult to say how far-reaching the mischief might have been.

In connection with this San Francisco incident it is not necessary to attribute consciously improper motives to the Secretary of the Treasury or to any one else connected with the Federal Government. No doubt there were—or were supplied—satisfactory reasons for transferring the men who refused to close their eyes to the existence of plague in San Francisco. Accustomed by virtue of his position to give chief consideration to the demands of business, a Secretary of the Treasury would be likely to be moved by the argument that a certain policy would involve serious financial loss. But if a matter of this sort were in charge of a Secretary of Health, appointed to give chief consideration to the public welfare and responsible for the effect

of his actions upon the public health, his decision in such a case would be likely to be altogether different.

The greater number of the National agencies dealing with the subject of health are under the direction of the Secretary of Agriculture and are adjuncts of his Department. Of these the one that bears most directly upon the health of the people is the Bureau of Chemistry, intrusted with the administration of the Pure Food Law. This law was passed for the protection of the public from impure and adulterated foods and drugs, but to the minds of many persons some of the rulings under it have been designed to interfere as little as possible with the business of those interests that fought its enactment tooth and nail. The persistent thwarting of Dr. Harvey W. Wiley's efforts to enforce the Pure Food Law formed a principal cause of his resignation as Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, and was done with the sympathy of some of his influential associates in the Department of Agriculture. This was possible because the Department under which Dr. Wiley's bureau did its work was devoted primarily not to questions of health but to questions of industry and production. It is perhaps not remarkable that to the mind of a Secretary intent on the prosperity of our tremendous agricultural industry the interests of the men who handle a vast bulk of the products of the farm loom larger than those of the well-intentioned fanatics who desire to avoid eating products preserved with injurious chemicals. A Secretary of Public Health would view the subject from a different angle.

Potentially one of the important agencies for public health is the Division of Purification of Water Supplies. At present this is an appendage of the Bureau of Plant Industry in the Department of Agriculture, a location which is not likely to give it great influence or opportunity for effective action. There is a big job waiting for just this sort of a body in the prevention of the great amount of typhoid caused by the pollution of lakes and streams used as sources of water supply. In a department and with a position that would enable it to cope with this difficult task, it might easily become the means of saving millions of dollars to the Nation every year through the restriction of this one disease. Another subordinate branch of the Department of Agriculture that might be made of vastly greater scope and value if it were made part of a comprehensive department devoted to the subject of health is the Division of Nutrition, which is devoted to determining the effect of various substances upon the body and the relative value of different foodstuffs. There is a vast field for experiment in this direction that might shed important light upon the problem of preventing certain serious diseases.

In the Department of Commerce and Labor are two important agencies that could be made vastly more effective if they were included in a Department of Health. The Bureau of Labor has made occasional studies of the health of workers in various trades, of the relation between occupation and disease, of factory sanitation and industrial hygiene. So far as its resources allow, it has been nibbling at the tremendous problem of the health and efficiency of our industrial workers—a problem that requires long, detailed, and systematic study, such as probably would be given to it by a National Department of Health.

In the Census Bureau, a branch of the Department of Commerce and Labor, is the Division of Vital Statistics. The subject of American vital statistics is one that it is difficult to discuss without using intemperate language. For, roughly, half our population we have no vital statistics worth mentioning, and for the other half they are so incomplete and inaccurate that no European authority will accept them without serious qualification. It is in no wise the fault of the census officials that this condition exists; but there is at least reason to hope that if the subject of health were raised to its proper position of dignity and importance, this phase of it, so essential to the correct understanding of vital conditions, would receive due attention.

Scattered among these various bureaus and divisions are sixteen chemical laboratories, all doing more or less similar work, and four pharmacological laboratories, all engaged in research in the action and standards of drugs. Were these twenty separate laboratories combined into two—one chemical and one pharmacological—there would be not only a great economy through the avoidance of duplication in equipment and effort, but there would be also a fair chance of the creation of a great National chemical laboratory fully equipped for studying the important problems of National scope that are pressing for solution.

More important even than the need for

expansion in the work of those National health agencies now in existence is the necessity for attention to great problems now receiving no attention whatever. The study of the causes of disease, the conditions that lead to its spread, and the measures necessary for its prevention, is surely a task of National size. Yet this is a subject that our proud Nation is content to leave to the private philanthropy of a Rockefeller, a Phipps, or a Russell Sage. Not only is such effort of vast possibilities in adding to the comfort and happiness of the people of the country, but there is money in it, as we have seen—more money than there is in preventing hog cholera or exterminating the boll-weevil, important and praiseworthy as these movements unquestionably are.

The greatest single work that awaits a National Department of Health, however, is educational work—the spread among the people of the United States of a practical knowledge of the means by which diseases already shown to be preventable can be controlled and exterminated. This work might well follow along the lines employed so successfully by the Department of Agriculture in teaching the farmers of the country how to combat insect pests, plant blights, and animal diseases. The need for this work is the real reason for the creation of a *Department* of Health, rather than a Bureau—that it may command the attention of the people, that its messages may come to them with authority, and that the consideration of the whole subject may be placed upon the plane which its importance deserves. Here again we have an excellent analogy in the Department of Agriculture, which has increased tremendously in value and influence since it was raised from the position of a mere Bureau to that of a full-fledged Department. Such educational work as a National Department of Health could do and should do would be a most potent influence toward saving the billion and a half dollars of waste now annually incurred through preventable sickness and death.

Who shall say that the subject of health is not of sufficient importance to deserve such treatment? As has been shown, it vitally concerns our most valuable National assets, the one thing on which depends the value of all our material wealth, the safety and very life of the Nation itself. At the same time, it should be pointed out that it is the members of Congress who are quibbling about forms, about the rights of this and that branch of the Governmental machine, about the advisability or inadvisability of increasing the size of the Cabinet. The workers for more adequate National attention to this tremendous problem of human conservation are not sticking at forms. They see a great work and a great need, and are anxious that the work be begun and the need be satisfied as quickly as possible. Their position was fairly presented by Dr. Wiley when he said, in answer to a question put at one of the Congressional hearings on this subject:

> I do not care anything about the name of the department. I would like to see one department—I do not know what you would call it—charged with the public health, public education, and public welfare, without being mixed up with promoting trades or extending agriculture or anything else—one department absolutely altruistic, which could stand above every interest and every demand of greed and graft which comes so often to us all from all parts of the country. You want to do something for the public health, and somebody comes up and says, "You are interfering with my business if you do it." How many thousands of times do you not hear that "You must not do this; you are interfering with my business"!

There we have it, bluntly spoken in plain terms. Work for the public welfare interferes with business. It is the cry of San Francisco confronted by the plague. It is the cry of the purveyors of rotten foodstuffs threatened with the Pure Food Law. It is the cry of the concocters of harmful or worthless nostrums contemplating the enlightenment of the people. Behind those Senators and Representatives so fearful of unduly magnifying the importance of the Nation's health by giving it recognition along with agriculture and war and commerce and labor; behind those high officials so ready to strain existing law and to nullify its protection because it hurts trade; behind those figureheads who bring ridiculous charges against honest officials; behind those loud-mouthed trumpeters of imaginary dangers who try to befog the issue—behind all these skulk strange figures. We glimpse now and then sinister shadows. They are the shadows cast by business—the kind of business that will suffer from efforts for the public good. It will be worth while for the American people to try to identify the substance of these shadows, to push aside the puppets and manikins and to drag the skulkers behind them into the light of day. Then they may decide for themselves whether or not it is well to interfere with the business

that is so strenuous in its opposition but so chary of showing itself in the open, whether or not they are willing to accept it as a satisfactory offset to the lives of their 600,000 fellow-Americans who fill unnecessary graves every year.

A FRIEND ON DECK

BY EDWARD A. STEINER

TRAVELING in the steerage is a habit from which one is easily weaned, especially when the steamship company's agent suggests that there are certain things which can better be studied from the captain's table and the purser's office or the director's desk at the home port.

Inasmuch as the purpose of this journey was a study of the "Care of the Emigrant," and as I know his side of the story fairly well, I took the hint. I studied the problem from the commercial and official view-point as I traveled across the Atlantic and from one port of embarkation to another; but I accepted only such privileges as did not hamper my absolute freedom, and which seemed necessitated by the nature of the inquiry.

This sort of semi-official journey for the purpose of such important investigations had great advantages, for many channels which would have been absolutely closed to me as a steerage passenger were opened. Unfortunately, however, they often bore the evidences of having been dug for the occasion—at least the aforesaid channels were sometimes suspiciously clean and the time of my visitation timed rather too accurately. Having seen all these harbors and transfer stations, as well as the steerage, over and over again—without escort—of course I had no difficulty in detecting the difference between the staging set up for my benefit and that which the emigrant has to face when there are no "distinguished" visitors present. So I could afford to permit the preparations to be made and enjoy hearing the brass band play for me on foreign shores "The Star-Spangled Banner," dine with royal commissioners, and travel in Government yachts.

On the whole, it may be said that the strict enforcement of the laws at Ellis Island immediately manifests itself in Fiume, Triest, Hamburg, and Bremen. Never were emigrants so closely scrutinized as they are now, and never were so many refused permission to take passage to the United States. From three to five physicians examine every traveler from the time he leaves his home until he reaches his steerage quarters, and so searching a physical test was never applied to him even when he was being drafted into the army. Not even the most radical restrictionist could subject the emigrant to a severer scrutiny than that which is now exercised.

After seeing over one hundred thousand steerage passengers, one could not help believing that the despair of the Royal Commissioner of Emigration of Hungary was genuine when he threw up his hands and cried, "You are robbing us of the flower of our manhood and womanhood!" The fact that one ship whose loading we watched carried sixteen hundred people of whom only three per cent were above the ages of twenty-eight and only two per cent below fourteen proved the truth of his statement.

It is not the aim of this article to point out the many wrongs still practiced against the emigrant, nor to call attention to the admirable care taken of him at such ports as Hamburg and Triest; but to point out one unused opportunity to prepare him properly for his ordeal at Ellis Island, to instruct him as to the advantages awaiting him outside our cities, and to help disentangle his confusion of mind and soul as he faces the unknown country.

The privilege of making such a test was granted me through the courtesy of the Hamburg-American Line, which gave me permission to use its steerage as a laboratory, while its officers aided me in my task in every possible way. My face was familiar to nearly all the steerage passengers, for before embarkation they had seen me standing beside the examining physicians, and, later, on

the gangplank as they boarded the ship; and in each case I asked them many personal questions.

My official position was emphasized by the fact that I made the rounds of the ship with the captain each day, and that I was treated by officers and seamen with marked respect. This, instead of making my approach to the steerage passengers more difficult, as I feared it might, had the opposite effect. I discovered that whenever I stopped to talk to an individual I not only received courteous replies, but that he was glad, even proud, to be spoken to by a man with authority. Moreover, the men in his group were eager to be spoken to and came to me with many questions and complaints.

There were eleven hundred steerage passengers; of these six hundred were adult males, and I spoke to every one of them during the ten days of the trip. I learned much of each man's history and was enabled in many cases to tell him something of the new place and country to which he was going, of the immigration laws and their enforcement, the opportunities farther west, the institutions which would aid him, and those he should avoid.

It is characteristic of nearly all steerage passengers that they try to fortify themselves against the officials at Ellis Island by all sorts of lies which they think will enable them to enter the country. For instance, a Turkish Jew had the idea that he would be more likely to be admitted if he said that he was a Turk rather than a Jew. When I inquired about his religion, he replied, "I am a Turk." Then I asked him how many wives he had. He stopped as if to count, and said, "Seven." When I told him that seven wives were six too many and that no polygamists are admitted to the United States, he readily admitted, what I already knew, that he was a son of Abraham rather than of Ishmael.

A boy of sixteen, who was going to his uncle, a baker, had been warned not to come into conflict with the contract labor law, and insisted that he had no friends nor job awaiting him.

A young girl of twenty told me that, through correspondence, she had arranged with a young man whom she did not know to claim her as his cousin. She hoped to find such favor in his eyes that he would marry her.

A man of fifty who had nearly a thousand dollars told me he had but fifty, fearing that he would be taxed if it were known how much money he was bringing.

In all cases I insisted that the best way to placate Uncle Sam was to tell the truth, and that nothing was to be gained by lying.

I was also able to straighten out many curious and incomplete addresses which would have delayed the immigrants in reaching their friends, or made it wholly impossible. For instance, one youth was going to his brother at Pleece Kal, R. F. No. 3715 LoranO. I do not know that he would ever have reached his destination: *Please call*, Rural Free Delivery 3715, Lorain, Ohio. It is certain that he would have been long detained at Ellis Island before the mysterious address could have been deciphered.

One of the most serious problems of the steerage is that of the relation of the sexes, and I could warn young women, reprimand the men, and tell all of them something of the moral ideals in our social life.

There were many opportunities to explain the nature of our government, the laws of citizenship, and the chances for an education. But that which seemed the simplest and at the same time the most important service I rendered was to tell those who were going into the interior of our country the best route to take, how to prepare themselves for the journey, and what were the values of our money.

Never before had I established such vital contact with my fellow-passengers as on this trip, when I was related to them in an official capacity; or, to state it more correctly, when I was a self-appointed official friend.

Unfortunately, the cabin passengers were landed on Sunday morning and the steerage passengers had to wait until Monday afternoon. I promised all of them that I would meet them at Ellis Island, and they looked forward to the landing with at least a little less fear.

On Monday afternoon I found them packed in the barges which brought them to the island, and when they saw that I had kept my word they cheered me and greeted me as I wanted to be greeted—as a friend.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Williams, the Commissioner of Immigration, I was permitted to supervise the examination of my friends and bring to the attention of the inspectors those who needed to be looked after first, that they might catch their trains. I was also authorized to insist upon the exchange of such railway tickets as seemed

to take them over a circuitous route. I also attended the hearings of those who were detained, and gave important testimony. When the last passenger left Ellis Island, I felt that I had really been of service to over eleven hundred people, and that I should like best to travel again as a *friend* on the ship.

They had crossed the ocean, their rights protected, their problems explained, and their fears dispelled by a *friend*. They were examined and admitted to the United States under the auspices of a *friend;* and the question arises, Why should not every ship have a friend on board who could give his whole time to this most important task?

With every ship which carries passengers from its home ports the Italian Government insists upon sending a royal commissioner who looks after the rights of his fellow-countrymen; at least, he is supposed to guard their rights. With scarcely any exceptions, however, these men are bureaucrats of the worst sort, who play and smoke with the first-class passengers and let their countrymen shift for themselves. In nearly every dispute brought to my attention they have taken the side of the steamship company.

In other ports it is one of the customs of the steamship company to serve its finest wines and best cigars to those officials who come to examine the conditions under which their people travel. In one case the royal commissioner was under the influence of liquor, or, rather, plain drunk, while the ship on which his charges were being driven was filthy, overrun by vermin, and short of many of its crew on account of desertion. Our United States consuls at the ports I have investigated, with very rare exceptions, are either ignorant of existing conditions, seemingly without authority, or, as in one case, stupidly careless, for when I reported to this man the condition in which I found the steerage he replied: "Oh, well, they are not traveling *de luxe*." Now, why should not the United States provide an official *friend* who would do what I tried to do? A law to this effect could easily be passed; the problem, of course, would be to find the men.

The following qualifications are not so rare but that the men ought to be found: A speaking knowledge of three languages, an acquaintance with the environment under which the immigrant has to live, unimpeachable character, and, above everything else, a knowledge of men, the ability to distinguish quickly between the truth and a lie, and a keen sympathy—which last is something more than merely having a good heart. There are many criticisms of this plan which rise in my own mind even as I suggest it. First, whether our United States commissioner, or whatever he was called, would not be corrupted by the good cigars and wines of the steamship company and the alluring society in the first cabin. To a degree this could be guarded against by giving him a decent room on the steerage side of the ship, with the privilege of taking his meals in the second cabin. He would have many more interested and important people watching his work and behavior than the Italian commissioner has, from the very fact that the passengers in the cabins are largely Americans.

The one thing which cannot well be guarded against is that he, too, might become bureaucratic, and so defeat the very object of his office. He needs to be the friend of a rather unattractive group of people, and for that reason it would be better if the office could be filled by some of those young idealists in whom religion has awakened the love of humanity regardless of the class in which it travels through life.

That such a friend is needed by the steerage passengers is self-evident, and I have tried to prove by my experiment that the immigrant will make use of such an officer.

I wish I might be able to impress Congress with the fact that such an officer would serve his country as well as the immigrant, and impress upon it the necessity of creating such an office. Then I should like to prove to the self-sacrificing, idealistic youths of this country that they ought to apply for the job, because it is a job worth while. I confess that I am confident that Congress would have less difficulty in getting the officers than in creating the office.

THE SPECTATOR

THE 9th of November is an important day in the civic life of London, and a delight to all "ye lovers" of pageantry. The Spectator is one of those simple people who, childishly perhaps, still thrills at the sight of marching soldiers and follows the column just for the enjoyment of keeping step to the military music. But when to these delights are added a real gilded coach, six gayly caparisoned horses, and a live postilion with a cracking whip, the Spectator feels his heart beat like any boy's, and he claps his hands in excitement. In fact, he is forgetting all about sequence and co-ordination and all such literary truths in his eagerness to take the reader into the very midst of the fun. For the 9th of November is Lord Mayor's Day in London, and is gladdened by the one old pageant still preserved in the life of the city. On that morning, with trumpet and drum and "youthful jollity," the change of Lord Mayors is celebrated. Dick Whittington, heralded by clanging Bow bells, thrice held this honored post, but since his rule London has had a new Lord Mayor every year with the regularity of Greenwich clock-work. The Spectator was fortunate enough to have a ticket for the balcony of the Mansion House, where the municipal head of the capital has his official and private residence.

The procession starts from the Guildhall, where the flock of pigeons cooingly echo Venice and its Piazza di San Marco. Down Princess Street it passes and makes a sweeping turn just below the balcony of the Mansion House. The setting for the pageant is unique. Opposite looms the Bank of England, a very rock of gold and mountain of bank-notes on which largely rests the prosperity of Great Britain. On one side is the Royal Exchange with its Corinthian portico, while across the way is the Mansion House, whence issue the laws that govern the city of London. In the triangular space between these symbols of England's greatness converges the traffic of the capital. A stream as unending as life itself meets and passes here, while the affairs of the world are influenced by the decisions reached within those three buildings. As the time approaches for the passing of the procession the streets are cleared of vehicles. The subdued roar of a crowd succeeds the noise of the suspended traffic as swaying ranks of people cover the pavements. Children are everywhere, clinging to their mothers' skirts and perched on the shoulders of their fathers. Here was a show free to all, and the thrifty British souls made the most of such an opportunity. The Duke of Wellington on horseback, in marble immobility, dominated the throng, which seemed to be patient, happy, and good-humored, like every typical English crowd.

A mist clouded the scene, uncertain whether to melt into the crisp air or remain, veiling everything in a white shroud. The effect was Rembrandtesque, but dampening to ardor. Yet the time of waiting soon passed, for the Spectator became absorbed anew in the skill and efficiency of the London "bobbies." They managed the mass of conflicting wills as absolutely as though the crowd had formed one body. They were so genial and jolly, too, that the dislike of the proletariat to those in authority could not exist in the kindly atmosphere of protection which the English policemen diffuse.

Such deductions were cut short, for on a sudden around the corner swung a gilded coach. It was a hundred and fifty years old, yet still gorgeous, and a very fat and pompous coachman in wig and three-cornered hat drove the six horses, while a jaunty postilion rode one of the leaders and cracked his whip to the gaping crowd. It was a regular Cinderella equipage, straight from the realm of fairyland. But, alas! no fair Cinderella alighted from the coach as it came to a swaying standstill in front of the Mansion House. It was quite empty. There it stood and waited for the Lord Mayor, who, preceded by lackeys, soon appeared, descended the stairs to the ringing cheers of the throng, and entered the picturesque coach. Away they went to the Guildhall, there to join the procession, while the City Marshal in scarlet rode bravely ahead to clear the road.

An hour ticked itself away, enlivened by galloping buglers, wearing peaked velvet caps and gilded coats, or trotting troops of cavalry, all hastening to the Guildhall. The increased activity of the police and the squad of ambulance assistants finally assured the Spectator and his *confrères* that the procession itself was on the way. At last it came into sight, and the effect was superb. Soldiers and civilians, sailors and aldermen, followed in such quick succession that the order is rather vague in the mind of the Spectator, confused by the flash of colors and the stirring music of the brass bands. He remembers a huge lifeboat manned by "jolly Jack tars" and an ancient press with its grinning "printer's devil." There were gay banners and fluttering flags carried by various guilds and military or naval schools; there was the usual number of red coats and

bear-skin helmets, and some uniforms of Nattier blue. Solemn mace-bearers and gilded coaches with lackeys clinging on behind and grim sheriffs inside all passed by under the light of the sun, which had finally consented to smile on the pageant. But best of all was the group of literary and historical personages mounted on fractious steeds which their riders managed gingerly or recklessly, to the amusement of the crowd. William Shakespeare won the most applause. He was dressed in black velvet, and was followed by personifications of his plays, also mounted and very debonair. Many jeering sallies greeted "Bottom" with his ass's head. Little Comus, riding in the train of Milton, was very popular. Monarchs and princes figured in the procession, too; Julius Cæsar, laurel-crowned, sitting in his chariot, and little Prince Arthur on his pony, both excited exclamations. The first caused murmurs of wonder, the second of pity. Tragic death coming to a man rarely arouses the universal sympathy which the same fate causes when a child is the victim.

And on streamed the gala procession with its picturesque pageantry and military bands until it had vanished in the distance. So thrilled was the Spectator in these pages from the past that he forgot all about the present until a cup of steaming coffee was offered him in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House. Then he realized how cold it had become.

Curiously enough, on the ninth day of November, London has three Lord Mayors: the outgoing, the incoming, and the acting Lord Mayor. The latter on this occasion proved a pleasant and genial gentleman who offered to show the Spectator over the Mansion House. Into the court where cases are tried, down to the strong room lined with glittering gold and silver plate, through the bustling kitchens where joints were roasting on spits in lavish and old-fashioned style, and up again to the gaudy reception-rooms and quiet council chambers, the Spectator followed his guide. The hospitable Lord Mayor suggested luncheon, which was followed by an invitation to hear him judge some cases in the court-room below. A pickpocket was first tried. He was pale and gaunt, and protested "Not guilty." The judging Lord Mayor, after hearing the evidence, replied: "Three months' hard labor for your innocence, my poor fellow." Oh, that look of hate from the starved eyes of the thief as he turned away from the judge, prosperous, honest, sitting in fur-lined robe and golden chain and pronouncing sentence on the wretch—the one, born to misery and hunger, dragging out a mere existence in the mire of the down-trodden; the other, gifted at birth with opportunities as golden as his chain, all the chances, all the luck leading him onward, till he sits in judgment above the unfortunate. Yet justice is just, though mistakes are made, and this man must go to prison in the name of law, for he was known to the police as a professional pickpocket; a few months in jail, a deeper impress of the prison stamp, release for a while, the wretch grown more hardened and brazen, and then a repetition of just such a scene in the Mansion House court-room; and thus is writ, in letters of shame, the life of a man.

Such meditations depressed the Spectator as he listened abstractedly to a few more cases, and the judge, by that curious telepathy of the mind, read his thoughts. So that later, walking back through the maze of apartments, he told a tale, and it was this. Riding one day in the tube, this gentleman asked a man sitting beside him what his paper said of a recent disaster at sea. Instead of replying, the man looked keenly at his interlocutor and asked a counter-question. Had he not sat on the bench three years before? Answering in the affirmative, the gentleman waited for further explanation. The stranger's face lighted up wonderfully as he replied: "I owe you an endless debt of gratitude, sir; you sent me to prison then, and it made me an honest man. I remember your face well, and can never forget that kindness you did me. Your act made me realize the meaning of justice and of right. You brought me up with a good round turn, and shame did the rest." Saying which a trifle brokenly, the unknown man jumped from the train and disappeared in the crowd. "But the glow in my heart, Mr. Spectator, remains to this day whenever I think of the gratitude of that stranger. And when the sight of so much crime and misfortune makes me wonder what the justice of it can be, I think of that unknown man."

"'Never dreamed though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,'" murmured the Spectator as he shook hands with his host.

"'Held, we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,'" finished the kindly Lord Mayor, cordially returning the pressure.

And as the Spectator walked away he thought doubtingly of the story of the alderman who asked with scorn, "Palladio, who was he—was he a freeman of the city?" and thereupon rejected the great architect's design for the Mansion House because forsooth he was only an Italian. That official's ignorance was difficult to believe after such an interview with the gentleman who quoted Browning with the same ease that he formulated a philosophy of his own, and who, in spite of it all, was an alderman himself a year before. Education truly has done wonders even with the men in high office.

THE NEW BOOKS

Your United States. By Arnold Bennett. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.

If one may judge by comments heard and extracts printed, no magazine articles of the year have been more widely read than those in which Mr. Arnold Bennett presented his impressions of a first visit to this country. Americans are thought to be somewhat sensitive to comments of foreign visitors, and the reason is found in the fact that too many books of this kind have generalized so sweepingly, often after very superficial observation. Mr. Bennett disarms criticism of this kind because he shows so plainly that what he has to record is exactly what he calls it—impressions. Here, as always, he visualizes for the reader most distinctly and sharply those things which did, in fact, interest him in a limited but active survey of certain things in American life. He will be the first to admit that things not seen by him might be seen by others which would modify the notes and comments he makes. It is his great merit that he does not pretend to be exhaustive or exact or to throw into full perspective the separate things talked about. The book certainly makes agreeable and often suggestive reading.

Wanderer in Florence (A). By E. V. Lucas. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

Most people know that Mr. Lucas is not only humorist, essayist, and novelist, but also art critic and art lover. When his wanderings took him to Florence, he naturally found in that greatest of art centers abundant material in architecture, sculpture, and painting for description, comparison, and criticism of an informal but discriminating kind. He has covered the ground thoroughly and in a way all his own. We cordially and unhesitatingly commend the volume both to those who know Florence already and to those who mean to visit it and who want something different from the ordinary handbook. The publishers have illustrated the work fully and with discretion.

Spirit of French Literature (The). By Mabell S. C. Smith.. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

Mrs. Smith's little book on Dickens may have prepared her readers somewhat for the larger study contained in the present volume—a survey of French literature with special attention to the political and economical conditions of the particular period which produced that literature. For instance, let us consider the realism of the nineteenth century. Renan was one of its exponents. Mrs. Smith says of him in part:

> Moralist, philosopher, philologist, historian, scientist, Renan brought a powerful mind to bear on a multiplicity of themes which he developed individually and then interwove in support of his great work on religion. . . .
>
> Renan's own nature was gentle and sincere; he was not a vulgarian who wrote for the pleasure of shocking; he was an earnest supporter of freedom of belief and of the application of scientific laws to the facts that lie behind theology. His work, nevertheless, forwarded a skeptical reaction against the religious impulse set in motion by Chateaubriand.
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> It is in Renan's literary output that we are concerned, however, for he stands forth as a prince of realists. The photographic instinct was strong in him, yet he knew how to subordinate the unimportant, to select the vital and to develop everything with the accuracy of the scientist and the taste of the artist. His main work is that of the thinker and the scholar, but he delights also in sketches and "memories" which are delicately executed drawings. . . .

And then follows the well-known sketch of Nazareth in Renan's "Life of Jesus." In like manner Mrs. Smith supplements her own comment—compact and keen—by extracts from each author's work, these extracts reflecting, of course, not only the times in which the author lived, but also his own individual spirit and workmanship. The book is helpful and very suggestive. A corresponding volume on German literature would be equally interesting.

Lighter Side of Irish Life (The). By George A. Birmingham. The F. A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.75.

The author had already shown in his "Spanish Gold" and other stories of Irish life that one may write with humor about Ireland without following the stale, conventional lines of the comic Irishman of drama and fiction. Mr. Bernard Shaw has pointed out in his prologue to the Irish play called "John Bull's Other Island" that some of these conventional ideas are not only erroneous but topsy-turvy, and Mr. Birmingham enforces this theory without following Shaw in his extreme and paradoxical assertions. What is best of all is that the author has given us here a thoroughly readable book in which the anecdotes are novel and come in naturally to illustrate the meaning. There are sixteen color illustrations of rather widely varying merit by Mr. Henry W. Kerr.

Cease Firing. By Mary Johnston. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.40.

Miss Johnston's new story is in effect a continuation of her earlier and moving tale of the war between the States, "The Long Roll." It takes up the narrative after Chancellorsville, describes the campaign in the Mississippi Valley, the fights in Tennessee and West Virginia, the final struggles in the Wilderness, and Sherman's march to the sea. A tender and pathetic love story runs through the book and issues victoriously, for victorious love sometimes ends not in marriage but in death. This book, like its predecessor, shows an enormous amount of patient work, of familiarity with detail which must have been won at great expense of time and toil. It is not, strictly speaking, a novel; it is rather a dramatization of a great struggle. Like Tolstoy's "War and Peace," it is the history of a great movement in human affairs. There are

times when the action seems to be impeded by its range, but there is no time when the interest and vital imagination of the novelist falters or grows faint. "Cease Firing" is the work of a very able woman who feels deeply but who is never a partisan; who, in two striking stories, has told the story of the war from the Southern point of view with ardor, passionate loyalty, and devotion, but without rancor or injustice to the opposing forces. It might be added in passing that the peace societies have no literature in their possession comparable with this book as an indictment of war.

Strong Hand (The). By Warwick Deeping. The Cassell Company, New York. $1.35.

A story of English country-town life, with a strong character in the person of the young doctor who fights dirt, ignorance, and selfishness in a place the evil conditions of which invite the epidemic of disease that comes to give the book its critical situation. Readers of Charles Kingsley's "Two Years Ago" will be interested in seeing how differently what is practically the same story-idea can be treated by two authors. In certain ways this seems to us the best novel Mr. Deeping has written recently.

Best of a Bad Job (The). By Norman Duncan. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.

Norman Duncan has not written too much of the Labrador region, as is amply proved by the power of his latest story. Old Tom Tulk had to *learn* to make the best of a bad job, and he learned so well that he left a moral to every man on the coast. A tale of sheer courage touched by such tender pathos is not often found. "As for me," says Tom Tulk, "my friend is Laughter from Get-Along-Somehow, an' my best bedfellow is called Grit." With this he won back his courage and left his legacy to the men of the north seas.

Ordeal (The). By Charles Egbert Craddock. The J. B. Lippincott Company, New York. $1.60.

The Tennessee Mountains once more are the background of a romance by Charles Egbert Craddock. No beautiful mountain girl is involved, but moonshiners and a revenue officer furnish occasion for a murder and abduction, both falling upon innocent victims. The romance is strained and quite unconvincing, while the plot is far from strong. "The Ordeal" is not equal either in its form or originality to the early novels from the same pen.

World We Live In (The). By George Stuart Fullerton. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

In this vigorously written volume Dr. Fullerton, Professor of Philosophy in Columbia University, assails the idealist philosophy, and particularly its Berkeleian type, as false to the reality of things. Its world is not "everybody's world," the world of practical common sense. Obviously it is quite different. But this hardly justifies denial of an identity of the two at bottom, or accusation of the idealist, who practically treats everybody's world as real, of indulging himself, while alternating between the study and the street, in a sort of "Jekyll-Hyde experience." But Professor Fullerton insists that "the Absolute is no better than a word," and regards all soaring of thought above the physical world as illegitimate transcendentalism. Professor Royce's "new idealism" fares no better at his hands than Berkeley's; "the world as idea" is to him "a phantom world," unreal. Professor Fullerton fails to note that, while all that exists—even a dream—is, in a sense, real while it exists, only that which never ceases to exist can be real in the highest and ultimate meaning of the word. Everybody's world, though real while it lasts, is phenomenal and transitory. The everlasting Power behind it all, its very ground of being—this surely is the eternal reality. We cannot, then, with Professor Fullerton, abjure all "talk of a far-off divine event," etc., or confine philosophy to existing things—things which do not ultimately persist in being.

Belgium: The Land of Art. By William Elliot Griffis. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.25.

To his long list of helpful books Dr. Griffis now adds "Belgium." The book has a sub-title, "The Land of Art." It is true that Belgium is one of the lands of art, although the title is more emphatically in mind as applied to some other lands. But, being true to a great extent with regard to Belgium, one looks in a book with over three hundred pages with such a sub-title for more than a comparatively few lines on Rubens and van Dyck. If the text is not to be enlarged in future editions of the book, the sub-title might well be omitted; as it is, it is misleading. Nor let the intending reader expect to be instructed about Belgian literature any more than he is instructed concerning Belgian art. Concerning present commercial and political conditions, however, despite one or two statements on which all are not agreed, the volume is very informative. As a history of Belgium it is clear, vivid, and well written. It should be in the hands of every visitor to one of the most interesting small countries in Europe.

Outline of the History of Christian Thought since Kant (An). By Edward Caldwell Moore, Professor of Theology in Harvard University. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 75c.

One can scarcely speak too highly of this illuminating review of a period coeval with that of our National independence, and characterized by a ferment and change in the world of thought as that has been in the world of action. During this period the new spirit that awoke in the Protestant Reformation has entered regions which, in lack of the necessary regulatives, it then failed to penetrate. These have been developed in the intellectual advance that began

with Kant: namely, the conduct of historical and literary criticism in scientific method; the scientific conception of nature and man's relation to nature; the idealist construction of the universe on the foundation laid by Kant. These have led to a reformation of thought concerning Christianity, the history of which Professor Moore has sketched in clear and striking outlines. He introduces it by a historico-critical survey of the entire movement, its factors and stages, with its changeful background of deism, rationalism, pietism, and æsthetic idealism. Its distinct lines are then traced in their details—idealistic philosophy, theological reconstruction, the critical historical movement, the contribution of the sciences, the English-speaking peoples—action and reaction. In each of these lines the contributory work of the great leaders is critically reviewed. The entire presentation is characterized by a masterly grasp and appraisal both of the whole movement and of its several particulars—a momentous movement still in progress on "the great and sure foundation" that has been laid. It is conceivable, says Professor Moore, that this century may witness changes as noteworthy as those of the last.

Through the Heart of Africa. By Frank H. Melland and Edward H. Cholmeley. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $4.

Cycling through Africa has a venturesome sound, and the description of it by Mr. Melland and Mr. Cholmeley, while apparently making light of some of the hardships and dangers, only brings out more clearly and vividly the features of African life which certainly differentiate it from that of more civilized continents. The present volume is well worth reading throughout; it is the "latest word" regarding a large part of Africa.

Mornings with Masters of Art. By H. H. Powers, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

To the number of books on art, and especially on painting, must be added Dr. Powers's. His is a comprehensive volume, for he ranges from such subjects as "The Afterglow of Greece," "How Art Became Christian," to discussions of Ghiberti and Donatello, Leonardo and Michelangelo. The book, however, is not as comprehensive as its title would indicate. It deals chiefly with Florentine art. It is a suggestive and helpful volume.

Fanny Burney at the Court of Queen Charlotte. By Constance Hill. The John Lane Company, New York. $5.

Before opening this book one is inclined to ask why there is need of any better or other Fanny Burney story than her own diary and letters and the Macaulay essay, but one finds the answer in reading this volume, which, like two predecessors relating also to Madame d'Arblay, put the lively story of this most interesting figure of Court and literary life in the eighteenth century in modern form and with judicious selection and omission. Miss Hill has an enviably happy knack at this kind of thing, and it has never been better shown than in this book.

How to Get Your Pay Raised. By Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr. A. C. McClurg Company, Chicago. $1.

This is one of the series of practical books in which Mr. Fowler collects the suggestions of many successful men to young people about to begin business life. Here there are such suggestions from over fifty business men, bankers, teachers, and others, and these are supplemented by the author's own tersely written chapters. The shortest recommendations we have noted are those of a civil engineer who says: "Remember, Always to do something, Keep doing something, And always do that something well."

International Bible Dictionary. By Rev. F. N. Peloubet, D.D. The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia. $2.40.

There are many good points in this comparatively low-priced and well-illustrated volume. The announcement of its publishers that it conforms to "the latest discoveries and conclusions of modern scholarship" is but partly sustained by its contents. *E.g.*, its editor regards both the book of Daniel and the book of Jonah as historical, and the Fourth Gospel and the Revelation as both written by the Apostle John. No intimation is given that the Genesis story of Adam is not historical: "Adam was created (not born) a perfect man in body and spirit, but as innocent and completely inexperienced as a babe." Of miracle this notion is held: "It is simply a personal God putting his will into the laws of nature"—as if it were not in them continuously. Discussion of the miraculous and supernatural—terms usually confounded in popular thought—has advanced beyond this notion of divine interferences and interpositions.

Latin Works and the Correspondence of Huldreich Zwingli. Translated by Henry Preble, Walter Lichtenstein, and Lawrence A. McLouth. Vol. I. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.

The edition of Zwingli's works in use since 1828 is now succeeded by another, the fourth, improving much upon the former edition in every point. Begun in 1903, and still incomplete, the new edition is to be made accessible to English readers in a series of volumes. The first of these is the last work of its scholarly editor, Dr. Samuel Macaulay Jackson, finished just before his lamented death last summer. Most of its contents now appear for the first time in English, miscellaneous in kind, historical, political, and religious—interesting throughout. Zwingli's progressive spirit, humanistic, independent, and open-minded, commend him to us as more modern than any of his fellow-reformers. More in advance of his time than they, he deserves to have been equally well known with any of them, but is gradually coming to his own.

BY THE WAY

The Treasury, it is announced, is at work on new designs for our paper money. The new plans provide for bills of a smaller size and with uniform designs for all bills of the same denomination. Thus, all one-dollar bills will bear the head of Washington, all five-dollar bills the portrait of Lincoln, etc.

To the deadly fly is now attributed another disease—that of infantile paralysis. The Harvard medical faculty announces, as a result of its investigations, that the common stable fly distributes the germs of this disease. Common flies, apparently harmless, are now known to be the carriers of typhoid fever, of the sleeping sickness, of ophthalmia, and of infantile paralysis, and are thus among the worst enemies of the human race.

"Blue sky laws," as discussed at the recent convention of the Investment Bankers' Association, do not, as might be supposed, refer to the height of buildings on city streets, but are aimed to prevent the selling of fraudulent securities. The name is derived from the idea that makers of these securities would capitalize the heavens themselves. "Blue sky" legislation is, it is said, on foot in several States other than Kansas, which already has such a law.

Appropriately enough, the home of an Anti-Window Steaming Company is London, England. The fogging of windows is doubtless a serious trouble to shopkeepers in that city, and the company prevents this by a simple device which blows a current of dry air on the glass. A window which had been steamed to opaqueness is said to have been cleared perfectly within thirty seconds by the new apparatus.

The priceless privilege of European travel, once secured, is often undervalued by Americans. "Lippincott's" tells of two American girls talking together in Paris: "What shall we do this afternoon?" "Let's go to the Louvre." "Oh, no; I've been there already, and it's not the sort of place you care to go to more than once." The Magasin du Louvre would doubtless have been better appreciated by this young woman.

Tecumseh, the famous Indian chief, did not lose his standing among his own people because of his disastrous defeat at Tippecanoe. In the "American Historical Review" an interesting "journal" of the War of 1812 is published which contains this reference to the chief: "I have seen the great Tecumseh. He is a very plane man, rather above middle size, a noble set of features and an admirable eye. He is always accompanied by Six great chiefs, who never go before him."

There are several fashionable auction rooms in New York City which attract people of means who are fond of "bargains." At a recent sale at one of these places an arm-chair brought $315, and a three-piece suite, consisting of a sofa and two side chairs, $1,900. These articles were of carved walnut, covered with fine old figured tapestry, but neither historic nor personal associations entered into their value, as described in the auctioneer's catalogue.

A novelty in the way of a text-book for teaching English to foreign laborers is, it is stated, to be used by the Chicago Young Men's Christian Association. It will be called "Safety First for Foreigners," and each lesson will consist of a picture of an accident and information in simple words as to the best way of avoiding it. It is hoped in this way to reduce the large number of accidents to foreigners in Chicago.

The always original F. Hopkinson Smith, artist and author, has found a new way of sketching the London streets. He does it from a taxicab, which he declares to be the best way. "It rains about every five minutes in London," Mr. Smith is reported as saying, "and when I came to a place where I wished to work I'd just lower the front hood, sit up on the seat, and look out over the heads of the people." The artist has been sketching places made famous by Thackeray or Dickens.

The quantity of material excavated at Panama, according to illustrations in the "Scientific American," would make 63 Great Pyramids, or would build a Chinese Wall 1,000 miles longer than the original wall so called. As the Chinese Wall, however, was faced with granite, paved with bricks, and flanked with towers for at least 1,500 miles, it is a question whether it did not require a greater expenditure of labor than the Canal.

Dr. W. E. Geil, who in 1908 journeyed from end to end of the Chinese Wall, says that with its extensions its total length is really 2,550 miles, and that originally 40,000 stone towers guarded it. His book, "The Great Wall of China," contains photographs showing the Wall crossing rugged mountains 4,000 feet high.

Mrs. Hetty Green, known as the richest woman in America, disclaims a newspaper interview published on her seventy-seventh birthday which tried to make it appear that she is also one of the wisest women in America. Among the aphorisms attributed to her was this: "Don't overdress—that is, don't dress flashily." Mrs. Green might well have indorsed this particular sentiment, for her characteristic attire is described as consisting of "a rusty black suit and a black straw hat."

A new society called the "Spugs" has for its object the "elimination through co-operative effort of the custom of giving indiscriminately at Christmas" *and* "the furthering in every way of the true Christmas spirit." The association's popular name is derived from the initials of its formal title, the Society for the Prevention of Useless Giving.

Children are often fearful of the water, especially at the seashore, and kind-hearted parents will not thrust a terror-stricken baby into the surf. John Muir in the "Atlantic Monthly" emphasizes the need of caution in this matter by relating how he was made miserable as a child by being plunged again and again into the sea by a strong-armed servant, despite his shrieks. "As the time approached for this terrible bathing," he says, "I used to hide in the darkest corners of the house, and oftentimes a long search was required to find me."

Lord Dufferin, according to an exchange, once addressed a Canadian university audience in Greek. The papers complimented him on his Greek as idiomatically perfect. "How did the reporters know that?" a friend asked Sir John Macdonald, who had heard the address. "Because I told them," replied Sir John. "But who told you? You don't know Greek," persisted the friend. "I don't know Greek," the Premier admitted, with a twinkle, "but I know politics."

The Outlook

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The Balkan War: An Armistice

Last week, two months after the Montenegrins declared war against Turkey, and seven weeks after the Bulgarians, Servians, and Greeks joined them, an armistice was signed. But, as Montenegro fired the first shot, so Greece seems inclined to fire the last. Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro signed the armistice; Greece did not. Why not? There are several explanations. The most probable is the fact that Greece has lost fewer men in killed and wounded proportionately than have the other allies, and that in any event she has more money. She is therefore in a position to continue the war, if necessary. The second explanation is the fact that Greece is not yet in complete military possession of Epirus—that ancient Greek province to the north of her present territory—nor has she acquired all of the Ægean Islands, although she has most of them. As to some of them, namely, the twelve Sporades captured by Italy during the recent Italo-Turkish war, there is a difficulty. The Treaty of Lausanne, ending that war, declared that the islands were to be given back to Turkey only on condition of guarantees for the proper protection of the inhabitants. Turkey could not immediately give such guarantees. Hence Italy still occupies the islands. Had she evacuated them before peace was arranged, she could not, of course, oppose their recapture and occupation by Greece. But Italy does not propose to evacuate the islands until Turkey is in position properly to protect the inhabitants. Thus this apparently humane arrangement helps Turkey to maintain one of the remaining vestiges of her sovereignty.

The Balkan War: The Greek Advance

With regard to this military and financial position of Greece, the rumor prevailed last week that the allies had made a secret agreement to the effect that, as three of them are now well exhausted, they should sue for peace, Greece, however, continuing to harry the Turk, thus inducing the conclusion of as favorable terms as possible. This was confirmed by the transport last week of many thousand Bulgarian and Greek troops and animals by forty Greek transports and convoying war-ships from Salonika to Dedeagatch on the Ægean Sea, one of the principal ports between Salonika and Constantinople, and the terminus of railway lines from Adrianople and Salonika. The Greek navy has also been reported as bombarding the town of Gallipoli, an important port on the Sea of Marmora, at the entrance to the Dardanelles. Gallipoli was the first conquest of the Turks in Europe. The Greek naval operations in the Adriatic off the Albanian coast, however, have attracted more attention. They include the capture of the Island of Sasseno, not far from Avlona, the principal port in Albania, and the bombardment of that town itself. The Austrian and Italian Governments have made a joint protest against the bombardment of Avlona, and have declared that the Greek occupancy of either Avlona or the island of Sasseno should not be considered as permanent. Importance is attached to this action as illustrating the unity of views of the two Powers on the Albanian question in general and as indicating that no town or island may be separated from the present province of Albania, which, it is expected, will become an independent, autonomous territory. A semi-official statement issued at Athens declares that by agreement among the allies Greece adopted an attitude different from that of the other States. The Treaty of Lausanne, the statement adds, is proof that it is not necessary to precede peace negotiations by an armistice. As the Balkan League, it is generally understood, is due as much to the Greek Prime

Minister Venezelos as to any one, the above statement was received with respect. Persistent rumors, nevertheless, obtain of dissensions among the allies. The main points of the armistice, as reported, are as follows:

1. The armistice is to last fourteen days.
2. The armies are to remain in their present positions.
3. The besieged towns are to be revictualed daily.
4. The armistice is to cover the whole of European Turkey.

Adrianople is the chief besieged city. The besiegers' trenches are now within a few hundred yards of the outer fortifications. The Bulgars are confident that they can, before long, wear the garrison into surrender; the revictualing concession is regarded as an indication that the allies as well as the Turks are agreed upon one thing, namely, that there must be a little yielding on each side in order to bring about an immediate armistice, and so prevent outside interference.

The Balkan War: The Powers

Both sides would lose, it is seen, if the Powers should now step in as mediators. Foreshadowing this, there were last week several important speeches. Two were made in the German Parliament by the Chancellor and the Foreign Minister. Herr von Bethmann Hollweg, the Chancellor, declared, as reported: "When our allies, Austria-Hungary and Italy, in maintaining their interests, are attacked by a third party and thereby threatened in their interests, then we, faithful to our compacts, will take their part firmly and decisively." This sort of thing has been called "the rattling of the German saber." As an offset, Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter, the Foreign Minister, replying to references to alleged discord with Great Britain, said: "These remarks offer a welcome occasion to state that during the whole late crisis our relations with Great Britain have been specially marked by mutual trust, which has not only brought about a most gratifying intimacy in our relations, but also has performed good services toward an understanding among all the Powers." To correspond to Germany's declaration of loyalty to her allies, later in the week, as was expected, a similar declaration with regard to Russia came from France. The occasion was a speech by Prime Minister Poincaré. He, however, was careful to emphasize the fact that "up to the present the Powers have been in accord, recognizing that military operations do not constitute accomplished facts and that no Power has adopted any irreparable initiative." This is as it should be. We hope that the Powers will maintain as much of an attitude of detachment as possible during the forthcoming change in the map of Europe—a greater change than any since the Congress of Vienna divided Napoleon's estate.

Elections in Russia

The political temper of the Russian people has again been shown clearly in the recent election for members of the Fourth Duma. When, in 1907, the Czar violated the Constitution by promulgating a new election law without the consent of Parliament, the Government expected, and had every reason to expect, that by means of this law it would at least get a working majority in the lower house. The whole population had been divided into classes, and every class had been given elective power, not in accordance with its numerical strength, but in accordance with its political complexion. Classes that were likely to support the Government, such as the landed proprietors and the priests, were given large representation in the electoral colleges (which choose the members of the Duma), while classes that were likely to be hostile to the Government, such as the peasants and the factory operatives, were given only a small representation. Most citizens had the right to vote, but a numerically small class could outvote a numerically large one. The landed proprietors, for example, were entitled to representation in the proportion of one delegate to every 2,000 voters, while the peasants had to be contented with one delegate to every 30,000 voters, and the artisans with one for every 90,000. The landed proprietors, therefore, had fifteen times as much political power as the peasants, and forty-five times as much as the factory operatives. In other words, 90,000 landed proprietors could send forty-five delegates to the electoral colleges, while 90,000 peasants could send only three, and 90,000 artisans only one. Under this arrangement an overwhelming majority of the citizens were practically disfranchised, although nominally all of them had the right to vote, and most of them actually did vote. This stacking of the cards against the people, however, did not attain completely its openly avowed object. The Government failed to get a working

majority in the Third Duma, and if the Octobrists (the party of expediency and compromise) had not generally supported its policies, it would have had either to abandon them or to dissolve the Third Duma, as it had already dissolved the First and Second. With the aid of the Octobrists, however, it was able to pursue the policy of reaction and to defeat all the attempts that were made by the Liberals to embody the principles of the Freedom Manifesto in practical and effective legislation.

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The Fourth Duma

When the electoral campaign of 1912 began, the Government, through its official representatives in the provinces, made every possible effort, legal and illegal, to intimidate the Liberals and promote the candidacy of Nationalists and extreme Conservatives. The Constitutional Democrats and the Social Democrats had already been declared illegal parties, and their candidates were now forbidden to hold public meetings or to electioneer by any of the methods practiced in Western Europe and the United States. Liberal peasant leaders who seemed likely to be chosen as delegates to the electoral colleges were disqualified by arrest on trumped-up charges of disloyalty; large classes of Jewish citizens were disfranchised by forced interpretations of restrictive laws; notices of the convening of elective assemblies in Liberal districts were sent out so late that the voters had no time to assemble; places of assembly were so selected that voters had to make long journeys in order to reach them; names of Liberal voters on voting lists were purposely misspelled, so that their votes might be thrown out in the count; and scores of other schemes were devised to prevent the polling of the full Liberal vote. In spite, however, of administrative repression, arbitrary disfranchisement, crooked election work, and strenuous activity on the part of the Orthodox clergy, the Government failed in its chief endeavor. It made a gain of ninety-four seats, but it did not secure a trustworthy majority, nor did it prevent the people from showing at the polls their attitude toward two, at least, of the leading political parties, viz., the Constitutional Democrats and the Octobrists. The former gained nine seats, while the latter lost fifty-two. Milyukof, Rodichef, and Shingaref, the ablest and most distinguished of the Constitutional Democratic leaders, were all re-elected, while Guchkof, the leader of the Octobrists and President of the Third Duma, was defeated. Every possible effort was made by the Church to elect priests; but, instead of gaining seats, it lost one. The political complexion of the Fourth Duma may be shown in tabular form as follows:

Government parties	Conservatives	140
	Nationalists	74
	Non-partisan	7
		221
Center	Octobrists	79
Liberals	Constitutional Democrats	61
	Progressives	33
	Polish Group	14
	Social Democrats	13
	Group of Toil	12
	Mohammedan fraction	5
		138

When the Fourth Duma assembled, on the 28th of November, the Liberal parties and the Octobrists, voting together, organized the house by electing as President M. V. Rodzianko, an Octobrist leader who filled the same position in the Third Duma after the resignation of Guchkof. As the present house consists of 442 members, the Government lacks one of a majority, even if the non-partisan delegates are included, as above, among its supporters. In all probability it will lack much more than this when the Duma comes to the point of action on important questions, and, if so, it will be compelled to rely, as heretofore, on the Octobrists. Whether the latter, after the rebuke that they have received at the polls, will continue to support the Government or not is a question that cannot yet be answered. A loss of fifty-two seats might indicate to such a party that it had been pursuing a mistaken, or at least an unpopular, policy.

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Congress in Session

When the third and final session of the Sixty-second Congress began on Monday of last week, the event emphasized the anomalous and absurd position pointed out in The Outlook two weeks ago. A new President has been elected, but will not take office until this final session of the old Congress is complete. The first regular session of the newly elected Congress, the Sixty-third, does not begin until next December, although a special session will be called for April by the new President. How long will it be before Congress provides for such Constitutional and statute amendment as may be necessary to allow a

newly elected President and a newly elected Congress to begin their work on the first of the year following the election? President-elect Wilson, if we are not mistaken, is in favor of such a common-sense arrangement, and the people of the country at large are in favor either of this plan or of some other plan which would do away with the present preposterous situation. When our Government began, it was a matter of weeks, and sometimes perhaps even of months, for the returns of the election to be gathered, for the Electoral College to meet, and for the elected candidates to come to Washington. Since that day the telegraph and the railway have brought all parts of our widespread country very much closer together, and the reasons which formerly existed for postponing the meeting of a new Congress so many months are no longer existent. The fact that action has not been taken is simply another instance of American inertia in certain classes of political matters. It has been generally predicted that the present session of Congress would do little more than routine work, leaving it to its successor to attack the great problems of government under the mandate given to it by the recent election. Eulogies on Vice-President Sherman and on Senator Heyburn and Senator Rayner were followed by a brief adjournment. Among the measures introduced in one or both houses may be mentioned a plan for pensioning former Presidents, undoubtedly called forth by Mr. Carnegie's proposal, which has met all but universal disapproval; a bill authorizing the Inter-State Commerce Commission to make a physical examination of all railway property in the United States; a proposal for river and harbor improvement which would carry an appropriation of fifty-six million dollars as asked for by the chief of the army engineers, an increase of over seventeen million dollars above the last appropriation; and two proposed Constitutional amendments introduced by Senator Bristow, of Kansas, which would apply the principles of the referendum to certain United States Supreme Court decisions. We must reserve comment on this last bill until it has been explained more fully on the floor of the Senate. The Senate has begun the impeachment proceedings in the case of Judge Robert W. Archbald, charged with personally profiting in railway and coal dealings which were before him as a judge. President Taft has submitted two Messages—one on foreign commerce and foreign relations, the other a general survey.

Battle-Ships and Patriotism

The Democrats in the House of Representatives defeated the two-battle-ship programme in the last session. They were warned at the time that, so far as our navy's requirements were concerned, one battle-ship this year might mean a demand for three or four next year. We are not surprised, therefore, to find in the just-published annual report of Mr. Meyer, Secretary of the Navy, a recommendation by the Naval General Board that Congress provide for the increase to our navy of *four* battle-ships—though only three are included in the Department's estimates for this year—in addition to two battle-cruisers, sixteen destroyers, and seventeen lesser craft. The new battle-ships would simply replace the four which will be twenty years old in 1914, and would then have to be withdrawn from the second line; thus the new ships would not constitute a numerical increase in the fleet's present strength. A total of forty-one battle-ships, with a proportional number of other fighting and auxiliary vessels, is, in Mr. Meyer's opinion, the least that will place this country on a safe basis in its relation with other world powers. It may be objected that we do not need such naval strength, as the opening of the Panama Canal will double our fleet's efficiency. It is true that it will increase our naval efficiency because, if the fleet is in Atlantic waters, the Canal will reduce the time necessary to bring it around to the Pacific Coast. But, as Secretary Meyer points out, it does not increase the number of ships. With our immense coast line, there should be no argument necessary to show that only an efficient fleet of adequate size can guard us from attack and leave us free to work out our destiny in peace. Secretary Meyer concludes: "The possession of great wealth, resources, and population does not carry with it immunity from attack should a nation's interests clash with those of another better prepared." No matter how many agreements for the settlement of international disputes by arbitration we may conclude, "history—including the present—shows the futility and danger of trusting . . . even to the most solemnly binding treaties." We shall find our effective force not alone in our sentiments of good will towards all and in our desire to push the

movement towards arbitration as far as possible, but also in an armed strength ready alike to enforce the laws of peace or the decrees of war.

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States' Rights and the Trusts

Our attention has been called to a recent and very striking illustration of the futility and injustice of attempting to control the inter-State trusts by State regulation. The Tobacco Products Corporation is a new fifty-million-dollar organization recently chartered by the State of Virginia. The certificate of incorporation was approved by a judge, as required by the Virginia law, and is in accordance with the Virginia corporation law. Our informant points out that the charter contains two provisions which deserve the attention, not only of investors, but of the general public. By the fourth paragraph of the charter the stockholders of the company are specifically deprived of any right to subscribe for additional stock, which the directors may issue, in proportion to their interest in the corporation; and the directors are given full power to issue new stock and to sell it in any way they choose to any person they choose at any price they choose, even though that price be less than the par value of the stock. We should suppose that any intelligent investor would regard such broad powers as being highly dangerous to invested values when exercised by an incompetent or unscrupulous board of directors. There is, however, a provision of the Virginia charter of the Tobacco Products Corporation which is even more serious. We quote it verbatim:

Eleventh. No contract or other transaction between the corporation and any other corporation shall be affected or invalidated by the fact that any one or more of the directors of this corporation is or are interested in, or is a director or officer, or are directors or officers of such other corporation, and any director or directors, individually or jointly, may be a party or parties to, or may be interested in, any contract or transaction of this corporation or in which this corporation is interested; and no contract, act, or transaction of this corporation with any person or persons, firm or corporation, shall be affected or invalidated by the fact that any director or directors of this corporation is a party, or are parties to or interested in such contract, act, or transaction, or in any way connected with such person or persons, firm or association, and each and every person who may become a director of this corporation is hereby relieved from any liability that might otherwise exist from contracting with the corporation for the benefit of himself or any firm, association or corporation in which he may be in any wise interested.

Commenting upon this clause, a lawyer writes us as follows: "Notwithstanding its somewhat involved legal phraseology, the idea which this clause contains is startlingly clear. Couched in rough language, this is a license to steal. I do not say that the directors will steal; those who are familiar with workings of insiders in the Tobacco Trust may have their own opinion as to the amount of restraint which the directors of a corporation containing such a provision as this may impose upon themselves. It attempts to abrogate and annul the fiduciary principle which the courts have from time immemorial declared as binding upon persons in trust relations." It is pointed out that the general law of the United States, to use the language of the Court of Appeals of the State of New York, "invalidates all contracts made by a trustee, or fiduciary, in which he is personally interested." In the specific case to which the Court of Appeals was referring, the trustee stood in the attitude of selling as owner and purchasing as trustee. "The law permits," continues the Court, "no one to act in such inconsistent relations. It does not stop to inquire whether the contract or transaction was fair or unfair; it stops the inquiry when the relation is disclosed, and sets aside the transaction or refuses to enforce it." In the charter of the Tobacco Products Corporation, the State of Virginia, with the approval of a judge in one of her courts, has repudiated the very basis of the moral responsibility of a director. If this is a sample of what Virginia corporation law means in the way of protection to investors, the words "incorporated under the laws of Virginia" on a certificate of stock are likely to have the same effect on the intelligent observer as a red flag on a railway. As an argument for a National corporation law the Tobacco Products Company's scheme seems complete.

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Bribery in High Places

The prompt conviction by a jury in New York City of Charles H. Hyde for acts of bribery adjudged to have been committed by him when a public officer proves, like the Morse case, that the administration of law can deal sternly with criminality in the case of a man of financial and social standing as well as with men of the low depravity instanced in the recent trial of the "gunmen"

who killed Rosenthal. The District Attorney, Mr. Whitman, has again made evident his forcefulness and fearlessness, and Judge Goff by his clear-cut rulings prevented the dismissal of the charge on subtle and technical defenses. This remains true as to the effect of the trial itself on the public consciousness even although later proceedings should maintain the claim of Hyde's counsel that the prosecution did not adequately show that Hyde personally benefited by his act. That he did in some way benefit seems morally certain, but motives are not always easily proven in evidence. Briefly stated, the charge against Hyde was that, having in his keeping vast sums of the city's money which he could under certain limitations deposit as he chose, he compelled and induced a certain bank to deposit large funds with a trust company which was in a precarious condition and which afterward failed. This he did, first, by threatening to remove city funds from the bank in question if it failed to comply with his request; and, secondly, by promising to make further future deposits of city funds with the bank if it did as he wished. A sort of excuse has been set forth for this conduct by those who say that others have done the same kind of thing. The same apology was made in the Morse case. It is a defense which is worse than worthless, for the more general such wrong-doing is, the more acute is the necessity for punishment.

Contemptible "Militarism"

In an address last week made in London before the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies, Lady Frances Balfour said that she felt that the latest form of militancy had done absolutely no good, that the present tactics were simply stupid, and that there was no doubt that militancy was doing the suffrage cause great harm. Lady Frances might have added that these tactics were contemptible as well as stupid. To enter a political protest against Parliament's refusal to enact suffrage legislation by destroying quantities of mail doubtless caused inconvenience, personal distress, or business loss to hundreds of people, but it did not help the cause of the militants a particle and it has deepened the conviction that the antics and outrages of these wild women must be dealt with seriously and severely. Moreover, to put inflammable substances into mailboxes and then run away in safety is as cowardly as it is contemptible. How long the delusion will last that private lawbreaking and shameful violence form the right incentive to fair discussion and reasonable political action remains to be seen. Such vandalism as the destruction of mail in postboxes and the recent incendiarism in Dublin has certainly brought the patience of most Englishmen nearly to an end. What further extremes are at least threatened may be judged from the assertion in last week's cable despatches that "the militant Suffragettes decided at a recent meeting to resort to the use of explosives in the event of the Government refusing to incorporate woman suffrage in the forthcoming Franchise Bill, according to a statement issued by a news agency to-day." This may probably be false or exaggerated, but its mere assertion is a singular sign of the times.

Four Plays Well Worth Seeing

It has sometimes been assumed, despite the great examples of the past, that writing for the stage and writing books were, under modern theatrical conditions, two incompatible arts. This fallacy has of late years had not a few contradictions through successful plays by "literary" authors, and just at this time there are some notable examples of such plays on the New York stage. Mr. Arnold Bennett, in his "Milestones," distinctly adopts a method more common to novels than to the theater in making his three acts present three generations, with the chief actors appearing at all three periods (1860, 1888, 1912), with their children and grandchildren beside them in the second and third acts. The effect of costumes, accessories, fashions of speech, and spirit of the times, changing thus successively, has entertained large audiences, while beneath the externals is the mildly ironic theme that the radical of to-day is the conservative of to-morrow and that the eagerness of youth is followed by the lassitude of old age. As in Mr. Bennett's novels, one may admire the faithfulness of depiction while deploring the lack of any evidence that self-devotion and idealism have the great part in life's drama. Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Fanny's First Play" is also a literary play in a sense; like Sheridan's "The Critic," its prelude and postlude score the dramatic critics mercilessly but humorously, and the audacity of the thing is offset by the inclusion of some very plau-

sible criticism by Shaw on Shaw. The play to which these critics listen and upon which they comment will not hold the stage as "Man and Superman" has done, but it is brilliant in parts, full of surprises and clever turns, and (sociologically speaking) totally unconvincing—all of which was to be expected. A play made from a famous and beloved story, but not by any means a mere reflex of the book, is "Little Women." In this Miss Louisa Alcott's delightful girls are made living characters and fun and pathos are closely mingled. The exceeding great success of this play again shows that fiction and the drama may join hands in a union of arts. A play, however, of a character and quality unlike those already mentioned is Mr. Edward Sheldon's "The High Road," in which Mrs. Fiske assumes the leading part. Since the presentation of "Salvation Nell," written while its author was still a Harvard undergraduate, Mr. Sheldon has been accused of being theatric rather than sincere. Master of most of the tools of his art, he has lacked restraint in their use. The last four acts of "The High Road" are amazingly skillful, but they are not obtrusively so. "The High Road" is the life story of an impressionable country girl and her steady and consistent growth in moral courage and power. She develops during the course of the play from the toy of a wealthy artist to the worthy wife of a Presidential candidate. The final curtain finds her, when the test comes, a "bigger man" than her husband. As a study of character and as a dramatic presentation of certain phases of our present political conditions the play is genuinely remarkable.

Music and the University

In America the art of music has been under a severe handicap. It has had to make its way against the worst of obstacles—a mental attitude. It was not so very many years ago that music was generally regarded as an "accomplishment," to be acquired along with "dancing" and "deportment" in a "finishing school." Of course, thus regarded, the art of Bach and Beethoven was not thought of as a subject of study in a university. During these years, however, America has been growing up. Now rich men not only pay thousands of dollars for pictures, but also support costly performances of opera. Indeed, almost every important city in the land has at least one symphonic orchestra. Not only the art of the painter but also the art of the composer is recognized as a vocation, like banking or railroading or the law, requiring close, hard study by a well-equipped mind. That is a great advance. And yet music still feels the handicap of that old mental attitude. It has found its way into the universities and colleges. The theory of music, which has to be mastered in some way if music is to be practiced as a creative art, can be learned in America now practically as well as in any foreign country; but, as a rule, it is the Cinderella of the family of college subjects. The department of music has to take what the other departments leave; it has to step aside in favor of physical laboratories and chemical laboratories and psychological laboratories. In making music a real university subject Harvard may fairly be called the American pioneer. J. K. Paine for years was practically the only university professor of music in America. The list of American composers, instructors of music, music critics, and advocates of the art who owe their musical education in large part to Harvard is evidence of the useful work done by Professor Paine in those early days. That work, however, was always done under difficulty. A score of years ago the classes in the theory of music—harmony, counterpoint, musical form, instrumentation, and the like—were conducted in a room in old Dane Hall, the building in Harvard Square once occupied, but later abandoned, by the Law School. Professor Paine's students cannot forget his explosions, partly of anger, partly of irritation, partly of humor, and partly of dismay, when, in the midst of some effort to make understandable the difficulties of fugal writing or the intricacies of an orchestral score, some countryman of Verdi's in the square would begin turning the handle of a street piano. Since those days the Music Department (or, as it is now called, the Division of Music) has grown. Instead of the single teacher, there are now two assistant professors and three instructors for some two hundred students. The classes have been delivered from Dane Hall only to be confined to the almost microscopic and ancient Holden Chapel. Now an anonymous benefactor has promised eighty thousand dollars for a new building; but he has set a condition to his gift. This is that fifty thousand dollars be raised for its maintenance. The building is

designed for the use not only of the classes in music, but also of the musical clubs—the Pierian Sodality (the oldest college orchestra in the country, possibly the oldest musical organization in the United States), the College Glee Club, the Banjo and Mandolin Club, and the Musical Club—indeed, for all the musical activities of the University. Most of the maintenance fund has been raised; but the rest, several thousand dollars, must be raised by January 1 if the gift of the building is to be secured. The effort on behalf of the raising of this fund has had the indorsement not only of the head of the Music Department, but also of such men as President Lowell, Mr. Eliot (President Emeritus), Mr. Owen Wister, and Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne. The request is modest. Compared to the amounts given for other purposes, this fund is small. The object should appeal to every one who wishes to see our universities not only making men efficient in material affairs, but also supplying them with resources of the mind and soul.

Robert Collyer

The country has lost a citizen of a noble type and the Unitarian Church one of its most distinguished ministers in the death of the Rev. Dr. Collyer, who passed away on November 30, at his home in New York City, at the fine old age of eighty-nine years. For thirty-three years he had been pastor and pastor emeritus of the Church of the Messiah in New York City. Robert Collyer was born in Yorkshire, England, the son of a blacksmith, and he learned his father's trade. Very early in life he left the anvil for the pulpit and became a local preacher in the Wesleyan or Methodist Church in England. In 1850, when he was twenty-seven years old, he came to this country, and began his American life as a mechanic or iron-worker in Pennsylvania, continuing on Sundays to preach in the Methodist Church. His theology, however, did not stand the test of the Methodism of those days, and in 1859 he moved to Chicago, where he became a regular minister of the Unitarian Church. He left the Methodist Church because, he declared, he "could not accept the doctrine of total depravity and eternal damnation." If this was a fault, it was the fault not of his head but of his heart, for Dr. Collyer was essentially a man of great-heartedness as well as of great physical strength. When, at eighty-seven years of age, he retired from the active ministry and became pastor emeritus of the Church of the Messiah, he stated with pride that he had never been ill in his life, a record which was due partly to his wonderful inherited frame and constitution, partly to the physical exercise of his early years when he worked at the forge, and partly to his temperament, which was that of great cheerfulness, good humor, kindly sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men, and to his belief in "temperance in all things," to use his own words. As a boy and young man he had little education of the book-learning kind. When he was eight years old, he worked in a cotton-mill, and in 1892, when he revisited England, he made the following statement to an English newspaper: "It had fallen to my lot to be a white slave in a factory down there in Yorkshire, where the most infernal bell ever rung called to work at six in the morning, and it kept us there until eight at night. The misery of those years cannot be told, but this was my hope, that in the New World the unborn children might not be yoked to spinning-frames at all." Dr. Collyer was greatly beloved, not only by his own congregation, but by all those citizens with whom he came into contact in his good works. He won respect and confidence, not because of his theological acumen, but because of his sweet reasonableness. Perhaps the great lesson of his life is that man can have real happiness only if he has real faith in something—faith in the universe, faith in God, faith in his fellow-men. At a birthday celebration when he was eighty-six years of age he said to his friends, "I live by faith, by as much faith as I can summon, because I cannot live without it."

The Gramercy Neighborhood Association

The work of the Gramercy Neighborhood Association of New York City should be an inspiration to other neighborhoods in other cities. This particular neighborhood extends from Fifth Avenue to the East River, and from Seventh Street to Twenty-fourth Street. Two years ago the conditions in certain parts of the neighborhood were intolerable by reason of widespread prostitution and similar evils. Young people could not attend certain schools, or even churches, in the district, without being approached. The facilities for recreation were inadequate, the control of parks and playgrounds was poor, and finally there was lack of attention to matters vitally affecting the public schools. Two years ago the

residents of this district, Protestants, Catholics, and Jews alike, met and organized the Gramercy Neighborhood Association. Its purposes are:

(1) The removal of those evils which affect the health and morality of the neighborhood.
(2) The development and support of activities for the protection, education, wholesome recreation, and promotion of health of the residents of the neighborhood.
(3) The encouragement of a spirit of co-operation, understanding, and friendliness among all the forces for good in the neighborhood.
(4) The acquisition, collection, and recording of any information in regard to neighborhood conditions that will lead to a full knowledge of its resources and needs.

The sole qualification for membership in this Association is the desire to be a good neighbor. What is it to be a good neighbor? To take a friendly interest in the things that concern the people about one—the homes, day nurseries, schools, playgrounds, streets, tenement-houses, lodging-houses, furnished rooms, pool-rooms, dance-halls, moving-picture shows. The Gramercy Association's work is specially seen in two activities. The first activity is emphasized by the cheering fact that in two years the number of women soliciting on the streets of the district north of Fourteenth Street has been reduced by ninety per cent. The second activity is the work among the children of immigrant families. Each month a hundred such families move into this neighborhood. As soon as possible after arrival they are visited and told what America offers to their children. The report adds:

They are told about the churches, the schools, the settlements, recreation centers, vacation classes, public baths, classes in English for foreigners, public libraries, and other institutions which make Americans. The importance of this particular work cannot be overestimated. Nobody ever did it before. Immigrant children have been left to find America as best they might after they reached it.

In addition, the Association has been petitioning the proper authorities to establish evening recreation centers for boys and girls separately, to establish study-rooms, and to open a broad open space bordering on the East River for Sunday baseball and for games, providing the supervision therefor. For the children the district provides fresh air excursions, camps, and outings, and vacation homes; there are playgrounds and gardens, games and children's dancing, club-rooms, and open-air concerts at many recreational centers. It has been said that a creed can never be made so short that all religious denominations can subscribe to it: but it may also be said that in such a social effort as that above described men and women of all religions may come together and gladly forget their religious differences while engaged in a common and inspired work.

A Golden Jubilee

That the graphic arts possess a comparatively recent prominence in the cultural development of this country is apparent in the fact that only during the past century have American art museums been in existence. Second among such institutions to come into being was the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, which had its birth in 1862. This followed the Pennsylvania Academy by fifty-seven years, but it preceded the founding of both the Boston Museum and the Metropolitan Museum of New York City by seven years. Moreover, it is to the distinct credit of Buffalo that the Academy received its charter when the city was scarcely anything but a village. Thus it was a fitting allegory of the local art life that constituted the theme of the pageant enacted in commemoration of the half-century just closed. This was the Spirit of Art that has persisted throughout time from her feeblest savage expression to this day. Together with that of her devotees, her characterization was Greek, in harmony with the Albright Gallery, which is the home of the Academy. Indeed, Joseph Linden Smith, who composed and conducted the pageant, expressed the opinion that perhaps nowhere else in the country could be found so ideal a setting for a Grecian theme. Single shafts of marble compose the colonnade. A vista through two openings affords an impressive perspective, as if leading into a temple. There was built at one side a rising tier of seats to accommodate the spectators. Both platform and chairs were covered with white canvas, simulating, as nearly as possible, the seats in a Grecian theater. In the center of the scene was an altar. The performance consisted of a prologue and three acts. The prologue, which took the form of an invocation to the Spirit of Art, was a festal occasion. The solemn entrance of the priest, the pouring of libations, and the lighting of the fire lent dignity, while the decking of the altar with garlands and strewing with flowers imparted a contagious joyousness to the scene. With the departure of the priest through the portals the prologue was ended. The first act, which symbolized "The Stone

Age and the Beginning of Art," discovered in the semi-darkness the sleeping form of prehistoric man, the chief of a tribe. Near him stood a beautiful Amazonian type of woman. An ill-shapen old woman shambled through the darkness. Strange, uncouth beings crossed the scene bearing a huge animal. Then the most vital situation in the performance took place in the revelation of the first conscious art achievement. A youth entered carrying an earthen bowl which he had molded. Following him was a child, to whom the youth, personifying the First Artist, showed his rude attempt at decoration. The child examined the primitive incisings with wonder and admiration. The youth and child, however, were in advance of their age. Because the Artist would not follow the chase his fellows aroused their chief to slay him, but the woman, Beauty, intervened. The youth then took Beauty's hand. Thence, throughout the play, the opposing forces which have advanced or impeded the Spirit of Art, from darkest antiquity down to the present, governed the forward action. In the closing scene, with the fires of the East and the West brightly burning, the Spirit of Art stood enthroned on a pedestal holding out the light to future generations.

THE PATRICK CASE

About ten years ago a New York lawyer by the name of Patrick, whose standing in his profession was somewhat precarious, was accused of framing with criminal ingenuity a conspiracy to murder an aged man by the name of Rice who was living alone with his valet in an apartment-house in one of the best quarters of New York City, and by fraud and forgery to obtain possession of Rice's property, which amounted to several million dollars. The case was one of the most celebrated which had been tried in the criminal courts of New York during the last quarter of a century. It was alleged that Patrick first approached the valet, Jones, who was morally weak if not wholly vicious, and proposed a method of robbing Rice by forgery, the proceeds of which Jones should share with Patrick. Jones assented, and, having taken the first steps in this proposed fraud, put himself under the power of Patrick. Exercising this power over his weak accomplice, Patrick finally persuaded Jones to murder his employer, Rice, by placing a cone containing chloroform over his face while he was lying in bed. Jones committed the deed because Patrick had persuaded him that it was the only way by which the two accomplices could save themselves from a long term in the State's prison as forgers.

This, in brief, was the basis of the charge of murder brought against Patrick by the authorities. The Grand Jury was sufficiently convinced of the truth of the accusation to bring in an indictment. The District Attorney was sufficiently convinced of the truth of the accusation to bring the case to trial before Recorder Goff, one of the most eminent and most experienced criminal judges of the State. A jury was selected with great care and deliberation, and for six weeks in daily session the jury listened to an elaborate and detailed presentation of all the evidence. The chief witness for the prosecution was Jones, Patrick's accomplice, who had confessed and became a witness for the prosecution, either perhaps because he really repented for his share in the peculiarly foul crime and wished to assuage his remorse by making what reparation he could, or perhaps because he simply desired to escape the death penalty if possible, or perhaps from a combination of both motives. In our judgment, the authorities were not only justified in using the testimony of the self-confessed criminal, Jones, but were bound to use it in accordance with the well-recognized principle of "State's evidence," one of the greatest protections which society possesses against murderous and other criminal conspiracies. Jones appeared upon the witness-stand and told his story in simple, straightforward terms. His story was not only unshaken by the severest cross-examination, but was corroborated in the minutest particulars by a long array of witnesses of high character. Patrick refused to appear upon the witness-stand in his own defense, and also refused to let one of his counsel testify in contradiction of an allegation made in the course of the trial that he, Patrick, had made a confession of guilt to this counsel. The jury is said by all those connected with the case to have been composed of men of more than usual intelligence. One of its members was a lawyer by profession. He was not exempt from jury service in the State of New York because he was not a member of the Bar of the State of New York, but in previous practice in a neighboring State he had had exceptional opportunity to become familiar

with the weight and rules of evidence in criminal cases. With a unanimity of opinion very unusual in such cases, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. Patrick was sentenced to death. The trial judge denied a motion for a retrial, on the ground that alleged new evidence submitted by the defense was no evidence at all. The Court of Appeals, the highest court in the State, to which the defense carried its case, also sustained the verdict and refused to grant a new trial. No stone was left unturned by the relatives of Patrick, who had large wealth at their disposal, to obtain a retrial of the case; when that effort failed, they endeavored to obtain his pardon.

The late Governor Higgins, of New York State, declined to pardon Patrick, but commuted his sentence from that of death to imprisonment for life. Governor White and Governor Hughes during their terms did not exercise any further executive clemency, although they were familiar with the history of the case. But Governor Dix, as one of the last executive acts of his term, has just pardoned Patrick, not on the ground that he is a criminal who deserves pity or who has been punished enough, but on the ground that he is innocent. And the Governor has taken this action without any consultation with Recorder Goff or with the District Attorney who originally tried the case.

If this action on the part of Governor Dix concerned simply the return to society of one condemned criminal, we should not discuss it, for the pardon is irrevocable, and nothing that we can say will affect the relations of Patrick to society. But something more is involved than the individual merits of the Patrick case. Governor Dix's action has raised the much greater question as to how the State should exercise the pardoning power in its treatment of those who are condemned to prison.

The history of the Patrick case seems to us to make it very clear that no one man, whether he be Governor of a State or President of the United States, should have vested in him, without any check or supervision, the power to pardon criminals. We do not permit the President of the United States to appoint a Justice to a seat in the Supreme Court without the supervision of the United States Senate. Is there any more reason why an executive should be empowered to set aside without some supervision the deliberate judgments of the courts? The so-called "Recall of Judicial Decisions" to be exercised by the joint action of thousands of voters on a constitutional question, after long public and intelligent debate, is considered by some publicists to be destructive of the constitutional foundation of the courts. What must such publicists think of Governor Dix's action in the Patrick case? One man, a layman at that, without debate, without any very careful investigation, without making public the grounds of his decision, has in a single act nullified the careful and painstaking procedure of the entire judicial system of the State of New York in criminal cases. He has recalled the decision of the District Attorney's office, the Grand Jury, the trial jury, the court of original jurisdiction, and the Court of Appeals. No Governor, no matter how great his intellectual equipment or how pure his motives may be, ought to have such power.

A FEDERAL COUNCIL

Very few assemblages in the history of the United States have had such latent force that can be used for the welfare of the country as that which began its sessions last week in Chicago. The meeting of the Federal Council of Churches should be distinguished from most of the great gatherings characteristic of these times. Conferences and congresses abound. There is scarcely a good cause which is not periodically promoted by some gathering of delegates representing an organization. By means of these gatherings public opinion is educated and leaders in various important movements find opportunity for mutual counsel. The meeting of the Federal Council is a gathering of that sort, but much more. It includes the deliberations of a working organization. It represents churches having a constituency of some eighteen million people, and includes practically all of the largest and most important Protestant denominational bodies. It represents these great denominations uniting for work. It has been in existence only four years. This is the second quadrennial meeting. The first, at which the Council was finally organized, was held in Philadelphia in December, 1908. The meeting at Chicago is the first at which reports will be presented concerning work actually done.

Without doubt the most important single department of the Council is the Commission on the Church and Social Service, as it is the most highly organized and most

active. Its importance is indicated by the fact that its secretary has been chosen as the acting Executive Secretary of the Council.

This pre-eminence of the Commission is as it should be. There is nothing that will bring together separated churches so certainly as a common effort to serve society, as a common effort to make the conditions under which men and women work more tolerable and more just. This is the effort which the Commission on the Church and Social Service is designed to lead. Indeed, there is no way by which the churches can serve the community as such except by uniting to serve it. During the past four years the Commission has not been devoted exclusively to the question of organization, although that has been a complicated and necessarily slow task. It has been active in the work of education, and has brought about a joint action on the part of theological seminaries for the consideration of the place which social service should take in the training of a minister. Although separate theological seminaries have made a place for social service in the curriculum, the seminaries have never before considered it together.

The Commission has also made a beginning of bringing the influence of the churches into movements for the prevention of child labor, the guidance of charities and correctional agencies, the study of labor legislation, the promotion of parks and playgrounds, and similar organized movements. It has also distributed a large amount of literature on the subject of social service. The Commission was influential in securing the enactment of the Federal law creating the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations; it has done much to promote what Mr. Frank Morrison, Secretary of the American Federation of Labor, describes as the "mingling of . . . leaders of religion with the leaders of the workingmen;" it has made an investigation of an important strike, bringing to bear in its report the principles of the religion of the churches upon the human problems of modern industry; it has helped to forward the campaign of one day of rest in the seven for all industrial workers; it has been of use in aiding the Men and Religion Forward Movement; it has made a beginning in the study of the country church in its relation to the problem of rural life. Whatever has been done by the Commission has been done by the eighteen million people who have formed this great Federation. Next week The Outlook will print an account of this meeting written by a staff correspondent.

WHY?

In The Outlook for November 23, in an editorial called "What Shall We Do with Life?" you say:

"We revere a Being who is *constantly directing* [italics my own] the life of the universe . . . a Being who directs *all* the life of the universe, from that which is manifested in a globule of water to that which is manifested in the *orderly* [italics my own] movements of uncounted . . . worlds."

Is this knowledge of the author *ex cathedra* stated, or is it mere opinion? This is Paley—pure Paley. *Audi alteram partem;* hear the other fellow.

Whether mere belief or positive cognizance of a fact, the question presents itself: Why did Mount Pelée erupt? Why tornadoes? Why tidal waves to destroy all that the animal and vegetable kingdoms have labored for years to create? Nature, with air, rain, frost, dew, sunshine, and I have co-labored for ten years to raise peaches. I did my share; nature did hers; the trees thrived and grew apace, strong and luxuriant; in the pink blossom was the promise of a bounteous yield; a killing frost, and all was over. M. F. D.

I print here only a part of your letter; the other portion I reserve for possible treatment in some future issue.

We take some things for granted. We do not think it necessary every time we refer to evolution to restate the reasons which lead us to believe in evolution; nor every time we refer to American politics to restate the reasons why we believe in a republican form of government. Nor do we think it necessary every time we refer to the creation to restate the reasons why we believe that the creation is the product of an intelligent mind.

There are many more thinkers who disbelieve in the theory of evolution and many more thinkers who disbelieve in the permanence of republican institutions than there are who disbelieve that the creation is the product of an intelligent mind. If you wish to acquaint yourself with the reasons which have led practically all students of nature to believe that there is an intelligent mind behind natural phenomena, you will find your purpose fairly well served in a recent book by a famous scientist, "The World of Life: A Manifestation of Creative Power, Directive Mind, and Ultimate Purpose," by Alfred Russel Wallace. If you have not access to this book, you will find a very brief summary of it, with some

illustrations of the arguments, in The Outlook of April 22, 1911, in an editorial entitled "The Great Architect." If you wish to see the arguments for a directive mind and ultimate purpose in creation very concisely stated, you will find such a statement in the following three possible ways of thinking of nature presented by James Martineau in his volume "A Study of Religion:"

> There are but three forms under which it is possible to think of the ultimate or immanent principle of the universe—Mind, Life, Matter: given the first, it is intellectually thought out; the second, it blindly grows; the third, it mechanically shuffles into equilibrium.

To us, as to most students, the second and third of these ways of thinking are unthinkable. They need only to be stated to be instantly rejected. We do not know of a single leading thinker of any school of philosophy who is an atheist. Ernst Haeckel is sometimes called an atheist, but he is not one; he might probably be called a pantheist.

The scientist finds in the rocks masses of arrow-heads. From these masses of arrow-heads he concludes that there were living in former times savage races possessed of intelligence, and using that intelligence to fulfill certain purposes which they had in mind. The philosophy which can see the evidence of intelligence in an Indian arrow-head, and can see no evidence of intelligence in the wing of a bird, is beyond our ability to comprehend. The wing of a bird, marvelously adapted by its mechanical structure to the purposes of flight, and marvelously adapted by its infinite gradations of color for purposes of beauty, is one of the most perfect and one of the most exquisitely artistic of organizations.

Doubtless there are phenomena in nature, such as the eruption of Mount Pelée, which it is difficult to reconcile with a benevolent purpose animating all creation. This difficulty led the Persians to believe that there were two directive minds in the universe, the one animated by benevolence, the other animated by malice. This notion of two divinities, a good one and a bad one, was borrowed from Persian theology, and has entered into and affected Christian theology. It there takes the form of a good God who is supreme, and a bad devil who is inferior.

I was once asked to deliver a graduating address before one of the theological seminaries of this country. An orthodox minister wrote to the authorities of that seminary a letter of protest. "Lyman Abbott," he said, "is little better than an atheist, because he does not believe in a personal devil." I neither believe nor disbelieve in a personal devil. History affords some illustrations of embodied spirits of men so malignant that they might not improperly be called devils; and I am not sure that there may not be in the spiritual world disembodied spirits that also may properly be called devils.

But, if it is true that there are malevolent beings, other than evil men on the earth, who interfere with the benevolent purposes of the Creator, this does not indicate that there is no Creator or that he has no benevolent purposes.

The scientist assumes that there is an intellectual order in the universe, and all his investigations and explorations are directed to find out what that intellectual order is. Science does not create either the forces or the laws of light, heat, or electricity. The scientist does not create, he discovers them. He assumes their existence and seeks to comprehend them. Similarly, the moralist assumes that there is a moral order in the universe. He does not create the laws of right and wrong; he seeks to ascertain what they are.

This assumption that there is an intelligent order in the universe involves the assumption that an intelligent being has ordered the universe; this assumption that there is a moral order in the universe involves the assumption that there is a moral being who has ordered the universe. Belief in law involves belief in a lawgiver.

I think it far easier to assume that with my finite mind I am not able to comprehend all the principles of an illimitable universe and an infinite Creator than to believe that there is no order in the illimitable universe and that it is a mere "happenstance." In other words, I think it more reasonable to assume that there are limits to my intellectual and moral wisdom than to assume that I know it all and the limitation is in the intellectual and moral wisdom of the Creator.

I can, however, see that if there were no dangers to be met there could be no development of courage; if there were no burdens to be borne there could be no development of patience; if there were no difficulties to encounter there could be no development of intelligence. If the object of the Creator is the making of peaches, the illustration of your peach orchard would be a conclusive argument against belief in his intelligence;

but if the object of the Creator is the making of men, just such exigencies as occurred in your peach orchard may serve an exceedingly useful purpose in the creation of character.

I make no attempt to solve the problem of evil. But when evils come to me I endeavor to meet them in a spirit, or, if you prefer, with a philosophy, for which I am indebted to Paul: "We glory in tribulations also: knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope: and hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts."

In my life I have rarely, if ever, found any trouble come to me that I could not make use of, if I would meet it in this spirit.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

THE PARDON OF PATRICK

A POLL OF THE PRESS

ON another page we give a résumé of the Rice murder case and the history of Albert T. Patrick, convicted of the crime, together with editorial comment upon Governor Dix's action. Here we record the newspaper opinion concerning the case, and especially concerning the pardon of Patrick by the Governor of New York State.

"Truth is stranger than fiction," exclaims the Nashville "Democrat," as it reviews the history of the man long imprisoned in Sing Sing.

The Chicago "Inter Ocean" says:

The circumstances of the case and the persistence and ingenuity of Patrick's defense, largely directed by himself, attracted National attention. The odds against which he contended may be judged from the fact that four times the date for his execution was set and that he spent over four years in the "death house" at Sing Sing awaiting the summons to the electric chair.

The Washington "Times" gives Patrick's side as follows:

Another man confessed the crime and got immunity for making the confession.

The case against Patrick was not without similarity to the charges of witchcraft, on which some centuries ago the best people were wont to burn folks to death. . . .

That the element of reasonable doubt was left in the case, despite a jury's verdict of guilt, is indicated by the fact that subsequent to the conviction, and following the development of some remarkable evidence in Patrick's favor, all but one of the surviving members of the jury joined in petitioning for pardon for the accused man.

To this the Waterbury "American" adds:

It does not seem as if a man of that kind of ability would resort to murder except under circumstances of greater temptation than existed in the case. This thought gives a sort of *prima facie* justification for executive clemency.

That clemency was at last shown by Governor Dix, who went beyond the mere liberation of the prisoner and granted him a full pardon. The paper just quoted says:

With strong belief on the part of some lawyers of high standing that Patrick is innocent, Governor Dix has done probably the right thing.

"There is no other escape quite like this," the Detroit "Journal" points out:

De la Tude and Casanova made their way to freedom through walls and barriers. King Richard Lionheart was rescued from an Austrian dungeon by the song of Blondel under the castle windows. . . .

But those were escapes by stealth and craft from implacable bars. Patrick lived in a different age. He lived in an age when the only real escape was through wit and force of wisdom. He had to fight with his brain, and in the meantime sleep and eat within a few feet of the heavy chair with burning wires.

But many other organs of public opinion resent the pardon; indeed, on the whole, the weight of journalistic opinion is adversely critical. Says the Philadelphia "Times:"

With all his shrewdness and legal resources, Patrick could not fool the judges who passed cold-bloodedly on his hair-splitting points. Every one of the several courts he tried to impress with the same arguments he used on Higgins and Dix was convinced of his guilt.

The New York "Evening Post" thus puts its objections:

First and foremost it should be borne in mind that the fact that Patrick forged the will his interest in which furnished the motive of the alleged murder has been established in a way which precludes the possibility of reasonable doubt. The judgment setting aside the forged will and establishing the older will was not only affirmed by the Appellate Division, but affirmed in language of exceptional emphasis on account of the peculiarly convincing character of the evidence. The Court of Appeals, to which the case was then taken, did not deem it necessary to file any opinion, but simply affirmed the decision of the Appellate Division.

Furthermore, it is to be noted that neither in this civil case nor in his own trial for murder

did Patrick avail himself of the privilege of taking the stand in his own defense or in his own favor. Therefore, while Patrick has not been convicted of forgery—because he has not been tried for forgery—yet so far as any opinion or any action of persons dealing with him is concerned, he must be regarded as a forger of the worst type. Whether it is desirable to grant not only liberty, but full pardon, to such a man is a question upon which it would seem unnecessary to waste any argument.

That the case against Patrick in the murder trial involved many complexities and some weaknesses must be admitted. But the jury which tried him was an unusually good one and pronounced him guilty; and, although the Court of Appeals was divided, four to three, in its refusal of a new trial, the dissent of the minority was based on grounds to which the practice of to-day would give decidedly less weight than was the case ten years ago.

"It is not the proper province of the Governor," remonstrates the "Post," "to liberate a prisoner simply because in his judgment the trial was not properly conducted," and adds:

The time for reviewing errors of that kind is past when the highest judicial tribunal has rendered its decision. The only true justifications for a pardon are, first, that the man, though guilty of the crime, has sufficiently expiated it on account of extenuating circumstances, or for other reasons; and, second, that in point of fact he is not guilty. The first is, in this case, entirely out of the question, for if Patrick was guilty as charged he was not only a murderer, but a murderer of the most cold-blooded and atrocious kind. The only question, therefore, is whether Governor Dix took his action in pursuance of such considerations as should establish in reasonable minds the fact of Patrick's innocence. That he has made an investigation of the case sufficiently searching for this purpose he gives no indication, and in granting the pardon upon any less solid ground than this he has done an act distinctly calculated to weaken the arm of the law in its dealings with the gravest crimes with which the community has to contend.

"The pardoning of Albert Patrick . . . is arousing sharp criticism," declares the Columbia, South Carolina, "State," and asks these questions:

Why is the opinion of Governor Dix more likely to be correct than is that of the jury that heard the evidence and convicted Patrick?

Why is his (Dix's) wisdom to be regarded as superior to the wisdom of the Court of Appeals that reviewed the trial below?

Is the Governor gifted with some higher penetration and power to see and to sift evidence than are the various branches of the court? . . .

Suppose that New York should elect as Governor a friend of the "gunmen" who assassinated Rosenthal . . . and the Governor pardoned the five assassins, what would or could the people of New York do?

The Springfield, Massachusetts, "Union" admits that "public opinion always has been sharply divided as to Patrick, as it usually is where circumstantial evidence in a murder case is offset by a dramatic fight for life and freedom on the defendant's part."

Governor Dix's statement in granting the pardon strikes the "Union" as "decidedly weak:"

"I trust Mr. Patrick will devote his energies to a complete vindication of his declared innocence." What proof of innocence can Patrick present at this late day that could not have been brought forth long ago? And why should an innocent man who has been imprisoned for ten years on a false charge be under obligation to devote further time and expense to the task of convincing the Commonwealth of its mistake? If the Patrick who spoke out in passionate protest against the executive action that saved him from the electric chair, but still kept him within prison walls, was the real Patrick, he will not take at all kindly to the Governor's pointed reference to a cloud that hangs heavily over the discharged convict, from which he must needs relieve himself as a reciprocatory means of setting the Governor right for his part in the affair.

"The fact that the State has kept Patrick a prisoner so long, and has given him his freedom at last by a piecemeal process without the least fragment of new evidence, taken in connection with the various stays and maneuvers by which his case was carried along, year after year, is a deplorable commentary on the shuffling and shifty manner in which justice is administered by a community that calls itself enlightened," concludes the "Union:"

Such cases as this, along with the freedom with which pardons are passed around to all classes of criminals, as by Governor Dix Wednesday, is far from encouraging to those who believe that a just and wholesome fear of punishment is one of the strongest restraining factors with the criminal and lawless.

"Governor Dix is reported as dismissing his pardon of Patrick as a 'closed incident,'" remarks the New York "Sun," and thus comments:

A great many people, including some who are possibly more familiar than he has been or can ever be with the technical and psychological bearings of the case, do not agree with the Governor. They will continue to discuss the pardon of Patrick both with regard to its effect on the general course of criminal justice and with regard to the unusual manner in which the pardoning power was exercised in this particular instance. . . .

The incident is by no means closed. It may even result in the establishment in this State of a Pardoning Board to share with the Governor the responsibility of decision in difficult cases,

and to prevent the unfortunate exercise of the pardoning power by a weak or sentimentally inclined Chief Magistrate.

To this the New York "Evening Sun" adds the following:

Has not the office of Executive clemency been perverted? Is there any need that the Governor should be compelled to serve as a court of last resort? Surely clemency was originally intended to be exercised only in those rare exceptions where facts coming late to light revealed the courts to have erred unmistakably.

The pressure of skilled and talented lawyers on the Governor makes it necessary for him to review the cases of a great number of the condemned. It amounts to raising him into a supersupreme tribunal.

One reason that blocks efforts to institute a Board of Pardons in this State may lie in the dread lest the creation of such a board should make appeals to clemency still more a matter of course.

The Buffalo "Express" thus sums up the opinions of many papers:

In pardoning Albert T. Patrick, Governor Dix suggested that there should be legislation taking the responsibility for pardons out of the hands of the Governor and vesting it entirely in the Parole Board. The idea is generally favored by criminologists. The effect would be that the granting of pardons would become more of a judicial function and would be less influenced by sympathetic and emotional appeals.

The examination of applications for pardon takes a great deal of the time of a conscientious Governor, and the duties involved in the pardoning power are often painful. The pardoning power is an old kingly function handed down from colonial times. Its exercise by a Governor does not accord with modern theories of government, particularly in a republic.

THE RAILWAYS AND THE GOVERNMENT

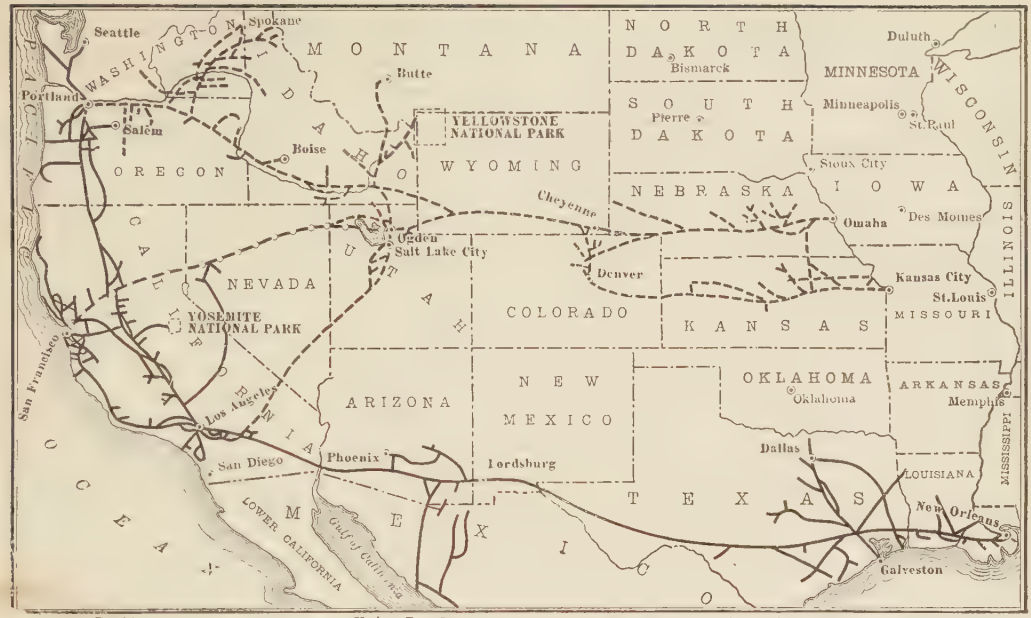
A REVIEW

EVEN the most casual observer, when he stops to think about it, must realize that there has been enormous progress made in defining the relations of the railways to Federal authority since the days of the so-called Northern Securities decision. That decision of the United States Supreme Court, handed down in 1904, pronounced the merger of the Northern Pacific Railway and the Great Northern Railway, which was actual although not nominal, to be illegal. The Court ordered a redistribution of securities with the purpose of making the separation of those two properties as actual as it was nominal. At the time, eight years ago, The Outlook expressed the opinion that the decision was to be welcomed on account of its important bearing upon the question of Federal authority over the railways. We recognized then, and we recognize now, the great value of combination in the administration and operation of railways. Combination produces economy of operation and universality of service; but before the country can have just combination it must be assured, as we then said, of effective and recognized government regulation or control of railways. The Northern Securities case preceded the Hepburn Act, which gave us the Inter-State Commerce Commission in its revitalized and existing form. In our judgment, the Northern Securities case contributed not a little to the passage of the Hepburn Act and to the establishment, not only in our structure of government but in the public mind, of the principle of Federal regulation of railways. The decision of the Supreme Court regarding the merger of what are popularly known as the Harriman lines, namely, the Southern Pacific, Union Pacific, and Central Pacific Railways, is a case in point. The facts regarding this interesting decision are as follows:

THE UNION PACIFIC MERGER

Last week the United States Supreme Court handed down a notable decision. Indeed, nothing so important affecting transportation has come from that body since the Northern Securities decision. The case was that of the Union Pacific merger. As will be seen by the accompanying map, the Union Pacific Railway runs from Omaha and Kansas City to Ogden, Utah, and thence, instead of proceeding directly to the coast at San Francisco, branches northwest and southeast and reaches the coast at two very widely separated points, Portland, Oregon, and Los Angeles, California. The Central Pacific, however, runs directly west from Ogden to San Francisco. The Southern Pacific runs from New Orleans by way of Los Angeles and San Francisco to Portland.

The late Edward H. Harriman, as head of the Union Pacific system, wanted to control



RAILWAY LINES AFFECTED BY THE UNION PACIFIC MERGER

if it

the Central Pacific and Southern Pacific, just as he wanted to dominate every possible railway. But he wanted the Central Pacific more than any other, so that he could get the most direct outlet to the ocean. It was to the public's advantage as well as to the Union Pacific's that this control should be secured. Now the Southern Pacific had acquired control of the Central Pacific. Hence, to get the Central Pacific, as his offer to buy it directly had been refused, in 1901 Mr. Harriman bought for the Union Pacific a controlling amount of Southern Pacific stock. In 1907 the Inter-State Commerce Commission made a report concerning this combination as to the charges that, though the roads were at some points a thousand miles apart, there was suppression of competition. A year later, in the Roosevelt Administration, the Federal Government began a suit against the merger, on the ground that the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific were really competing lines. The Federal Circuit Court found that they were not, and hence that their combination did not violate the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court. It has now unanimously reversed the lower Court's decision.

The decision holds that the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific, prior to their merger, were active competitors engaged in inter-State commerce, acting independently as to a large amount of their respective carrying trade, and that since the combination competition has been suppressed. The combination is thus in restraint of commerce and is within the prohibitions of the Sherman Law. But this is not all. Even were there no overt act, the very scope of such combinations and their power to suppress and to stifle competition or to create monopoly would determine that the law should be applied. Thus the principle of the Northern Securities decision is extended to the present case. Accordingly to enforce the law the Court orders the dissolution of the Union Pacific merger.

But this is only part of the Supreme Court's decision. While it declares as illegal the Union Pacific's ownership of the Southern Pacific, its ownership of the Central Pacific is not so regarded. The Court thinks it legitimate that the Union Pacific should try to get the Central Pacific as a natural and necessary outlet to the coast. Hence, while the Court decrees that the Union Pacific must surrender its Southern Pacific stock holdings, it invites the Union Pacific to submit a plan for separating the Central Pacific from the Southern Pacific, so as to secure the outlet to the coast. This part of the decision was welcomed by those who had been associated with Mr. Harriman. They declared that it was a vic-

tory for him in his wish to secure a through route. This is doubtless true. It is a victory. But the decision is even more significant in another direction. For it again puts the Supreme Court on record as declaring that any corporation designed to throttle competition cannot be allowed to exist under the law. Thus, as upholding the "under dog's rights," the decision may perhaps be held to concern life, as do tenement-house decisions, for instance. Finally, the Union Pacific decision justifies the position, often taken in The Outlook, that we must have either Government regulation or Government ownership of our railways. Anything that emphasizes regulation halts the progress of Socialism, but Government ownership of railways might accentuate its advance.

THE CASE OF THE NEW HAVEN ROAD

A second event of great public interest and industrial importance in the history of the recent relations of the railways to the Government is found in the proceedings which are now being taken by the Department of Justice against the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Company on the ground that it is a combination unjustly restraining trade and is therefore an unlawful combination. What is the history of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Company? Briefly this: Thirty or forty years ago the steam railways operating in New England were about as numerous, about as unrelated, and about as variable in their quality as the public hacks or cabs at the steamship docks in New York used to be before the days of regulation by municipal ordinance. South and west of Boston there were the New York and New Haven, the New Haven, Hartford and Springfield, the Boston and Providence, the Old Colony, and the Boston and Albany Railway. North and west of Boston there were the Boston and Lowell, the Boston and Maine, the Eastern, the Maine Central, the Fitchburg, and possibly one or two other railways. The traffic was irregular, the connections were often poor, and the inconveniences and expense to the passenger were very great. At New London, for example, the river was crossed in a ferryboat before the days of the modern railway bridge. From Boston to Portland there were two almost parallel lines, called the Boston and Maine and the Eastern, on which competing trains sometimes actually raced. The safety, as far as passengers were concerned, was not wholly unlike that which prevailed on the Mississippi River in the days before the war, when Negroes sat upon the safety-valves of racing passenger packets until one or the other of the boats exploded their boilers. The writer of these lines well remembers the journeys which he took from New York forty years ago as a boy to the home of his grandfather in Franklin County, Maine. He got aboard an antiquated passenger car at the New York and Harlem station, which then stood at the site of the present Madison Square Garden, and was hauled by four or six horses up Fourth Avenue to the present site of the Grand Central Station, then in the outskirts of the city, where the engine was attached, and he probably got as far as New Haven without changing cars. Taking another train there, he was carried to New London; at New London he got out and boarded a ferryboat; on the farther side of the river he entered a new train and pursued his journey to Providence. Sometimes there was a change at Providence, but he eventually arrived at Boston. After spending the night in Boston he took a train the next morning for Portland, over either the old Boston and Maine or the Eastern Railway, whichever happened to be at the time, in the judgment of his parents, the least dangerous to life and limb.

The stations at Boston were alongside one another and the trains pulled out at the same hour, and there was always considerable interest among the passengers as to which train would reach North Berwick, where these two single-track roads crossed one another, first. North Berwick was the most important station on the entire route for the young traveler, for at this point was a railway restaurant famous for its sponge-cake and Washington pie—joyous advantages of the competitive system of railway travel which, alas! have been obliterated by the ruthless hand of combination. Arriving at Portland, the traveler took another train to Lewiston, and there, after some waiting, boarded the final train for his destination in Franklin County, hauled by an old-fashioned, wood-burning locomotive over the Androscoggin Railway. This is a real, even if a somewhat impressionistic, picture of the conditions of travel under competition forty years ago in New England; and if a dry goods box or a ton of coal could speak, it would probably tell the same story.

The New York and New Haven road began the era of combination south and east of Boston, and, absorbing practically every railway line in that region except the Boston and Albany, became known as the Consolidated Road. The Boston and Maine, which was originally a single-track road running from Boston to Portland, began the work of consolidation in northern and eastern New England, and finally controlled, either actually or nominally, every steam railway in that region. Twenty-five years ago Mr. Mellen, the President of the Consolidated Road, and in our judgment one of the most forceful, constructive, and able railway men in the country, conceived the idea of combining the entire transportation system in New England—steamboats, steam railways, and trolley lines—in one great combination. He first acquired some of the steamers and trolley lines, and recently obtained the Consolidated Boston and Maine; thus the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad Company now is the practical dictator, if it is not the practical owner, of the whole industry of transportation in New England.

The volume of complaints against this dictatorship has recently been growing until it has culminated in the accusation that the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Company has prevented, either by force or by cajolery, the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada from building a competing line to Providence, Rhode Island. The Grand Trunk has for many years been endeavoring to get a terminal in a New England seaport free from ice in the winter so that it could compete with the railways of the United States in transcontinental export traffic. A Federal Grand Jury is now considering whether the relations of the New Haven road to the Grand Trunk road, and the alleged acts of competition-stifling which have resulted from the New Haven, Boston, Maine merger, justify the Government in proceeding against the New Haven road as an unlawful combination in restraint of trade.

Those who advocate the breaking up of the New Haven road into its component parts as a remedy for the selfish and discriminatory combination point to the judgment of the Supreme Court in the Union Pacific case, reviewed above, as a ground for their belief that the Government will take judicial action against the New York, New Haven, and Hartford. If the people of the United States were to go back to the conditions which prevailed in the days of unlimited competition, briefly outlined in this article, there would be a general rebellion in less than sixty days. The history of the Northern Securitites case, the Union Pacific case, and the New York, New Haven, and Hartford case, confirms us in our belief that what the people of the United States desire and what they need in the gigantic industry of transportation is not free competition, but efficient combination under strict and unhesitating Government regulation.

We have spoken in this article a word of praise for Mr. Mellen. We think he deserves it, but we also think he deserves criticism. We think that in his desire, highly commendable within certain limits, to maintain the investment value of the stock and bonds of his road, he has sometimes, if not often, waved aside the legitimate rights and demands of shippers, travelers, and consumers. But the way to correct any wrong that Mr. Mellen has committed is not to weaken him or decrease his efficiency, but to have the Government tell him what he may do and what he may not do in the administration of the railways intrusted to his care. We should not object if the steam railway transportation industry of the United States were concentrated in the six or eight great systems or combinations, provided the people of the country would see to it that their Government was made strong enough to regulate and control those systems. When we are told that this would tend to inevitable Government ownership of railways, we say that, if regulated combination cannot be made successful, as we believe it can, then we will accept Government ownership of railways. We shall never cease to protest against going back to the ill-regulated, inconvenient, and economically wasteful method of free competition which prevailed among the railways of the United States from twenty-five to forty years ago.

THE RAILWAYS, THE MAILS, AND THE EXPRESS COMPANIES

There are one or two other incidents in recent railway history that show that the Federal regulation of inter-State commerce can be made a success. Carrying of the mail is inter-State commerce of a most important kind. A committee of responsible officials representing nine great American railways—including the Atchison, the New York Central, the New Haven, the Pennsylvania, and the Southern Pacific systems—

has issued a statement in the form of a pamphlet in which they claim that the steam railways of the country are insufficiently paid for carrying United States mail. This pamphlet is intended to be not merely a statement to the Postmaster-General and an appeal to Congress, but to be an appeal to that greatest of American courts—the court of public opinion. It is clearly written and easily understood. Without endeavoring to report every argument of the committee, we restate here the most striking of their contentions. They assert that the inauguration of the parcels post on January 1 next will greatly increase the cost of carrying the mails without any compensation for the loss on the express business which will follow; they say that instead of being overpaid the railways carry the United States mails at an actual loss when the mail-bags are charged their proper share of operating expenses and taxes. The rates for carrying the mail are now determined by weighing the mail in a given month, once every four years. This is called the quadrennial weighing. The present rates were based upon the business of November, 1909. The committee ask for annual weighing, and assert that the month of November never represents a fair average of the amount of business. There appears to be justice on the face of their claim for annual weighing. They point out that the pay of the railways has dropped from thirty-four dollars out of every hundred dollars of Post-Office receipts in 1901 to twenty-one dollars out of every hundred dollars of Post-Office receipts in 1911. This, however, may indicate, it seems to us, that the Post-Office in paying the railways thirty-four per cent of its gross receipts in 1901 was paying too much, rather than that it is paying too little in giving the railways twenty-one per cent of its gross receipts in 1911. They point out that railway wages have very greatly increased without a corresponding increase in payment from the Government for carrying the mail. In other words, the claim of this Committee on Railway Mail Pay is that the Post-Office is not sharing with the railways the general increased cost of living.

This is the same claim which has been made recently by the railways for permission from the Inter-State Commerce Commission to increase freight rates, and for permission from the Board of Arbitration to decline to increase wages. No doubt the railways of the United States have felt with all its individual citizens the increased cost of living. In our judgment, some expert and impartial body must determine at what points the railways must meet this increased cost of living by increasing their income and at what points by reducing their expenditures. Such a body exists in the Inter-State Commerce Commission. We wish it were possible in some way for Congress to refer the request of the railways for increased mail rates to the Inter-State Commerce Commission. Ten or a dozen years ago it was accepted as a fact that the railways were overpaid because of the subtle influences which they exercised at that time upon certain types of Senators and Congressmen.

It is a wholesome sign of the growth of intelligence and sound public opinion in this country to have such a body as the Committee on Railway Mail Pay appealing in this frank and straightforward manner to Congress and the public. What can be done by an administrative department of the Government like the Inter-State Commerce Commission is illustrated by the reform in the express business. The great express companies of this country are so interrelated with the railway companies that they may be said to be appendages of the railways. Everybody is familiar with the complaints about the express business, which have been loud and persistent for many years. Finally the Inter-State Commerce Commission took action; rates have been regulated, and a system of simple official stamps, already described in these pages, has been devised by the Inter-State Commerce Commission which the express companies must affix to all packages and parcels, showing plainly whether the charges are "prepaid" or "collect." The Adams, United States, American, and Wells Fargo express companies are now advertising these labels in the daily press as being great improvements in their business, under the expressive headline (no pun intended) "EXPRESS LABELS THAT PROTECT YOU," and frankly giving credit to the Inter-State Commerce Commission for the improvement. In a recent public address Mr. Walker D. Hines, a lawyer of New York who has a National reputation as a railway expert, and who is of counsel for some of the express companies as well as for one of the greatest railway systems of the country, paid a specific tribute to the efficiency of the Inter-State Commerce Commission in origi-

nating some of the reforms of the express business which have just been put into operation.

The special point which we wish to make in conclusion is that the present attitude of the Federal Government to the railways, and of the railways and the express companies to the Inter-State Commerce Commission, as we have briefly endeavored to portray it in the foregoing review, clearly indicates that the policy of regulated combination is recognized both by the public on the one hand, and by the railway managers on the other, as practical, and as capable of being carried out in a way to promote both public justice and legitimate business success.

ALBERT K. SMILEY

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

MR. ALBERT K. SMILEY died at his winter home in southern California last week, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. His death brings to its close a life of rare usefulness, characterized by unique achievements, accomplished by a man who combined great gentleness with great force of character, and great generosity of spirit with great business efficiency.

About twenty-five miles south of the Catskills, in New York State, lies what the New Yorker calls a mountain range, but what residents in the Rockies would call hills—a range which attains an elevation of from 1,500 to 2,000 feet. But mountain beauty of scenery is not dependent upon mere size, and in this range of hills are romantic beauties not essentially different from those which one may see in the White Mountains of New England or in the Rockies of the far West. On this Shawangunk range, about twenty-five miles from Poughkeepsie, is a crystal lake perhaps three-quarters of a mile long by one quarter of a mile wide. From one shore of this lake the mountain rises in a precipitous cliff over two hundred feet high; from the other side it slopes away in a series of gradual though broken ascents to a greater elevation some seven miles distant.

On the shore of this lake, in a spot of peculiar mountain beauty, there was in the sixties what the French would call a *cabaret*—a little inn of unsavory reputation. Local prejudice sometimes gives a house a bad name without justification; but, if local prejudice did not misrepresent the facts, this little inn was frequented by men who, under pretense of fishing where there were few fish, and hunting where there was little game, went to get rid of the restraints of civilized society, that they might drink and gamble without criticism. Mr. Alfred H. Smiley either visited or resided—I am not certain which—in Poughkeepsie at the time, heard of the beauty of this spot or chanced upon it in driving over the mountains, and urged his brother, Albert K., to visit the place with him. Albert K. was at the time the proprietor of a then famous school in Providence, Rhode Island, to which, by his executive and scholarly ability, he had given a far more than local reputation. He yielded reluctantly to his brother's persuasions, was captured, as his brother had been, by the beauty of the spot, purchased the lake, the inn, and land enough about it to furnish moderate grounds for a modest hotel. This was in 1869. In 1871 I was editor of the "Illustrated Christian Weekly," and when I visited the spot I found here a summer home, containing about forty guests, characterized by scrupulous neatness, an air of repose, and a homelikeness not often found in any American summer resort. I was so fascinated by the place that the following year I revisited it with an artist, and the illustrations published in the "Illustrated Christian Weekly" served for a time a useful purpose in the descriptive booklet printed by the brothers Smiley.

From this small beginning the Lake Mohonk House has grown to a summer hotel capable of accommodating over four hundred guests. More than fifty miles of mountain drives have been laid out on these grounds, besides innumerable foot-paths. Some of these roads required for their construction no mean degree of engineering skill. Mr. Albert K. Smiley presently sold his school in Providence and came to make Lake Mohonk his home, while his brother,

Alfred H., bought another site on a larger lake seven miles away; and the two estates have so grown in size that now, we believe, they are actually contiguous.

But in this growth the house lost nothing of its original character. It remained a home. The brothers Smiley were twins. They looked so much alike that until the last five years of Mr. Alfred Smiley's life even their intimate friends sometimes mistook one for the other, and no one but an intimate friend could always tell them apart, even when they were together. Nor was this resemblance one of features only; they were singularly alike in character. They were Friends, not merely in a churchly but in a personal sense. They loved their fellow-men, loved nature, loved peace, loved the quiet and the simple life, and loved to be "near to nature's heart;" and they both had from the first the belief that there were in the Eastern States of America a considerable number of people who shared this spirit with them—people who did not wish to make the sole change in their life a transfer from dancing in a ball-room in the city to dancing in a hotel parlor in the country; from bridge whist in their homes to bridge whist in the parlors of a summer resort; people who loved nature, loved the trees and the flowers, the rocks, the mountains, the lakes, the birds; people who wished a simple life without the discomforts and inconveniences which roughing it in a camp life formerly involved.

From the first, therefore, there was in this hotel no bar, no liquor sold or allowed in the dining-room, no cards, no dancing in the parlors, no billiard-room, no hotel band discoursing music. From the first, however, there were substitutes: in the reading-room, which gradually developed into a library of considerable size; in walks and drives that grew in extent with the growing clientele of the hotel. From the first guests were not received on Sunday, nor was any provision made for their departure. Thus not only were the guests sure of a Sabbath quiet, but the horses and the stablemen had their day of rest, which partly accounts for the excellent condition of both at the end of the season. Every morning the guests who wished to do so assembled for morning prayers, at first in the parlor; later, when the hotel grew to its present dimensions, in an assembly-room which served the purpose of parlor, recreation-room, and chapel. Morning prayers in a hotel with four hundred guests will seem to the ordinary reader something of an incongruity; but to the guest of Mr. Smiley it did not so seem, for to the last his hotel was a home, his guests were his personal friends, and until the constant coming and going made the practice impossible, he was accustomed to greet his guests on their arrival and bid them good-by on their departure. Their experience proved that the brothers Smiley were not mistaken in their surmise. Mr. Albert K. Smiley took a pardonable pride in the fact that no summer hotel in America opened its doors earlier in the season or was later in the fall in closing them upon departing guests.

This was possibly partly due to the two conferences which he initiated, one in the fall, begun in 1879, the other in the spring, begun in 1894.

In 1879 Helen Hunt had not written her "Century of Dishonor" (published in 1881) nor her "Ramona" (published in The Outlook in 1884). The Indian was out of sight and out of mind. Eastern sentimentalists pictured him as a child of nature, the noble Red Man of Cooper's novels. The Western frontiersman knew him chiefly through Indian wars or through Indian vagabondage. With him "The only good Indian is a dead Indian" was a favorite saying. The Indians, herded together on reservations without any of the developing influences of civilization except such as the sporadic efforts of mission churches and mission schools might afford, were acquiring the vices far more than the virtues of modern American life. Mr. Smiley conceived the idea that if he could bring together a variety of men who would look at the Indian problem from a great variety of points of view, he might evolve out of their interchange of opinions a common policy. So the first Indian Conference was called in 1879. It included Government agents, Eastern philanthropists, educators, missionaries, representatives of the army, theorists from the closet, practical workers from the field. The morning and evening hours were devoted to free discussion; the afternoons to drives and walks. The facts that all the members of the Conference were personal guests of Mr. Smiley, that in his invitations he carefully excluded both men with axes to grind and men with patent ideas to ventilate, that they were invited into an atmosphere of peace and good will which made the hotel a home, and that the morning sessions immediately followed the brief morning prayers and in the same room, prevented the debates,

which were often very earnest, from ever becoming bitter. There is no space here to trace the history of this Conference in detail. It is enough to say that, in my judgment, it has done more to bring the century of dishonor to an end, more to initiate an honest and consistent Indian policy in our country, more to break up the disastrous reservation system, to put an end to Indian wars, and to bring about a consistent system of Indian education—in brief, more to create a consistent policy of treating the Indian as we treat the immigrant from foreign shores—than all other influences combined. As the Indian problem retreated into the background and the colonial problem came to the front, the Conference was enlarged to include, with a consideration of the Nation's duties to the Indian, a consideration of its duties to other dependent peoples. The same spirit has characterized the enlarged Conference, and something of the same results have followed from it.

In the spring of 1894 Mr. Smiley called at Lake Mohonk an International Arbitration Conference. Though a Friend, Mr. Smiley was not a "peace at any price" advocate. He believed that both an adequate navy and an adequate army are required for national protection in the present stage of civilization. It was characteristic of his breadth of view and his ability as a harmonizer that in each one of these Conferences —we think without any exception—representatives of both the army and the navy have been present and have taken active part, but always as advocates of peace if possible, always representing war as a last resort. In 1894, four years before the now famous Hague Peace Conference, the Lake Mohonk International Arbitration Conference discussed the possibility of substituting an appeal to reason for the appeal to force, and formulated a plan for the organization of a permanent Supreme Court of the Nations, which should do for all peoples what the Supreme Court of the United States does for the peoples of the various States in the Union.

What Mr. Smiley has been the means of accomplishing in a quiet way for America by the contribution of Lake Mohonk House to the Indian problem, and to the world by its contribution to world peace, can never be properly estimated, and yet I doubt whether both these services combined count for as much as what he and his wife have accomplished for the life of their guests by the home which has been opened to them and by the spirit which has pervaded it.

In Mr. Smiley were combined in a remarkable degree the spirit of peace and good will with great force of character, and the spirit of devotion with great catholicity. This combination of devotion and catholicity is illustrated by the fact that at the morning prayers at Lake Mohonk he sometimes himself read the prayer from a book of prayers, sometimes called on clergymen who were present to officiate, and in so doing disregarded all denominational distinctions. I have united in the devotions of this family gathering, led on one day by a Unitarian clergyman, led on another by a Roman Catholic cardinal.

Mr. Smiley's combination of pacific spirit with force of character is illustrated by two instances in his administration, both authentic, with which this perhaps too prolonged sketch must be brought to its close.

A guest resolved to set at defiance the unwritten but common law of the house against the serving of wine in the dining-room, and brought his bottle with him to the table. Mr. Smiley said nothing, waited until the dinner was over, and then quietly sent the guest his bill and with it a notice that his room would be required that afternoon; and the guest departed in a great rage. Another, a multi-millionaire, accustomed to having his will regarded as law, disregarded the sign placed at every entrance to the grounds, "No automobiles allowed," and drove up with a large party to the hotel door in his touring car. Mr. Smiley was notified, met the lordly gentleman, told him, with that quiet vigor which those who know Mr. Smiley can well imagine, that he would rather have lost $100 than have seen this automobile in his grounds, directed the chauffeur to take the car to the public road at once, and, after his guests had been served with the luncheon which they wished, returned them to the car in carriages from his own stables, a charge for which was included in the bill. A gentle spirit and a firm will are not inconsistent.

Mr. Smiley's wife shared with her husband in the ministry which imbued the hotel with the spirit of the home until ill health laid her aside from the public life of the house. The hotel will be carried on by a younger brother, who, with his wife, there is every reason to believe, will maintain in it the same spirit and enable it to continue the same public service.

IS JAPAN PERSECUTING CHRISTIANS IN KOREA?

BY GEORGE KENNAN

A new trial of the one hundred and six Koreans charged with conspiring against the life of Viscount Terauchi, Japanese Governor-General of Korea, is now going on in Japan, and the question as to whether they received aid or advice from foreign missionaries has been touched upon in the testimony. Mr. Kennan's careful study of the history of this case as it appeared upon the first trial is therefore of special and timely significance.—THE EDITORS.

CRIMINAL trials in Far Eastern courts, and especially trials in which the lives and property of foreigners are not directly involved, seldom excite much interest in other parts of the world. Chinese or Japanese by the score may be tried in Peking or Tokyo, and may be sentenced to imprisonment, or even to death, without attracting much attention outside the countries where the crimes were committed. A noteworthy exception to this general rule, however, is furnished by the recent trial of one hundred and twenty-three Koreans in the local court of Seoul upon the charge of entering into a conspiracy to assassinate the Japanese Governor-General, Viscount Terauchi. This particular trial excited unusual interest, not only in the East, but in the West, and was more or less fully reported in the newspapers of Shanghai, Tokyo, St. Petersburg, London, and New York. A partial explanation of this general interest in the Korean conspiracy case is to be found in its relation to the Christian religion. Many of the alleged conspirators were Christian converts, and the foreign missionaries to whose churches they belonged, or in whose schools they had been educated, naturally regarded them with sympathy and believed in their innocence. Through some of these missionaries and their correspondents the case was brought to public attention in the West, and there it soon became, not only a subject of discussion in religious circles, but a basis for the charge that the Japanese Government is showing a spirit of religious intolerance in Korea, and is manifesting a disposition to oppose Christian missions and Christian work in that part of the Empire.

The first trial lately came to an end, and it may be proper to give a brief résumé of it, with a view to ascertaining, if possible, the justice or injustice of the charges made against the Japanese in connection with it. The case of the Government, as presented by Mr. Matsudera, Chief Procurator for the Crown, is as follows:

Early in January, 1912, the Japanese police, while investigating a case of common robbery in central Korea, accidentally discovered facts which seemed to indicate that a Korean patriotic society known as the Sinmin Hoi was encouraging and promoting the assassination of Japanese officials. The particular crime then under investigation proved to be political rather than mercenary in its nature, and some of the arrested bandits confessed that the object of their robbery was not to enrich themselves, but to get funds for the Sinmin Society by means of what the Russian terrorists call "forcible expropriation." Following up promptly the clues that they obtained from the Lapchongchyong bandits, the police not only came upon what seemed to be proofs of conspirative and seditious activity among the Christian converts in Syonchon, Pyengyang, and other centers of missionary work, but gradually obtained evidence to show that the Sinmin society had long been advocating and promoting the murder of Japanese officials, and that it or its sympathizers had brought about the assassination of Mr. D. W. Stevens in San Francisco and of Prince Ito in Harbin; had attempted the assassination of the Korean Premier, Yi Wang-yong, in Seoul; and had killed 926 members of the Il Chin Hoi (a Korean society friendly to the Japanese) in various parts of the peninsula. Guided by confessions of the prisoners already in custody, the police in the early part of 1912 made a large number of additional arrests, and at the end of the preliminary inquiry, in April, they had examined hundreds of suspects, had taken thirty-five volumes of testimony, and had obtained what seemed to be conclusive proof of the existence of a plot to assassinate Governor-General Terauchi when he went to New Wiju in December, 1911, to be present at the opening of the Yalu River bridge.

The number of prisoners finally held for trial on the conspiracy charge was 123, including Baron Yun Chiho, who had been a vice-minister in the Korean Cabinet under the old régime; Major Lyu Tongsol, a Korean army officer who had been decorated by the Japanese Emperor with the insignia of the Rising Sun for services rendered during the Russo-Japanese War; and Yang Keuitaik, a journalist of Seoul, who had been associated with E. T. Bethell in the editorial management of the Korea "Daily News." Most of the other prisoners were school-teachers, students, preachers, farmers, or small manufacturers, and an overwhelming majority of them were professed Christians. They were all arraigned before Presiding Judge Tsukahara, in the Seoul local court, on the 28th of June of the present year. The doors of the court-room were open to the public: there was a fair attendance of missionaries and friends; and the accused were defended by sixteen lawyers. All of the prisoners pleaded not guilty.

The trial, which was conducted in accordance with the Japanese code of criminal procedure, lasted about two months, and was, in the main, a detailed examination of the accused, by the presiding judge, on the basis of the testimony given by them when they were first interrogated at police headquarters. The Japanese authorities assert that in the preliminary inquiry all of the prisoners made full confession; and that they again confessed when they were questioned by the chief procurator. In open court, however, they repudiated their previous statements, and most of them declared that the so-called confessions had been extorted from them by means of torture.

In the investigation at police headquarters some of the prisoners declared that they had received aid or encouragement from the American missionaries, and, when they were re-examined on these statements by the presiding judge, the names of the missionaries were brought out in open court. They included such men as Bishop McKim, of the Protestant Episcopal Church; Bishop Harris, of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Japan and Korea; the Rev. G. S. McCune; the Rev. S. A. Moffett, of California; Dr. J. Hunter Wells, of Oregon; the Rev. William M. Baird, of Indiana; and a number of other Christian clergymen of the highest and purest character. Of course no one believed for a moment that these gentlemen had ever given the slightest encouragement to the alleged assassins, or that they had had any knowledge whatever of the alleged aims of the Sinmin society. In open court the prisoners themselves acquitted the missionaries of knowledge, participation, or encouragement, and declared that the police had forced them, by torture, to accuse the clergymen named, and to charge the latter with participation.

When the Court had finished its examination of the prisoners, on the basis of the testimony taken in the preliminary inquiry, Mr. Ogawa, counsel for Baron Yun Chiho, said to the presiding judge that the decision of the case would apparently depend largely upon the question whether or not the alleged confessions of the accused had been extorted by torture. He therefore asked the Court to further investigate that question by calling police inspectors Kunitomo and Watanabe as witnesses. He also expressed the hope that the Rev. Mr. Moffett and the Rev. Mr. McCune, whose names had been mentioned so frequently in the course of the trial, would be allowed to take the stand and testify concerning matters referred to in the alleged confessions. Counsel for other prisoners joined in this request, and the prisoners themselves named a large number of witnesses whom they desired to have called. After listening to an argument by Assistant Procurator Sakai in opposition to the petitions of the accused and their counsel, the Court decided not to summon the witnesses named. Mr. Ogawa, acting in behalf of his associates, then filed a written motion for "refusal of the judges" (a change in the composition of the court), on the ground of error in the denial of the request to summon witnesses. This motion was overruled, and counsel for the defense gave notice of an appeal to be based on this point.

When, after an intermission, the court reassembled in August, long arguments were made by the chief procurator, by counsel for the defense, and by some of the prisoners themselves in support of their respective contentions. The chief procurator emphatically denied that the accused had been subjected to torture, and declared that physicians who had been directed to make an examination of their bodies failed to discover any signs whatever of ill treatment. He therefore asked the Court to find the prisoners guilty, on the evidence furnished by their own statements, which were comprised in the thirty-five volumes of testimony taken in the

preliminary inquiry, and which were corroborated, at least in part, by the discovery of weapons in the places where the accused said they had been hidden.

The final judgment of the Court was rendered on the 28th of September, in the presence of a large number of foreigners, among whom were a number of ladies, the French Consul, and the representatives of the New York "Herald" and the Associated Press. Seventeen of the prisoners were acquitted, for lack of conclusive evidence against them; but one hundred and six were found guilty, and were sentenced to five years, seven years, or ten years of penal servitude. Among the five men included in the heaviest sentence were Baron Yun Chiho, Major Lyu Tongsol, and Yang Keuitaik. Never before, so far as I know, had a Japanese court condemned to penal servitude a vice-minister who had been ennobled by the Japanese Sovereign, and an army officer who had been decorated by Imperial command with the insignia of the Rising Sun.

The trial of the accused, as above outlined, raises three important questions:

1. Were the prisoners tortured?
2. Did they have a fair trial?
3. Is the Japanese Government hostile to Christian missions and Christian work in the Korean peninsula?

Before considering these questions, it seems necessary to refer to a few of the misrepresentations and misstatements that have been made, in Japan and in the United States, in prejudgment of the case. Long before the trial began a weekly religious newspaper in New York stated, upon the authority of letters written by missionaries to their friends in America, that the number of native Christians then imprisoned in Korean jails was six thousand. This statement, although apparently made in good faith, was a flagrant misrepresentation of the facts. Not more than one thousand persons were arrested in all, and most of them were released after the preliminary examination. In the late spring or early summer, when Viscount Terauchi made a personal examination, the number in custody was 287, and of these only 151 were Christian converts.

The New York weekly newspaper further stated that "the religious persecution in Korea was marked by cruelties comparable to the rigors of mediæval inquisitions," and that "the real impulse to the terrific dragonade was a fierce aversion to Christianity, and a determination to stamp out the Church in the province of Chosen." These assertions also were wholly without foundation in fact, and were apparently the reckless expression of heated partisan feeling. In the official statement to which I have already referred, Viscount Terauchi explicitly and emphatically said: "Neither with the power, desire, wish, connivance, nor sanction of the Government, has any person or persons been prosecuted or persecuted on account of any religious views, beliefs, or practices whatsoever."

The religious weekly that made the above-quoted assertions acquitted Governor-General Terauchi of responsibility for the "fierce dragonade" by saying that "he is not really in power in Korea. The whole civil administration is completely overshadowed by the military establishment, at the head of which stands General Akashi. He and all his officers are typical exponents of the military party, which, in Japan as well as in Korea, is known to be heartily opposed to the whole Christian propaganda."

Every one of these statements and implications is erroneous and misleading. Viscount Terauchi, by virtue of the Imperial Rescript of 1910, was put in command of the whole "military establishment" of Korea; and any one who has had even the most casual acquaintance with Japan's great War Minister knows that he is not at all likely to be "overshadowed" or deprived of power by anybody, and least of all by General Akashi, who, instead of being at the head of the military establishment, is merely the chief of the Police Department. Finally, there is no "military party," either in Japan or in Korea, that is "heartily opposed to the whole Christian propaganda."

A leading daily newspaper of New York recently published in its Sunday editions a series of anonymous letters from a Far Eastern correspondent who described himself as a German subject expelled from Korea by Governor-General Terauchi on account of his sympathy with the oppressed and cruelly treated people of that country. He dates his first letter "On Board Steamship Ping Yang from Chemulpo;" describes his harrowing experience in the "Pelang coast country;" gives the substance of an interview that he had with "Colonel Y. Sudu, commander of the land forces at Chemulpo;" tells a pathetic story of an old Korean who had been robbed of his property and deprived of his daughters by the Japanese authorities

at "Ta-he-lo;" and paints a lurid picture of the "terrific dragonade" to which the unfortunate Korean Christians have been subjected since the annexation. The paper containing the correspondent's first letter has recently reached Korea, and the Seoul "Press" comments upon it, in substance, as follows:

"No steamship named the Ping Yang ever entered or left the port of Chemulpo. There is no 'Colonel Sudu' in the Japanese army in Korea, and there are no 'land forces at Chemulpo.' The 'Pelang coast country' does not exist, and there is no settlement named 'Ta-he-lo' in any part of Korea." "The whole letter," the "Press" says, "is the wildest and most absurd tale ever penned concerning this peninsula."

And upon such evidence as this the Western world is asked to believe that the Japanese—in the words of the headline over the correspondent's third letter—are "determined to down Christianity in Korea."

No story seems to be too wild or absurd to obtain credence in circles that are hostile to Japan. In the United States or in the Far East, since the beginning of the conspiracy proceedings, it has been reported that the accused prisoners would not be allowed to have counsel; that some of them had already been banished to Formosa without trial; that officials of the Japanese Government had prepared charges against Bishop Harris and eighteen leading missionaries; and, finally, that General Akashi, the alleged "head of the military establishment," had spent five years in Russia studying methods of torture that might later be applied to the defenseless Christian converts in Korea. With regard to the last of these extraordinary statements it may be pertinent to say that there was no necessity for going to Russia to study methods of inflicting pain. Torture of both suspects and witnesses was commonly practiced in Korea for centuries, and was not finally abolished until the Japanese put an end to it when they acquired full control of the country in 1907.

I regret the necessity of devoting even so much as a paragraph to these erroneous and misleading statements; but the papers that contain them go into the hands of tens of thousands of readers who know little of Japan and still less of Korea, and who have neither the time nor the means to investigate for themselves the questions involved. This critical examination of a few of the mendacious reports that have recently come to the United States will perhaps furnish American readers with a reason for distrusting Far Eastern rumors, scares, and fakes, or at least for suspending judgment until all sides have been heard. Bishop Warburton must have been investigating stories of religious persecution in the Far East when he said, "A lie has no legs and cannot stand, but it has wings and can fly far and wide."

The first important question raised by the conspiracy trial in Seoul is, "Were the Christian converts tortured?" To this question no positive and unqualified answer can be given. Torture is forbidden by Japanese law, but that does not prove that it is never practiced. Torture is forbidden also by Russian law, and yet Russian political prisoners have often been tortured by their jailers. Officials in all countries have acted at times in disregard of law. The question in this particular case is, "Who shall be believed, the Koreans or the Japanese?"

The average Japanese is more likely to tell the truth, perhaps, than the average Korean, for the reason that the historical conditions of his life have not forced him to resort to untruthfulness as a means of self-defense. Under a cruel and despotic government, a lie is often the only refuge of the weak, and the Koreans for centuries have been forced to lie in order to protect their property or their lives from rapacious and all-powerful officials. This has tended to create a national habit of untruthfulness, which is more discreditable to the Government than to the people. Mr. Homer B. Hulbert, who knows the Koreans well and has high regard for them, thinks that in the matter of truthfulness "they measure well up to the best standards of the Orient, which at best are not too high." He admits, however, that "if they get into trouble, or are faced by some emergency, or if the success of some plan depends upon a little twisting of the truth, they do not hesitate to enter upon the field of fiction. . . . A Korean sees about as much moral turpitude in a lie as we see in a mixed metaphor or a split infinitive."

The Koreans are particularly apt to lie in stating their grievances against the Japanese. One of the most prominent of the missionaries whose names have been mentioned in connection with this trial told a friend some years ago that he had made inquiries as to the truth of various charges made by Koreans against the Japanese, and had found them to be "false in every case."

The Rev. Mr. Watase, pastor of the Japanese Congregational Church in Seoul, writing to the "Christian World" of Osaka, in September last, said: "The prisoners accused of the conspiracy are living very calm and healthy lives under good treatment. I am firmly convinced that the charge of torture is either an invention of the prisoners to appeal to the sympathy of the general public or a magnifying of some trivial affair."

A few of the accused, it should be noted, did not plead torture as an excuse for giving false testimony at the preliminary inquiry. Baron Yun Chiho and three other prisoners said that they had made false confessions because they entertained certain misconceptions, or because they were not in a normal state of health. These excuses may tend to throw discredit on the charge of torture, but they do not disprove it; and the question of cruelty may not be finally settled until the case is reviewed on appeal. From the American point of view, the presiding judge erred in not confronting the prisoners with the police in open court and settling the question of torture before admitting the testimony said to have been obtained by that means.

The question whether the prisoners had an impartial trial or not may be answered with some degree of confidence. They were tried just as an equal number of Japanese would probably have been tried in a similar case. The criminal code and procedure of Japan are based largely upon those of France, and differ in some essential respects from the code and procedure of Great Britain and the United States. A Japanese judge interrogates the accused directly upon the basis of a *procès-verbal* drawn up by the police in a formal preliminary inquiry. The court has large discretionary power in the matter of admitting testimony, and may refuse to call witnesses in support of any particular contention if, in its judgment, the question raised has already been settled. This, in practice, often works to the disadvantage of the defense, and it may have done so in the case of the Korean conspirators. The procedure, however, would have been the same if the accused had been Japanese, and it can hardly be regarded as a denial of justice to the Koreans, as such. It may fairly be said, however, that, from the American point of view, it would have been better and more equitable to settle the question of torture in open court, and to admit freely all the testimony that the defense had to offer. The overruling of the motion made by the prisoners' counsel to change the composition of the court, on account of its refusal to admit further testimony for the defense, is now assigned for error, and the decision will be reviewed by a higher court on appeal.

The last and most important question raised by the Korean conspiracy case is, "Can the Japanese Government fairly be accused of hostility to Christian missions and Christian work in the Korean peninsula?" To this question some of the missionaries answer, "Yes." The "Continent," a Presbyterian weekly published in New York, has said that the Japanese are determined to stamp out the Church in Korea; Dr. J. Hunter Wells, of Pyengyang, in an interview with a New York "Sun" correspondent in London, has been quoted as expressing the opinion that "the Japanese officials are actuated by jealousy of the remarkable strides which Christianity has made" in that part of the world; the Missionary Association in Shanghai has unanimously adopted a resolution in which it "extends heartfelt sympathy to the Korean Christians falsely accused of conspiracy;" and, finally, the missionaries in Korea—or a part of them—have submitted to the Continuation Committee of the Edinburgh Conference a statement in which they say: "We now believe that the programme as laid out extends to the wiping out of the Christian movement in Korea."

A Western reader who is acquainted with the history of missionary work in Korea naturally inquires, When did this anti-Christian campaign begin? All the evidence that is available goes to show that under three successive Governors-General—Prince Ito, Viscount Sone, and Viscount Terauchi—the work of the Christian missionaries in Korea has had sympathetic appreciation and encouragement. In a letter from Pyengyang published in the "Japan Mail" on the 6th of July, 1907, Dr. J. Hunter Wells said: "There are those who, from a political standpoint, see fit to criticise Japan somewhat on her work in Korea; but I do not see how any one interested in the progress of the Gospel or in the extension of Christ's kingdom can do anything but thank Japan for helping along the good work."

A little later, in 1908, Bishop M. C. Harris, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, wrote a letter to the "Japan Mail" in which he referred to Prince Ito's attitude toward the missionaries as follows:

"Let it be well understood that between the missionaries and Prince Ito and the administration there is no conflict, and has not been. The missionary bodies find themselves better off even, and not only is there no obstruction to their work, but much sympathy for all they have done to ameliorate the condition of the people."

In 1909 Prince Ito was assassinated by a Korean Christian at Harbin; but even this did not change the attitude of the Government toward Christian work. The "absolute freedom of Christian religious teaching" which Ito had guaranteed was continued under his successor, Viscount Sone; and in May, 1910, at a dinner given to Bishop Harris in Seoul, Mr. Ishizuka, Director-General of the Japanese Government in Korea, made a speech in which he said: "The Residency-General will neither interfere with nor offer any obstacles to the work of religious propagandism. Far from it, the authorities are always prepared to afford what facilities and aid they can to religious workers."

In July, 1910, Viscount Terauchi succeeded Viscount Sone as Korean Governor-General, and in the first of his proclamations he said: "The freedom of religious belief is recognized in all civilized countries. There is nothing to be said against anybody's trying to gain spiritual peace by believing in whatever religious faith he or she considers to be true. Consequently, all religions shall be treated equally, and further protection and facilities shall be accorded for their legitimate propagation."

One of the missionaries in Korea is quoted as saying that "the Japanese officials are actuated by jealousy of the remarkable strides which Christianity has made in Korea;" but there certainly is no evidence of the alleged jealousy in their published reports. On the contrary, the work of the missionaries receives the most cordial recognition and appreciation. In the Annual Report of Reforms and Progress in Korea for 1911–1912, which was prepared by direction and under the supervision of Viscount Terauchi, the progress of Christianity is referred to in these terms:

"The native Christian converts, who numbered only some hundreds twenty years ago, now reach over 370,000. Such an example of the wonderful increase of converts to a foreign religion is scarcely seen in any other country. This remarkable success of the Christian propaganda was undoubtedly due to the sincere and untiring efforts of individual foreign missionaries in preaching the Gospel of Christ, as well as to the able management of foreign missionary boards and societies."

There seems to be no evidence of "jealousy" in this; it might have been written by a missionary for publication in the "Christian Herald." Even when the Report deals with Christian converts who are actively hostile to the Japanese régime, it sets an example of discriminating fairness and quiet self-restraint which some of the Christian missionaries would do well to follow. It says, for example, that "although some missionaries were very careful not to intermeddle with matters which lay beyond their proper sphere, native converts were so vehement in professing anti-Japanese sentiments that they passed quite beyond control of the former. But even under such conditions one ought not to jump to the conclusion that missionaries are responsible for the fact that a certain class of Christian converts are anti-Japanese, or that certain others joined the insurgents."

The Japanese Government, both in Japan and in Korea, has always shown a disposition to aid Christian work rather than discourage it. When the managers of the Young Men's Christian Association in Nagasaki recently made an effort to strengthen the organization in that city, the Governor of the Prefecture expressed cordial personal interest in it and voluntarily offered to become a member. Japan now has seventy-one Young Men's Christian Associations, with a total membership of about eight thousand. The late Emperor gave ten thousand yen as a personal contribution to the Army Department of this Christian organization, and the Japanese administration in Korea is still giving ten thousand yen annually to the Young Men's Christian Association in Seoul. Even the Salvation Army in Korea received twenty-five hundred yen as a gift and a token of good will from the Residency-General.

At the General Christian Conference which assembled in Tokyo October 5, 1909, to celebrate the semi-centennial anniversary of Protestant missions in Japan, messages of greeting and congratulation were received from Premier Katsura, from the Minister of Education, and from the Governor and Mayor of Tokyo, each of whom sent a representative to the Conference. With the cooperation and sanction of the Government, the Christian college of Doshisha, at Kioto, has recently been made a university, and all the mission schools in Korea have been put

on the same footing as Government schools in the matter of privileges and rights.

In the light of these statements, quotations, and facts, the number of which might be largely increased, what justification is there for the assertions that "the Japanese are determined to stamp out the Church in Korea;" that the "religious persecution" there amounts to a "fierce dragonade;" and that "the Japanese programme as laid out extends to the wiping out of the Christian movement"? So far as I can see, the only basis for such charges is the fact that, after Durham White Stevens had been assassinated by a Korean in San Francisco, after Prince Ito had been assassinated by a Korean Christian at Harbin, and after nine hundred and twenty-six members of the Il Chin Hoi (a Korean society friendly to the Japanese) had been murdered by Korean patriots in various parts of the peninsula, the Japanese Government made an effort to protect itself, its servants, and its friends by arresting and prosecuting a hundred or more Christian converts who were trying to kill the Governor-General. This is not an attack on Christianity, or Christian missionaries. It is merely an attempt to restrain seditious activity that has recently taken the form of conspiracy to assassinate.

The Japanese Government encourages now, and has always encouraged, legitimate Christian work among the Koreans; but it objects now, and always has objected, to what it calls "intermeddling in politics by missionaries." Under the old Korean régime, hundreds, if not thousands, of defenseless Koreans professed Christianity in order to secure the protection that it afforded. The American missionaries at that time enjoyed exterritorial rights, and, with the aid of an American Minister who had himself been a missionary, they were often able to defend their native converts from oppression and injustice at the hands of cruel and corrupt Korean officials. Gradually, and perhaps unconsciously, some of them began to exert political power outside their legitimate field of work, and to regard themselves as champions of the weak against the strong in purely civil and secular controversies. When the Japanese took control of the peninsula, the attempts of these missionaries to protect their native converts from aggression often led to collisions with the Japanese authorities. In many cases the interference of the missionaries was doubtless right, but in some cases it was wrong; and the Japanese officials, who had their own ideas with regard to the management of Korean affairs, thought that religious teachers should confine themselves to religious instruction.

As the government of the country gradually but steadily improved, missionary interference in civil affairs became less and less necessary or justifiable, and most of the Christian workers, American as well as European, ceased to support their Korean converts in non-religious contentions. A few, however, were loth to relinquish the power that they had once exercised; and when they had what seemed to them good and sufficient reasons they took the side of the Koreans against the Japanese administration. This they have now done in the conspiracy case. Such missionaries, however, do not represent the whole body of Christian workers in the peninsula. That body consists of nearly five hundred members, and it is doubtful whether a majority of them approved the statement made to the Continuation Committee of the Edinburgh Conference. The fact that the names of the signers of that statement were not given in the newspapers that originally published it ("Japan Mail," August 17, 1912) would seem to indicate that the men who believe in the intention of the Japanese Government to "wipe out the Christian movement in Korea" are neither numerous nor influential.

The Rev. Dr. S. L. Gulick, author of "Evolution of the Japanese," who is one of the wisest and most successful missionaries in the Far East, published recently in the "Japan Evangelist" an article on the Korean conspiracy case, in which he said:

"From the United States comes the definite charge that the Japanese Government is deliberately persecuting Christianity. In spite, however, of appearances, I believe the charge to be an error, due to misrepresentation of facts. That the Japanese Government in Korea intends to exterminate, or even persecute, Christianity as such, is simply incredible. But, in view of the information it has certainly been receiving from the *gendarmerie*, it would not be strange were the Government-General to suspect the Church of being perverted from its true function and of being made a nursery of disloyalty and sedition. . . . Unless Japan is false to her record for the past forty years, she is not persecuting Christians or Christianity, but merely seeking to root out what is believed to be disloyalty, sedition, and anarchism."

NATIONAL PARKS—THE NEED OF THE FUTURE

BY THE RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE, O.M.

AMBASSADOR EXTRAORDINARY AND PLENIPOTENTIARY OF GREAT BRITAIN TO THE UNITED STATES

An address delivered before the Eighth Annual Convention of the American Civic Association, Baltimore, Maryland, November 20, 1912, the Hon. Walter L. Fisher, Secretary of the Interior, presiding.

I HAVE lived long enough in the United States, and have known the United States long enough, having come here for the first time forty-two years ago, to feel just as much interested in all those questions that relate to your welfare, in city and in country, as if I were one of your citizens, and I hope you will allow me to speak to you with that freedom which you would allow to one of your citizens. I do not think I need to feel those limitations when discussing a subject of this kind, so far removed from politics or any other controversial fields.

There is one thing better even than the City Beautiful, and that is the Country Beautiful. I have had a great deal of experience in England in dealing with these questions; for some years I was chairman, and afterwards a member, of a society for preserving commons and open spaces and public rights of way, and member of another society for securing to the public places of national and historic interest, and in the course of such membership I have been led often to think of what is our duty to the future, and of the benefits which the preservation of places of natural beauty may confer on the community. That is a problem which presents itself, not only in Great Britain, but all over Europe, and what Europe is now is that towards which you in America are tending. Europe is a populous, overcrowded continent; you will some day be a populous and ultimately perhaps even a crowded continent, and it is well to take thought at once, before the overcrowding comes on, as to how you will deal with the difficulties which we have had to deal with in Europe, so that you may learn as much as possible from our experience, and not find too late that the beauty and solitude of nature have been snatched from you by private individuals.

I need not descant upon that which the love of nature is and ought to be to each and all of us. The love of nature is the very simplest and best of those pleasures the power of enjoying which has been implanted in us. It is the most easily accessible of pleasures, one which can never be perverted, and one of which (as the old darky said about the watermelon) you cannot have too much. It is a pleasure which lasts from youth to age; we cannot enjoy it in the form of strenuous exercise with the same fullness in age, because our physical powers are not the same, but we have perhaps a more perfect enjoyment in some other ways, because we have the associations and memories of those who have in bygone days visited beautiful scenes with us, and also the associations with which poetry clothes lovely nature. Therefore there is nothing which in the interest of pure enjoyment we ought more to desire and study to diffuse than the beauties of nature. Fortunately, the love of nature is increasing among us. It is one of the tests of civilization that people should enjoy this simple pleasure instead of those more violent and exciting pleasures which may become the source, in extreme forms, of evil. The love of nature, I say, is happily increasing among us, and it therefore becomes all the more important to find means for safeguarding nature. The population is increasing, too, and the number of people who desire to enjoy nature, therefore, is growing larger both absolutely and in proportion. But, unfortunately, the opportunities for enjoying it, except as regards easier locomotion, are not increasing. The world is circumscribed. The surface of this little earth of ours is limited, and we cannot add to it. When a man finds his house is too small, he builds more rooms on to it, but we cannot add to our world; we did not make it, it was made for us, and we cannot increase its dimensions. All we can do is to turn it to the best possible account. Now, let us remember that the quantity of natural beauty in the world, the number of spots calculated to give enjoyment in the highest form, are limited, and are being constantly encroached upon. There are four

forms that this encroachment takes. There is the desire of private persons to appropriate beautiful scenery to themselves, by inclosing it in private grounds around their houses and debarring the public from access to it. We in England and Scotland have lost some of the most beautiful scenery we possess because it has been taken into private estates. A great deal of the finest scenery in Scotland is now practically unapproachable by the pedestrian or the artist or the naturalist because people have appropriated it to their private purposes and keep the public out. This is especially the case where the motive for exclusion is what is called sport. Sport is understood to mean killing God's creatures, and for the sake of killing God's creatures such as deer and birds very large areas in Britain, and some also in other parts of Europe, are shut up.

Then the enjoyment of natural beauty is largely encroached upon by the operations of the lumbermen. That is something we do not have to fear in Britain, because timber is not there in sufficient quantity to be an article of economic value to us, but it is a very serious question here. You have prodigious and magnificent forests; there are no others comparable for extent and splendor with those you possess. These forests, especially those on the Cascade range and the Sierra Nevada, are being allowed to be cut down ruthlessly by the lumbermen. I do not blame them; timber is wanted and they want to drive their trade, but the process goes on too fast and much of the charm of nature is lost while the interests of the future are forgotten. The same thing is happening in the Appalachian ranges in New England and the Alleghanies southward from Pennsylvania, a superbly beautiful country, where the forests made to be the delight of those who wish to ramble among them and enjoy the primitive charm of hills and woodland glades have been despoiled. Sometimes the trees have been cut down and the land left bare. Sometimes an inextricable tangle of small boughs and twigs remains, so that when a dry year comes a fire rages among them and the land is so scorched that for many long years no great trees will rise to replace those that were destroyed.

And, lastly, there is the question of water power, which has in recent years, since the scientific discoveries enabled it to be applied in the form of electricity, become an asset of great commercial value. You fortunately have a great supply of splendid water power. I am far from saying that a great deal of it, perhaps most of it, may not be very properly used for industrial purposes, but I do say that it has been used in some places to the detriment, and even to the ruin, of scenery. It has been used in Niagara, for instance, to such an extent as to change completely the character of what was once the most beautiful waterfall landscape in the whole world. Those of you who did not see it, as I did, forty-two years ago, and are not in a position to contrast it now with what it was then, cannot know what a wretched shadow of its former self it has become—not so much by the diminution of the flow of the river as by the hideous erections which line the shores. It is not too late to repair what has been done, and I hope the day will come when the pristine flow of its waters will be restored, and when the devastating agencies will have been removed. That we will leave for a future which has begun to appreciate scenery more highly than men did thirty years ago, when the ruin of which I speak was beginning to be wrought.

Taking all these causes together, you can see how many encroachments there are upon the unique beauty of your country; and I beg you to consider that, although your country is vast and has scope of natural beauty far greater than we can boast in little countries like England or Scotland, even your scenery is not inexhaustible, and, with your great population and the growing desire to enjoy the beauties of nature, you have not got any more than you need. Fortunately, you have made a good beginning in the work of conservation. You have led the world in the creation of National parks. I have seen three or four of these. I have been in the Yosemite twice, in the Yellowstone twice, and in the splendid forest region which you have around that mountain which the people of Seattle now insist on calling Mount Rainier—no doubt the name given by Vancouver—but which used, when I first explored its forests, to be called by the more sonorous Indian name Tacoma; and also in that superb reserve on the north side of the great cañon of the Colorado River, as well as in others of minor extent in other parts of the country. The creation of such National parks is good, and it has had the admirable effect of setting other countries to emulate your example. Australia and New Zealand have followed that example. New Zealand, in the district of its hot springs and geysers,

has made a public scenic area something similar to your Yellowstone, though not on so extensive a scale; the people of New South Wales have set off three beautiful national parks within thirty or forty miles of the capital city of Sydney, taking regions of exquisite beauty and keeping them for a source of delight to the growing population of that city. Therefore your example is bearing great fruit. I only wish it had come sooner to us in England and Scotland before we had lost so much control of our own natural beauties.

Let me add that it is not only a question of making more parks, but also of keeping the parks in the best condition. I heard the other day that a question has been raised as to whether automobiles should be admitted in the Yosemite. May I be permitted to say a word on that subject? If Adam had known what harm the serpent was going to work, he would have tried to prevent him from finding lodgment in Eden; and if you were to realize what the result of the automobile will be in that wonderful, that incomparable valley, you will keep it out. The one drawback to enjoyment of the Yosemite Valley in the summer and autumn is the dust; the granite rock along the roads easily becomes fine sand; even the feet of the horses and the wheels of the vehicles raise a very great deal of it, which interferes with enjoyment as one drives or walks; but the conditions would be grievously worse with the swift automobile. And, further, the automobile would destroy what may be called the sentimental charm of the landscape. It is not merely that the dust would be there, but the whole feeling of the spontaneity and freshness of primitive nature would be marred by this modern invention, with its din and whir and odious smell. Remember, moreover, that one cannot really enjoy fine scenery when one is traveling at a rate of fifteen or twenty to thirty miles an hour. If you want to enjoy the beauty of such landscapes as the Yosemite presents, you want to see them slowly. You see scenery best of all in walking, when you can stop at any moment and enjoy any special point of view, and you can see it pretty well in riding or driving because in moving at a pace of four or five or six miles an hour you are not going too fast to take in the delicate details of the landscape. But traveling faster than that—and my experience is that chauffeurs so delight in speed that it is hard to get them to slacken even when you bid them—you cannot enjoy the beauty. It was often my duty in the British Parliament to oppose bills conferring powers to build railways through some of the beautiful lake and valley scenery we have in Britain. The advocates of the bills urged that passengers could enjoy the landscape from the windows of the car. But we pointed out that you cannot really enjoy a romantic landscape from a railway window where the beauties are delicate and the scale small. It is different where scenery is on a vast scale, so that the railway is insignificant in comparison, and the objects, rocks or mountains, are huge. One may get the big views from a train, though they are better seen in walking or driving, but you cannot enjoy the small beauties. The focus is always changing in your eye, and it is impossible to have that kind of enjoyment which a pedestrian, or a painter, or any lover of nature has if you are hurrying past at a swift automobile pace. At present the steam-cars stop some twelve miles away from the entrance of the Yosemite Park, and the drive up to it gives you far more pleasure than a journey by rail or automobile possibly could. There are plenty of roads for the lovers of speed and noise without intruding on these few places where the wood nymphs and the water nymphs ought to be allowed to have the landscape to themselves.

Let me pay a personal tribute to the taste and judgment with which, as it seemed to me three years ago, the hotels in the Yosemite were being managed. There were no offensive signs, no advertisements of medicines, no other external disfigurements to excite horror, and the inns were all of moderate size and not more than two stories high. I earnestly hope that the administration will always be continued on these lines, with this same regard for landscape beauty.

Now, a word about additional parks. Although you have done splendidly in creating these I have mentioned and some others, there are still other places where National parks are wanted. There is a splendid region in the Alleghanies, a region of beautiful forests where the tulip trees grow to one hundred and fifty, two hundred feet, or more, a mountain land on the borders of North Carolina and East Tennessee, where there are romantic river valleys and hills clothed with luxuriant woods, primitive forests standing as they stood before the white man drove the Indians away, filled with flowers and traversed

by sparkling streams, containing everything to delight the heart of the lover of nature. It would be a fine thing to have a tract of three or four hundred thousand acres set apart here for the pleasure of the people of the South and Middle Atlantic States, for whom it is a far cry to the Rockies. Then you might have some additional parks in Colorado also. As regards the Northeast Atlantic States, what seems to be most wanted is to preserve the forests of the White and Green Mountains. Perhaps it is not necessary to create in that country a National park in the same sense as that which might be thought requisite in the Alleghanies, because the mountains are so high and rocky, and so little ground is suitable for cultivation in the valleys that it is not likely they will be taken up, and probably hardly necessary that the Government should step in to save them. But I believe that in some parts of the White Mountains, for instance, it would be an excellent thing to create large forest reserves, where the trees should be under protection of the National or State Government, cut by them as required, and the forests replanted as they are cut. In this way you would keep a place where the beauty of the forests would remain for all generations, and where the forests would be so cared for that the present danger of forest fires would be averted.

There is one question that comes very near to you in Baltimore, and also in Washington, on which I would like to speak a word. You know there is a great deal of charming forest country between Baltimore and Washington. A good deal of it is forest of the second growth, some bits of it are of the first growth; but even that of the second contains a great number of beautiful, fine-grown trees. The land is of no considerable value at present, and I believe it could be purchased at a very low price. I have heard it suggested that thirty-six dollars an acre would be an average price for the land, of which there is a great quantity remaining. Having frequently taken walking excursions from Washington into the country from ten to fifteen or twenty miles around, I have been struck with the beauty and profusion of the wild flowers in that district. The flora of that region, being a blend of the flora of the North Atlantic States with some of the plants and flowers which belong to the South Atlantic, is of great interest to the scientific botanist. Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Washington are all swiftly growing cities. What could be done better for the inhabitants of these three cities than to secure for their enjoyment a large part of this forest land and set it apart, forever free from private purposes or use of agriculture, and keep it as a forest reserve to be managed scientifically, so that it should pay for the expense of working it by the timber which could be cut and sold on well-planned scientific lines, and to afford a place where people could go and wander about at their own sweet will, just as the old settlers did when they first came here? Here the automobile would do no harm on the main roads, because there would be plenty of byways and forest footpaths. If the automobilist wants to be whirled along the roads, let him have his way, but keep wide sylvan spaces where those who seek quiet and the sense of communing with nature can go out in the early morning from the city and spend a whole day enjoying one spot after another where nature has provided her simple joys, mingled shade and sunlight, the rustling of the leaves, and the songs of birds. Such things in life the man of the cities can have, and when nature has provided it in such bountiful measure would it not be a shame to lose the benefits she offers?

I am sensible that I may be perhaps accused of treating this subject in a somewhat sentimental way. Well, I confess, I am not addressing my arguments to those who think that man lives by bread alone, or who think there are no values except those measured by dollars and cents. It is because I believe the members of this Association are not of that mind that I venture to address these considerations to you.

And let me try to give some logical quality to my statements by submitting some few propositions in order.

The world seems likely to last a long, long time, and we ought to make provision for the future.

The population of the world goes on constantly increasing, and nowhere increasing so fast as in North America.

A taste for natural beauty is increasing, and, as we hope, will go on increasing.

The places of scenic beauty do not increase, but, on the contrary, are in danger of being reduced in number and diminished in quantity, and the danger is always increasing with the accumulation of wealth, owing to the desire of private persons to appropriate these places. There is no better service we can

render to the masses of the people than to set about and preserve for them wide spaces of fine scenery for their delight.

From these propositions I draw the conclusion that it is necessary to save what we have got, and to extend the policy which you have wisely adopted, by acquiring and preserving still further areas for the perpetual enjoyment of the people.

Let us think of the future. We are trustees of the future. We are not here for ourselves alone. All these gifts were not given to us to be used by one generation, or with the thought of one generation only before our minds. We are the heirs of those who have gone before, and charged with the duty we owe to those who come after, and there is no duty which seems clearer or higher than that of handing on to them undiminished facilities for the enjoyment of some of the best gifts that the Creator has seen fit to bestow upon his children.

THE SPECTATOR

THE Spectator is wondering why, for all his unquenchable interest in the people of the Ghetto, he has waited these many years before visiting an orthodox Jewish synagogue at the time of service. It was in Boston that, strolling through Salem Street on a Saturday morning, he noted at the foot of a blind alley the ugly, dingy-yellow, spireless old church which serves the faithful of this Ghetto. The door stood wide. Not without misgivings on the score of a welcome, he ventured in. As he climbed the stairs to the audience-room an indescribably stirring sound smote his ears—a singular hubbub, a surge of rough male voices, the wild, rhythmless babel of Hebrew prayers. The Spectator paused in the doorway, surveying the congregation rocking on their feet as, with no attempt at unison, they fervently intoned the ancient ritual. Amazingly picturesque, grotesquely incongruous, was the scene before him. The congregation of black-bearded men, robed in the broad stripes and mellowed ivory hues of venerable prayer-shawls, might have been an Oriental group out of a painting by Tissot but for the over-large derby or, in the case of the dignitaries, silk hats jammed low over their ears. There, where the pulpit of a Christian church would be, rose the impressive curtained niche of the Ark of the Law, with the carved lions of Judah supporting the Tables of the Law, mounted over all. But there—oh, the jar of the transition!—on each side, convenient to the chairs of the rabbis, stood a large white uncompromising American spittoon! The Spectator observed that at least two of these conveniences were conspicuously posted in each pew and in constant requisition.

Just then the excited "Bub-ba-bubba-bubba-bub!" of the congregational responses died down and a single voice, a glorious baritone, took up a recitative. The Spectator's eyes came to rapid focus upon the singer. Upon a low platform in the center of the floor of the synagogue, leaning upon a reading-desk draped with rich Eastern fabrics, he stood—a big man in a high black cap of fur, his prayer-shawl, gold-banded at the neck, enveloping him like a robe. The cantor, beyond a doubt. Behind him a little group of white-haired men in silk hats were busy over something which one of them held in his arms. The Spectator caught the flash of blue and the gleam of silver. Then the group separated and he saw that they held the Scroll of the Law. The reading was over. They were adjusting the "shirt" or robe of blue plush, securing the broad silver clasp and preparing to replace it in the Sacred Ark. And now an old man, apparently a mere member of the congregation, rose with the sacred Scroll in his arms, the tall silver ornaments on the rollers reaching above his head, and, descending to the aisle, began a slow progress to the Ark. At every step worshipers crowded round him to touch and kiss the mantle of the Scroll. The curtains of the Ark were drawn back, the Scroll reverently set up among its fellows, the synagogue thrilling meanwhile to the wonderful music of an ecstatic hymn of praise.

For dramatic intensity the intoning of the poems of the Hebrew liturgy, the congregation alternating with the cantor, surpassed any religious music it has been the Spectator's fortune to hear. At times quaintly plaintive, at times soul-stirring, at times fiercely joyful, at times the jubilance quenched in wailing, sobbing agony—it needed no Yiddish to understand that. And then the outbreak of the passionate chorus of the people, rushing, hurried, wild—there was in it the whole thrill of the national experience, the joy of the chosen people, the triumph of Israel, the despair of the carrying away into Babylon, the long patience of the persecution. The Spectator was moved (he says it reverently) as by great moments in opera. To him

all truly great music rises into the realm of the religious.

All this time the Spectator had been standing unnoted in a pew by the door. Instinctively, on entering he had removed his hat. Now a late comer stopped beside him and said courteously, "Excuse me, sir, but it is the orthodox custom to wear the hat in the synagogue. Would you like a better seat?" So the Spectator, feeling as if he were breaking something, replaced his hat and followed down the aisle. Coming to anchor in a bare pew in the transept from which his eye was free to range the whole room, he shortly discovered the women, herded by themselves in a gallery running round three sides of the building—a black-habited, negligible element in the scene. A Yiddish-English prayer-book he had purchased before coming in bore eloquent testimony as to the place of woman in the synagogue. For do not all the men say, "O Lord God, Eternal King of the Universe, I thank thee that thou hast not made me a woman"? And all the women submissively murmur, "O Lord God, Eternal King of the Universe, I thank thee that thou hast made me *according to thy will.*"

Vainly the Spectator strove to reconcile with the primitive grandeur of the service the apparent informalities all about him. There were the Jewish boys in their little blue-striped talliths, staring coolly about or even parading guilelessly from pew to pew unrebuked of their elders. And this although a bulletin in the vestibule commands not only that there shall be no spitting on the carpet, but that none shall walk about or talk "during the speaking." The elder Hebrews too, arriving late, betrayed none of the self-consciousness and guilty slinking of a Gentile who gets to church after the first prayer. They marched unconcernedly to their places, leisurely extracted their prayer-shawls from their velvet bags, adjusted them robe-fashion, looped the folds over their arms, found the place in the service-book, and began the curious rapid, rocking bob with which the orthodox Hebrew accompanies his intoning. All this without any special manner of Sabbath sanctity, but with a business-like directness. From time to time in similar nonchalant fashion such as were impelled flung off the tallith, carefully folding the great striped fringed square, stowed it in its bag, and informally departed. During the monotonous murmuring of the prayers one aged Jew turned his back to the cantor, leaned both elbows on the top of a pew, and serenely surveyed the congregation, his lips moving steadily the while. Why, even the cantor, at a pause in the service, undisguisedly and audibly yawned.

At first considerably shocked, the Spectator by and by began to wonder whether there was not something rather fine in the absence of ostentatious show of reverence—whether, at least, it was not better than a superstition-chidden punctiliousness in the form of devotion. As to the depth and genuineness of their reverence when stirred, not the least impressionable of Gentiles could doubt. The Spectator doesn't suppose it was manners for them to take these frank vacations during the service. They are a primitive people in Salem Street. But it was as if their age-old faith were too majestic, too assured, to need the tribute of trivial observance. At least it might be looked at that way.

To the best of his recollection it was September when the Spectator found himself one evening in Salem Street watching the mixed multitude of Jews and Italians thronging the pavements. He knows that the night was warm. Down from the open window of a tenement there floated the sound of a crowd of men singing. His eyes, seeking the open street door of the tenement, met those of a beautiful little Jewess, a child possibly twelve years old, idling in the vestibule. "Why do they sing?" asked the Spectator. "Because of the holiday," said she. "What holiday?" The child wriggled shyly. "Simhat Torah," said she. "I don't know the name of it in English, but it's the happiest holiday in the whole year. Go up and ask. They will tell." The child seemed so sure he would not intrude that the Spectator took the risk and climbed the stair. Through an open door he commanded a view of two long rooms and a group of venerable Jews sitting round a table. For an instant the scene conveyed a faint suggestion of the Last Supper. The Spectator advanced a step, and the illusion vanished. For there were the ubiquitous orthodox hats, and there on the table was spread a supper of sausages and ginger ale. At the sight of the Spectator a young Jew sprang up, calling out heartily, "Would you like to come in?" The Spectator drew back, apologetic, confessing his curiosity and his admiration for the singing. "You are very welcome," said the Jew, drawing him forcibly into the room. "We are glad to explain." He set a glass of ginger ale at the elbow of the unbidden guest. The holiday, the Spectator gathered from the talk that followed, was in celebration of the completion of the yearly reading of the five books of Moses. These people had been present at the ceremonies in the synagogue, where, according to custom, all the Scrolls of the Law had been taken from the Ark and borne in solemn procession round the synagogue; and now with music and modest feasting they enjoyed the close of this "happiest holiday in all the year." As the Spectator withdrew, for he could not convince himself that he was not out of place, he could not help wondering whether in any society of

Gentiles joy is associated with the public reading of the Word. Reverence, awe, devotion—yes. But joy!

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The impression was but deepened when, on the ensuing Sunday evening, walking down Hanover Street, he heard from the top of a tall building the sound of mighty fiddling. He paused in amazement. A so-called "social," a promiscuous dance, on Sunday night? Shades of the Watch and Ward Society! Somebody ought to see about that. Being so far out of the Ghetto, he did not think of the Jews. Yet when he had mounted two flights of steep stairs he encountered a young man of unmistakable Jewish connections. Eying the Spectator's Gentile features, the youth asked, eagerly, "Are you from a newspaper?" He seemed so disappointed at the negative that the Spectator added, "But I am from a magazine." The young man's face brightened, and he promptly led the way toward the door of a large hall. Looking in, the Spectator saw a roomful of people capering about to the music of two squeaky fiddles. Men danced with men and women with women. All but one substantial matron, who revolved alone, hugging in her arms what looked like the Scroll of the Law in its "shirt" of crimson plush! While he gazed, open-eyed, the music stopped and a man jumped upon a platform, hammer in hand, and began a spirited bout of auctioneering. But auctioneering what? In vain he looked to see *what* was going, going, gone. The Spectator turned, bewildered, to his guide. It seemed that the congregation of a synagogue had just achieved the purchase of a new Scroll of the Law, and the auction-dance was to help pay for it. The last two or three lines of the fifth book had been on purpose merely penciled in by the scribe. They were now auctioneering off the right to ink in these words, one letter at a time. Amid wild applause the highest bidder ascended the platform and with a quill pen—no steel touches the Scroll—inked in the letter which had cost him so many good shekels. Then the dancing began again, more joyful than before; and so it would go till the last letter was inked and the last dollar auctioned out of its owner's pocket.

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What interested the Spectator most was to see how these people love Judaism—love it with a deep and abounding joy. All that dry formalism, that mass of curious regulations—they not only reverence them, they adore them. Somehow we Gentiles seem to have lost the joyfulness out of religion—our devotion is apt to lie nearer to tears. The Spectator has known Gentiles who kissed their Bibles, but he never saw one dance with his Bible in whole-souled, unhysterical joy. That spirit goes back to the days of the Old Testament worthies who danced before the Lord and made a joyful noise. The Spectator wonders if we could not do with a little of it to-day.

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Without much doubt, one technically versed might pick flaws in the Spectator's story. He may have erred in detail or in interpretation. This is not, be it noted, a treatise. He has told simply how it looked to an outsider.

THE NEW BOOKS

Philostratus, The Life of Apollonius of Tyana. Translated by F. C. Conybeare, M.A. In 2 vols. (The Loeb Classical Library.) The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.

Philostratus, In Honour of Apollonius of Tyana. Translated by J. S. Phillimore. In 2 vols. The Oxford University Press, New York. $4.

Tacitus, The Histories. Translated by W. Hamilton Fyfe. In 2 vols. The Oxford University Press, New York. $4.

It is pleasant, in this day of the practical, to be able to record the simultaneous appearance of books by Greek and Latin writers from two sources: the Loeb Classics and the Oxford Series. The physical aspect of the volumes will at once catch and hold the eye of the book-lover through the unusually clear type, wide margins, and general air of academic dignity which they convey. In the case of the Loeb Classics there is the added attraction that text and translation appear on opposite pages as against the translation merely in the other series; and in this form the beauty, learning, philosophy, and wit of the great writers of ancient Greece and Rome should make a strong appeal, not alone to scholars who care for uniform series of the *best* texts, but also to college graduates who wish to renew and enlarge their knowledge with the aid of text and translation; while for those who know neither Greek nor Latin and who are anxious to familiarize themselves with ancient genius and wisdom the books will be beyond price. There may even be some specially ambitious spirits who, enticed by the mystic text, will be induced to obtain an elementary knowledge of Greek and Latin. These books will be a new reminder of the truth that, to the present at least, much of the philosophy and wisdom relating to man's nature and aspirations were definitely stated by the great writers of ancient times. Goethe believed strongly in the cultural influence of the classics, and commends

them urgently to the attention of readers. "Study Molière," he says, "and study Shakespeare, but, above all things, study the ancient Greeks, and ever and again the ancient Greeks." The Loeb Classical Library is to include all that is of value and interest in Greek and Latin literature from the time of Homer to the fall of Constantinople; and most of the translations will be entirely new, made by the best scholars in Great Britain, England, and Canada, so that in themselves the translations are live works of literature.

Philostratus's "In Honour of Apollonius of Tyana," in two volumes, appears among the initial volumes from both presses. It is a romantic recital of adventure, this life of a "heathen Saviour," who, on the death of his father, distributed his inheritance among his poor relations, spent five years traveling in Asia Minor, maintaining absolute silence, later went about healing the sick, raising dead men to life, casting out devils, prophesying future events which afterwards came true (so say his apostles), and who, in his vehement and persistent denouncement of the sacrifice of animal victims to the gods, prepared the ground for Christianity. One of the most interesting facts made clear about Apollonius is the extensive recognition he obtained and the ease with which he found acceptance of his pretensions. Toward the end of the third century, when the struggle between Christianity and paganism had reached its bitterest stage, it even occurred to some of the enemies of the new religion to set up Apollonius as a rival to Christ, and temples and shrines were erected to him in various parts of Asia Minor. Apollonius claimed a commission from Heaven to teach a pure and reformed religion and to perform miracles. Perhaps the truth about him is that he was a physician and had obtained some real knowledge of the methods of curing diseases. In India, too, he probably learned to practice what is now called "animal magnetism," and, when he found he had a real power on the nervous system of hysterical patients the nature of which he himself did not understand, he may have believed that he was endowed with a divine and supernatural power. It shows that mankind was then, as it is now, and always will be probably, ready to mistake hopes and imaginations for evidence of truth, and to run like sheep after any one who professed to hold the key of the mystery which it was so passionately anxious to solve. Apollonius we see through a mist of illusion which adds charm to the tale.

Book of Hand-Woven Coverlets (A). By Eliza Calvert Hall. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $4.

In writing this new volume Eliza Calvert Hall, whose tales of "Aunt Jane of Kentucky" and "The Land of Long Ago" charmed all readers, appears to have strayed into a new and perhaps foreign field of literature. Under this title we expect an array of accurate facts concerning the treasured coverlets of our great-grandmother's day that have recently been rescued from burial in attics and cedar chests. Nor are we disappointed. The early history of hand-woven coverlets; the old-time processes of coloring the wool for the "filling" with barks, roots, leaves, and flowers from field and forest; the carding and spinning, with the twin methods of preparing the flax or cotton for the white warp of the coverlet; the long lists of half-forgotten names of drafts, and brief sketches of some olden draft-worker especially noted for skill in coverlet-weaving—all these facts are garnered into one treasure-house. And over these bare facts is thrown the gracious fancy of the writer, and they are transformed into a fascinating folk-lore tale. It was the sight of a farm wagon entering a Kentucky town with its load of tobacco covered with an old faded and tattered fragment of a coverlet that inspired the writing of the book. Four years were lovingly spent in gathering and arranging the material. Pathos and poetry were found interwoven with utility in the history of the American hand-woven coverlet. The lists of names of the old drafts, or patterns, arouses interest and curiosity. What fancy led one weaver to name the draft her skill invented "Braddock's Defeat," and another to soar to "Sunrise on the Walls of Troy"? What of the woman whose bold, geometrical pattern was christened "Flowers of May"? What means "Bachelor's Thumb," "Shuckeroons," or "Fool's Puzzle"? Was "General Lee's Surrender" (and there are two drafts with that name) so called in sorrow or triumph? The "double wove" coverlet ranks highest, and is now an almost forgotten handicraft. Of the olden weavers of this most difficult method of weaving but two names of women are preserved, Sarah La Tourrette Van Sickle and Ann Hay; while the names of the professional male weavers represent five nationalities. They traveled from town to town, weaving from house to house the thread the goodwife had dyed and spun. Weaving was an inherited craft in the family, each generation perfecting the work of the previous one. The book is generously illustrated with many colored and half-tone plates of rare historical or especially beautiful hand-woven coverlets.

This and That and the Other. By H. Belloc. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.25.

The author truly says that when a man has to deliver a cartful of rubbish at your house you have to be the annoyed recipient. But no one need read his book nor even pick it up to read. Perhaps some specimens of the wares offered may help a possible reader to decide. This Englishman with a French name plays in clumsy fashion and with but small wit about such subjects as appeal to his fancy. Among other tilts he rides against the charlatan and

aims a blow at Lombroso "the ridiculous," "who was no more of an Italian than Disraeli," but whose foreign name was intended to deceive, and whose "base connections" are Nordau and Ferrero. Omitting the common usage in England of "silly" as applied to those who differ from the author's opinion, Lombroso is dismissed with the exclamation "The Ass!" However, there are pages of a different tone in the book, but one fails to discover the reason for its being and is depressed by the fear that it may be mistaken for something better than rubbish.

Increasing Home Efficiency. By Martha Bensley Bruère and Robert W. Bruère. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

Several of the chapters which make up this volume first appeared in The Outlook, and we venture to say that very few articles or series of articles published in this journal have attracted so much interest and have been so productive of thought and definite results. This was so largely because Mrs. Bruère, in the articles to which we refer, now admirably supplemented by several from her husband's pen, followed new lines and reached out for the vital and controlling needs which underlie real home efficiency. The keynote of the articles and of this book is that immediate saving is not the fundamental idea of home administration, that efficiency is a large word with a broad meaning, and that not merely housekeeping, but culture and the gain of power for usefulness and intelligent enjoyment, must always be kept to the front. It should be added that the book is written in a cheerful, agreeable, and friendly manner, and that it makes good reading for home-makers everywhere.

Wild Life and the Camera. By A. Radclyffe Dugmore. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $2.

Mr. Dugmore has a high reputation as a hunter with the camera. This book will be a joy to all who take pleasure in bird and animal photography. The sport of photographing the wild birds seems to have attracted the author long ago, and his work in this direction is particularly fine. He shows us also the migration of the caribou, the opossum in his famous game of playing 'possum, and he describes with pen and photograph some notable adventures in fishing, in tramping through the woods in the heart of winter, and in camping.

Leading American Inventors. By George Iles. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.75.

An excellent book, especially for boys and young men interested in American invention, for whom it would make a capital holiday present. Mr. Iles, it will be remembered, is the author of "Flame, Electricity, and the Camera," than which no modern book has done more to show the fascination and romance of recent science in its application to practical life. The present volume tells about John Stevens, who adapted the screw principle to ship propellers and invented the sectional boiler; Robert Stevens, who designed the T-rail, and was a railway engineer of note; Fulton, the inventor of the first practical steamboat; Ericsson, whose name will be inseparably connected with the "Monitor," but who did much else in invention; and a long list of famous American inventors in the field of mechanics, telegraphy, machinery, and other things now in constant daily use, such as wood paper, the typewriter, and the linotype, to say nothing of the older inventions of the harvester, sewing-machine, and cotton-gin.

International Critical Commentary (The): Haggai, Zechariah, Malachi, and Jonah. By Hinckley G. Mitchell, D.D.; John Merlin Powis Smith, Ph.D.; Julius A. Bewer, Ph.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.

This volume, completing the commentaries on the minor prophets, includes the work of Professor Mitchell, of Tufts College, on Haggai and Zechariah; of Professor Smith, of Chicago University, on Malachi; and of Professor Bewer, of Union Seminary, New York, on Jonah. In putting Jonah after Malachi, the last of the historical prophets, the unhistorical character of the book is admitted. This, however, is by no means conceded to detract from its value and its right to stand among the canonical books. It is shown as teaching one of the noblest of prophetic lessons in the form of parable, though not of literal history, namely, that

> "the love of God is broader
> Than the measure of man's mind."

The ripest fruits of modern learning are made accessible in this volume, as in others of the series, both to the plain Bible reader and the scholarly student, the portion appropriate to each being distinguished by its typography.

Thirteen Years of a Busy Woman's Life. By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. The John Lane Company, New York. $4.

The bulky volume made up of more or less interesting gossip collected by a writer with journalistic talent goes far to prove that written personalities have a sure hold upon the public. Why written gossip should be considered literature and spoken gossip frowned upon no one knows. Mrs. Tweedie was a brave woman of unquestioned available ability, and she met the crises in her life "like a woman," than which there is no higher praise. Her hurried writing is necessarily superficial. In America there will be many quietly amused smiles at her good-natured and quite inaccurate reports of us and our country. We have given over denying our alleged sensitiveness, and our smile only broadens slightly when we are told we are jealous of England, but we have perennial joy in realizing that, impossible as it seems to the English, they amuse us even more than we amuse them. So we are all content. Mrs. Tweedie's talk about

Mexico and President Diaz is always interesting. The long list of men and women whom she knows and has had cordial, friendly relations with makes a brilliant succession. First of all indomitable courage, then adaptability and a sincere devotion to systematic work, have brought to Mrs. Tweedie the rewards of a success she won against great odds. The chapter on women nowadays is sensible and attractive.

Our House and London Out of Our Windows. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.50.

A new edition of one of the most charming books by Mrs. Pennell has been issued, enriched with illustrations by Joseph Pennell. The title of the first edition, "Our House and the People in It," is enlarged to include the changes. Any one who has looked out of the high-hung windows of the "House" will rejoice in the impressions of the views made by the artist, and be glad once more to read the witty, unforced character sketches with wise comments written by the other artist.

Development of Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt. By J. H. Breasted, Ph.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

Within the last two years the oldest body of literature in the ancient world, the so-called Pyramid Texts discovered in 1880–81, have been made easily accessible. They open to us the earliest chapter yet preserved of man's intellectual history. What these show of religion in the making during thirty centuries is the subject of this volume of lectures at Union Theological Seminary by Professor Breasted, well known by his "History of the Ancient Egyptians." Nature furnished the earliest idea of deities. Reflection on the fabric of the State brought them down, intellectualized, into the arena of human affairs. The emergence of the moral sense is next apparent in shaping religious thought. A further advance is made by the emergence of social forces in view of the moral unworthiness of society. "A surprising group of pamphleteers" rises to protest for social justice. This brings about "the earliest social regeneration" on record, and now the happy future life of king and noble is democratized to include the peasant. But magic here begins to intrude into religion, and moral degeneracy ensues. Imperial power aspiring to world-wide empire next makes its mark on religious thought, and monotheism appears in a "lonely idealist," Ikpnaton, "a God-intoxicated man," in the fourteenth century B.C. Here we find the earliest manifestation of personal piety, the individual in religion. It is the age of the psalmist and the sage. But sacerdotalism triumphs; intellectual stagnation ensues; the development ends in conservation of the past by scribes. As Professor Breasted remarks, the general drift of the Egyptian development was analogous to that of the Hebrew, and the same forces continue to mold religion in our day. Many pages of these lectures, written for a popular audience, bring us into close and sympathetic touch with minds that wrestled millenniums ago with problems that engage us still.

Soul of a Tenor (The) By W. J. Henderson. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.35.

From the view-point of an expert musical critic, we are led into the inner sanctum of the ideal meaning of music. The actors in this romance-drama are real to the mind's eye, thoroughly human, noble or ignoble. Whether the soul of the great tenor was worth the cost of saving is exactly the question that always rises in the presence of great sacrifice. His way led through very waste places of spiritual and sensual experience and showed him to be by nature selfish, disloyal, and an ingrate, yet possessed of a wonderful instrument in his voice. Through that he was able finally to sink himself in a true comprehension of ideal art. Probably no one could give a more realistic and intimate view of opera-land than Mr. Henderson discloses in this clever book, and, as he says, Opera-land is a real country.

Epistles of Paul to the Thessalonians. By James Everett Frame. (International Critical Commentary.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

This latest of the multitudinous commentaries, ancient and modern, upon these epistles satisfactorily vindicates their genuineness from the objections advanced by modern critics. They still hold their ground as the earliest of all the extant apostolic writings, dating from A.D. 50, only twenty years after the death of Jesus. The famous passage in the second epistle (ii. 3–12), the earliest prediction of the great rebellion prophesied again forty years later in the Revelation (chapters xvi, xix) has occasioned an enormous literature. Professor Frame's review of this finds it impossible to determine whom Paul meant by "the man of sin" more nearly than "an extraordinary man" possessed by a devilish spirit. The volume is a fine specimen of the best American scholarship.

Johannine Epistles. By Rev. A. E. Brooke. (The International Critical Commentary.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

An accomplished British scholar limits himself in this work to the task of determining precisely what a Christian pastor wished to say to his flock at the end of the first and beginning of the second century in the circumstances which his language enables us to outline. The character of his writings imposes this limitation. The unity of their authorship is fairly established, but the first epistle is so closely allied to the Fourth Gospel that its authorship cannot be separately discussed. Recognizing the difficulty of that problem, the writer seems inclined to a middle ground between the traditional and the radical conclusion. The purely critical portion of the volume exhibits special learning to the utmost.

LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

DOES IT PAY?—ANOTHER WOMAN'S VIEW

After reading "Does It Pay?" in The Outlook of November 2, between jobs, I felt a great need to protest. The first sentence is one of those sweeping assertions so easy to fall into: "As a rule, the home-making woman does not wish work or care." I hope that is not true even of the probably limited class with whose problems and attitude toward life the critic is familiar—a class able to spend $65 each month for help, and pay $2 per lunch and $3 per dinner for extra help; able to buy a child's frock at $20!

Outside of that class we of the Great Majority stand, and I protest, for the honor of my fellow-women, most of them far defter and more competent than I, that, if they err, it is in the direction of false economy—they spend their own strength too readily to save money, toiling often through hours stolen from sleep over garments that would far better be bought ready-made: and all to save a few pennies' difference in first cost or wearing qualities.

How can a woman who economizes by paying $20 rather than $25 for a child's frock comprehend the problems, wisely teach, or justly criticise the home-making woman as a class, much less the working-girl? What real difference does it make whether she pays $20 or $25 for the little dress, when the five dollars diverted (by means of a darn) from that particular luxury goes for some other, equally unnecessary?

The "increased cost" by which H. P. T. is "appalled" is not "increased cost of living" in any sense; it is increased cost of luxury. For she lays the increased cost "largely to labor," and servants, expensive clothes, leisure for "handwork" on "fancy lingerie," are luxuries pure and simple.

It is not surprising that $20 per month no longer satisfies the cook—the price of one child's frock! And it is not altogether increased cost of living, by way of finer clothes and more leisure, that has driven cook on to demand $30. Work is esteemed honorable largely according to the hard cash it commands in way of fees, wages, or salaries. When cooks become scarce enough to get the prices that professional polishers and other workers get, we will employ them much as we do trained nurses—a heavy expense perhaps, but the truest economy at times when a mother's strength is to be hoarded for the children's sake.

I think that H. P. T. will find, if she investigates the working-girl's twelve waists at $24, that they were of a kind to require little or no laundering (silks, flannels), as the working-girl cannot afford the laundry charge of 25 cents to 35 cents each for the six tailored waists H. P. T. recommends. And it may even be that there are women so far removed by money that a child's frock at $20 will sound tawdry, and who will forget that the little shop-girl is also a daughter of Eve who loves finery, whether it be fig-leaves or bargains at $1.98 or $20.

The process of equalizing the division of the world's good things is slow in working out because the people have not themselves known what they needed; but that day is past, and the wheels will turn more swiftly now, with so many eager hands laying hold upon the task—mistaken hands, some of them, with their sabotage that would make wrong right.

Gentlemen first! So off came the frills and laces that adorned the sons-of-too-much-ease in the "good old time"—and for which the many sweated. And the many, with juster portion of labor's earnings, laid aside the stiff leather breeches and got their multitudinous frost-bitten legs into some warm machine-made clothes.

Ladies follow! It is the order of the day, and the lopping off of all these useless luxuries is a real advantage to the souls that have been half smothered under the heaped-up trifles of a luxury paid for by such long hours of labor, such bitter skimping of the loaf that feeds the many.

Oh, please do not teach us new ways to make our money buy more luxuries—more things with which to clutter our lives. Teach us rather to spend what is necessary for complete and noble living, that we will not be appalled when cook, too, joins the onward march and gets the increased wage that is everywhere the first step upward toward increased respect and self-respect as a class worker, and a very necessary concomitant of better, fuller living for many.

E. S. B.

THE PASSING OF THE COOK-STOVE

Oh, yes, the cook-stove is doomed! All the rural betterment writers and investigators of farmers' wives have so decreed. Natural gas, electricity, and alcohol are now the only permissible fuels, and what one ultra-modernist cleverly calls "the prehistoric, wood-consuming, four-lidded quadruped" is on its way to extinction. "Such utensils have long ago gone to the junk heap," writes a progressive Westerner. The clattering lids of my battered old "Brightwood," with one broken leg, would be to her truly "as the crackling of thorns under a pot." But the more highly perfected the appliances for any given kind of labor, the less divergence in the resulting product and the less scope there is for individual control. Hence the reaction from machine-made articles which has given rise to the Arts and Crafts movement.

Then, too, cookery is, or may be, one of the

creative arts, and as such demands a favoring environment. Eunice's squash pies would somehow fall short of ultimate perfection were there no roaring fire of sugar-maple to insure the desired chestnut-leaf brown to crust and filling. As well conceive an artist without her painting-apron, or dissociate the old envelope episode from the immortal Gettysburg address and substitute the shade of a stylishly coiffured stenographer!

Must the reluctant school-boy be deprived of his pre-academic task of splitting kindling and filling up the kitchen wood-box? What daily duty shall we assign in connection with that elegant piece of culinary mechanism inlaid with blue and white enamel? Efficiency is an important test, without doubt, but are we not in danger of employing it a bit too exclusively—letting it defeat its own ends, in fact? For what is efficiency for but to help men and women to self-expression and to make those selves worth expressing? The doing seems quite as important as the product, when so considered. Despite a smattering of "book l'arning" and a lively interest in the affairs of the Nation, I find myself sympathizing with Martha Bruère's indignantly quoted farmer, who ingenuously asked, "What *would* my wife be doing on a Monday if it wa'n't for the washing?"

Howbeit, New England, at least, has still a few back-country towns and untraveled cross-roads, and her little band of reactionaries. Long may it be before the rising generation has to consult an encyclopædia for key to the expressive comparison "as smiling as a basket of chips"!

ROSE G. DAYTON.

Georgetown, Connecticut.

FOR A SANE NEW YEAR'S EVE

It must be that there are hundreds of your readers who, year after year, on New Year's morning have laid down their newspapers with a shock of dismay and resentment after reading of the wild and heathenish revelry on Broadway, drunken orgies indoors that found their echo in the cry heard everywhere in the street last year: "To hell with the old year, hooray for the new!" One feels resentment because of the impression sent abroad that this is the New York of our love, our care, and our work and pride. Another New Year's eve is close at hand. It is said that weeks ago every seat in the cafés and restaurants along the White Way was sold at high prices to the revelers getting ready for another debauch and to the sightseers who come from far and near to see how the metropolis welcomes the New Year.

Is it not time that an organized protest were made against this wicked folly, that shall convince the world that New York is not yet ready to hand over either the old year with its cares or the new with its hopes and duties to the devil? I believe that if a great chorus were to stand in, say, Madison Square or Long Acre Square in the last hour of the old year and sing it out with the old familiar hymns and patriotic songs, hailing the new with "America," not only would a rebuke be administered to the spirit of barbarism let loose in the city, but the real soul of New York would come out and a hundred thousand voices join in. That would be a protest indeed!

Which augurs best for the New Year—the slogan of the street I quoted above, or the swelling chorus of "O God, our help in ages past"? What if we put it to the test this year?

JACOB A. RIIS.

I WILL, IF YOU WILL

I will, if you will
  devote my Christmas giving to the children
    and the needy,
  reserving only the privilege of, once in a
    while,
  giving to a dear friend a gift which then
    will have
  the old charm of being a genuine surprise.

I will, if you will,
  keep the spirit of Christmas in my heart, and,
  barring out hurry, worry, and competition,
  will consecrate the blessed season, in joy
    and love,
  to the One whose birth we celebrate.

JANE PORTER WILLIAMS.

Howe, Indiana.

ANOTHER SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

The article in The Outlook of October 19 on "Seventy-five Years of the Higher Education of Women," apropos of the celebration at Mount Holyoke College, strikes a sympathetic chord in Judson College, Marion, Alabama. We are now planning to celebrate next May the completion of our seventy-fifth session, for in the year 1839 the first session extended from January 7 to the last of August, and the second session began in September.

This college is one of the twenty-two mentioned by your contributor as opening between 1830 and 1850; but, instead of "ending with the Civil War," it has not only continued successfully to the present time, but *it did not lose even a day all through that disastrous period.* This cannot be said of Howard College for young men, in the same town, because all the students ran away to join the army.

In 1836, while Mary Lyon was engaged in the unheard-of task of getting subscriptions from private individuals to found an institution for the higher education of women in Massachusetts, down in the little town of Marion, Alabama, off the main roads of travel, two people were revolving the same object in their minds. They came independently to the same conclusion as Mary Lyon did, that, if there was to be

any permanent advance in the education of women, it could not be in the school owned and controlled by private teachers and for their benefit; but it must be endowed either by the State or by private gifts.

In the fall of 1838 Mrs. Julia Barron, a woman of considerable means, and General Edwin King, a wealthy planter, with this object in view, were seeking for a man to be president of a school which they were planning to found. About this time there arrived in Tuscaloosa, the seat of the State University, a cultured gentleman, with his wife, from New York, who was seeking a location for a school. Dr. Basil Manly, the President of the University, wrote to Mrs. Barron about him, and thus Dr. Milo P. Jewett was invited to come to Marion, and engaged to take charge of the new enterprise.

On the 7th day of January, 1839, the school opened, and was named Judson Institute. This was the beginning of Judson College. For sixteen years Dr. Jewett was its successful President; then he returned North, and soon after the war was the power behind Matthew Vassar in founding Vassar College.

Judson College is hoping also to raise, like Mount Holyoke, a permanent endowment fund for its celebration next year. A. M.

Marion, Alabama.

AN ANCIENT CITY

In a recent issue of The Outlook you strongly supported the duty of the people to preserve the ancient ruined city or stronghold at the head of Windermere. Forty-eight years ago I carefully examined the marvelous constructions and munitions of Claperyate, for this is the name of the ruined citadel as Camden writes it. And, as I have shown in my book, "Landmarks," etc., Edinburgh, 1877, this ancient name has its straitest English in the words of my interpretation, viz., the bulwark or fortified town (or strength) of the lord of the Gevets or Selgovians. The Celtic words used in this ancient appellation are *cladh*, *air*, and *Guicheadh*. Scholars and capable critics have indorsed my interpretation.

Ambleside is old Danish *eatna boel*, the "giant"-warriors' town, plus "side," and refers to Claperyătĕ—four syllables.

WILLIAM LYTTEIL, M.A.

Brier, Michigan.

THE BRITISH-IRISH QUESTION

In reply to the protest of many citizens of Ulster against being forcibly separated from their long-accustomed relations with the rest of the United Kingdom, there has been but one argument advanced of any moment—that the religious and governmental preferences are very nearly evenly divided among the inhabitants.

It should be remembered that it is one thing to give a people a new status at their expression of desire, and quite another thing to tear them from relations which have long been endeared to them. Where a small majority seeks to impose a new and objectionable condition on a large minority, the result is quite likely to be civil war.

If two-thirds of the inhabitants of Ulster desire a change so ultra, it should not be granted by the Imperial Parliament so long as the other third, including the great majority of the business stability and best intelligence, desire to retain their close loyal relations with Great Britain. In this instance the attempt would be to force an English-speaking people down under the direct, all-Ireland rule of a people who are determined to bring the Gaelic into use as the language of Ireland. It is to compel a Protestant and loyal people to become separated from Great Britain in such manner that the caprice or discontent of the volatile people of the rest of Ireland may, by Act of Dublin Parliament, terminate entirely the relation known as the United Kingdom when the British Empire shall be grappling with foreign enemies.

The majority of the people of Ulster are aroused at the danger of such an ultimate fate, and feel justified in resisting local separation from Great Britain to the last drop of blood in their veins.

For strategic reasons Great Britain should have a naval base on the island of Ireland where the loyalty of the people is unquestionable. Such a base is Ulster. This is a British-Irish Question. WILLIAM WHITING.

Newark, New Jersey.

THE PARCELS POST AND THE COST OF LIVING

All political parties are pointing out the high cost of living, but none has yet suggested any method that will positively reduce it. To advocate reclamation of arid lands and swamp lands is merely trying to add more available lands for farming purposes, that will make competition among farmers keener, and further reduce the small profits they are now obtaining. The one solution to this high cost of living is a cheap parcels post for the necessities of life. Give the people a rate of one cent a pound, with a limit of twenty pounds for a maximum distance of fifty miles, on all vegetables, meats, butter, and eggs, and the cost of living will be reduced thirty per cent forthwith. FRED. W. OKIE.

Marshall, Virginia.

PREMIUMS AND THE COST OF LIVING

Just at this time, when there is so much talk about the high cost of living, wouldn't it be pertinent to inquire why it is necessary to have premiums given with so many of our materials for cooking and prepared foods?

The thinking public must concede that all such premiums are paid for by the consumer, or there would be no premiums offered. S. D.

Claremont, California.

BY THE WAY

One of the most interesting "finds" of the year is that of a portrait of Cervantes, discovered by a Spanish collector of curios in Seville. The portrait is by Juan de Jaurigui, and is alluded to by Cervantes in the preface to an edition of his novels. This picture, according to the "Century Magazine," which prints a reproduction of it, "has been sought for all over the world for three centuries by admirers of Cervantes."

In the battle of electricity against steam an important victory for the former agency is the announced intention of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway to electrify its main line in the near future. This, says the "Electrical Review," will be the largest experiment of the kind which has yet been undertaken in this country.

"From each according to his ability, to each according to his need," would seem to be the principle of a Chinese storekeeper whom a traveler tells about. The Chinaman asked $2.50 for five pounds of tea, while he demanded $7.50 for ten pounds of the same brand. His business philosophy was expressed in these words of explanation: "More buy, more rich—more rich, more can pay!

Imports of cocoa are now almost three times as large as they were ten years ago. Tea shows an increase of only twenty per cent, while coffee imports are actually less than in 1902. The United States now consumes more cocoa than any other country, Germany following, with France third and Great Britain fourth.

A writer in "Good Housekeeping" tells how he reduced the high cost of living in his own household. He began first where a man would usually begin last—on his cigars, saving $78 a year on this item. Economy in gas and electric light formed the next largest saving—$69. Shaving, shampooing, and lunches were cut $53. The list does not show any personal sacrifices on the part of the economizer's wife—perhaps because she had already done her share in the sacrificial line.

The largest railway shop in the world is, according to one authority, that of the London and Northwestern Railway, at Crewe, England, which employs 10,000 men. A rival claimant for the distinction is Altoona, Pennsylvania, where the Pennsylvania Railroad employs 12,000 men in the busy season.

Sarah Bernhardt will appear in vaudeville performances in this country this winter, in person as well as in moving pictures. She will also present a one-act play by her son, in which she will take the part of a vivandière or camp-follower—thus attesting, at the age of sixty-seven, her irrepressible youth.

North Dakota farmers to the number of 513 entered a corn-growing contest last spring. The winner is the youngest farmer on the list—Harper Brush, aged twelve. On a four-acre plot he grew an average of 71.7 bushels of corn to the acre, for which feat he receives a prize of $50 in gold.

The latest musical innovator in Germany, Herr Schoenberg, is, according to a critic whose views appear in "Musical America," in music what the Futurists or the Cubists are in painting, "or that still crazier cult that represents a hand in motion by painting a succession of overlapping hands. . . . In his music there is no harmony, no polyphony, no rhythm, no form, no logic." Which makes one curious to know why it is called music.

All kinds of weather come to those who wait. Mississippi had a snowstorm in November. There is no previous record of snow in that month in that sunny State; and no snow whatever, it is said, had fallen in the State for ten years.

Many a professional man must envy two recent witnesses in famous trials their wonderful memories. Jack Rose, in the Becker trial, could not be trapped in his statements as to the most minute particulars; while Ortie McManigal, the dynamite informer, is said to have corrected his cross-examiner frequently as to dates and names, though the lawyer had the advantage of written memoranda.

Structural iron workers have been much chronicled of late in the press in connection with dynamite outrages, and it is pleasant to see an item of a different character about one of them. This is to the effect that a Pennsylvania iron worker has just received an unexpected legacy of $10,000 because, years ago, he refused to allow the elderly woman with whom he boarded to chop kindlings or carry coal, but insisted on lightening her labors by doing these chores himself.

Transcontinental travelers, who nowadays in their journey through the West seldom see any game larger than a prairie dog or a jack-rabbit, will be interested in this item reprinted from the "Rocky Mountain Herald" of forty years ago: "Passengers report that antelope have never been seen so numerous as now. Herds of antelope larger than any flock of sheep in the world are frequently spoken of."

The popular idea of the astronomer, says a writer in the "World's Work," as one who spends his time in sleeping by day and peering through the small end of a telescope by night, must be dismissed. "The greater part of the modern astronomer's time," says the article, "is spent in studying photographs," often with a microscope. "Paradoxical as it may seem, an astronomer to-day gazes more often through a microscope than a telescope."

In her book on "Old Irish Life" Mrs. J. M. Callwell says that her uncle, Major William Poppleton, one of Napoleon's guards at St. Helena, received a gold snuff-box from the Emperor. Forty years after the Major's death an inquisitive visitor at his old home in Ireland found a closely folded paper in the box, which proved to be a letter from Napoleon to the Count of Las Cases. The long-concealed letter was finally delivered to Las Cases's son.

Mrs. Callwell tells a story illustrating the wit of the Irish religious controversialist. A Protestant mission meeting had been held, and this was the gardener's contribution to the controversy that ensued: "'Pratestants!' he said with lofty scorn. 'T'was mighty little St. Paul thought of the Pratestants. You've all heard tell of the 'pistle he wrote to the Romans, but I'd ax ye this, did any of yez iver hear of his writing a 'pistle to the Pratestants?'"

The Outlook

DECEMBER 21, 1912

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Contributing Editor

England and the Panama Canal

Sir Edward Grey, the British Minister of Foreign Affairs, has made an official communication to the Government of the United States through Ambassador Bryce which fully states the grounds of England's objections to the Panama Act, and her reasons for asking that the questions at issue be arbitrated if the Congress of the United States is unwilling to repeal the objectionable sections of the law. The document is written not only in courteous language but manifestly in a friendly spirit. There is, however, little or nothing in it to change the views which we have already expressed regarding the Panama Canal Act. On one point Sir Edward Grey does not seem to us to make his position clear. At the beginning of his letter, in language that fairly intimates that he himself looks with favor upon the principle of ship subsidies, he states that the British Government does not in the slightest degree deny the right of the United States "to encourage its shipping or its commerce by such subsidies as it may deem expedient." Later on in his letter he declares that the exemption of coastwise vessels from Canal tolls is practically a form of subsidy which is debarred by the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. These two positions do not seem to us to be consistent. The general objections to the Panama Act stated by Sir Edward Grey are those previously made by British and Canadian newspapers and already summarized in The Outlook. He claims that the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty of 1850 was an agreement between Great Britain and the United States that neither of them would independently build or operate the Panama Canal; that Great Britain agreed to the substitution of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty for the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty on the distinct understanding that the ships of all nations, including the United States, should be treated on equal terms; that the exemption of American coastwise vessels from tolls is not treating all nations on equal terms, because it makes other nations pay more than their share of the expense of operating the Canal, and because he fears that under the guise of coastwise traffic the United States ship-owners will endeavor to carry on foreign commerce. If the Congress of the United States decides not to repeal the section admitting American coastwise vessels to the Canal free, he urgently expresses the hope that the question may be submitted to arbitration. As our readers know, we do not regard the exemption of legitimate coastwise trade from tolls as a discrimination against foreign commerce. If there is the slightest danger of American foreign commerce masquerading under the guise of coastwise commerce, that is an evil which ought to be dealt with by our own Congress. Moreover, if there is any arbitration of this question, the United States must be assured that every possible step is taken to provide an impartial arbitration. So far as we know, nothing like it has come up in the history of arbitration before. Every civilized maritime nation in the world has important interests at stake in the Panama Canal. What nation, under these circumstances, would Sir Edward Grey propose as the arbitrator?

The Balkan War: The Armistice

During the past week the reasons for an armistice in the Balkan war have become increasingly evident, in so far as Bulgaria is concerned. At the Tchataldja forts outside Constantinople the Bulgarians apparently suffered no real defeat in their recent attack. On the other hand, the Turks apparently won no real victory. But as they were able to fend off the Bulgarian demonstration, this fact has given the Turkish army great heart and enabled it to recover some of its *morale*. The pause in the fighting, extended by preparation for the armistice,

has also given the Turks opportunity further to fortify Constantinople, so that three lines of prepared positions now separate the Bulgarian army from the capital; and of course the strength of these intrenchments will prove a more or less important factor in the definite armistice negotiations. If the Bulgarians were now to rout the Turks from Tchataldja, they probably would have to expend twice the number of rounds fired during the eight days' battle that ended in the victories at Lule Burgas and Bunar Hissar. Indeed, it is claimed by those who know that the taking of the present positions held by the Turkish army would be as expensive to the attack as was Liaoyang to the Japanese eight years ago. That does not mean, however, that the reinforced Turkish army could not be beaten by the Bulgarians; but many believe that if the Bulgarian army were kept in the field another three months it would be morally and materially exhausted. Hence, from the Turkish standpoint at least, though Bulgaria appears diplomatically to be in a position to dictate, in a military way she is not. The same applies to Servia and Montenegro, but not so strikingly to Greece, which as yet has not signed the proposal for an armistice, although, like the other allies and Turkey, she has sent representatives to a conference in London. The Turkish delegates, however, have been instructed by the Ottoman Government to decline to treat with the Greek delegates until Greece has signed the armistice. The Greek activity last week in Epirus would hardly indicate any great anxiety on the part of Greece for an armistice.

The London Conference: The Allies

Last week the delegates from the allies and Turkey arrived in London to decide upon conditions for an armistice. It may seem strange that a place so far away from the seat of war as London was chosen. But it was considered desirable that the meeting should occur at one of the great capitals; and of them all, London was thought to be the most neutral. A like reason controlled the choice of London as the meeting-place of the Ambassadors from the six Great Powers—England, France. Russia, Germany, Austria, Italy. Other things being equal, the capital of a neutral state like Switzerland or Holland would have been preferable. But the Powers accredit Ministers to Berne and The Hague, not Ambassadors. Only the most completely empowered plenipotentiaries will answer the present purpose, and the Powers were unwilling to raise their representatives at Berne or The Hague to this dignity. Nor was there time to appoint and find acceptability for special ambassadors. As it happens, the present representatives of the Powers at London are on the highest plane of efficiency and ability and are severally acceptable to all the Powers. Besides this, no Foreign Minister enjoys greater confidence than does Sir Edward Grey. There were thus good reasons for the choice of London for this Conference of the Powers' representatives. The Conference of the delegates from the Balkan allies and Turkey are to meet in the historic old St. James's Palace—where certainly they will find themselves amid surroundings conducive to peace. The conference room overlooks a century-old, grass-grown quadrangle entirely shut off from street noise. A long table stretches down the middle of this room, and on the table are placed silver-mounted portfolios for all the delegates. The subjects before the Conference are:

The new boundaries in the provinces of Thrace, Macedonia, and Albania as the result of the successful advance of the allies.

The disposition of the fortress of Adrianople and the city of Salonika.

The disposition of the district of Novibazar.

The question as to whether Albania is to be erected into an independent state.

The claim of Servia to an Ægean or Adriatic port.

The claim of Greece to Crete and the islands in the Ægean Sea.

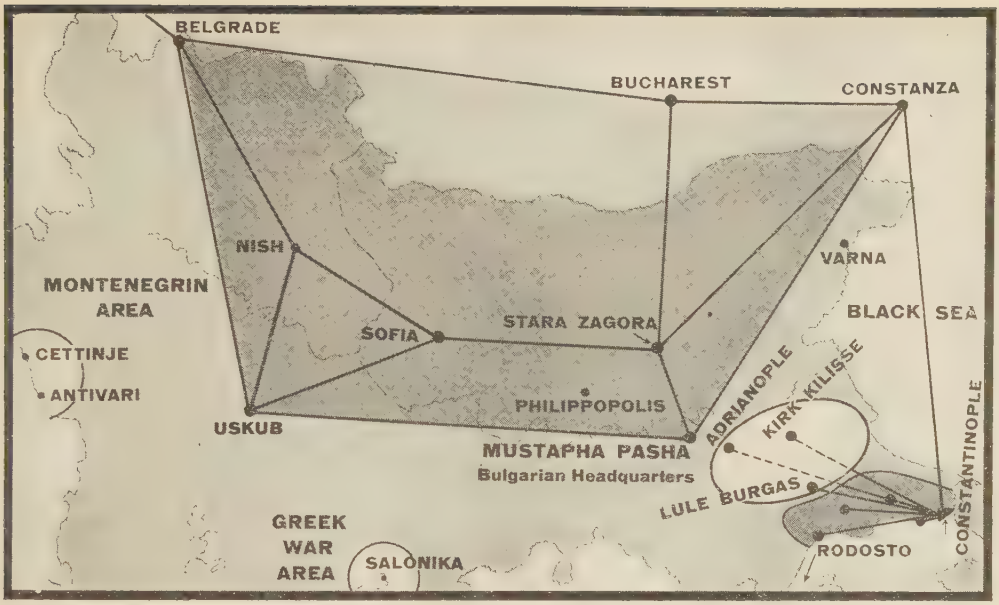
The question as to what indemnity, if any, Turkey shall pay to the victors.

The adjustment of the Turkish debt.

The guarantees to be given by Turkey for the well-being of Christians in any territory now occupied by the allies but to be restored to Turkey.

The London Conference: The Powers

Of the questions before the Conference of the Great Powers, the most insistent is that of Albania. Regarding it the position of Austria and Italy will challenge interest owing to the joint statement made by their Governments that they would not allow any partition of Albania. Aside from this, Austria will see to it that her special commercial interests, particularly at Salonika, are preserved; and Italy will see to it that her general influence in the Balkans, now immensely heightened by her success in the Italo-Turkish war, is increased, for the Italians do not forget Mazzini's prophecy concerning that increase whenever the Turk-



FROM THE LONDON "SPHERE" THE WAR CORRESPONDENTS IN THE BALKAN WAR

This diagram shows in white areas some of the principal war regions. The war correspondents were assigned to the dark areas

ish Empire shall fall! Interesting also will be Russia's attitude, not only in demanding that at last the Dardanelles be freely opened to her Black Sea fleet, but, as the head of all the Slav nations, and especially as the moral protector of Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro, in guarding their interests, particularly Servia's. Thus the Conference may represent, in condensed form, the might of Pan-Slavism pitted against Pan-Germanism—France and England guarding the Slav interests as represented by Russia, and Germany and Italy the Germanic interests as represented by Austria. Out of this clash there may and should come a measure of far greater justice than has yet been enjoyed by the Balkan nations, and this with entire conservancy of the interests of the Powers. There is a reasonable prospect of this. For, as Sir Edward Grey said last week in the House of Commons, the very fact that the Powers have agreed to come to closer quarters for discussion may be taken as evidence that no one among them believes in the impossibility of amicably solving present international difficulties; or, indeed, that an agreement is not much more probable than a deadlock. Certainly, when the Ambassadors are in a position to discuss the questions before them around a common table, they will be in closer touch with each other, and there should be less danger of any of them drifting apart.

The Balkan War: War Correspondents

As the accompanying map shows, war correspondents are not now, as they were once, ubiquitous. The events of the Boer War indicated to the English generals the advisability of restricting the correspondents' freedom. Acting on this, at the very outset of the Japanese War only a few chosen correspondents were allowed to follow the forces. In the present war in the Balkans the correspondents have been still further restricted. Only one, Lieutenant Wagner, of the Vienna "Reichspost," has been permitted to accompany the forces of the allies. Other correspondents have not been allowed to approach nearer the chief war area than the towns of Stara Zagora and Mustapha Pasha. It is even said that not one of these men has seen a gun discharged, though some declare that they heard firing at various times! The accounts sent by Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, correspondent of the London "Telegraph," Mr. Martin Donahoe, correspondent of the London "Chronicle," and Mr. Ward Price, correspondent of the London "Mail," would indicate that the Turkish Government had been much more lenient. The accounts sent by these correspondents will take their place alongside of equally noteworthy accounts of other fighting of other days in the Balkans sent by MacGahan and Archibald Forbes, and the

men of their time. The correspondents of 1912 in Bulgaria descended in swarms on Sofia, the capital, and the military authorities began to consider what to do with them. The London "Times" correspondent says:

A number of officers . . . set about the business of organizing the Censor's Bureau. Through the irony of a wrong reference to a page in a dictionary, they called it in English the "Office of Censure," instead of "Office of Censor," and amateur critics started to work very hard trying to live up to the mistake.

The Censurers drew up a booklet of close upon a score of pages, setting forth what the correspondents might not do and might not send to their newspapers. After reading this volume carefully, one correspondent ventured the suggestion that evidently it would be permitted to write only about the weather. "Oh, not about the weather, I think," suavely and seriously answered the Censurer; "it might contain information in regard to the difficulties of a winter campaign, or the effect on the troops; in any event, it would come under the rule forbidding news about the state of the roads and highways, because they are in these parts much affected by the weather."

So much for what the correspondents might not write. Now as to where they might not go. They were long kept bottled up in Sofia, living, as the "Times" correspondent says, at expensive hotels, "the corridors of which were littered with the paraphernalia of a camp." They were kept "more or less quiet with assurances that to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow they would 'proceed to the front.'" Eventually they were put on a special train and left Sofia "one jolly morning like the members of a Sunday-school picnic party." But what was their surprise, on arriving at Stara Zagora, to find that they had been simply traveling west to east parallel with the general fighting line, and were actually no nearer it than they had been in Sofia. They were kept for a week at Stara Zagora, during which Kirk-Kilisse and Lule Burgas fell. After this the correspondents were put into another special train and taken south to Mustapha Pasha, "which, at any rate," the "Times" correspondent writes, "was over the border in the enemy's country." The correspondents remained in Mustapha Pasha, and, as the "Times" man adds, "they remain there to this day."

Bavaria's Regent

Last week, at the ripe age of ninety-one, Luitpold of Bavaria died. We are accustomed to think of the Emperor of Austria as an old man, but Luitpold was nearly a decade his senior. Indeed, the late Prince Regent of Bavaria was the oldest of rulers. It has been Bavaria's good fortune to have him as her ruler for a quarter of a century; and his loss will be severely felt. Bavarian history should accord him a high place. Before 1870 he had been a notable military leader. He was to become a notable factor not only in Bavarian but also in German history. He it was who had much to do with persuading the German rulers to offer the Imperial German crown to King William of Prussia. As, after Prussia, Bavaria had always been by far the largest factor in the federation of kingdoms and duchies which now make up the German Empire, Luitpold's service was vital to the success of that Empire's formation. In particular he induced his eccentric nephew, King Louis II, to write the letter conveying the wishes of his fellow-rulers to the King of Prussia regarding the proclamation of the Empire and inviting William to assume the Imperial dignity. Louis had shown much reluctance about the matter, and at one time it almost seemed as if his objections might prove an insuperable obstacle to the Empire's formation. It was thus fitting that Luitpold should be the representative and plenipotentiary of Louis to William and should hand the letter to the victorious Prussian monarch at Versailles. In 1886 Louis died. He had become, like his brother, the present King Otto, hopelessly insane. Luitpold, in the event of King Otto's death next in succession to the throne, assumed the regency. But he would not listen, then or since, to the constant suggestions from Bavaria's best friends that he assume the title of King. He argued that nothing in the Bavarian constitution warranted the barring of a Prince from the throne even on the score of madness. He placed principle above expediency. A like rectitude characterized his relation to the civil list provided by the constitution for the monarch. He could have used this revenue with his subjects' approval; instead, he devoted it to paying Louis's enormous debts. As to his relations with the country, he was alert in developing it agriculturally and commercially. As to its capital, Munich, Luitpold, a notable patron of the arts and crafts—indeed, his very last public gift was to art and artists—developed the city more and more as an art center; in all respects it has now come to be, from one of the poorest of the European capitals, one of the most prosperous and advanced. Luitpold's relations

to his subjects may be indicated by citing the German Emperor's act twenty years ago or so, when he wrote in the Golden Book in the Munich town hall: *Suprema lex regis voluntas* (the King's will is the supreme law). But some years later Luitpold wrote in the same book *his* guiding motto, *Salus publica suprema lex* (the public good is the supreme law), to which he modestly added, "If I have succeeded in winning, as it seems, the affection of the Bavarian people, it is because I have had wise counselors who have perpetually reminded me that the good of the whole people is the only supreme law." Finally, Luitpold was immensely popular because Bavarians saw in him an embodiment of their own virtues. Kindness of heart and simplicity of manner are certainly Bavarian characteristics, and he exemplified them. Moreover, he was a real democrat: his comradeship with his trusted servants and guides was unaffected. Portraits of him in simple mountaineer's costume, with a rifle over his shoulder, are seen in every Bavarian village tavern. They will long remain there.

The Chinese Loan

In reviewing, in our issue of November 30, the Clark University conference on China and Chinese affairs, we commented on the address of Mr. Willard Straight, formerly Consul-General at Mukden, and now a representative of the American bankers concerned in what is known as the "Six Power Groups" of American and foreign financiers who have been negotiating a loan of three hundred millions of dollars with the Chinese Government. Mr. Straight now writes to us to say that our report of his speech was in some particulars inaccurate. It will be recalled that groups of bankers representing six of the civilized Powers of the world, namely, England, France, Germany, Russia, Japan, and the United States, have entered into an affiliation or syndicate or agreement by means of which Chinese bonds representing the three hundred million dollars of which China is in need shall be underwritten and sold in the financial markets of the world. In our editorial we said that the delay in recognizing the Republic of China was to some extent occasioned by the influence of these Six-Power Groups, and that this feeling was strengthened among some members of the Clark University Conference by Mr. Straight's address. Mr. Straight writes to say that he cannot see how any careful examination of his address can justify this statement, that he knows it to be untrue that the American group has exercised any influence to delay American recognition of China, and he believes it to be untrue of any of the foreign banking groups. He states that the Six-Power Groups have never claimed the right to make the only loan which shall be made to the Chinese Government, and that they have protested against independent loans only when those loans violated the terms of contract in accordance with which the Six Groups had already advanced money to the Chinese Government. Mr. Straight's contention that we did not adequately report the conditions upon which the Six Groups are willing to loan three hundred million dollars to China we think is well founded. These conditions are briefly as follows: That the Groups shall have a full knowledge as to the purposes for which the loan is to be expended; that the Groups shall have some voice in auditing the spending of this enormous sum of money; that the Groups through a proper representative shall have some supervision of the salt taxes which guarantee the payment of the loan; that the price of the series of bonds issued by the Groups after the first series has been issued shall depend upon the market price of the first series, thus giving China the chance to increase the returns she gets from the sale of these bonds by improving her credit; that China shall not borrow from anybody else while she is borrowing the three hundred million dollars from the Six Groups; and that for five years the Six Groups shall be recognized as the financial agents of China. A reading of the complete copy of Mr. Straight's address further indicates that he believes that a Six-Power loan thus administered is not only not a hardship upon or a disrespect to China, but is practically the only way in which the geographical and national integrity of China can be secured. We are glad to print this statement as to Mr. Straight's actual position. For our part we simply add that the main object which we wish to see accomplished is the maintenance of the national, geographical, and commercial integrity of China. China has been so exploited in the past that it is not unnatural for those who sympathize with her political and social development to be suspicious of the influence of the great financial powers of the world in her reorganization.

Of course it is philosophically unjust to consider that the Six Powers in their relations to China are guilty until they are proved innocent; but students of recent English history have not forgotten how even so fine and human a type of statesman as Lord Palmerston was led, by the power of British finance which he was unable, or thought he was unable, to resist, to promote the unjust opium trade with China. The moment that the Six-Power Groups make it clear to the world that they are determined to defend China from partition we shall support them heartily.

The Conference of Progressives in Chicago

If a victorious party, in the flush of its triumph, with the prospect of a successful administration of the Government, were to hold a ratification meeting for the exchange of mutual congratulation and for the consideration of methods in the exercise of governmental powers, it would be an unusual and noteworthy event. There was such a gathering last week at Chicago—the only difference being that the party whose representatives assembled was not a triumphant party, but a defeated one, and, with the exception of two or three States, had little or no governmental power intrusted to it. On Monday, Progressives from various parts of the country began to gather. On Tuesday morning several hundreds of them, representing all the States in the Union, crowded the great ball-room of the Hotel La Salle. The observer, whether a believer in the party or not, could not fail to notice the fact that these people, men and women, were devoted to a cause in which they thoroughly believed. One observer, not a supporter of the party, remarked upon another feature of this assemblage—the character of the individuals of which it consisted. This was not a convention in any sense. Those who attended it were not delegated representatives. The members of the Progressive National Committee were, of course, for the most part there, and many State chairmen, county chairmen, and members of State and County Committees. There were also, however, many members of the party who had no official position. The Conference, therefore, could take no action with regard to political matters as a Conference. It was what it was called, a "family gathering." Whatever definite action was taken as a consequence of this Conference was taken by the National Committee of the party or the party's Executive Committee. The Conference, however, served as a reflection of the general sentiment of the party membership throughout the country. In that respect it was exceedingly interesting, not only to the supporters of the party, but also to the party's opponents. As they gathered, probably uppermost in the minds of the great majority was the invitation which had been informally extended by certain Republican leaders to the party to enter the Republican fold. The assumption in this invitation seemed to be that the Progressive party was an offshoot or faction of the Republican party, that its distinctive object was ephemeral, that it was organized for the purpose of retaliation against certain Republican leaders, and that, now that those leaders had suffered a severe political defeat, the four million Progressives would only wait the word from Republicans to return to the old party. The first reference to this suggestion made it perfectly evident that the informal invitation was emphatically declined. In fact, those who were present were not in the mood even to consider the suggestion seriously. There were two reasons explicitly given. First, that the Progressive party was committed to a certain great programme in which it thoroughly believed, and for which it was determined to contend; that therefore, while the party would welcome to its ranks any one who believed in this programme, and while it would work with any one, whatever his party affiliation, who would promote the programme, it could not consider for an instant any abandonment of its position as a distinctive party, because such an abandonment would be an abandonment of its convictions. Second, that the party was not composed solely of those who had formerly voted the Republican ticket, but of a considerable number of those who in times past had been Democrats. As was natural, the Chairman of the National Committee called the Conference to order when it first assembled on Wednesday morning, and the party's candidate for the Presidency in the recent campaign, Mr. Roosevelt, made a speech expressing his view of the present situation. The Conference then proceeded to the consideration of two subjects, one the furthering of the principles and policies in which the party believed, and the other the maintenance and financial support of the party as a working force. A plan to deal with the first subject was offered by Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House,

Chicago. This plan covered the purpose of extending a knowledge of Progressive principles, and, so far as possible, embodying them in law through whatever agencies might be available. Her plan comprised the establishment of what is called the Progressive Service, comprising the six following bureaus: Education and Publicity, devoted to the creation of public sentiment: Legislative Reference, devoted to the expert task of providing bills and presenting them to legislative bodies; Social and Industrial Justice, for the further study of questions under this general head; Conservation, for the study of conservation questions; Cost of Living, which would include in its subjects the tariff and the trusts; Popular Government, including such questions as the initiative, referendum, recall, suffrage, etc. According to this plan there would be a Chief of the Service and a Director of each subsidiary bureau. A plan regarding the other subject—the maintenance and financial support of the party—was then proposed by Dr. Walter Weyl. He pointed out the weakness of the proposal that the Government appropriate money for the use of political parties, and cited in contrast the advantages of the plan followed by certain parties in other countries, and the Socialist party in this country, under which members contributed to the funds by regular payment of dues. For the rest of the time the Conference was transformed into what was practically a public forum, at which suggestions were received from a great number of speakers. These suggestions were referred to the Progressive National Committee as the only body that could take action. At the close of the Conference the National Committee met, chose New York as the permanent party headquarters, adopted virtually Miss Addams's plan with regard to the Progressive Service, adopted rules applying to itself the principle of the recall, and submitted a plan with regard to financial contributions for the immediate needs of the Headquarters and the Progressive Service.

The Freedom of the Press

If the bald proposition were made by itself that the United States Government should exclude from its mails papers advocating prohibition on that ground solely, the protest on behalf of freedom for the press would be universal. The right of Congress to do this was maintained by the Solicitor-General of the United States in arguing before the Supreme Court a case growing out of recent legislation intended to increase Federal regulation over the mails. The words of the Solicitor-General (we quote from a report in the New York "Sun") were as follows:

> We submit that Congress has the unrestrained power to say what, in its opinion, is so hurtful to the public welfare that it should not pass through the mails; and that it may enforce that opinion without its correctness being subject to judicial review. . . . It surely may prescribe any conditions concerning the mail matter itself, whether as to size, weight, *character of contents*, purposes for which sent, etc. . . . If such views [those of a newspaper's owners] are expressed in the paper, Government can doubtless exclude them, just as Congress could now exclude all papers advocating lotteries, *prohibition*, anarchy, or protective tariff if a majority of Congress thought such views against public policy.

The distinction between such absolutist control of the press and that which the United States Constitution forbids as "abridging the freedom of speech or of the press" seems to many to be one of shadow and not of substance. Mr. James M. Beck, in maintaining in behalf of the press the fallacy of the dogma propounded, quoted Daniel Webster's utterance when an attempt was made to exclude anti-slavery papers from the mail: "Any law distinguishing what shall or what shall not go into the mails founded on the sentiments of the paper and making a deputy postmaster a judge, I should say, is expressly unconstitutional." The fact, however, that such power as the Solicitor-General ascribes to Congress could be used for the injury of the people is not of itself a proof that it is unconstitutional, or even that it ought to be made unconstitutional. Congress has many powers that it can abuse. The way to prevent the abuse of those powers is not to take them away by Constitutional provisions but to elect a Congress that will not abuse them. Whatever the theoretical rights of Congress may be, any practical attempt to exclude expression of opinion or belief which did not actually incite to crime or revolution would meet swift condemnation from the people.

James Wilson's Sixteen Years of Service

The American Government does not exist merely for the purpose of governing. It also exists for the purpose of benefiting those it governs. This has been emphasized, as much as anywhere else, and perhaps more, in the Department

of Agriculture. When the Department was formed, its first Secretaries did what they could towards obtaining statistics concerning the production and movement of crops. But when Mr. Wilson took charge, he saw that the Department, in order to be entirely efficient, should be something more than merely a statistical bureau. Accordingly, we find pages in his reports devoted to such a subject as Agricultural Credit, for instance, as many more devoted to the Weather Bureau, and very many devoted to the other bureaus that have sprung up during his administration—those of animal industry, of plant industry, of soils, of entomology, of biological survey, etc. Let us take the subjects treated in the first bureau alone and we will find that they cover meat inspection, horse and cattle-breeding, sheep and goats, poultry and egg investigations, the eradication of animal diseases, especially tuberculosis and hog cholera, the distribution of vaccine, dairy-farming, manufactures and research laboratories, milk investigations, and the export and import of animals. To the various bureaus there is always to be added the Forest Service, and the report this year is of particular interest owing to the impending assault of the Democrats in Congress on Federal ownership of forests and in favor of their favorite States' right doctrine. Thus, while Mr. Wilson has been criticised for some limitations, he has accomplished a very great work in emphasizing the diversification of agriculture, especially in showing how land, to be truly efficient, should produce different kinds of crops. In this Mr. Wilson gave as much rein as possible to the scientists and investigators under his control. As he says of the Department:

> During sixteen years it has progressed from the kindergarten through the primary, middle, and upper grades of development, until now it has a thousand tongues that speak with authority. Its teachings, its discoveries, and its improvements are permeating the national agricultural life. The forces that are at work must cause ever-increasing results.
>
> The great and growing movement carried on by the Department for agricultural betterment has not been sustained solely by one man or by a few men. A choice corps of scholarly experts in their special lines of endeavor has been growing in membership, in breadth of view, and in the practical application of their efforts. They have been and are men both good and true, men with high ideals, often sacrificing greater remuneration and private employment for love of the great results of their public service.

Agriculture and Character

Now as to agricultural production. During these sixteen years it has advanced from an annual value of about four billion dollars, and ends with a production for this year worth over nine billion five hundred million. Sixteen years ago, as the Secretary writes, "farmers were loaded with debts that were a painful burden. . . . The farmer was a joke of the caricaturist." But "now he is like the stone that was rejected by the builder and has become the head stone of the corner." The production from the soil and the farmers' live stock has grown to more than twice the value of the wealth produced on farms even as late as 1899—and during the sixteen years the farmers' wealth production has increased by no less than 141 per cent. The chief crops, in value, are now, in order, corn, hay, cotton, wheat, oats, potatoes, barley, tobacco, flaxseed, rye, rice, buckwheat, and hops. All of the above cereals, except wheat and rice, produced their largest crops this year. Live-stock products now amount to a third of the value of the annual wealth production of the farm. Interesting as are these results, our interest in them is far outdistanced by the thought that the greater production of crops is the most effective move toward a reduced cost of living. The greater crop movement has been more remarkable in the South than elsewhere, because the South has needed it most; and hence the Department made there its greatest effort. The result has been a gratifying increase from the South in food supplies. But this is only the material part. The Southern farmer has been taught self-reliance, and to help himself in so far as related to the practices of the farm; any effort made to help him by mere object-lessons in which he did not actively participate was found to be a failure. The scope of the work has been gradually enlarged from simple demonstration in cotton culture to a comprehensive system of instruction in general agriculture, including the organization of boys' corn clubs and girls' canning clubs. There are now enrolled in the boys' clubs nearly seventy thousand boys, and in the girls' clubs about twenty thousand girls. While all the Department's work seems not only an economic but a very human endeavor, this work among the boys and girls of the South has been, to our mind, of most value, for it has not only increased production prodigiously, it has also developed character. A Department with about twenty-four hundred

employees in 1897 has increased to one now having nearly fourteen thousand employees. That this is not merely a bureaucratic increase may be inferred from the fact that in 1897 there were but about five hundred requests a week for department publications; now every week brings no less than fifty-two thousand requests. Of all this force of men, and of all these various engineries, Mr. Wilson has been the directing and responsible head. He approaches retirement at the age of seventy-seven with a double distinction. Under him, his Department has seen a development and a diversification such as has no other department; and he has the longest record ever made by a Cabinet officer. He has served continuously for sixteen years.

Worse Than Useless Giving

Some of the daily papers have amused themselves by facetious comment on a word newly coined—"Spug." There is nothing at all amusing in the facts that have called into existence the Society for the Prevention of Useless Giving, from the initials of which the word is made. One kind of giving against which this Society is earnestly striving is worse than useless, for it is a kind of blackmail. In some of the great stores, for instance, it appears that the clerks are called on by collectors who are gathering together money to make Christmas presents to persons in minor authority in the store. Giving of this kind is almost obligatory, and the girls who have been subject to this exaction fear to lose their places if they refuse to contribute. Even where this kind of pressure is not brought, the collection of money for this purpose is an unfair burden on the girls, and in some known cases has been carried to an extravagant point. We have been told, for instance, on good authority, of one young saleswoman on a weekly salary of twelve dollars, who gave for presents in the store the (to her) immense sum of seventy-five dollars, and of another who, having been independent enough to refuse to give five dollars, has been boycotted by others. It was in such instances as these that the Society for the Prevention of Useless Giving took its origin. It was a natural outgrowth of the Vacation Savings Fund which encourages saving for self-supporting women in New York, and has now on its books over six thousand women, who have deposited thirty thousand dollars. The kind of Christmas presents above described are not unlike presents made to teachers of schools. This kind of giving is usually an embarrassment to the teachers, and is an unfair burden to many of the parents and pupils. The practice has, we think, generally been abandoned, although it still exists in some places and at this season of the year often produces ill feeling and local agitation over the question. Apart from the question of semi-obligatory useless giving, the new Society points out in all its literature the evils of indiscriminate and extravagant presents at Christmas, and emphasizes the fact that Christmas is in its essence not so much a time for present-giving as for showing good will in all sorts of ways. It adds: "The charm of a gift lies wholly in the fact that it is given by a friend. It ought to show unselfishness, some personal effort to please by thoughtful selection, appropriateness."

Better Housing: Improved Health

The problem of housing is one of the most human and humane of problems. Last week occurred an important step in the crusade to secure better residential conditions for the wage-earner. The occasion was the Philadelphia Housing Conference. There were two hundred delegates from all parts of the State. But, as the evil transcends the bounds of any State, so the addresses were of a character to be suggestive to those who deal with the evil in other States. The address of Mr. Lawrence Veiller, the Director of the National Housing Association, was notable because it brought out the fact that the things which strike the experienced as showing bad housing are not so detrimental to health and morals as other things not so evident on the surface. Mr. Veiller said, as reported:

> For instance, a house may present a dilapidated appearance from the outside, have a leaky roof, clapboards and shutters off or hanging by a single hinge. But dilapidation is not nearly so dangerous as bad plumbing. Then there is the evil of the vault, which cannot be overestimated. In fact, I consider it the greatest evil in the country, and the most potent source of disease in America.

Concerning another phase of the situation, Dr. Bliss, editor of the "Encyclopædia of Social Reform," asserted that unsanitary environment was driving the girls to the dance-halls and the men and boys to the saloons; thus an overwhelming number of the girls of New York City were known to

frequent dance-halls, where their associations could not be said to be elevating; but, he asked, where else were they to go? They craved society, and rightly so. If they went to certain places provided by social workers, they were patronized, and, as free American girls, they resented it. Dr. Bliss advocated following the plan already adopted by several German cities, Berlin and Ulm, for instance, where the municipality owns a large proportion of the area of the city and encourages the building of low-priced homes on the land, which it sells and leases at cost to those who improve it in this manner. This is certainly far better than the erection of homes on so-called "easy payment" plans, where the builder is practically at the mercy of land speculators. If this were done, our cities might be better compared with the best municipalities abroad. Certainly it would lessen the charge of such a keen critic as Mr. Bryce that the main trouble with American civilization lies in the government of our cities.

Sunday Attendance at Art Museums: Europe

The Sunday attendance at our art galleries and museums is increasingly and gratifyingly large. In New York and Chicago it amounts to a third of the total attendance; in Buffalo and Toledo to two-thirds. This might indicate that our custom may ultimately follow that of Europe, where, with the exception of London, Amsterdam, and Berlin, the museums are generally opened Sunday mornings as well as Sunday afternoons. They are not open Sunday evenings, or any evenings, because most of them have no facilities for artificial lighting. In London the National Gallery, the British Museum, and the South Kensington Museum are open after 2 P.M. In Amsterdam the Ryks Museum is open after 12:30 P.M., and in Berlin the Old and New Museums and the National Gallery are open after 12 M. In the other cities, however, a more liberal plan prevails. In Paris the Louvre, Luxembourg, Cluny, and Arts Décoratifs; in Munich the Pinakothek and Glyptothek; in Milan the Brera and Castello; and in Florence the Uffizi, Pitti, and Bargello, are all open on Sunday morning. Thus, on the Continent, those who wish to visit the museums on Sunday have, as a rule, ample opportunity for so doing. On Monday, however, there is generally a different schedule from other week days, in order to give opportunity for a thorough cleaning of the museums after the visit of the Sunday crowds. They would be cleaned at night if they were equipped with facilities for lighting. In some cities, as in Paris and Amsterdam, the museums are closed entirely on Monday. In others they are open a little later in the morning; in others still they are open all day after ten o'clock, the cleaning being done very early in the morning. Many American directors believe that our galleries and museums should be open all day on Sunday, and one of them writes to The Outlook as follows:

> Our Museum is never without a guard. On Sunday mornings we leave instructions that if any one from out of town comes, or any one of the members who cannot visit the gallery in the afternoon comes, he or she shall be allowed to enter. Monday mornings we always allow strangers to enter, even though the cleaning is going on. We leave Monday mornings free to clean the gallery after the great crowds which always frequent museums on Saturday and on Sunday afternoons. . . . Personally I do not believe in ever closing a museum.

Sunday Attendance at Art Museums: America

The Outlook's recent editorial on the attendance at art museums, in which the Sunday attendance was mentioned, has elicited some interesting correspondence indicating three prevailing opinions on the subject. The first is that the museums should be closed on Sunday; the second, that they should be open half of Sunday; and the third, that they should be open all of Sunday. The first is based on the supposition that those who have no time to visit the museums during week-days could visit them during the evenings of the week, were the museums so opened—as they should be; it is also based on the assumption that otherwise there would not be one day's rest in seven for the museum employees; in other words, that the museums could not be opened on Sunday unless they had two sets of guards, which of course would be expensive. According to the second opinion, while the guards of a museum should not be asked to give up all their Sundays, they can come at one or two o'clock on Sunday and remain until five or six o'clock, for extra pay and without very great hardship. The third opinion is that the museums should be opened all day on Sunday, and that the guards can "make up" the time for rest by taking it on Monday, the museums being closed on Monday, as in Paris. The secretary of one of our museums writes: "We have overcome the difficulty of our guards

working seven days a week by having one extra guard for every six men. In this way the extra man gives each of the guards one day of each week." In addition, there is the question of cleaning. If the museum is to be opened all the week and all day Sunday, when can it be cleaned? This could be done Monday mornings, as in Europe. A more reasonable objection is that our museums would not have many visitors on Sunday morning compared with those on Sunday afternoon, because Sunday morning is a time generally set aside for church attendance and home life, whereas Sunday afternoon would be preferably the time for visiting the museums. Moreover, if the museum were opened on Sunday morning, it might seem like setting up opposition to the churches. Some of those who oppose Sunday morning opening would, as an offset, favor extending the time into the evening—a good idea. Such a plan is in force at the Art Institute of Chicago, which is, so far as we know, the only museum in the world open on Sunday evening. While our museums may ultimately be open all day Sunday, the custom of Sunday afternoon opening is probably the one wanted by most visitors at present.

A Good Example

In recent investigations in New York City as to the prevalence of vice it has been repeatedly stated that gambling-houses and other evil resorts were in many instances owned by men of at least nominally high standing and of great wealth who in many cases were entirely ignorant of the character of their tenants. Where this ignorance exists, it is due entirely to the fact that often such men put their property in the hands of others and pay little personal attention to its management. We are glad to note in the papers of last week that Mr. Vincent Astor, who only last month became of age and took over the large estates which have been standing in his name since his father's death, has undertaken what is described as a minute as well as a general inspection of all his properties, with the purpose of finding out whether or not any are used for wrong purposes. The personal investigation seems to have been made quietly and without suggestion from others. It has every appearance of being a genuine and unsensational attempt by a property-owner to inform himself intimately and thoroughly of the conditions of the property for which he is ultimately responsible. Such an incident is encouraging in itself, and may well afford an example to other large property-holders.

The Young Men's Christian Association and the Panama Canal

A new demonstration of the growing demand for social, religious, and recreative influences and conveniences by large numbers of American men isolated geographically, from the nature of their work, will reach its culmination in the late summer of 1913, when the waters of the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans meet in the Panama Canal. The Young Men's Christian Association will then have proved, if proof were necessary, its ability also to perform a colossal feat—that of surrounding a vast army of men working and living under the most trying conditions with personal conveniences and comforts, human requisites, sufficient to keep them contentedly at their tasks. The Association has consistently "followed the flag" since the Spanish-American War; its work among the soldiers was no less distinguished than that of the Red Cross or any other agency having to do with the human side of armies. In the days which followed the American occupation of our Pacific possessions the organization had a thoroughly salutary effect as a factor in the social and moral life of the islands. Its trained secretaries also followed close upon the commercial awakening of Japan and China, and are to-day prominent in the development of those two countries. While virtually a foreign field, the Panama Canal offered difficulties rarely found abroad. Conditions of climate, sanitation, and general surroundings in which American engineers and artisans were forced to live and work during the early days of Canal building were such that few native Americans had the hardihood or the nerve to undergo them. In fact, the men were in a state of exodus when the Young Men's Christian Association secretaries arrived there to establish their educational, social, recreational, and religious facilities and equipment. Mr. A. Bruce Minear, railway secretary of the International Committee, who was sent to the Canal Zone to investigate conditions and establish Association work, makes the statement that the workmen were returning by the first boats to the States almost as rapidly as they arrived.

The problem of stemming this return tide had been as perplexing as the problems of engineering and sanitation. But the Association came with a solution; the effect was soon apparent. The workmen stayed to finish the job. To-day every department of the successful, aggressive Association plant flourishes there, with no abatement in activities due to the tropical heat. Indoor and outdoor athletics, classes in all educational branches, religious meetings and Bible study, entertainments by "home talent," imported lectures and entertainments, recreational games, amusements—even ice-cream soda fountains—characterize the work of the Association on the Canal Zone. In some communities the membership is as high as ninety-five per cent of workmen and the buildings are centers from which the social and religious activities of the people radiate. The fifteen secretaries, trained for their work, are in reality "moral engineers" who have cultivated the moral sentiment which originally was so conspicuously absent. This is the first time the Government has ever provided in such a thorough manner for the social and physical welfare of its employees, but officials are now convinced that the expense assumed for buildings, equipment, light, water, repairs, and salaries for secretaries is really a high-interest-bearing investment. It seems doubtful, indeed, if Colonel Goethals could have saved time so enormously without the aid of this work. Judging from this present success, perhaps it is not too much to expect that all future Government enterprises in which regiments of workmen are engaged will include the employment of Young Men's Christian Association secretaries and the maintenance of properly equipped buildings.

The American Civic Association

The recent annual Convention of this vigorous organization, held in Baltimore for the good of that city, emphasized again the growing strength and practicability of the civic impulse in America. Men and women from many States and from Canada came together, not to recount hackneyed experiences, but to present concrete statements of actual advances in that sort of community betterment which makes for the highest citizenship. The keynote of the present day effort was struck in President McFarland's annual address on "Not Only the City Beautiful," in which he argued for community advance upon a plane which makes of mere beauty an incident to the provision of all that tends to true individual and collective working efficiency. Miss Miller's illustrated experiences in the provision of a place for children in city planning continued the humanitarian note, while Mr. Parker's presentation of his novel scheme, which is in actual operation, for using only one-fifth of the calculated average recreational time and expenditure of the public to make a great park system more useful and also entirely self-sustaining, offered a new resource for combating wrong and ill health. Wasteful coal smoke, disease-carrying flies, and the distressingly blatant billboard came in for adequate attention. There was reiteration at many angles of view of the need and value of wise community planning. The need of the Nation for planning and concrete management in connection with its constantly assailed and yet unorganized National parks was brought out by Secretary of the Interior Fisher, at a session over which he presided, while the Hon. James Bryce, the retiring British Ambassador, delivered the notable address on the future of our National parks which was published in The Outlook of last week. A pleasant tribute was paid to Mr. Bryce when he was, at the following session of the Convention, made the third honorary life member of the Association, his fellows being Mr. Roosevelt and Senator Theodore Burton. In a notable symposium on capital cities, Mr. Walter Burley Griffin described and illustrated his extraordinary plan for the new capital of Australia, for which he won first prize in a world competition. The completeness of provision for a national capital, from every standpoint of use and life and dignity, in its relation to the features of the land and the location, gives a fair hint of what might be if ever we should make cities as wisely as we know how in America. Through all the sessions of the Convention there flowed the strong current of earnestness, practicability, and enthusiasm which has made the American Civic Association an organization of such great value to America.

Scandinavian Art

At the American Art Galleries in Madison Square, New York City, the American Scandinavian Society has opened an art exhibition to which general attention should be directed.

It is perhaps the first occasion when the three Scandinavian countries—Denmark, Sweden, and Norway—have united in such an endeavor. This exhibition is under the patronage of Kings Christian X of Denmark, Gustaf V of Sweden, and Haakon VII of Norway. They have delegated as their representatives, respectively, their Ministers to the United States, Mr. Brun, Mr. Ekengren, and Mr. Bryn. Americans know little about Scandinavian art. The little that they know is, for the most part, represented by Anders Zorn, the Swedish painter and etcher. Zorn's peasant types have made us acquainted with Swedish life as well as Swedish art, and there has been from the first for this painter's work an enthusiasm which, while never a "craze," has been a steadily growing appreciation. But another name in Swedish painting may now take high place. We refer to Prince Eugene, brother of the reigning monarch. Prince Eugene was born in 1865. Princely in his attitude towards the welfare of the people, especially of those engaged in the arts and crafts, he himself has also been a notable worker in the arts and crafts. He is specially well known as a landscape painter, and any one who has journeyed in Sweden and enjoyed the loveliness of the landscapes there, as distinguished from the more rugged scenes in Norway, would appreciate the sincerity of the art displayed on Prince Eugene's canvases. The most noted Swedish painters after these two are doubtless Larsson and Liljefors—one a *genre* artist and the other an animal-painter. Turning to Norwegian painting, there is of course the distinguished name of Gerhard Munthe, who, more than any one, seems to give adequate expression to northern mythology and history. The place of honor in the Norwegian room is held by the interesting canvases of Edvard Munch. As to Denmark, painting there is now apparently under the influence of the Spaniard Sorolla, if we may judge from the emphasis put on sunlight and atmosphere by such painters as Hammershoi and Willumsen. It seems strange that the Scandinavian countries are not stronger in sculpture than they are, for from early ages their wood-carving has been notable. The present exhibition, while indicating interesting evidences in such sculpture, does not show that any one in the three countries is now doing any work to be placed in the same class with that of the mighty Dane Thorwaldsen—doubtless the greatest name in all Scandinavian art.

WANTED—A CAMPAIGN OF EDUCATION

What the country needs for the next three years from the Progressive party is not a National political campaign, but a National campaign of education. The report of the recent meeting of Progressives in Chicago given on another page indicates that the leaders of the Progressive party understand and appreciate the difference. It is much like that between the work of the soldier on the battlefield and that of the recruiting sergeant at home. The soldier has to fight an enemy; the recruiting sergeant has to persuade the uncertain, the hesitating, the indifferent.

There are a great many voters in America who believe in government of the people, for the people, by the people, who do not believe in the Progressive party; a great many who are progressive in spirit who are not party Progressives. Some have been too long identified with one of the old parties to break easily away from it; some believe in the Progressive principles, but for one reason or another distrust the Progressive leaders; some do not understand the Progressive platform—it is all new and strange to them; some accept it as a whole, but demur to particular planks and will not accept the party because they cannot accept all its proposals; some are simply too busy about private concerns to have studied the questions involved, and continue in the old way because it is the easiest way.

Those men are not to be fought; they are to be persuaded. The ties which attach them to the old parties are to be gradually and gently loosened; their personal prejudices removed by better information; the platform which they do not understand explained and interpreted, over and over again, until it no longer seems new and strange; the difference between its fundamental principles and its special methods expounded, so that they can accept the principles even though they do not accept all the methods; their indifference overcome by pointing out the fundamental importance to the people of the questions involved.

Two concrete illustrations may serve to make our meaning clear.

The first plank in the Progressive platform affirms that "behind the ostensible Government sits enthroned an invisible government, owing no allegiance and acknowledging no responsibility to the people," and that "to destroy this invisible government, to dissolve the unholy alliance between corrupt business and corrupt politics, is the first task of the statesmanship of the day."

This is a fine statement of a fundamental principle. Senator Beveridge's illuminating phrase "invisible government" has made it visible to thousands of his fellow-citizens. But there are still thousands of voters in America who are quite unconscious of any invisible government, and are only vaguely conscious of any unholy alliance between corrupt business and corrupt politics. They have heard of "ward heelers," and have a vague impression that "ward heelers" are very bad men. They have read of Tammany Hall and of the Philadelphia Ring, and wonder why New Yorkers endure the one and Philadelphians the other. There is doubtless a "boss" in their county, but they have never met him, or, if they have, were impressed by his courtesy or possibly are indebted to him for a favor. They have never had to bribe a policeman or a sanitary or building inspector. The special interests which their county boss serves are remote, or seem so to them. They do not know that his influence has helped to prevent them hitherto from getting their packages by parcels post both more speedily and more cheaply than they have been able to get them by the express companies; that his influence has helped delay the revision of the tariff and the regulation of the Sugar Trust, and so kept up the prices which they pay to the grocer and the dry-goods merchant; that his influence has given them roads ten per cent poorer and twenty per cent more costly than they might have had from an honest State administration; that the local paper on which the voter depends for his political information is mortgaged to the boss and controlled by him, and that the voter gets just so much information or misinformation as the boss chooses. What this voter needs is lectures or literature, or both, which will explain to him what the invisible government is, tell him what the invisible government is doing, and show him exactly how the invisible government is affecting his pockets.

Nor is this enough.

There are a great many voters who do know about the invisible government and what it is doing, and who are as desirous to rid the country of its baleful power as the most enthusiastic Progressive. But they do not believe in the remedies proposed by the Progressive party—direct primary, short ballot, initiative, referendum, and recall. This is all new to them. They think it is new in political history. Their remedy is independent voting. It may be defined briefly thus: "If the boss nominates a bad man, scratch the ticket and vote for his opponent; the power of the boss depends upon the voters, and the voters can compel him to be decent if they will." The Independent is not persuaded that there is any need for a new party. His plan is, Reform the old party from within.

Until last summer independent voting was the remedy for boss rule recommended by all reformers. That over four million voters have concluded that independent voting is not an adequate remedy is extraordinary. There are probably at least as many more who are opposed to boss rule but still think independent voting is an adequate remedy. One object of a campaign of education should be to persuade these voters of the inadequacy of independent voting as a remedy for boss rule, a truth of which most of the Progressives were persuaded less than twelve months ago.

In special localities and in local elections there must doubtless be men against the invisible government. Perhaps a general campaign against the invisible government may be necessary two years from now. But in the meantime the best way to conduct a campaign against the bosses is to conduct a recruiting campaign of education—a campaign which will explain to the average voter what the invisible government is; how the invisible government works; and why direct primaries, the short ballot, the initiative, referendum, and recall are effective instruments with which to overthrow it.

The other great demand of the Progressive platform is for social justice. It is not necessary for us here to specify the particular wrongs to be righted, most of which have grown out of the factory system. That these wrongs exist and continue is due rather to ignorance and a false political system than to any conscious spirit of injustice. Half the world does not know how the other half lives. If the American people have not heeded "the cry of the children," it is

because they have not heard the cry. The facts brought together and presented to the Supreme Court of the United States in the extraordinary brief of Louis D. Brandeis proved to the satisfaction of that conservative tribunal that unlimited hours of work by women are destroying the life of the Nation, because destroying the possibility of wifehood and motherhood in the women workers. If the American people have as yet paid but little attention to these facts, it is because they do not know them. The newspapers are too busy reporting individual homicides to pay much attention to wholesale homicide.

It should be the work of a campaign of education to tell the progressive half of the American people how the other half lives; to acquaint them with the social injustice perpetrated under the forms of law; to make them hear "the cry of the children;" to voice to them the plea of American women for the right to live womanly lives that will make it possible for them to become wives and mothers.

Nor is this all.

The American theory, borrowed from a past age, proved by experience to be false, and yet half believed in by more than half the American people, is that every man can take care of himself if he is left free to do so. Thus the average American is very slow to accept any method of governmental regulation which puts limits on the industrial liberties of the individual. The campaign of education for social justice must not merely show the prosperous half of the people how the other half lives, but must also convince them that it is the duty of the Government to protect the weak, both against the intentional injustice of the strong and also against the unintentional and unconscious injustice of our modern industrial system.

What is wanted now is not a political campaign waged on the assumption that both the Democratic and the Republican parties are committed to the perpetration of social injustice and political corruption, but a campaign of education carried on upon the assumption that the majority of Americans, whatever their political affiliations, are not willingly supporters of either political or social wrongdoing—a campaign the object of which will be to explain what these social and political wrongs are and to point out to the people what methods can be employed to achieve a real and lasting political purity and social justice.

GOODNESS IN BEAUTY

The following letter, written by the Director of the Carnegie Institute in reply to one addressed to him by the Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook, was not originally written for publication, but we have obtained permission to give it to the public:

Carnegie Museum,
(Department of the Carnegie Institute,)
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.

Your remark that the "movement for the development of art in this country appears to be one of the hopeful signs of our national life" interests me. I hope you are right, but, being an artist myself to some extent, familiar with the artists of the world, some of whom are "the salt of the earth," but others of whom are a decidedly queer lot, "I hae me douts." The reading of history tends to show that when a people become wildly addicted to art there has not been, as a rule, a corresponding progress in morals. I love the beautiful, and wish all men derived from it that which it is intended to teach; but beauty in form and color, unless accompanied by beauty of soul, is a vain thing. After all, "it is *righteousness* that exalteth a nation," and in these days, when so many in high places and in low places do not seem even to understand the teachings of the Decalogue, I feel no increment of hope when I see these same lawbreakers either buying masterpieces or, when they cannot buy them, spending their time in admiring them in the possession of others. Yes, let us cultivate art, but what this country needs is an infusion, it seems to me, of some of the fearless honesty in word and deed which characterized our forefathers, and an anointing with that spirit of love the eulogy of which you and I know by heart as it is recorded in the thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians. If the Corinthians, in whose ancient city art flourished, needed to hear such words as those of Paul, much more the great masses of our heterogeneous population, who are not so much given to emulate the art of the old Greek capital, which made it famous, as the vices which made it infamous.

With very kind regards, I am,
Yours very truly,
W. J. Holland,
Director Carnegie Museum.

We absolutely agree with Dr. Holland that love of beauty is no substitute for righteousness. It is quite possible for an age, as it is possible for an individual, to be both artistic and immoral. And yet it is not true that there is no connection between morals and art. There is a real and vital connection between the two. That this is a general belief is indicated by the facts that the Greeks used the same word to express beauty and goodness, so that the phrase in the New Testament, "good works," might with entire propriety be rendered "beautiful works,"

and that we in our common language speak of a "beautiful character."

Beauty is harmony. Harmony of sound makes beauty in music. Harmony of color makes beauty in painting. The common chord sounded on the organ has a certain quality of musical beauty. Harmony of color on the painter's palette has a certain quality of artistic beauty. The writer, visiting a manufactory of pottery with an artist friend, was shown a "spoiled" vase: the colors had run together and represented nothing. But the artist was charmed with its beauty because the formless colors were a harmony in color, and the vase was straightway purchased for its chaotic beauty.

But in a picture the beauty involves more than harmony of color. It involves harmony of form and composition. Harmony of composition, of form, of color, all are needed to make the perfect picture.

But more is needed.

The artist, like the musician and the author, is an interpreter of life. The portrait-painter does not merely transfer to his canvas the features of his sitter. If that were all, the photographer would compete with him. If he is a true artist, he discerns his sitter's character and interprets that to the onlooker. The portrait must not only be a harmony of composition, form, and color, to be a great portrait; it must also be in harmony with the character of the original to be a true portrait; and the character of the original must be, or at least appear to the artist to be, a harmonious character to make the portrait one of supreme beauty. Whistler is right in saying that "art should be independent of claptrap—should stand alone and appeal to the artistic sense of eye and ear, without confounding this with emotions *entirely foreign to it*, as devotion, pity, love, patriotism, and the like." But Ruskin is also right in saying that "the whole function of the artist in the world is to be a seeing and feeling creature, to be an instrument of such tenderness and sensitiveness that no shadow, no hue, no line, no instantaneous and evanescent expression of the visible things around him, *nor any of the emotions which they are capable of conveying to the spirit* which has been given him, shall either be left unrecorded or fade from the book of record."

That these two contrasted views of art are not inconsistent will appear to any one who will compare the passages which we have italicized and ponder their meaning. If the artist is painting the portrait of a cynic or a sensualist, he must interpret the cynicism or the sensuality; if the portrait of a devout or a patriotic soul, he must interpret the devoutness or the patriotism. If he does this with efficiency, and his portrait is a harmony in color, form, and composition, the one portrait will be as true art as the other. But that the one picture will be as beautiful as the other can be claimed only by one who believes either that the artist cannot depict character, or that the cynic and the sensualist are as beautiful characters as the saint and the patriot. Franz Hals's picture of the jolly merrymakers exhibited a few years ago in a collection at the Metropolitan Museum of Art may be as true art as the Sistine Madonna. But the world can never be persuaded that it is as beautiful a picture.

Raphael's saying, "We paint nature not as she is but as she ought to be," is a somewhat hazardous course for the artist to follow; nevertheless it contains essential truth. The artist is not a mere copyist. He perceives a life in nature veiled to ordinary observers, and by his art enables them to see it. No one who has studied Monet's pictures of the Thames Bridges will ever look upon the London atmosphere as he once did. We by no means get all the value of Monet's service to mankind by merely looking at his pictures. He teaches us how to look at nature. Under his tuition we also become "seeing and feeling creatures." "Consider the lilies of the field," said the Master, "for Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." The artist enables us to consider the lilies.

We think, then, that the art development which has characterized the last twenty years of our National history is a matter for self-gratulation. It indicates that the American people are beginning to see something else in a forest than so many cords of fire-wood or so many feet of lumber; something more in the waterfall than a blind giant to grind our grists for us. Love of beauty is no substitute for a love of righteousness; but neither is a love of righteousness a substitute for a love of beauty. Surely the love of righteousness is far more important than the love of beauty, as the foundation of a house is more important than the frescoes on its walls. But the nation which has both love of righteousness and love of beauty has a fuller and richer life than the nation whose

people are blind to beauty, however masterful their consciences. And he who believes, as we do, that the divine Lawgiver is also the Creator of the world of beauty may also well believe, as we do, that the artist as truly as the preacher makes us acquainted with our Father.

A WORD ABOUT OURSELVES

Among the advertising pages in The Outlook for November 30 there appeared a statement by the publisher regarding some of the articles and editorial features which it is believed will make The Outlook of special interest to its readers during the year 1913. We think a word of explanation from the editors regarding the publisher's announcement will interest our readers.

The field which The Outlook endeavors to cover, and its avowed purpose in carrying on its work, make it not only impossible, but undesirable from the reader's standpoint, that an elaborate and inflexible programme of articles or of subjects should be prepared and promised beforehand for any given period of time. The purpose of The Outlook—and, however difficult it is to express in a single brief phrase the characteristic aims of an individual or a group of individuals, we shall here try to look at ourselves objectively and venture upon a definition of our aims—the purpose of The Outlook is to interpret life. Perhaps it is a platitude to say that life is a continuous and ever novel succession of events, phenomena, and experiences. No man to-day can foretell the events and currents of activity of the year 1913. This is the reason why a journal like The Outlook cannot wisely or successfully propose to its readers an elaborately arranged programme. The main thing that we have to do, the main thing we believe our readers want us to do, is to report the events of the year as they occur, and to interpret them in accordance with what we believe to be the principles that underlie the ever-developing life of the human race in this universe.

Even the articles which we select from those submitted to us, or which we ask particular men and women to write, who are specially fitted to discuss the subjects assigned to them, are chosen beforehand in accordance with this general purpose. For example, the "Pete Crowther" stories deal with the adventures and the practical philosophy of a traveling salesman in commercial life. Now the commercial life of the American people forms a large and important part, both in bulk and in influence, of their whole living, breathing, and thinking life. It is our belief that altruism, imagination, poetry, prophecy, and visions of the spirit form a surprisingly influential element of American commerce. Pete Crowther's philosophy will be found to be not only eminently practical but to have a very decided spiritual quality underlying the vigor, picturesqueness, and even slang with which it is expressed, and Pete Crowther is a real, red-blooded man withal. These stories by Mr. Elmer Ferris which the publisher's announcement promises for 1913 have been chosen because we profoundly believe that nothing worth while doing is done in life which does not have in it the element of poetry, imagination, and spiritual vision.

No man can live his own life with all possible completeness, interest, and happiness, unless he knows how other men live and what his relations to other men in other parts of the world are. For that reason Mr. George Kennan has told us something about the Japanese during the past year in a series of articles which, judging from the letters and personal comments we have received, aroused widespread interest. During the first few months of 1913 Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie will be in Japan, delivering a series of lectures at some of the Japanese universities. He will continue this interpretation of Japan by giving some account in the pages of The Outlook of the impressions he receives of the Japanese people, their past, their present, their future, and the place they occupy and ought to occupy in the great human family of civilized nations.

The laymen of the country, as well as the lawyers, are more than ever before asking questions about our judicial system. Is justice delayed in the courts? Or is it obstructed? Is there too much red tape in judicial procedure? Shall the people have more opportunity than they now have of cutting this red tape when they think they are unfairly bound by it or snarled up in it? Mr. Frederick Trevor Hill will tell a series of stories in The Outlook, based on his own actual experiences as a lawyer, which will both raise some of these questions and answer them. They were written and they will be published in accordance with our desire both to interpret and to contribute to our readers' own interpretation of daily actual life.

To those who believe in Mr. Roosevelt's

altruism, skill, and statesmanship, we need hardly say anything about his autobiographical reminiscences which will appear in these pages during the year 1913. May we be permitted to say a word to those who do not believe in him—to those who dislike him? Let us assume for a moment that he embodies in his striking personality all the dangerous elements of American life—unrestrained power, the tendency to act first and think afterwards, the eager desire to win by fair means if possible, by any means if necessary. Ought not the intelligent man who entertains these views—with which of course we do not agree in the least—avail himself of an opportunity, when it is presented, to understand those personal qualities which made Mr. Roosevelt at the recent election the accepted leader of four and a half million voters? His "Chapters of a Possible Autobiography" which will appear in The Outlook during 1913 will afford such an opportunity. The first installment is already in our hands, and we do not hesitate to say that it is full of the most unusual human interest. Take one phase of it, for instance. Mr. Roosevelt has both an American and a European reputation as a practical authority on natural history. In his first chapter he tells how, when he was a small boy, an impulse was given to his instinctive interest in natural history by an amusing adventure with a seal; how in making his collection of specimens he saw things only by running against them or stumbling over them, because he was very near-sighted; how the fact that he was near-sighted was suddenly revealed to him one day when hunting wild animals in the country; how his father thereupon got him his first pair of spectacles; how these spectacles revealed to him a world of beauty up to that time unseen and unrealized; and how this experience gives him today a keen and personal sympathy with every effort made by social reformers to improve the conditions of the physical life of American children. Mr. Roosevelt's story is in this way full of anecdote and of touches of humor, and is yet, in our judgment, in the best sense of the word, interpretative.

And yet, interesting as such articles are, they do not, we believe, constitute the most important element in the work of The Outlook. If The Outlook is worth reading at all, it is worth reading chiefly because it is a continuous weekly record, with intelligent comment, of the human life and activities of the time. At this time of the year scores of letters are received daily in this office which express the very friendly and very welcome appreciation of our readers of some particular quality of The Outlook which has been of service to them during the past year. If we, the editors, were to write a letter of this kind to the publisher, it would read some thing like this:

Dear Publisher: It may interest you to know that next to the English dictionary and the encyclopædia, the most useful and most often consulted work of reference in the library of the editorial office may easily be said to be the bound volumes of The Outlook. They constitute a storehouse of facts, statistics, and opinion, both foreign and American, that we cannot find anywhere else. The Panama question comes up, and we want to know some of the details of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. We find them in The Outlook. The Supreme Court renders a decision on the Union Pacific merger, and we desire to see exactly what the Supreme Court did in the Northern Securities case. We find it in The Outlook. The other day a distinguished lawyer who was preparing an address to be given before an association of lawyers in the West wrote, asking us to aid him in obtaining information about the Progressive views regarding the courts. We sent him bound volumes of The Outlook covering the first eight months of the year 1912, with contributed and editorial articles on the subject marked. In returning the volumes he writes: "I have examined with interest and profit the articles on the courts and the people and the delays in judicial procedure." We do not know where in so brief a compass we could obtain so complete a treatment of the subject. Whatever else The Outlook may be, we certainly find it to be a useful reference library.—THE EDITORS.

It is possible that this article, in which we have discussed our own work as impersonally as possible, may nevertheless to some of our readers seem too personal. Our only apology is that the Christmas season is preeminently the season when friendly personalities are most appropriate. We should like at this time, if we could, to write a personal letter to every reader of The Outlook, thanking him, thanking her, for that friendly attachment and support which has made our work possible. As it is physically out of the question to write many thousands of personal letters, we venture to ask those who have been patient enough to read to this point to accept this article—in which we have thrown off the restraints of editorial convention and have talked somewhat frankly about ourselves—as written in the spirit of a personal letter. It conveys to every reader of these pages cordial wishes for the best joys of the Christmas season.

THE GOVERNORS' CONFERENCE

A POLL OF THE PRESS

THE United States of America is in some aspects a federation of forty-eight States—forty-eight sovereignties. As the powers not granted by the Constitution to the Federal Government are reserved to the several States, certain subjects fall within the province of State Governments in which uniformity of treatment is much to be desired. Such subjects are, for instance, education, the management of roads, the treatment of convicts; above all, marriage and divorce laws. On all these points "it will not do to secure uniformity of action through the action of the Federal Government," affirms the Lynchburg, Virginia, "Progressive." It thus argues why:

Take a single example of the evil which would result from the Federal control of marriage. Here in Virginia and other Southern States there are stringent laws against the intermarriage of the races. These laws are felt to be wise and necessary in order to preserve the purity of the two races.

Such laws do not exist in many of the Northern States. The moral sense of the country is just now shocked by the marriage of the notorious black pugilist, Jack Johnson, and a white girl. Such a marriage could not take place in Virginia, and it ought not to take place anywhere. A race of hybrids would be a deplorable spectacle in this country. The colored people, if they have any race pride, ought to be as much opposed to miscegenation as the whites. It is not likely that Congress would enact a law forbidding this miscegenation, and therefore, if the Federal Government should assume control of marriage and divorce, miscegenation might be forced on these Southern States, to the disgust and abhorrence of all defenders of race purity.

The first Governors' Conference was called by President Roosevelt in 1908. It met at the White House to consider the subject of Conservation. So immediately evident was the desirability of co-operation that Governor Willson, of Kentucky, sprang to his feet at the close of one of the sessions and said, "Gentlemen, let me detain you a moment." He went to the platform, and there unfolded a plan for a Conference of the Governors, to be called by themselves. This was held at Washington in 1909. The third meeting of the Governors occurred at Frankfort, Kentucky, Governor Willson's own capital, in 1911; and the fourth meeting occurred at Spring Lake, New Jersey, in 1912, under the direction of ex-Governor Fort, of that State, although Governor Wilson had already assumed office. All these meetings were productive of good results. In the first place, they brought many men of many minds together. In the second place, distinct movements were started, quite independent of political party—as, for instance, the position taken with regard to the Inter-State-Intra-State Railway case now before the Supreme Court, in which Governor Harmon, a Democrat, and Governors Hadley and Aldrich, Republicans, were put upon a committee to voice the prevailing sentiment of the Conference.

The Governors' Conference is apparently becoming something of a fixture in our political life. The New York "Tribune" remarks concerning this:

Five years ago it was looked upon with doubt, as not likely to survive more than two or three sessions. But each year has confirmed belief in its usefulness, and it is expected that this fifth meeting will command a more general and continuous attendance of the Governors than any of its predecessors, though, indeed, none of them has been neglected. There is real need of such inter-State conferences, and no other existing agency could supply it. Representatives of the States come together, it is true, in both houses of Congress; but even in the Senate the States are not so much sovereign entities as fractional parts of the Nation, and all the business of Congress has to do with National, not State, affairs. But in these Governors' Conferences the States, through their executives, meet as sovereigns to consider State interests.

At previous conferences of the Governors much has been done of no permanent value because of the lack of proper organization. The controlling idea expressed by Mr. William George Jordan, late Secretary of the Conference, is that of concentrating the wisdom of all for the benefit of each. Hence, as the New York "Times's" regular editorial contributor, "J. C. H.," says, the most important thing now to do is to perfect a permanent organization, with headquarters preferably in Washington. "J. C. H." continues:

This organization should be placed under the direction of a permanent secretary of approved character and competency—not a political underling, but a big man, possessed of strong initiative and never-failing industry—and the support of the organization so perfected should be provided by the States. It would cost, if fully equipped, not less than $50,000 a year, and this sum should be provided by the States according to population or wealth. The sum required, divided among the States, would be

the merest bagatelle for each, and the benefits for all would be inestimable. Besides paying the expenses of such an establishment the amount suggested would be sufficient to cover the expenses of the Governors attending the conferences, so that a full representation would be assured. At the headquarters there should be a library filled with the revised statutes of all the States, and a close watch kept upon the legislative, administrative, and judicial doings of the different States, of which the Governors should be constantly advised. There should also be prepared at these headquarters a full digest of the messages of all the Governors, and of these digests copies should be sent to each of the Governors, so that each would have in this convenient form a full understanding of what all the others were doing.

This year's Governors' Conference has lately been held in Richmond, Virginia. Its programme was elaborate. Some persons and papers considered it too elaborate. The New York "Evening Post," for instance, thus protests:

What can be seriously expected as a practical result of a programme that sprawls over a series of topics, many of which do not concern the majority of the Governors assembled? The success of the first Conference was due as much to the limitation in this respect as to its choice of a topic that was uppermost in the public mind. But this year, for instance, the Governors are to listen to addresses on "Modern Penology," "A State Income Tax," "The Development of Inland Waterways," "Uniformity of Marriage and Divorce Laws," "What the State Can Do to Check the Drift of Population from Farms to Cities," and "Rural Credit." Instead of having their hearts burn within them as they go their several ways after the close of the Conference, what can they have to take home but buzzing heads? It is true that the programme-makers have recognized the advisability, not of concentration upon a single topic, but at least of selection of such subjects as are likely to come up in the various Legislatures this winter. They say as much. But what have they actually done? How many Legislatures will deal at their approaching sessions with the question of a State income tax? The number having to consider inland waterways is still less. It would have been much better to have chosen the one topic of uniform marriage and divorce legislation, and then to have arranged for speakers and discussion upon it that would have attracted the attention of the whole country, and sent the Governors back to their respective capitals with the draft of a bill that should hold first place in their legislative programmes.

The newest subject to be proposed at any of the conferences was that of agricultural credit. It was discussed. not at Richmond, but at Washington, at the invitation of the President. Several months ago Mr. Taft wrote to all the Governors, suggesting the advisability of establishing a system of agricultural banks in this country similar to those existing abroad. At the Washington Conference the other day he made the principal speech, and said in part:

An easy exchange between capital and farmers, with proper security, has been established in European countries, where the rate of interest has been lowered so that the farmer is on practically the same basis of advantage in the borrowing of money to aid his farming as the business man is in borrowing money to aid and carry on his business. If this can be done abroad, it can be done here; and if abroad we find that Government institutions adapted to form the conduit pipe between capitalists and farmers are successfully operating, why should we not adopt them here?

The subject to attract most attention at this latest Governors' Conference was that of the punishment of criminals. Governor Shafroth, of Colorado, advocated lenient but certain punishment to criminals, and cited his own State as an example where this system had worked well. He was followed by Governor Baldwin, of Connecticut, who took a much more drastic view, advocating restoration of the whipping-post for certain classes of criminals and sterilization for others. The Governor declared, as reported:

There is a certain crime of which one seldom speaks; its very name has come to be banished from our newspapers. Yet the thought of it is a daily terror to every woman in the South, and brings a sense of uneasiness and constraint into the life of her Northern sisters. It is the cause of most of those lynching cases which disgrace our civilization. It is to be kept down only by the severest methods.

Is it too much to say, if the courts are not ready to apply these, the people will? Has a conviction ever yet been had in the United States of any one of a mob of lynchers?

That crime does wrong to a woman which many of them have deemed worse than death. Such a man is no fit subject for an indeterminate sentence. In every clear case of this nature, in my judgment, there should be an operation of sterilization.

But the day's sensation was furnished by Governor Blease:

I have said all over the State of South Carolina, and I say it again now, that I will never order out the militia to shoot down its neighbors and protect a brute who commits the nameless crime against a white woman. Therefore, in South Carolina, let it be understood that when a negro assaults a white woman, all that is needed is that they get the right man, and they who get him will neither need nor receive a trial.

Thereupon, in the words of the Detroit "Journal:"

Governor Kitchin, of North Carolina, made a speech for law and order worthy of Blackstone, and ended by saying there had been no lynching in his State for six years. Governor Gilchrist,

of Florida, took the same high ground. Governor Mann, of Virginia, who has won golden opinions as an old school executive, declared he would call out all the troops in the State to insure any criminal a fair trial. It is to be hoped the control of politics and government in the South is passing from the Bleases to the Kitchins and Manns.

On the following day Governor Carey, of Wyoming, asked Governor Blease if he had not taken an oath to uphold the Constitution and laws of his State, and if those laws did not protect Negroes as well as white men. Mr. Blease replied:

I will answer that question, and I hope the newspaper men will get it right, for in my campaign in South Carolina they found that I am a fighter—and a cold-blooded fighter. When the Constitution steps between me and the defense of the white women of my State, I will resign my commission and tear it up and throw it to the breezes. I have heretofore said, "'To hell with the Constitution!'"

On this, many of the ladies present left the hall, and the Governors consulted as to what should be done. Governor O'Neal, of Alabama, declared that he also represented a State with a large Negro vote, but that the remarks that had just gone forth were of a nature repugnant to law-abiding citizens, and that "the Conference should, without delay, repudiate them." Another Southern Governor, Gilchrist of Florida, heartily supported this sentiment. Thereupon another Southern Governor, Mann of Virginia, offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That it is the sentiment of the Conference of Governors in session at Richmond, Va., December 6, 1912, that the whole power of the several States should be used whenever necessary to protect persons accused of crime of every kind against the violence of mobs and to provide for speedy, orderly, and impartial trials by courts of competent jurisdiction, to the end that the laws for the protection of life and property be duly enforced and respected by the people.

The resolution was carried by an overwhelming majority. The three or four Governors, others than Blease, who voted against it favored the sentiment of the resolution, but thought that it interfered with the privilege of the Conference as to personal expression.

The Northern and the Southern press alike are unanimous in the condemnation of Blease, even if some, with the Washington "Times," think that he may be credited "with a certain kind of courage," as he publicly expresses "what is tacitly the policy of numerous Southern Governors." Be this as it may, the Governor is not the representative of the South, either according to Northern or according to Southern papers. The daily "Argus-Leader," of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, declares:

The Governor, in wishing to uphold the rights of Southern womanhood, did not show that real chivalry which from time immemorial has been credited to the South. And the most significant rebuke he received was from some Southern women, who left the hall as soon as he had uttered the ill-advised words.

Some papers advise impeachment. The New York "Tribune" says that "if South Carolina does not find a way to impeach such an Executive, the world will have good reason to think that he really exemplifies its judgment and desire."

The Southern papers are not a whit behind the Northern in condemnation. Those of Governor Blease's own State are interesting; first of all the Charleston "Evening Post" says:

Boasting of his wholesale pardoning of criminals, blatantly advocating lynch law, . . . Governor Blease has revealed himself as faithfully to the Conference of Governors at Richmond . . . as he has to the people of this State.

The Charleston "News and Courier" says:

How do the cities of South Carolina like the advertisement they are getting? Does the Governor speak for them, and does he act for them? If not, are they or are they not going to repudiate what he says?

Finally, the Columbia "State" says:

So far as the "State" may speak for those in South Carolina who are not of Governor Blease's friends, we repeat that they are glad that the Governor has introduced himself frankly to the people of the country, however much we may regret that his position as Governor permitted him to degrade the Conference of Governors into an instrument of advertisement of himself.

The papers of every Southern State are severe in criticism and stern in their demand for a change—the Baltimore "News," the Louisville "Herald," the Nashville "Democrat," the Nashville "Star," the Raleigh "News and Observer," the Atlanta "Journal," the Florida "Times Union," the Montgomery "Advertiser," the Mobile "Register," the New Orleans "Item," the Arkansas "Gazette," the Dallas "News," and the Galveston "News." The last named agrees with the Northern papers already quoted in concluding the whole matter as follows:

If there is nothing in the laws of South Carolina to justify the impeachment of Cole Blease, those laws are sorely in need of revision.

A COMBINATION IN RELIGION

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE FROM CHICAGO

BY ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

"WHAT have they done?" asked the newspaper man. "The newspapers aren't going to give space to them unless they've done something. The Secretary of the civic society in the city where I live told me that he used to go to the churches for help when there was any general undertaking for the good of the city, but that he has given that up because they were of no use."

That was the way the newspaper man replied when I asked him why the newspapers had paid so little attention to the meeting of the delegates to the Federal Council which has just held its session in Chicago.

"What do they represent?" he had at first asked.

"Thirty-two Protestant denominations, including all the greatest—Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Episcopal, Congregational, Lutheran, Evangelical, Reformed—embracing some fifteen or sixteen million people."

"How are they chosen?"

"These delegates are the official representatives of the denominations, chosen by the authorities of the denominations themselves."

Then came that final Missourian question —"What have they done?"

By the answer to that question this new great attempt of American Protestant Christians to create a united Church is going to be tested. These are days when mere professions count for very little. The political word "platform" is sharing with the ecclesiastical word "creed" the disrepute that nowadays attaches to mere belief without deeds. This disrepute is recognized by church leaders and political leaders alike. While the Federal Council was in session some reference was made to the official statement on social questions as a social "creed," and the objection to the word was so strong that nothing more was heard of it. Two days later, during the meeting of Progressive party leaders in the same hotel, one of the speakers apologized for referring to the party's "contract with the people" as a "platform." The question that is being asked of the churches, just as of political parties and public officials, is not, "What do they think?" but, in the terms of the newspaper man, "What have they done?"

The Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America has been in existence just four years. It was organized in Philadelphia in December, 1908. Before it could be organized there were long preliminaries. Each of the constituent denominations had to select its representatives. Some of these denominations could take no action except at their National assemblages, and in some instances (as in the case of the Methodist Episcopal Church) these meet only once in four years. The task of uniting thirty-two existing organized constitutional bodies is not as simple as creating a new body. It is like the movement of a fleet—it must wait on its slowest member. When, however, it is organized, the impact of the whole mass is enormous. As one speaker at the Council last week put it, two acting together are ten times one; for, though one can chase a thousand, two can put ten thousand to flight. The parallel with the thirteen colonies has been often drawn. So, although the process of bringing these thirty-two denominations together extended over more than eight years, it is only four years since the organization itself has been in existence. In that brief period of four years, "What have they done?"

As I sat as a spectator of the deliberations of that body, it seemed to me that the fifteen million people represented there had done two things: they had made a great discovery, and they had created a great "system."

The discovery, in this case as in many another, is very simple; it is that people who are separated from one another, and even antagonistic to one another, in belief and in formal observances, are not only ready but eager to unite with one another in doing something to put an ideal into practice.

For example, there are scattered all over the land institutions known as theological seminaries. There are no institutions in the world so separatist as these seminaries. Every denomination has its own seminary or seminaries, for every denomination wishes to preserve its own existence by inculcating its own doctrines. These seminaries have consequently emphasized theology. To the ordinary man of the twentieth century the peculiar tenets for the sake of which a little

theological seminary with more professors than students may be cherished have no more real meaning than the speculations of mediæval monks. In some cases a theological seminary represents not merely a denominational doctrine, but the doctrine of a particular faction within the denomination. In the old days when creeds and forms were exalted, if representatives of sixty theological schools could have been brought together there would have been nothing but wrangling and disputation. Now let us see what has happened. When the Federal Council was organized in Philadelphia, the delegates adopted a declaration regarding the great social and industrial problems of to-day—child labor, the overworking of women, fair wages, decent conditions of work, industrial accidents, and the like—and created a Commission on the Church and Social Service to deal with such questions. The Secretary of that Commission a few months ago communicated with the seminaries of the denominations represented in the Council with regard to these practical questions, and, receiving favorable replies, arranged for a meeting of representatives of these seminaries. As a consequence, just before the meeting of the Federal Council there was a conference of sixty seminaries! More than that, a committee of the seminary representatives was formed to draw up suggestions for instruction in social problems and social questions. By means of the Federal Council the denominations have discovered something unsuspected until now—that even in the homes of dogma men are eager to come together in order to apply real religion to the practical questions of life.

That is one thing "they have done."

Another thing they have done is, as I have said, to create a system. What was it that made the Becker case possible? It was not that policemen are necessarily more corrupt than other men. It was because there has been in the New York Police Department an organized alliance between certain police officials and a certain class of criminals, known as the "system." What is it that has produced scandals in the world of high finance? Again it is something known as the "system." It is because corruption has been organized that it has been powerful in the police, in politics, in business. Now, over against this the churches, which ought to represent, and in large measure do represent, the conscience and unselfishness of the community, have been disorganized—they have had no "system." So when the forces of evil in a city have appeared to be irresistible and the forces for good to be weak, it has seemed as if the decent part of the population were in the minority, when the fact has been simply that the corrupt and brutal have had a system, and the rest have not had a system. Now the Federal Council has created a system on a National scale. That is the other thing that "they have done."

What this lack of system—this habit of each little sect and little congregation going alone—has cost the country cannot be estimated. "We are a wasteful Nation," said Professor Rauschenbusch, of Rochester, in a speech before the Council; "we have wasted our water power, we have wasted our forests, our soil, our sewage, we have wasted child life in the factories, we have wasted the pangs of motherhood—but the greatest waste of all has been the waste of religious enthusiasm." It is this waste, it was frankly acknowledged at the Council, that is keeping and even driving self-respecting men out of the ministry. It is the local and sectarian jealousy, the eagerness for one denomination to build up itself, whether at the expense of another or not, that makes it impossible for a man to see anything superlatively honorable in the ministry as a profession. A young man may be content to do his work obscurely if he only has a chance to do it well, but he finds it intolerable to take part in squabbles. It is not self-seeking ambition that leads him to turn away from that as an uninviting career. Many a minister has said, "My sons shall not go into the ministry. I have been a fourth of a man. I want them to do a whole man's work." That was the straight talk of some of the ministers about this wastefulness. The severest critics of the Church never talked more plainly or more truthfully than these accredited representatives of the great denominations.

It is the Federal Council that has made this frank speech possible. The very fact that three hundred and fifty delegates representing thirty different denominations were acting together as a federal body put every apologist for denominational differences on the defensive. Indeed, whenever a speaker made avowal of pride in his denominational affiliations, he did so with an air of courage, as one withstanding the current of public opinion, and the applause that greeted his

statement was in part a tribute to his boldness and in part a stimulus which the listeners felt it necessary to administer to their own denominational loyalty. Of course such protestations of denominational loyalty were not necessary, for the Federal Council in no respect supersedes any denomination and has no authority over any denomination's affairs. It simply provides the machinery by which the denominations can do together what they could not do alone. As Dean Mathews, of the University of Chicago, pointed out, it is a human trait to magnify our secondary enthusiasms, to be more interested in the prosperity of our own business than in the building up of the wealth of the country, to be more excited over the fortunes of a group wearing blue buttons or one wearing red than over the fortunes of the organization to which both groups belong. But these secondary enthusiasms can be used to promote the greater ends. So denominational loyalty, so far from being superseded, may be a useful force in behalf of the work of all the federated churches.

Here and there in various parts of the country there is to be found an occasional organization, local in character, which has undertaken to do in part, within a certain area, what the Federal Council has undertaken to do for the Nation. These local organizations the Federal Council is not to supersede but only to bring together. Thus the State of Maine has what is called an Interdenominational Comity Commission, the city of New York has a Federation of Churches, the State of Rhode Island has a State Federation, and so on with other cities and other States. From some of these there were reports. For example, Mr. Wood, a representative from Baltimore, explained how fifteen denominations in that city were united in a common organization which brought the churches together with various educational institutions in order to make provision for students, resisted successfully efforts to weaken the law on hours of labor and the safeguards in the building code, and co-operated with the Police Board and the Federation of Charities in dealing with vagrants. Mr. Laidlaw reported some astounding facts regarding human conditions in New York City which had been collected by the Federation of Churches there, and told of the agreement between the United States Government and the Federation of Churches by which the census in that city was made much more complete than it otherwise would have been.

Then there were stories of fruitful efforts at union in smaller communities. One delegate told briefly of a New England village in which property values had been increased a hundred per cent and general conditions of life greatly improved by the union of two churches into a single federated church with a double denominational affiliation, but with a minister in common, a single building, and a united organization for all local purposes. Another delegate, Professor Anthony, of Maine, explained the arrangement of "reciprocal exchange," by which two denominations agree to substitute for two weak churches of each kind one strong church of each kind—an arrangement which the Federal Council formally indorsed and adopted as a part of its policy. By this means one denomination yields a church in one place for the sake of strengthening another church of another denomination; and in return the other denomination yields a church in another place for the sake of strengthening a church of the first denomination There were many delegates who regarded this as the most significant action taken by the Council, for it amounted to a self-denying ordinance. It corresponded to the action of representatives of independent States recommending the cession in some degree of States' rights for the general welfare.

The four features of the Federal Council may be stated as follows

1. Using the spirit of religion for
2. The elimination of waste by
3. Bringing together existing denominations on a basis of
4. Service in practical work.

The Federal Council is a product of this age of co-operation. It is a combination in restraint of competition. However one may think of competition in the field of business, there is no doubt that in the field of the churches the cutthroat competition of to-day ought to be restrained. The Federal Council is not a religious trust or holding company. It has no ownership of the stock or control of the management of the constituent bodies. If there is any parallel between this combination among the churches and the commercial combinations of this age, it might be drawn between this great Council and what in business circles is known as a "gentleman's agreement." There is, however, no real similarity in form between this religious federation and any business combination I know

of. The likeness is closer between this and political federations. Each constituent body is entitled to a certain number of members of the Council based upon the size of the body in question. Moreover, on certain questions the vote is taken not only by polling the individual members but also by polling the delegations, and can be carried only by a majority of both the delegates and the delegations. This makes it impossible for any one denomination, no matter how great its size, to outweigh the others, while, on the other hand, it prevents a number of small delegations from carrying any question against the preponderating will of the whole number of delegates. The Council, therefore, combines in a single chamber the characteristics of both the Senate and the House of Representatives in the Congress of the United States.

The members of the Council, moreover, are elected for a term of four years or until their successors take office. They are not merely delegates to a meeting, like the delegates to a charity conference, but are members of a continuous body that may be summoned together at any time. The regular meetings of the Council are held quadrennially, but special meetings may be held whenever authoritatively called. It is, for example, expected that the Council may be called into special session in 1914. Still further, the Council is represented between sessions by a smaller body called the Executive Committee, in which the denominations are, somewhat as in the Council itself, proportionately represented. This Executive Committee has frequent meetings and is served by an Executive Secretary and such other secretaries as it wishes to employ.

Subsidiary to the Executive Committee are a number of Commissions. Each of these Commissions is in charge of some special department. Thus one is devoted to the federal principle in the field of Foreign Missions, another in the field of Temperance, another in Home Missions, another in the vast and complex field of Social Service, and so on. The Commission on the Church and Social Service is in itself a body of such size that its executive work is conducted by an employed Secretary under the supervision of a sub-committee called the Committee of Direction. This brief outline can only inadequately indicate the extent to which these fifteen or sixteen million Christians in thirty-two denominations have become organized for common action.

With regard to matters within the jurisdiction of the several denominations the Council has, as I have said, no authority; but with regard to joint action by the denominations there is scarcely any limit to the field of the Council's activities. It might fairly be said that the limit can be set only by the limitations on the wisdom of its leaders. There are few men in modern times who have had to bear such responsibility as is laid upon them.

How complicated and difficult the task laid upon these leaders is may be indicated by an illustration. Each of the great denominations has a society formed to carry on home missions. The relation of these societies to the respective denominations which they serve varies according to the denominational forms of organization. The officials of ten of these societies have formed a voluntary association or league called the Home Missions Council. This is unquestionably one of the results of the Federal Council, but it is independent of it. Here, then, are two federal organizations devoted to home missions. One is a federal organization created by the denominations, the other one created by the home missionary societies; one rising from the churches which support home missionary work, the other from societies and officials that administer it. One may be said to represent public opinion, the other expert opinion. They are working together; but it will require statesmanship to see that each aids the other and that neither duplicates the other's work. Another illustration is even more pertinent. Several of the denominations have their own social service commissions. These vary very greatly in their efficiency. That of the Presbyterian Church (the Northern body) is composed of virtually three divisions of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions; one is called the Bureau of Social Service, one the Department of Church and Country Life, and one the Department of Immigration. This threefold Commission has resources in money and expert service far greater than those commanded by any other similar denominational commission and even by the Federal Commission itself. Yet there is nothing in social service, whether it concerns housing or industrial conditions or the immigrant or anything else, that is distinctively Presbyterian, or, for that matter, Baptist or Methodist. There is no Congregational or Episcopal brand of social justice.

The fact is, however, that the Presbyterian departments devoted to social service have been doing work which under present circumstances any other denomination, and even the Federal Council, could not undertake. For example, Charles Stelzle has, more than any one else, been instrumental in bringing about a friendly attitude among the trades unions toward the churches. A little over ten years ago, I spent some three months in traveling over a large part of the United States. If there existed at that time any general feeling of friendliness on the part of labor unions toward the Church, I found none of it. To-day the American Federation of Labor admits to meetings as "fraternal delegates" men whose sole title to admission is that they are accredited by church organizations. This, I think it is fair to say, is the result of Charles Stelzle's influence, and he is the head of the Bureau of Social Service of the Presbyterian Board. The Methodist Church has been a leader—I think I may say the leader—in expressing the changed view of the churches toward industrial problems. The remarkable declaration on social questions adopted by the Federal Council four years ago was modeled upon that of the Methodist General Conference. In certain places Episcopal churches have been distinguished for leadership in practical and efficient social service. The Baptists have done much to promote the publication of social service literature. So in one respect one denomination has led; in another, another. It will require statesmanship of a high order to utilize these different forces without duplication.

The greater part of six days was occupied by the meetings of the Federal Council. The sessions began by an evening meeting on Wednesday, December 4, to hear the report of the Executive Committee and the address of the retiring President of the Council, Bishop E. R. Hendrix, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Thereafter (except on Sunday) the sessions in the morning and afternoon were held in the Assembly Room of the Hotel La Salle, when reports of the Commissions were heard and discussed and business transacted. Two other evening sessions were held—that on Friday evening being addressed by the Vice-President-elect of the United States.

Necessarily much of the business concerned questions of organization. A working body such as this great National Federation of Denominations is, as I have said, rendering its chief practical service in creating and keeping in order a "system." Fortunately, it has had the service of a man who puts zest into solving questions of organization—the Rev. Dr. W. H. Roberts, the retiring Chairman of the Executive Committee. He comes near to being to the church of to-day what a great corporation lawyer is to the business of to-day—with this difference, that in being counsel for the combination Dr. Roberts is also "counsel for the people."

The most important single piece of business transacted was the election of a President of the Council for the coming four years. The choice most happily fell upon Dr. Shailer Mathews, Dean of the Theological School of the University of Chicago. His leadership in the movement toward broader views of religion and conceptions of religious obligations in this time of social unrest has been one of the explanations for the state of public opinion in the churches that has made the Federal Council possible. As he stood before those delegates guiding the deliberations, the casual visitor might have guessed him to be a physician, or a lawyer, or a public official; and yet, if he was an intelligent visitor, he would have not been surprised to find him a former professor of theology and editor of a well-known magazine. The titles of three of his books, "The Church and the Changing Order," "The Social Gospel," and "The Gospel and the Modern Man," indicate perhaps as well as anything can, in as few words, the nature of his service to the modern religious movement. It is a happy augury for the Federal Council that Bishop Hendrix, whose wise and genial leadership has kept the new organization well guided between grave difficulties, is to be succeeded by one so forceful, courageous, and progressive as Dean Mathews.

Dr. Macfarland, who has been Acting Executive Secretary as well as the Secretary of the Social Service Commission, was elected Executive Secretary.

The practical character of the work of the Council is indicated by two subjects on which it took action. One concerned preparations for dealing with the inflow of immigrants that is expected upon the opening of the Panama Canal; the other concerned the world-wide war upon one of the worst and most disabling plagues known to man—the hookworm. Fifteen or twenty years ago the effect of a widespread parasite upon the human race or the social conse-

quences of the opening of a great waterway would hardly have been accepted by the churches as coming within their sphere.

The reports of the Commissions, of course, excited discussion, because the action which the Council took upon them was to determine the Council's policy on many great questions during the coming four years.

In the consideration of two of the reports there was shown a tendency to accept general statements because they sounded well and seemed to be what was to be expected; these were the reports on temperance and on international peace. Even Mr. Stelzle's statement that the consumption of liquor per gallon had steadily increased under the traditional methods of dealing with the liquor question made only a passing impression. Temperance is good and international peace is desirable; therefore let us commend the prohibition of liquor and the abolition of war: that seemed to be the attitude of the delegates on those two questions.

On the other hand, concerning questions which the churches or their agencies have been studying broadly, and not merely in the spirit of the propagandist, opinion was independent and discussion illuminating. Home missions was one of those subjects. There was no tendency to regard this as merely a matter of starting Sunday-schools and establishing new and dependent churches. Rather it was clear that the delegates understood that it was but another way of putting the question, What is to become of America? Here are foreigners coming in by hordes. Here we have frontiers changing almost overnight into settled communities. What kind of citizens, what kind of communities, are these to be?

The other subject which served as an occasion for intelligent discussion was that inclusive one comprised under the name of social service. The Commission on the Church and Social Service had prepared a report which went somewhat beyond the declaration of four years ago. The Commission took its advanced ground with caution. It was not sure that the Council would be prepared for the more progressive position. Then a surprising thing happened. After the discussion the Council recommitted the report to the Commission with instructions not to qualify but to enlarge the statement. The Commission had cautiously said nothing in the brief statement of policy in favor of organized labor—though in the report it was indorsed—but the Council told the Commission to insert it specifically in the statement of policy. Similarly, it was by instruction from the Council that a specific declaration was made regarding the necessity of applying Christian principles to the acquisition of wealth and resisting all practices by which, contrary to the principle that reward should be not for power but for service, men attempt to get something for nothing. Ten or fifteen years ago the churches would have thought such matters beyond the province of religion. Today their official representatives insist that on such matters their convictions should be unmistakably expressed. This is the statement adopted by the Council:

The Churches must stand:

1. For equal rights and complete justice for all men in all stations of life.
2. For the protection of the family, by the single standard of purity, uniform divorce laws, proper regulation of marriage, and proper housing.
3. For the fullest possible development for every child, especially by the provision of proper education and recreation.
4. For the abolition of child labor.
5. For such regulation of the conditions of toil for women as shall safeguard the physical and moral health of the community.
6. For the abatement and prevention of poverty.
7. For the protection of the individual and society from the social, economic, and moral waste of the liquor traffic.
8. For the conservation of health.
9. For the protection of the worker from dangerous machinery, occupational diseases, and mortality.
10. For the right of all men to the opportunity for self-maintenance, for safeguarding this right against encroachments of every kind, and for the protection of workers from the hardships of enforced unemployment.
11. For suitable provision for the old age of the workers, and for those incapacitated by injury.
12. For the right of employees and employers alike to organize, and for adequate means of conciliation and arbitration in industrial disputes.
13. For a release from employment one day in seven.
14. For the gradual and reasonable reduction of the hours of labor to the lowest practicable point, and for that degree of leisure for all which is a condition of the highest human life.
15. For a living wage as a minimum in every industry, and for the highest wage that each industry can afford.
16. For a new emphasis on the application of Christian principles to the acquisition and use of property, and for the most equitable division of the product of industry that can ultimately be devised.

The greatest meeting of the sessions was held on Sunday afternoon. The two chief

addresses were by Professor Walter Rauschenbusch and Professor Edward A. Steiner. The subject was social service, and the chairman was Dr. F. M. North, of the Social Service Commission. Professor Rauschenbusch's spare figure, his brown-bearded face, his quiet, serene manner, announced the scholar even before he spoke; but when he spoke he said things that first made some of the more conservative of his audience gasp for a moment and then brought rounds of applause. Dr. Steiner, on the other hand, short in stature, fiery in manner, demonstrative by every inflection of the voice and every gesture of the body, thrust truth at his hearers in profusion, and mingled it with audacious humor. When the meeting was over, a prominent clergyman, representing a denomination that has been in its influence extremely individualistic, candidly acknowledged to one of the speakers that he had been converted to the social view of religion.

The churches, in fact, have converted themselves. They have discovered that the message intrusted to the churches is not a message that concerns merely individual men and women, but concerns the city and the way it houses its poor, the Nation and the way it treats the immigrant, the great industrial system and the way it acquires and distributes wealth.

And that represents, perhaps, after all, the most important thing "they have done."

A MUNICIPAL THEATER

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT IN CITY LIFE

BY AN OBSERVER

THE city of Northampton, Massachusetts, has initiated what is a new experiment in American life, a theater owned by the municipality and operated under its control.

There is nothing new in a municipal theater. Such theaters date back to the early days of the Christian era, and probably grew out of the still earlier custom of pagan Rome of furnishing entertainment for the people. Such theaters are familiar to the people on the Continent of Europe. A well-informed writer in the Boston "Transcript" says that "the European takes his municipal theater as a matter of course, just as he takes his municipal schools, his municipal art museum, his municipal playground." There is really no reason why the people should not provide for themselves a cheap and pure entertainment as well as a cheap and good education; no reason why they should not own and operate for their own benefit a theater as well as a museum. This, however, never has been done in America, nor, so far as we know, in England. One contrast between the results of the English and the German system is noted by this writer in the "Transcript:" "In Germany there are practically no traveling companies. Each city, even the smallest, has its independent local playhouses, whose actors and stage directors mount new pieces as soon as some experimenter has proved them successful or interesting elsewhere, and use them as part of a large and shifting repertory. In England it is the opposite. There you find only one center for theatrical production—London—and a play once successful runs for many months. In America we have many cities all bound together by a great touring system over which a play travels from town to town. The resident stock company of merit is almost unknown, especially in the smaller cities. Repertory and change of bill is rarer than in England."

Another result of this contrast is that the smaller towns and cities in America rarely get good plays, and still more rarely good companies. Apprentices learn their trade on the road. One-night performances are the rule. Plays which are to legitimate drama what pictures chalked on the sidewalk are to legitimate art are customary. The managers depend on striking, sensational, and bizarre effects. The actors and actresses, having no reputation to win and none to maintain, have very little spur to their artistic ambition.

It was perhaps these considerations which led Mr. Lyman and his wife in 1892 to present to the city of Northampton a house to be "devoted and used solely and exclusively for the delivery of lectures, the production

of concerts and operas, and the representation and delineation of the drama of the better character." A committee of five persons was constituted to take charge of this property. It included the Mayor, the President of the trustees of Smith College, Mr. Lyman, and two other citizens. Until last fall this theater, for the entertainments afforded in it, had been dependent upon such traveling companies as could be induced to visit the city, with the result that, while only a few entertainments of the poorest description were palmed off upon the citizens, few entertainments of the best were obtainable. It became more and more apparent that the city was not getting the class of entertainments which it desired and for which the committee believed its citizens would be willing to pay. So last spring the trustees decided that the people of Northampton should no longer depend upon what the New York managers felt inclined to send their way, and, after much deliberation, they concluded to provide a citizens' company of competent actors and actresses to which they might dictate their own wishes. Through Mr. Henry Miller, of New York, the trustees engaged Mr. Bertram Harrison and Miss Jessie Bonstelle to choose and direct a permanent company in the Academy, which is to give the best and newest plays possible for the moderate price of twenty-five, fifty, and seventy-five cents. This new work is an effort on the part of the trustees to take the Academy away from the disposal of the New York managers and make it more truly useful to the people whose property it is. Formerly the house was dark more than half the time. Now it is opened every night in the week and for two matinées, so that no one need ever lack for a place where he may find wholesome entertainment.

Mr. Lyman having in the meantime died, his son, Mr. Frank Lyman, felt the desirability of the work so strongly that he pledged a generous guarantee fund, which is being used to start the new company in business, and as a safeguard against possible loss to the city. The management of the theater has been placed in the charge of Miss Charlotte Bannon, who is a graduate of Smith College, and has had experience both before and behind the footlights, especially in the management of a high-class vaudeville entertainment in Boston. She is enthusiastically devoted to the difficult task intrusted to her—that of so combining the practical and the ideal that the theater shall draw audiences sufficient in size to make it self-supporting and sufficiently elevating in character to furnish always pure and healthful recreation, and, sometimes at least, real inspiration and instruction.

A stock company has been brought together, known as the Northampton Players. The night I visited the theater they were playing "Mary Jane's Pa." The title will indicate to the reader that it was not a Shakespearean performance. The play was light, entertaining, perfectly clean from start to finish, and performed by a stock company that had in it neither sticks nor stars, but was, as a company, decidedly better than the average that one sees on the New York boards.

I asked Miss Bannon if the company did not find the work very difficult. A long run is impossible. There is not a population in Northampton to support a long run. The players perform one play for a week, with two matinées, thus giving eight performances. While they are performing this play they have to be learning and rehearsing another play for the next week. To me, to whom the memorizing of a single verse of poetry is an exceedingly difficult undertaking, the weekly task of the Northampton Players seemed incredibly difficult. Miss Bannon replied that they were enthusiastic in their enjoyment of their new position. They have a home, a social position in the community, an opportunity to do good work and get credit for it, and the pleasure which always comes from new undertakings, for every play is a new undertaking.

In the ordinary theater the actor often plays but one part in a season, as the manager is thus saved the expense and trouble of rehearsing all his company every few weeks. It is perfectly obvious that this is no way to learn to act. It is the great merit of a permanent company that the actor not only plays a great number of parts in a season instead of one, but that these parts are widely different in character. Thus, with the Northampton Players the actor faces the same audience each week in a different rôle, which must stimulate his endeavors to achieve truer impersonation than if he played the same part to a new set of faces every night for a year. In permanent companies there are no stars, and it is the effort of those who direct permanent companies wisely to choose plays which have a number of well-balanced parts, in order to bring out, so far as possible, the talents of the different members of their

company. This in itself is a sane, healthy movement toward better work and better acting on the stage. Then, too, the members of the permanent company become residents of the city in which they find their work, and the townspeople become interested in them as citizens. They become interested in going to see them play in different parts from week to week. This personal interest in the same actors' work also leads to a great interest in the plays which they give. Stock audiences, unlike those on Broadway, get to know well each member of the company. Often they become very fond of their favorites, and very much interested in observing the way in which they take different parts. This permanent-company idea, therefore, thus creates in a community a theater-going habit on the part of the people, who frankly and freely discuss the plays and players. This cannot but conduce in the community a healthy interest in the theater and tend towards its elevation.

Nor is it the actors only who are thus stimulated to take a vital interest in their work. The scene-painter is busy throughout the week in preparing the stage setting for the next play. He has always something interesting to do, always an opportunity to try it on the audience, and always an opportunity to improve in his effects the following week from a study of the results on the audience of his work of the preceding week.

I asked Miss Bannon if she did not have difficulty in getting plays. She replied that leading writers were taking an interest in the experiment, and she had received permission already from several of them to use their productions. The student body of Smith College affords, of course, a rarely cultivated and critical audience. This of itself inspires the actors, and makes the playwriters more willing to have their plays used in the theater. In truth, a week's performance cannot possibly interfere with the commercial value of the play elsewhere, and may indeed help to promote its more extended use. Moreover, it is not unreasonable to expect that in time some student of Smith College may furnish a play which will get its first interpretation from the Northampton Players. The students are already, in compliance with Miss Bannon's request, sending in occasional suggestions for plays.

It may be noted incidentally that the municipal theater is not without its economic value to the city. Hitherto the road shows which played in Northampton took out of the city large percentages of the receipts. With this new idea in operation, all the money spent for the theater by the citizens remains in the community. The members of the company find their homes in the city, and all materials for scenery and work upon the stage are supplied by the residents of the city. Therefore large amounts of money which hitherto were taken out of Northampton by road shows are now returning through the channels of mercantile business into the pockets from which they came. This fact is worth being borne in mind by the citizens of other municipalities in considering the practicability of establishing a municipal theater for their own community.

Although the theater of Northampton has been in operation under its new management with a permanent stock company for only a few months, the idea is already extending to other cities. In fact, almost, if not quite, simultaneously with the new birth of the municipal theater in Northampton a similar project was started in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Fifty public-spirited citizens of that town bought a theater which had before been run as a purely private enterprise, and have established there a permanent company of their own on lines similar to those followed in Northampton. In both Pittsfield and Northampton traveling companies are occasionally invited, but the towns are no longer dependent upon such companies and such plays as the New York managers see fit to send them. They are able, within certain limits, to choose for themselves.

It is not unreasonable to hope that other New England cities will follow the experiment initiated in Northampton and Pittsfield, if it should prove a success. If a municipal theater could be established, for example, in the cities of Springfield, Hartford, Worcester, and Providence, by a combination between these six New England cities, it would be perfectly possible to make occasional and perhaps frequent or even regular exchanges of plays and companies, to their mutual advantage. The Northampton municipal theater has already attracted widespread interest and discussion. Numbers of letters of inquiry have been received from other communities, notably one from the Department of Municipal Research in the Mayor's office in Cleveland, Ohio, stating that public-spirited citizens in that city had discussed for some time a similar undertaking, and asking for information as to methods of operation.

The New Map of Europe

BY ALBERT EDWARDS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK IN THE BALKANS

This is the first of a series of articles in which The Outlook's representative in the Near East will describe what he there finds as the outcome of the war which has now been stopped, temporarily at least, by the armistice to be followed by negotiations for the final settlement. The present article is introductory in its nature, and was written *en route* to the scene of the recent hostilities. It gives an answer to the question, "What is it all about?" and makes clear the story of the "Trouble in the Balkans." Albert Edwards has traveled much in Mohammedan countries, has made a special study of the questions now uppermost, and his articles in The Outlook on the Panama Canal and stories from Algeria and Morocco will be remembered with appreciation by our readers.—THE EDITORS.

A MAN from Chicago, a Professor of Greek, a retired English army officer, and I were playing a peaceful game of bridge in the smoking-room. The steamer was seven days out from New York, somewhere between the Azores and Gibraltar. We were suddenly interrupted by a burst of wild cheering from the steerage.

There were eighteen hundred Greek Reservists aboard, going home to the war. And, as we learned by rushing out on the promenade deck, the captain was reading to them a message just received by wireless. The Bulgarian army had broken through the line of forts about Kirk-Kilisse. The Greek army was entering Salonika.

It was late in the evening of an overcast night when this news of victory reached us, and the faces of the Greeks, as they crowded forward to catch every word of the despatch, were illumined by an electric flare. How they cheered! A few weeks before these men had been peddling vegetables or blacking boots for us—some of them had been selling flowers on the sidewalk. Hundreds on hundreds of their countrymen and allies were lying stark on the field of battle. But if the Moslem Saul had slain his thousands, the Christian David had slain his ten thousands. Their century-long oppressors were defeated. The power of Turkey was broken. And so they cheered. We could see very little of them, through the darkness, except their white teeth and the flame in their eyes—it was something more than the reflection of the electric lamps.

When the captain had finished his little speech of congratulation, a bugle began a strange and moving melody—one bar, and they were all singing the Greek anthem. It was something to remember, more impressive than their cheering—that somber, solemn, but daring song, out there in mid-ocean, from the lips and hearts of these men who a little while ago had been bootblacks and who were going home to fight.

"What's all this row about?" the man from Chicago asked as he picked up the cards for a new deal when we had returned to the table.

"It reminds one of the story in the First Reader," the Englishman said. "No one took it seriously. They've yelled 'Wolf! Wolf!' too often from that quarter. I can't remember a year when there have not been rumors of 'trouble in the Balkans.'"

"Yes," the Professor chimed in; "it is an old story. It goes back at least to Demosthenes. 'Trouble in the Balkans' was the subject of his philippics.

"Dinky little toy countries—no bigger than postage stamps," the man from Chicago said. "They're worse than our Central American Republics. Why doesn't somebody give them a spanking?"

"Spanking?" the English officer exclaimed. "My word, man! Why, sir, Bulgaria alone has a bigger army than the United States—bigger, and a whole lot better. Toy countries? Why, there are more men in the field to-day than there were in the Franco-Prussian War. And back of the actual hostilities in the Balkans there is—there can't help being—a European crisis. It's the biggest thing our generation has seen!"

"Well," the man from Chicago persisted, only half convinced that the matter was serious, "what's it all about?"

"Trouble in the Balkans" goes much further back than Demosthenes. The peninsula which lies between the Black Sea and the Adriatic is the front yard of Europe. The very first men there were, the men with fur like monkeys, invaded Europe by this route. The low-browed skulls which archæologists dig up in the British Isles belonged to a race that fought their way through the Balkans. One invasion followed another. It was not until after history was invented that the Asiatic hordes began to enter Europe by the route north of the Caspian Sea.

But from a modern point of view the Balkan question dates from the diplomatic congress which met at Vienna to rearrange the map which Napoleon had so desperately disturbed. In reading the history of that conference it is well to remember that the titled and beribboned gentlemen who met in Vienna were the lackeys of the kings who had—or who thought they had—suppressed the French Revolution. The entire absence of any modern idea in that council is not surprising. These diplomats did not think that the citizens of even their own countries had anything to say about how or by whom they should be governed. They could not be expected to consider the desires or needs of the people who inhabited the Balkan Peninsula. They treated that section of the map as cynically as they did Poland.

The idea that nations might live together as friends on any basis of justice was foreign to them. The only right they recognized was might. As the amount of booty to be distributed was limited, it was evident that everybody could not be satisfied. The best they could hope for was a *modus vivendi* until Europe could gather breath for a new war. The other Powers were too jealous of Austria and Russia to allow either of them to take the Balkans, so the territory was left to Turkey.

The people of this peninsula were not then, any more than they are now, Turks. The hordes of immigration which had passed through had each left its mark, if not by pure blood groups, at least by hybridization. Since the Osmanli Turks conquered the country in the fifteenth century the principal elements of the population have been three: 1, the pure Slavs, Serbs, Montenegrins, Bosnians, Croats, etc.; 2, the Bulgars, who, although of quite different origin, have been thoroughly Slavonized; 3, the Greeks—one of the most mixed-blooded races of Europe, for they have cross-bred with every Mediterranean people. There is also a considerable number of Jews and Armenians. And scattered all over the peninsula there are smaller groups (the Albanians are the most important) over the origin of whom the ethnologists are continually writing ponderous and contradictory volumes.

The mixture of religions is even more intricate. The Turks are not proselyters, like the Arabs, and very few of the native peoples have embraced Islam. But, besides the Jews, there are Christians of every confession—Gregorians, Nestorians, Protestants, Catholics, and, above all, Greek Orthodox. But of these Orthodox Christians some give allegiance to the Patriarch of Constantinople, some belong to the Russian schism. The Serbs have a Patriarch of their own, and the Bulgars get along without any.

In the days of the Vienna Congress the Balkan Peninsula was the Dark Spot of Europe. Christendom was becoming enlightened only in spots. We are apt to think of the centers of culture, to forget that while Raphael painted and Dante sang, the mass of the Italian people were still in the dark ages; while Voltaire and Diderot were illumining the minds of men, the French nation had not yet escaped from feudalism. Most of the people born in Europe during the life of Napoleon never learned their alphabets. But there was no corner of Christendom at the beginning of the last century as dark as the Balkan Peninsula.

It was the scene of the worst despotism Europe has ever seen. And the tyranny of the Unspeakable Turk had been upon it for close on to four centuries. The people had forgotten their ancient liberties. No Serb remembered the thirteenth-century glories of Ouskoub. No Bulgar knew the legends of the brave old days—just a thousand years ago—when Czar Simon I ruled from sea to sea and besieged Constantinople. The Greeks had forgotten Pericles and Marathon.

Only the people of the Black Mountain held their heads erect. The history of the world does not recount a more heroic struggle than that by which the Montenegrins kept their independence. Nor does history record a social organization more utterly mili-

tary. Cowardice was forbidden by law. Even to-day a Montenegrin who appears in public with his revolver unloaded is liable to arrest. Five hundred years of constant fighting has left its mark on these people.

With the exception of this tiny kingdom—hardly more than a mountain clan—no light shone in the Balkans. The people were utterly cowed and utterly poor, for the Turkish masters were as greedy as they were cruel.

But even Turkish rule is not light-proof; the wonderful march of progress which the last century brought to western Europe had its effect even in this forgotten corner. It was a Greek—Alexandre Ypsilanti—who, in 1821, first raised the flag of revolt. It was in 1829, after many suppressed uprisings, after great loss of life, that the independence of Greece was at last conceded. This was the first serious rupture of the *status quo* contrived by the diplomats in Vienna. They did not like to see their plans deranged, and were slow in acknowledging the new country.

In 1856 the two northeastern provinces of Turkey, Moldavia and Wallachia, won their independence. Five years later Prince Couza united them into the Principality of Rumania. Once more the *status quo* had been ruptured. The diplomats could not turn back the hands on the clock of progress, so they contented themselves by putting Charles von Hohenzollern on the throne in place of the native prince.

Partly because of the pressure of European capitalists, and partly because of a short-lived Liberal Ministry at Constantinople, the first railways were laid in the Balkans in the early sixties. Locomotives are powerful missionaries. They carry ideas as well as commerce. The rumble of the Crimean War shook the peninsula. The Serbs, inspired by the heroic example of Montenegro and encouraged by promises of help from Austria, made a desperate and futile revolt. But the fire could not be put out. In 1875 the Bulgars rose.

Russia, always looking for a warm-water port, and having recovered from her Crimean reverses, seized the pretext of a Slavic Orthodox people in distress to declare war on Turkey. The important thing to note in regard to that conflict is the undisputed fact that Russia would not have won the battle of Plevna without the help of the Rumanians and Bulgars. Finally, camped on almost the same ground where the latest despatches tell us the allies are preparing for a final battle, Russia forced from Turkey the Treaty of San Stefano.

By its terms a semi-independent principality of Bulgaria, under nominal Turkish suzerainty, was created. This new nation was to extend from the Danube to the Ægean Sea. Russia was to be allowed to station troops in this new Bulgaria. The territory of Montenegro was tripled, taking in most of the present Servia, and so cutting off the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina from the rest of Turkey.

But this solution of the Balkan question did not suit the other Powers. This new Bulgaria would stretch straight across Austria's hope of some day reaching Salonika. The famous "*Drang nach osten*" had already set in. The German people were turning their eyes to the rich markets of the Levant and Orient. In those days the Russian Bear was the particular nightmare of England. A Slavic power in control of the Dardanelles threatened her supremacy in the Mediterranean. Lord Beaconsfield issued a call for volunteers at home, and began rushing troops westward from India.

Russia, expecting the support of the all-powerful Bismarck, consented to a European congress. It convened at Berlin on June 13, 1878.

None of the circumstances which somewhat excuse the lack of foresighted, enlightened statesmanship of the Vienna Congress can be cited in extenuation of the stupidities decreed by that of Berlin. Europe was three-quarters of a century older. With the exception of the two belligerents, every Power represented had accepted the principle of constitutional government. A man named Darwin had written a book which had persuaded almost every one that a *status quo* was as abhorrent to politics as a vacuum is to nature. Nevertheless, these plenipotentiaries deliberated in the spirit of their predecessors. Instead of trying to erect a structure of peace on the base of justice they followed the dreary old routine of secret conspiracies. No one asked, "How much do you deserve?" but, "How much will you give me if I let you have what you want?" *Quid pro quo* is another classic phrase of diplomacy.

Justice? No. They were searching for a *modus vivendi*. Having weighed the military force that was back of each representative, having called each bluff, they began work on the map. Bismarck had cynically betrayed

Russia. So all they had to do was to balance the ambitions and hatreds and force of the Austro-German combination against the force and hatreds and ambitions of Russia.

Bessarabia, a province inhabited almost exclusively by Rumanians, was given to the Czar; he was also allowed to keep the Armenians of the Transcaucasus. Austria was given the administration of Bosnia and Herzegovina and the right to establish garrisons in Novi-Bazar. This cut a lane through the Balkan Slavs and left the way open to Salonika.

These two principal rivals having been attended to, the Congress proceeded to what Bismarck cynically called the distribution of tips (*pourboires*).

The complete independence of a small section of the Serbs was decreed. Rumania also was declared independent; to compensate her for the loss of half her people to Russia she was given the province of Dobrudja, which is inhabited by Bulgars. The independence which Montenegro had never lost was recognized. What were left of the Bulgars were divided into two sections; those to the south, in Eastern Rumelia, were given back to Turkey; the northern sections were formed into a principality in fief to the Porte. England was given Cyprus, France the permission to take Tunisia. And then the Congress, having divided up half of Turkey-in-Europe, solemnly guaranteed the integrity of the Ottoman Empire and adjourned.

The people of the Balkans were not satisfied. No more were any of the Powers. But no one was prepared to fight. So it was a *modus vivendi*.

The little principalities so artificially established began to misbehave at once. They commenced to develop. And of course growth or progress of any kind was a violation of the solemnly decreed *status quo*.

The period immediately following the Treaty of Berlin was for the Balkan people an era of rapidly expanding thought, of immense gains in material prosperity, and of an intense development of the national spirit. The young people went abroad to school—to Paris, Vienna, or St. Petersburg. They became European. The present King of Servia is a graduate of the French Military Academy of Saint-Cyr. Freed from the curse of the Turkish tax-gatherers, the immense natural riches of the land began to be changed into wealth. The youth of Servia and Bulgaria began to read in the historical text-books of Europe of the ancient glory of their ancestors. Long-forgotten national songs were revived, old customs and costumes were fostered.

Two picturesque characters stand out as typical of this period: Nicolas of Montenegro, and Stambuloff, Minister and Dictator of Bulgaria.

The first, true to the traditions of his people, has centered every effort on military development. There are very few more industries in Montenegro to-day than there were a hundred years ago, very little more commerce. But there is still a law against cowardice. Within the last few years Nicolas has sent to jail some of his subjects who lacked the spirit to avenge the murder of their kin. The vendetta is compulsory. But the old muzzle-loading flintlocks have given place to the most effective modern rifles. The old tribal, brigand organization has given place to regularly recruited regiments. The village chieftains have been superseded by highly trained officers from Saint-Cyr. Nicolas has not ruled his 250,000 subjects gently, but he is extremely popular, because he has personified the national spirit of his people—the five-century-old tradition of war with the Turks.

Stambuloff, a tyrant as arbitrary as Nicolas, also, like him, bore a marked resemblance to Diaz of Mexico. By methods which were often high-handed and despotic he developed a people just emerging from serfdom into a compact, ambitious, and violently patriotic nation. More far-sighted than Nicolas, he also laid a firm basis of material prosperity. He was assassinated in 1895. But on his death, Prince Ferdinand, the present Czar of the Bulgars, found himself at the head of a real nation.

During this last quarter of the past century—the period when the people of the Balkans were coming to life—Austria and Russia continued their struggle for predominance in this much-coveted territory. First one side of the balance, then the other, rose; but in general it was a deadlock. The absorption of their brethren of Bessarabia, and the well-founded fear that the same fate awaited them, threw the Rumanian principality into the arms of Austria. The mass of the Bulgars, feeling that they owed their liberties to Russia, were grateful, but Stambuloff, the Dictator, was pro-Austria. He succeeded in forcing the abdication of the

Prince whom the Congress of Berlin had chosen, and had Ferdinand, an Austrian army officer, put in his place. But Ferdinand, as soon as he was freed from his powerful Minister, decided to follow the evident wishes of his people, and had his son Boris baptized according to the rite of the Russian Church. The thirteenth and fourteenth century traditions, which were being studied with such fervor, showed that Serbs and Bulgars were hereditary enemies, so, as the latter made friends with Russia, Servia turned to Austria. Montenegro, fearing that it would follow Croatia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina down the Austrian maw, tied up to Russia. Nicolas married two of his daughters to Grand Dukes. Every year Montenegro publishes a budget according to which about $50,000 a year is devoted to the Ministry of War. But Montenegro maintains in time of peace an army of from thirty to forty thousand men; they are well equipped. Any student of military finances will at once discover a discrepancy. The extensive artillery which is to-day thundering about Scutari represents by itself a larger expenditure than the budget indicates. No one believes that the money for this military establishment falls from the sky. The Greeks, with their Anglo-Danish King, were supposed to prefer Austria to the Slavs.

The light of modern ideas, which was so rapidly expanding in the Balkans, penetrated also into Constantinople. Young Turks, as well as Christians, were studying in western Europe. The American mission establishments, like Robert College, and the hundreds of French schools, missionary and laic, were sowing modern thought throughout the Empire. European railway engineers and mining experts were circulating everywhere. European "construction men" were building docks and public buildings. Everywhere the "Western contagion" was spreading, helped along here and there by "modernized" Turks, impeded in other places by fanaticism.

"All the world"—who did not know Turkey from the inside—was surprised by the revolution of 1908. Christian constitutional governments sent congratulations to the new Parliament, and cynically grasped the opportunity furnished by internal dissensions to take what they wanted.

The first shock came from the Bulgars. They doubled their territory by annexing the province of Eastern Rumelia—almost entirely populated by Bulgars—and announced themselves a sovereign nation. Prince Ferdinand took the title of Czar of the Bulgars. This action was in line with what the diplomats call "manifest destiny." The ambition of the ruling family, the greed of commercial interests, undoubtedly had part in it, but the overwhelming motive was the desire of the Bulgars to relieve the very real distress of their brothers across the artificial frontier and to unite their race in one nation. The annexation was received with wild joy by the people affected. It was a "national act," rectifying an egregious blunder of the Congress of Berlin.

Austria, all the while protesting against Bulgaria's violation of the sacred *status quo*, raised her flag over Bosnia and Herzegovina. It was an "action of the Cabinet." It in no way interested the mass of the Austro-Hungarian people. It was violently resisted by the peoples annexed. And it was also an act of very doubtful political wisdom. It was so evidently a step forward to Salonika, an advance in the "march to the East," that it broke the last thread of friendship between Servia and Austria, a friendship already strained to the breaking point by Austria's tyrannical economic policy towards the smaller state. It frightened Greece. The annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina made the Balkan Federation possible. Legends of thirteenth and fourteenth century wars began to look very small in the face of the evident menace of extinction.

Italy's raid in the Tripolitaine, while not a matter of Balkan politics, was a part of the general movement of Christian Europe to grab something—territory or financial concessions—from Turkey, weakened internally by its effort at reform.

These changes in the map of course caused a vast amount of diplomatic correspondence. The Russian Bear growled. The Kaiser banged his mailed fist on the table. The balance of power was threatened. More billions were sunk in armaments.

But none of the diplomats seemed to realize that, instead of the *status quo* in the Balkans decreed by the Berlin Congress, there were a million men armed with modern rifles and Creusot artillery; that the Turkish army, in spite of its German instructors, had become utterly disorganized by political intrigue; that, instead of some insignificant little "buffer

states," which could be tossed at will into either pan of their balance, a spirit of Balkan unity was developing; that even Greece, traditionally hostile to the Slavs, had entered the combine; and that the Balkan people were conscious of their power.

The blindness of Europe in this matter is inexplicable. Less than a year before the hostilities broke out a Bulgarian Minister announced, in a public session of the Sobranje, that the army was ready; that a plan of campaign had been arranged with the allies; that they could count on sufficient strength to drive Turkey out of Europe any time the nation ordered an advance.

Europe laughed. Columns of ironical comment appeared in the best-informed journals of London, Paris, and Berlin. Field Marshal von der Goltz, the man whom the Kaiser had lent the Sultan to reorganize the Turkish army, announced that it would take the German army three months to reduce the fortifications of Kirk-Kilisse.

The Bulgars took it in three days. Their boast had not been in vain. Their army was ready. When the day arrived—apparently chosen with great foresight by the Balkan statesmen—when the day came which made effective intervention by the Powers least probable, the Balkan Federation, which the diplomats had said was impossible, was announced, and King Nicolas of Montenegro invaded Turkey.

Still Europe laughed. How little the rest of the world thought of the outbreak is apparent from the issues of the "Illustrated London News" and "L'Illustration" of those first weeks. But when the Turkish frontier had been crossed by four different nations, when it gradually became apparent that the allies had developed their plans as definitely as had von Moltke for his invasion of France in 1870, and that these plans were working out with clocklike regularity, the amusement gave place to amazement and dismay.

The news we received by wireless at sea announced the utter bankruptcy of European diplomacy. Those little Balkan states, created offhand by the Congress of Berlin, had calmly defied their creators. For close to a century the diplomats have been bolstering up the Sick Man of Europe, keeping him alive at the price of shameful complaisance in the endless massacres of Armenians and Macedonians. Well, he is dead now. Europe at last will have to face the realities of the Balkan question, which have been so adroitly avoided by various *modi vivendi*.

The papers we bought on landing, the latest despatches from the front, have not changed the situation. The Turks, aided by the Austro-German interests, are preparing a last and heroic effort to defend the Crescent which for nearly five centuries has crowned the dome of the ancient cathedral of Santa Sophia. Adrianople and Scutari still hold out. Janina, of great importance to the Greeks, and Durazzo, equally desired by the Serbs, have not yet been invested. The Turkish flag is still flying in five widely scattered important European cities. Even if the allies do not enter Constantinople, even if peace is reached on the terms now proposed—leaving the Turks a narrow strip of land along the straits—the feat of arms already accomplished by the Balkan peoples is without parallel. The results of their two months' campaign are as amazing as is the sudden birth of a new European power.

Rather breathlessly the diplomats are asking themselves and each other what to do about this disconcerting eruption. But it seems very evident that, unless they can sow discord—and they are clever at that trick—among the allies, they will have very little to say in the future about the map of the Balkan Peninsula. If the Federation holds together, it can control its own destiny.

And out of this collapse of diplomacy has come the fear of a European war. No one wants it. No one can see any reason for it. But everybody is afraid. For so many decades now the diplomats have sown their traditional seed of discord that it will take very cool-headed statesmanship to avoid the harvest of war.

The old order changeth. The old alliances and combinations are tottering. The prestige of the diplomats, with their secret treaties and whispered conferences, and their bartering behind closed doors, is broken. The men in the street are talking it over. The women are discussing the crisis at their afternoon teas and from one back yard to another. The papers are publishing lurid accounts and hideous photographs of the carnage. Every one is thinking about the cholera.

In this lies the hope of peace. Not even the Czar of all the Russias could to-day force his people to a war against their will. Those days are happily passed, and neither Ivan nor John, Jean nor Johann, wants to kill or be killed to support obscure ambitions or commercial designs.

THE SPECTATOR

"BUT how did they dare to put that on the stage?" asked the Spectator's friend.

They had just come from the afternoon performance of a New York vaudeville theater, where several scenes from Dickens's "Christmas Carol" had been acted.

"It was so simple and childlike and so clean," his friend continued. "And yet the funny thing is that the audience seemed to like it. You wouldn't expect such a crowd to enjoy anything quite so good."

"You're wrong," said the Spectator, in a tone which indicated a conviction which is not at every season of the year so firm as he would wish. "You're wrong. Everybody prefers what is good, what is best, if we can only present it to him in such a way that the worst won't always appear so tremendously more attractive."

"Humph!" was the only comment made by his friend.

"Come with me to-morrow afternoon;" the Spectator ignored completely the reflection implied as to the soundness of his judgment. "You shall be Scrooge and I shall be the fairy to lead you around and transform you into as hopeless an optimist as you accuse me of being."

It was very cold. It was such weather as the Spectator remembered to have been described in an old German story which he had read at college as *ganz gutes Weihnachtswetter*. The wind was beginning to drive all wanderers upon the Bowery on this Sunday afternoon near Christmas time into whatever sort of shelter they could find, no matter how miserable it might be. The sky above was of that gray color which betokens the approach of a snowstorm. The Spectator and his friend had had a very busy afternoon. Over on Mott Street they had listened to a Sunday-school class of Chinese boys and girls sing their Christmas-time songs and talk about the story of the first Christmas with an interest and enjoyment that was truly unfeigned. Thence they stepped over to the large old church near by, where they took part in what was known as the "Happy Hour." Here they found men, women, and children—Italians, Russians, Jews, Chinamen, and some of American birth—who seemed to receive a vast deal of pleasure from the service.

And the Spectator thoroughly appreciated it himself. There were the moving pictures, marvelous in their coloring and accuracy of detail, which told to the straining eyes of the gazers the Christmas tale. The shepherds watching their flocks, the journey to Bethlehem, the discovery of the child in the manger—these were pictured in a way that made the Spectator resolve to discover some day how such reproductions were made. Then there was the short sermon, some enthusiastic if not very melodious singing from all those present, and, finally, a performance by a phonograph.

There were about ten in the party which left the church at four o'clock to visit one of the cheap lodging-houses along the Bowery. Four of them were women, one of whom possessed a beautiful soprano voice, which she shared with the occupants of these places on Sundays; another had consented to play once a week the little organ which two of the men carried upon their shoulders. The doorway to the first lodging-house was very narrow, and opened upon a stairway which was not exactly of the size one would find in the Waldorf. Neither did the living-room on the second floor completely resemble the parlor which one would expect to find in an up-to-date hostelry. The room was probably about forty-five feet long and twenty-five feet wide. The floor was uncarpeted, and indicated very clearly that some of the mud from an excavation near by had been unintentionally carried to a new abode. The guiding god of cheap lodging-houses was being religiously propitiated by the incense offering which arose from the pipes and cigarettes of men of all ages. Cigars were evidently not considered as especially appropriate for these rites.

In the midst of the smoke which floated through the hall the Spectator caught sight of a big iron stove, glowing almost red, whose vicinity seemed the favorite location for all on this day. Near the end from that by which they had entered was the inclosure of the cashier, who received the daily payment of fifteen or twenty-five cents from each man before he was given a check for a bed. The dormitories were located on the floor above. A few tables were placed here and there, covered with those inevitable accompaniments of civilization—the Sunday newspapers. The walls were painted a dull brown; the woodwork suggested in a most unobtrusive manner that it had once had the honor of being covered with a coat of white paint. Only a few steamship advertisements and calendars adorned these walls; not a single obscene or even suggestive picture, the Spectator was glad to see, was anywhere visible. The only sign of the Christmas season which he could discover were the half-dozen forlorn-looking wreaths which were suspended by narrow red ribbons before the windows.

But it was the occupants of the room who pleased the Spectator most. He did not expect to find them as he did. The majority had on

fairly clean shirts and soft collars, with no ties. Their suits were well worn and showed signs of considerable mending, it is true, but there were none in tatters and there were few outlandish costumes. Some of the men had on stiff shirts which had been recently laundered, with white celluloid collars and faded ties which had been hurriedly tied into a bow that resembled a colored dish-rag knotted in the center. The collars were in most cases too large, and sometimes they were so split and cracked that one end stubbornly refused to slip into its proper place, and instead flapped out in a manner which forced the wearer to keep his head upright, like a tightly checked horse, if he wished to avoid chafing his neck on its rough edges.

The Spectator became particularly interested in one young man, who had on a new cheap hand-me-down suit of brown, a linen collar, and a bright fifty-cent tie. During the entire service he sat quietly near the stove, with the yearning, perplexed look on his face of an animal caged up within bars. It pleased the Spectator to let his fancy play with the story that this boy, so plainly a newcomer to the city, would work out for himself. Had he come from the country after reading one of Horatio Alger's fairy tales of youths who had found fame and fortune in New York? or lured by the tales of some native of his home who had achieved success there? Would he sink into failure as he discovered the harshness and hardships with which he must contend? The Spectator at last decided to imagine him as Lemuel Barker, and he breathed a prayer that, like Mr. Howells's hero in "A Minister's Charge," in spite of ups and downs, he would finally achieve a modest degree of success.

During the brief exercises all the men were wonderfully attentive. Newspapers and books were laid aside, and before the service ended those who at first gave attention through respect were listening with genuine interest. The faces of the men as they were turned toward the speakers were not the faces of strong, resourceful, determined men, it is true, but very few of them showed signs of excessive dissipation or of criminal disposition.

"No," said one of the men who had come with the Spectator's party, "they are not very bad; many of them are simply out of a job for a week or two; others have regular employment, but have got in the habit of staying here."

The talks given on this afternoon were delightfully colloquial and heart to heart. The Spectator wished that he could be addressed oftener in this simple manner. The old Christmas times which many of these men had spent with mothers and fathers, with wives and children, in happy homes, were referred to, and the hope expressed that all of them, even those who had in the past never enjoyed such a Christmas time, might possess them in the future. Then was told once more the old, old story of the Christchild and how he had been born into even poorer and worse-furnished places than most of the homes on the big East Side, and how he could thus understand all the troubles and yearnings of those who are poor, and can guide them and help them. But it was the singing which, after all, really won the hearts of the audience—that the Spectator could plainly see. They joined in the familiar hymns with almost boyish enthusiasm. And when the clear, pure notes of the soprano, as she sang a simple Christmas hymn, filled that room, not a whisper, not a rustle of a paper, could be heard. In response to the applause which greeted her first song she rose again, and, to the accompaniment of a few chords from the organ, she sang very softly:

"Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht,
Alles schläft, einsam wacht."

As he walked down the Bowery, the Spectator realized that the experiences of the afternoon had evidently left an impression very clear upon the countenances of himself and his friend, for they were stopped half a dozen times by ragged men or women or children, who seemed to discern that their hearts had been unusually softened. In spite of all his convictions as to the ill wisdom of giving to those who begged upon the streets, each time the Spectator drew out his pocketbook without a single murmur or complaint. He smiled as he noticed that his friend followed his example and that several times he endeavored to be the first to offer a coin to the hand which seemed to need it most.

"You're a confirmed old idealist; you're hopelessly unpractical," said the Spectator's friend.

They had come out from the city on a late train to the suburban town where the Spectator had his home. The open grate was blazing away cheerily as they sat before it on the roomy divan of mission oak. Outside the snow was whirling about; the wind was whistling and singing around the house in genuine story-book style.

"And what are you, pray?" said the Spectator in a tone of righteous indignation. "If I had not kept tight hold of you to-night in New York, you know that you would have come back here without any overcoat. How much did you give to that woman near the Bridge?"

"Stop your quarreling; you're both very bad boys."

It was my Lady in Maroon who had spoken.

She had glided silently into the study and now placed a hand softly over the lips of her brother and of the Spectator.

"I was looking out of the window when you came home," she continued, "and I know that you walked all the way from the station in this storm because you both gave away every cent that you had with you."

The Spectator forced his head around so that he could gaze at her face. The light from the blazing fire was playing upon it in a way that reminded him of one of the scenes in "The Return of Peter Grimm." He glanced quickly at his friend and then back at the burning logs, where the sparks were merrily chasing one another up the chimney.

"Well, what else could one do at Christmas time?" he asked, very quietly.

THE NEW BOOKS

Prints and Their Makers. Edited by FitzRoy Carrington. The Century Company, New York. $3.50.
American Graphic Art. By F. Weitenkampf. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $2.75.

In popular appreciation of art, the subject of prints has never received as much attention as it should. The appointment of Mr. FitzRoy Carrington, editor of "The Print Collector's Quarterly," to a curatorship at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and to a lectureship at Harvard University has fortunately—at least for the moment—focused the minds of American art lovers on this department. Thus the publication very recently of two notable books on the subject is timely. The first is edited by Mr. Carrington himself. It consists of essays on etchings, engravings, and other prints by the late Mr. Keppel, by Mr. Caffin, Mr. Cortissoz, Mr. Metcalfe, Mr. Weitenkampf, and others. They tell us about the woodcuts of Dürer, the engravings of Mantegna, Marcantonio, Morin, and Nanteuil, about Piranesi, who combined the arts of etching and engraving, and about the etchings of Rembrandt, Goya, Fortuny, Méryon, Bracquemond, Lepère, Seymour Haden, Anders Zorn, and Herman Webster. The quality of the book may be gathered from this excerpt taken from Mr. Cortissoz's appreciation of Fortuny:

It is impossible not to feel a certain indignation over the ignorance of those who have tried to wave Fortuny aside as a painter of bric-à-brac.

We saw too much of that sort of thing when the works of Sorolla and Zuloaga were shown at the Hispanic Museum and people went into hysterics over them, talking especially about how the first of these painters was rejuvenating Spanish art. I used to hear such talk in Madrid, some fifteen years ago, amongst the younger men who were even then hailing Sorolla as a pioneer. They were right, and it is right, as I have argued elsewhere, to recognize in this painter's work an influence of the highest value to the modern Spanish school. But there were great men before Agamemnon, and it is stupid to ignore what was done for Spanish painting by Fortuny long before any one ever heard of Sorolla. I have great respect and plenty of admiration for that accomplished technician, and yet I think that he himself, if pressed in the matter, would cheerfully admit that nothing he ever painted could quite touch the portrait in the Metropolitan Museum, "A Spanish Lady," which Fortuny painted in 1865. Outside of France this was not a particularly good year amongst painters, but Fortuny, then twenty-seven years old, was proving himself not unworthy of Velasquez. He was drawing with mastery and he was painting blacks with amazing skill and taste, with amazing sensitiveness to the beauties lying entangled in one of the most difficult of a colorist's problems. . . .

The artists and critics who think that the history of painting began with Manet are wont to damn Fortuny with faint praise, talking about his dexterity as though that were a very ordinary and perhaps specious gift. Well, there is a dexterity, there is a sleight-of-hand, as honest as anything that you will find in Manet, and Fortuny had it. There are moments, no doubt, in which it takes your breath away as though by some deceptive stroke of conjurer's work. But at bottom there is a sterling sincerity about it, and this, I think, is sharply perceptible in the etchings.

Paradoxically, these do not proclaim Fortuny what the master of etching is wont to be—a lover of line for its own sake, a user of it as a language possessing its own special character and charm. Rembrandt's strength and Whistler's exquisiteness were alike unknown to him. The truth is that Fortuny employed the needle somewhat as he employed the pen, simply for purposes of swift and free expression.

The plates for the illustrations in Mr. Carrington's book have evidently been very carefully made from the original etchings. The collection of illustrations is extremely interesting and valuable. Somewhat less so are the illustrations in Mr. Weitenkampf's book, but the larger print of the text is grateful to weak eyes. If the preceding volume ranges over the entire field of engraving and etching, Mr. Weitenkampf devotes himself to telling us about our own art. He reviews the whole field and brings out our characteristic tendencies. It is time that we had such a grouping of scattered facts. As Mr. Weitenkampf says:

There are such monographs as W. J. Linton's excellent and partly polemical record of American wood-engraving and Ripley Hitchcock's very useful volume on etching in the United States, both published in the eighties of the last century. There is, too, D. McN. Stauffer's alphabetical record of our engravers on copper, an invaluable book of reference. But the only connected and comprehensive account of American graphic art appeared, strange to say, in Germany. In the last decade of the nineteenth century, the Gesellschaft für Vervielfältigende Kunst, of Vienna, issued its monumental four-volume work on "Contemporary Reproductive Art," the history of the achievement of the nineteenth century. In this the American section was covered by the late S. R. Koehler for etching and wood-

engraving, and by the present writer for lithography. The story is well worth telling in English.

Fine Books. By Alfred W. Pollard. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $7.50.

This work is itself an example of fine book-making. It forms one of the beautiful volumes of the Connoisseurs' Library, and, as in all those volumes, the choice of type, paper, and margins, and the skill with which the photogravures, line drawings, and color plates are produced, are worthy of the highest praise. The present book deals with such subjects as the invention of printing, collectors and collecting, early illustration, engraved illustrations, and modern fine printing. Naturally a book prepared with such art and at such expense is for a comparatively few readers, but it should be in all public libraries and on the shelves of those who have an interest in the "art preservative."

Children's Reading (The). By Frances J. Olcott. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.25.

Miss Olcott has had long experience in children's libraries and may fairly be regarded as an expert in this intensely important part of library work and home culture. Her book is far from being a mere list of books desirable for children, although each chapter has a selected list of books applicable to its subject, and an appendix contains a list of perhaps two hundred such books. There is concrete advice and information as well as sound theory in Miss Olcott's remarks as to the influence of good books and the effects of bad books, on the fiction of to-day, on books which are practically useful to children, and on the various divisions of child library lore.

The Book of Woodcraft. By Ernest Thompson Seton. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.75.

The author is eminently qualified to prepare a book covering the subjects here treated. His aim is to give boys and young men practical information about outdoor life, and, as he phrases it, "the activities, customs, laws, and amusements" that have developed in the camps which he has carried on. Much of the lore here collected and made workable is derived from the Indians, and Indian dances, songs, and ceremonies are included, while the special chapter called "Some Indian Ways" is full of clear and interesting information. Apart from this phase of the book there are talks about outdoor camping, camp games, natural history, trapping, forestry inspection, and many other things connected with the great and delightful subject of woodcraft in its broadest sense. The book is handsomely printed, and would be a capital holiday present for almost any boy.

Trails, Trappers, and Tenderfeet in the New Empire of Western Canada. By Stanley Washburn. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $3.

Mr. Washburn's book describes the Rocky Mountains in that part of British Columbia which extends from the Canadian Pacific Railway to the Yellowhead Pass. Through this pass the Grand Trunk Pacific is to go. It is a road from ocean to ocean. Its opening gives a touch of timeliness to the descriptions in this volume of the Athabasca and Fraser River regions—regions rich in water-power possibilities. The Grand Trunk Pacific terminus is at the port of Prince Rupert, five hundred miles north of Vancouver. This, with the low grades over the mountains, means that one to three days should be saved in the journey from England to Japan and China—reason enough for the new road. But it will be a vital factor in the making of Canada itself. In time to come, Charles Melville Hays, the President of the Grand Trunk, who lost his life on the ill-fated Titanic, may be remembered as the man who brought about "the greatest benefit to Canada that has come to her since she has been a nation," to quote Mr. Washburn's words. While the present volume gives interesting information concerning British Columbia—a vast territory; were it set down on the Atlantic seaboard it would extend from Maine to Key West—it has another and more intimate value. It belongs on the "nature book" shelf, for it breathes the atmosphere of the trail. And the trail means the companionship of mountains, glaciers, waterfalls, passes, rivers, brooks, torrents, forests. The text is reinforced by many illustrations from the author's photographs. In them, as in the crisp, direct style, we have a vivid glimpse of noble scenery. Mr. Washburn's expressions of appreciation of nature appeal the more because sandwiched in between descriptions of the joys and trials of the droll or pathetic "tenderfeet." The book has thus a threefold interest, for it is a description of British Columbia, an appreciation of nature, and an introduction to trappers and tenderfeet.

> We did not think we were tenderfeet. I suppose no one ever does. We had six-shooters, shotguns, rifles, hundreds and hundreds of rounds of ammunition, and enough fishing-tackle to have eliminated all of the finny tribe for ten square miles around. On the contrary, we considered ourselves to be hardy pioneers as we trudged off down the trail behind our long-legged guide. . . . We did not know that we were tenderfeet.

There is much pleasant humor in the unfolding of the discovery that they were. Finally, not the least charm of the book is its expression of sympathy with animal life—the goodly fellowship with all the denizens of the forest, but especially with the patient little pack-animals that made the arduous journey possible.

Net (The). By Rex Beach. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.30.

The first part of the story in laid in Sicily, the second part in New Orleans. By an ingenious plot development the author transports the perpetrators of a Mafia murder in Sicily to New Orleans, where they carry on their evil practices and become involved criminally in

those outrages which led to the famous lynchings of Italians in New Orleans and the international complications with Italy which followed. The plot part of the story is forceful and exciting, but the romantic part, particularly the talk of what are meant to be typical Southern girls, seems lamentably weak and unnatural.

Lure of Life (The). By Agnes and Egerton Castle. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.35.

This will hardly rank with the best books by these popular and readable authors. Its contrast of character between the young Englishman of scholarly character and tendencies who becomes an inmate of a French family in which intrigue and social tragedy are imminent are too slowly developed to make the book either powerful or in any degree entertaining.

Kiss (The), and Other Stories. By Anton Tchekhoff. Translated by R. E. C. Long. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

Anton Tchekoff died in 1904. His was a premature death and caused just lamentation all over Russia, indeed all over Europe, wherever his novels and stories had been translated and read. The present volume of his stories is really a volume of sketches. Each one is a Meissonier, so minute and so sure are the touches. As with most Russian literature, there is here the continual note of analysis, of introspection, of self-examination. But there is also in each sketch the evidence of art, and of high art.

Royal Road (The). By Alfred Ollivant. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.35.

A moving, almost too painfully moving, record of the life of an English cockney artisan, naturally independent and even cheeky, but borne down in the end by the hard conditions of industry, personal weakness, and finally tuberculosis. The book tries one's sensibilities, for no writer can depict suffering and struggling more vividly than Mr. Ollivant; and it may well be worth the suffering which undoubtedly the reader feels that his sympathy should be aroused and his indignation be stirred against the modern social order which makes such things not only possible but common.

Childhood. Verses by Burges Johnson. Pictures by Cecilia Bull Hunter and Caroline Ogden. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $3.

A volume rich in verse and pictures is that to which Burges Johnson has furnished the poetry and Cecilia Bull Hunter the pictures. It is published in sumptuous form.

Peterkin. By Gabrielle E. Jackson. Duffield & Co., New York. 75c.

Peterkin is a Russian lad. His father comes under the dislike of the governmental authorities and the family flees to America. The parents die of typhoid fever almost upon the moment of their arrival in the New World. Little Peterkin becomes a little human derelict. Gabrielle Jackson tells us how he "makes good," and Maxfield Parrish prefaces the text by a delightful frontispiece representing Peterkin carrying his father's monstrous green umbrella. The book should appeal to many children.

Fairy Tales from Many Lands. By Katharine Pyle. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.50.

From the author of "Where the Wind Blows" we have a right to expect attractive text and pictures, and the present volume does not disappoint us. The stories and their illustrations do equal credit to Katharine Pyle.

Christmas Garland (A). By Max Beerbohm. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.35

In this little book the well-known English humorous writer and caricaturist parodies the style of many famous English writers of our day, taking for the subject of his parodies matters relating to Christmas. In this disguise appear, for instance, Mr. Galsworthy, Bernard Shaw, Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, and others, and those we have just specifically named appear to us to be most faithfully rendered. Such a book has no lasting value, but if it is well done, as this most certainly is in many respects, it affords an hour's enjoyment.

Photograms of the Year 1912. Edited by F. J. Mortimer. Tennant & Ward, New York. $1.25.

This handsome annual contains reproductions of photographs from prominent workers, both professional and amateur, in all parts of the world. The book being of British origin, it is perhaps to be expected that among its hundred-odd reproductions more than a third are by London photographers. The pictures are many of them beautiful, and give a fair idea of the endeavor of present-day photographers to cultivate the art side of their process. The accompanying essays give various views as to the present status of photography, that concerning the United States being perhaps unduly pessimistic.

China's Revolution, 1911-1912. By Edwin J. Dingle. McBride, Nast & Co., New York. $3.50.

The Chinese Revolution broke out a year ago. Its result has been beyond anything the world expected. Indeed, what event of our time is more striking than China's breaking away from the imperial tyranny of centuries to a government of, by, and for the people? Just how the Chinese Revolution began and what it means is adequately, though not ideally, explained in Mr. Dingle's book. He calls it "a popular history." But it is more than that. It is a treasure-house of information, and some of the information is, so far as we are aware, entirely new. In the disposition of the material Mr. Dingle seems to have given rather too much space to the military operations about Wuchang, with which the revolution was opened. Yet, as an eye-witness of the operations and a personal friend of the revolutionary leader, his account has vividness

and value. As an answer to the question, Why did not the Chinese rise long before against their Manchu oppressors? we see that a principal reason lay in the lack of facilities of intercommunication. This leads to a consideration of present conditions of transportation and trade. China will now be opened to both to an extent impossible under the old rule. The question, then, for the commercial nations is: Which of them shall most profit by this opportunity? Mr. Dingle's conclusion is: "No matter how many rivals, I should think that no two nations have better prospects for the securing of China's new trade than Great Britain and the United States." He is careful to add, however, "It needs alertness." There must indeed be special alertness, first with regard to German and next with regard to Japanese rivalry.

Hygiene for the Worker. By W. H. Tolman and Adelaide W. Guthrie. The American Book Company, New York. 50c.

Many of the recommendations here made are excellent for everybody, but the special purpose is to help workers in mechanical employment to keep themselves in the best possible condition and safe from injury. The chapters on occupational dangers, for instance, abound in specific directions as to things that should and should not be done about machinery, as to poisonous workshop conditions, and as to precautions which should be taken. The book is sensible and clear.

Echoes from Vagabondia. By Bliss Carman. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $1.

Still another "Vagabondia" volume brings the tinkling notes of Mr. Carman's mandolin to our ears. At his best, Mr. Carman has at times achieved the colorless sweetness of a boy's voice. He has never learned how to employ the deep resonance of manhood or the full, tender notes of a woman. The "echoes" in the present volume are thin and faint. That the book contains some skillful verse goes without saying.

Home Book of Verse (The). Compiled by Burton E. Stevenson. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $7.50.

The distinguishing mark of this collection seems to be that it includes several hundred recent writers of verse (with emphasis on the work of Americans), very few of whom have appeared in any other general anthology of poetry. The poems are arranged by subject; and how wide a field is covered is shown by the classifications, which include, among others, children's rhymes, love poems, nature poetry, humorous verses, patriotic and historical poems, reflective and descriptive poetry. Containing over three thousand unabridged poems from some eleven hundred authors, the work is valuable as a reference book; and that it fails, with all its voluminousness, to include some of one's favorite poems is but another illustration of the truth that no anthology can be final where individual taste is the determining factor of selection.

Songs of Happiness. Words by Carolyn S. Bailey; Music by Mary B. Ehrman. The Milton Bradley Company, Springfield, Massachusetts.

This collection ought to prove an attractive addition to the kindergarten and nursery library. The text of the seventy-three songs that compose it have to do with the things and ideas of prime interest in a child's life—birds, animals, flowers, the wind and the rain, the sun, toys, holidays, and getting up and going to bed—and the music interprets the words successfully. The cover shows the flight of three bluebirds against an amber sky surrounded with blue; and doubtless children will find within the book's covers a taste of that which the Blue Bird stands for in our literature.

Bayreuth Letters of Richard Wagner (The). Translated and Edited by Caroline V. Kerr. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $2.50.

In the present volume we have an account of Wagner in Bayreuth as told in his letters, translated and cleverly edited by Caroline V. Kerr. The book is eminently practical, for it resumes the autobiographical story about where the recently published autobiography left it. We are specially informed concerning the origin and development of the Bayreuth Festival idea, the preliminary rehearsals, the first festival, and in particular about that music-drama, "Parsifal," which, more than any other, we associate with Bayreuth. We wish that the book were more worth while in the side-lights thrown upon the characters of a number of Wagner's contemporaries—in particular, Dr. Hans Richter; Louis, the late King of Bavaria; and Cosima Wagner, who, the daughter of Franz Liszt and the Countess d'Agoult, was the wife of Hans von Bülow when she came into Wagner's life.

German Emperor and the Peace of the World (The). By Alfred H. Fried. George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

For a long time men spoke of the present German Emperor as a "war lord." They now see that he has been a famous upholder of peace. When the intimate history of our times is written, this will be appreciated. But enough is now known of Germany's relations, especially with England and France, to disclose the Kaiser's guiding hand. We are glad that Mr. Fried has written a book in which William II's services in this direction have been celebrated.

Aspects of Algeria: Historical—Political—Colonial. By Roy Devereux. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.50.

Algeria is not a colony, like Canada, peopled almost exclusively by emigrants from the mother country. Nor is it a purely foreign territory, like the Dutch East Indies, regarded as an outlet for home commerce, capital, and influence. Algeria is particularly interesting because it partakes of the nature of both types.

Hence we welcome this new book by Mr. Devereux. For the ordinary reader, it is true, there is occasionally an over-amount of statistical matter. But not for the student. For any reader Mr. Devereux has prepared, on the whole, a very entertaining and instructive work on the French Protectorate. Together with a résumé of history, the political and domestic economy of Algeria is fully reviewed. After reading the volume we have a clear idea of the colony's industrial capabilities and agricultural prospects. The conditions of social life are also included in the author's study.

Doctrine of the Person of Jesus Christ (The). By H. R. Mackintosh, D.Phil., D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

Jesus. By George Holley Gilbert, Ph.D., D.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

Strikingly opposed in their conclusions, while each by a Christian scholar, these two volumes came together to the reviewer's desk. The first named, belonging to the international series designed for students of theology, is from the Professor of Theology in New College, Edinburgh, and represents the teaching of the United Free Presbyterian Church. Its first half is a critical survey of historical Christology from the earliest to the present time, in orthodox, heretical, and mediating lines of thought. The second half is devoted to a reconstructive statement of the doctrine of the person of Christ, which takes account of its history, the immediate utterances and transcendent implicates of faith, and objections to the conclusions reached. These are, in brief, not far from Dr. Lyman Beecher's famous thesis, "Jesus Christ is the acting Deity of the Universe." Dr. Mackintosh concludes from the saying in the Fourth Gospel—"Jesus knowing that the Father had given all things into his hands"—that the sway of Christ extends throughout the universe, and that he "is eventually to share in the omnipotence and absoluteness of God." As to the God-consciousness undeniably characteristic of Jesus, it is maintained that "at least in high moments of visitation he knew himself to be God, conditioned in and by humanity."

From this volume, whose massive argument is suffused with religious warmth, one enters a cooler atmosphere in the negations of Dr. Gilbert's exclusively critical study of the sources for positive knowledge of the life of Jesus. It contrasts likewise with the tone of his former works on the same subject. He acknowledges that since the more recent of these, the "Student's Life of Jesus," appeared, some fifteen years ago, he has shared with some other scholars in a changed estimate of the historical value of our sources. To exhibit it he adduces their various discrepancies and incompatibilities in minute and copious detail. These seem, in a number of cases, to depend on the critic's point of view, and allowance for possibilities. Dr. Gilbert is justified, however, in affirming the fact of a legendary element in the sources which more conservative writers refuse to recognize. He also affirms that, after his criticism has done its work upon the records, there remains a story of the life of Jesus "abundantly suited to inspire confidence in him as the spiritual leader of mankind."

Benvenuto Cellini. By Robert Henry Hobart Cust, M.A. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $1.

Rodin. By Muriel Ciolkowska. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $1.

The latest additions to "Little Books on Art" are appreciations of two artists widely placed by time from each other, namely, Benvenuto Cellini and Auguste Rodin. It is hard to say which is the more interesting volume. Of course one inevitably compares Mr. Cust's essay on the great Florentine master with that of the late John Addington Symonds, and the comparison is naturally not altogether favorable, if for no other reason than that Mr. Symonds had much more space at his command. But Mr. Cust's text is well worth reading. So is Madame Ciolkowska's. She interprets Rodin with sympathy and discrimination. She attempts to place him in his historical position, and in particular she repels the charge that he is a "revolutionary" by showing that in certain things he is in agreement with the great traditions. Rodin has been called the Michelangelo of modern times. His latest biographer agrees that he is doubtless the Michelangelo of our day, because, in her opinion, his task is more stupendous in its versatile profusion, deeper in its significance, and wider in its reach than that of any sculptor of recent times.

Russia in Europe and Asia. By Joseph King Goodrich. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $1.50.

History of Russia (A). By V. O. Kluchevsky. Translated by C. J. Hogarth. Vol. II. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

The Outlook recently commended Mr. Joseph King Goodrich's book on China; attention should also be drawn to his just-published volume on Russia. As he says, there is an enormous amount of literature at the disposal of the student of Russian affairs, and yet there is little to satisfy one who wishes to get a comprehensive glance at the whole Empire in its many and various aspects. Mr. Goodrich mentions several books about Russia which, excellent at the time of their publication, have now grown rather obsolete. His aim, we assume, in the present volume has been, therefore, to condense into a smallish volume many up-to-date facts concerning Russia in both Europe and Asia. The author certainly gives us much for our money. Of course he tells us about the Government, but, what is more important, he tells us about the people, the cities and towns, about transportation, about colonization, about exiles and convicts, about religion and education. His conclusions as to Russo-Japanese relations are

interesting because of his residence at Kyoto, the ancient Japanese capital, as professor in the Imperial Government College there. It seemed at first, he says, as if Japan had been brought to see that in the game of diplomacy she could not trust Russia, whose wiliness is so selfish, and that all of her best interests would be served by co-operating with America and Great Britain in furthering China's welfare. Now, however, "it is evident that Japan considers Russia a better ally than any other Power." Hence Mr. Goodrich asks himself the question: Will Japan make it certain that Russia's plans for expansion will never include her own island empire? Such a suspicion, so it seems to us, does not promise any abiding peace in the Far East. As to China, Mr. Goodrich believes that the recovery of full autonomy in Manchuria and Mongolia will be one of the republic's first ambitions. The English translation of the second volume of Kluchevsky's "History of Russia" has now appeared. The work is extremely informative and the author writes in a convincing manner.

LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

THE COAL QUESTION

As usual, The Outlook has gone to the heart of the coal question in its discussion in the issue of December 7. About fifty million tons of hard coal constitutes the annual consumption of this country. It is stated upon excellent authority that five railway companies control the mining and distribution of coal through holding companies. There need be no shortage in coal only as the coal monopoly wills it. The mine supply is inexhaustible; the cost of transportation has been about the same for fifteen years, also the cost of mining. The strike of last April was put forward by the monopoly as a probable reason for an advance in price to the consumers. But the fact is that the price per ton of hard coal has advanced in the past decade from $6 to $9 per ton in Michigan. Within the railway zone of Detroit, Michigan, it is now estimated that there are ninety thousand tons of coal on cars. The shortage argument is a myth, and put forward by the coal monopoly to pull the wool over the eyes of shivering consumers. One coal dealer in Lansing, Michigan, asked an outside town to take off his hands two car-loads of hard coal to cover up the *shortage declaration worn threadbare* here.

If there was *ever* a need of investigation and regulation of a commodity, it is the coal supply.

D. E. McCLURE,
Assistant Secretary State Board of Health.
Lansing, Michigan.

ULSTER AND HOME RULE

In The Outlook dated November 16 I notice a letter from Mr. T. J. Quinn on "Ulster and Home Rule" which is very misleading. Ulster has a Protestant population of 886,333 and a Roman Catholic population of 690,134. Out of 33 constituencies the Unionists have 17 Members and the Nationalists 16; but the reason that there are only 17 Unionist Members is that nine of the Unionist constituencies are overwhelmingly Protestant. Four of these Unionist seats have an electorate of 48,900, while the entire counties of Donegal, Cavan, and the borough of Newry have an electorate of only 45,444, yet they return seven Nationalists. Mr. Quinn gives the population of Belfast as 255,000, while according to the Government Blue Book the population in 1911 was 386,947, and of these 93,243 are Roman Catholics. More than three-fourths of the Belfast population are Protestants. Belfast is the third port in the United Kingdom, and has five of the greatest industries of their kind in the world. This city pays 71 per cent of all the taxes paid in all Ireland, and has only 107 paupers to the 10,000, while Dublin has 298 and Cork 329. On Ulster Day, September 28, 1912, more than 218,000 men of Ulster signed the covenant pledging themselves that they would never submit to Home Rule, and over 223,000 women signed a covenant that they would stand by the men in resisting Home Rule. Ulster Protestants will never submit to a Dublin Parliament, though Ulster has been a law-abiding province. In the Protestant counties of Derry, Antrim, and Down there are only 12 policemen to the 10,000; in Galway there are 48, and in Clare 43. These figures speak for themselves.

WILLIAM PATTERSON,
Minister of May Street Church.
Belfast, Ireland.

THE WAY TO WORLD PEACE

Everybody should desire world peace, merely on a basis of humanity, and even of ordinary intelligence; for the path of world peace is the path of world progress. Why should we obstruct the pathway of human advance by the artificial and unnecessary obstacle of war, when nature has placed before us such barriers as the race needs for its development of intellect and will? But why cry "Peace, peace, when there is no peace" yet? Why stolidly pass resolutions at conferences and conventions calling for a treaty of arbitration on all possible disputes—an omnibus treaty, in short—when we ought to realize that

the people at large will not hold to such a contract under irritation and the goad of self-interest? If we make such a treaty as that, we are either stupid or dishonest; to make such a treaty, expecting it to be kept, under "jingo" pressure, is stupid; to make it, half expecting it to be broken, is not educational, as has been urged, but simply dishonest. The only sound method of advancing world peace by arbitration treaties (as was urged by Theodore Roosevelt last winter, in New York) is to negotiate as many specific cases as possible, taking each as it arises. Mr. Roosevelt himself during his term as President negotiated twenty-four of these. Better even than commissions and arbitration boards would be a permanent world court ever with doors open and ready to hear cases. Its always open doors would more encourage nations to submit questions to it than does the Hague Conference, with its intermittent sessions. Joined with this august world tribunal should go a widespread campaign among all European nations for peace education—a slow, laborious process, but an essential one; for the voice of the people, whether or not the voice of God, is the ultimate authority for peace or war.

BRADLEY GILMAN.

Boston, Massachusetts.

AMERICAN POETS AND THE STARS

In The Outlook for September 28 last Mr. Hamilton Mabie has given an excellent sketch of the more recent work of the younger American poets, and from it one chiefly gains the idea that they desire to be modern and show themselves acquainted with the knowledge of their time. This being the case, there is one point in which they seem to fail—that is, in modern knowledge about the stars. To show that they are real poets they feel obliged to say something about these orbs, but they generally get into trouble when they mention them.

There are seven specimens of their work in this article, of one or two verses each, and four of them lug the stars into their descriptions of earthly toil and poverty. No. 1 says, "the stars are shining blue." No. 3 says, "down the ladder of the stars there comes the whisper and the word." No. 4 says, the "earth rolls through a golden weather that lights the Pleiades where they play"—play rhymes with Milky Way in this verse. No. 7 speaks of "the sun that has led us." The reference to the sun in the last one does not seem very helpful, and the references to the stars in the others have no meaning.

Now, if the poet is to be modern and know the world of his day, cannot he find some celestial aspects which are not only modern but highly picturesque? And he may then find something to add to that which was so well said in the Book of Job, and which is still his stock in trade.

So far as I remember, Milton was the last of the poets to write about astronomy with knowledge. He, while in Italy, made a pilgrimage to the home of Galileo, and when he speaks of "cycle on epicycle, orb on orb," he shows himself acquainted with the discussions of those days concerning the heavenly motions.

The only foreign poet who is commonly read by Anglo-Saxons was a Persian astronomer, and it is a pity that Omar Khayyám has told so little of his conception of the heavenly bodies. He at least would not have given us the absurd distortions of the great facts which are every day being revealed concerning them. The subject is perhaps a trap for poets, and even Tennyson, who is usually so true in his metaphors, puts "a shining star in raiment white and clean."

Those of us who have seen the recent exhibition of independent artists in Paris may think appropriate the extremely warm seat which Kipling assigns to them when

> "each in his particular star
> Paints the things as he sees them
> For the God of things as they are."

Is it too much to expect of the poet of our times to remember that fixed stars are too hot to wear raiment or serve as places of residence; that they do not whisper to the next star, with a request to pass it on to earth, words concerning human destinies?

In this connection, let me finish by recalling the scientific statement that Shakespeare puts unexpectedly in the mouth of Hotspur. That old Welsh bore Glendower says that a comet blazed across the sky and the stars were changed in their courses at his birth. Hotspur explains that such signs come in their appointed order without reference to human importance, and that a comet would cross the sky and the stars would change their courses just the same if his mother's cat had kittened.

J. M. CRAFTS.

Ridgefield, Connecticut.

THE RURAL HOME SCHOOL

What is the rural school as it actually is to-day, and what are its qualifications for improving rural and National life? In general, the rural school is a small, box-car-like, one-room, poorly lighted and ventilated building with a few children of various ages and a miserably paid young woman of little education and less professional training as a teacher of the elements of the three R's. On the average, this young woman who "keeps the school" remains a teacher less than four years, and her average schooling is little more than a common elementary school training of a limited kind. Evidently into the hands of untrained novices with such meager equipment cannot be intrusted the evolution of rural life.

Among the many means of improving the rural school—such as increasing school funds

and improving their apportionment, professional supervision, separating school officials from bad politics, consolidating several small schools into one large graded school, with consequent transportation of the pupils and the development of a modern curriculum—probably the most important consideration is the general all-round and professional improvement of the teachers.

Rural life will hardly rise higher than its source. The person who should teach how to live in the country is one who knows life, and especially rural life; one who has professional training for his most delicate work; one who can remain in the profession and in a given community for many years, as a man in banking, medicine, or trade. Such permanency can never come from women. Permanency can come only from the man with a family working on his farm and living the life of the country. The rural school teacher should be a living example of what a good farmer should be. His farm should be a veritable experimental agriculture station.

Now, how can we get such ability and such permanency in the rural school? We propose the rural home school or the rural social center. In many places in the West the agricultural river valleys are not long, narrow troughs with flat bottoms, but are shaped more like a flat chain with round or oval links. The separate valleys are often almost perfect circles some five to ten miles in diameter. These great level farming areas surrounded by high hills make natural community centers. There are generally four to seven small schools, with a few pupils each, scattered about, and, typically, a two-room school at the cross-roads village in the center. Life is very slow, tiresome, and individualistic for young and old in these places; every one is at work most of the time; the outlook is very limited; there is little of recreation even in connection with the few scattered, poorly supported churches of various denominations, separated by technical theology; there are hardly enough children at any one school to make up a game of tag, even where land enough about the school has been left for that purpose; and so the enterprising youth of the valley break home ties and leave the valley as soon as possible. There is "nothin' doin'."

In the village at the center of this natural community is the place for the Rural Home School. Here within a four or five miles' ride of practically all the farmers' homes should be located the consolidated school. About this school building should be a farm of ten to twenty or more acres. On the farm near the school should be the home of the principal and his family, with a barn and stable big enough not only for his own use, but for the horses which bring the vans of children to school each day. All that the principal, preferably trained at an agricultural normal school, raises in the way of produce on his farm should go as a part of his annual salary.

This would provide for a well-trained and permanent principal, agricultural expert, or social center director. In the school there will probably be four or five other teachers. In the past, poor or long-distance boarding-places and lack of society have driven those of ability out of the separate little drab school-houses. Now they can board with the principal or can live co-operatively in another house on the farm under the direction, possibly, of the teacher of domestic science.

The farm will provide opportunity for the teaching of agriculture, not only through books but through observation and doing. Every school farm center could be in touch with all the best movements in better farming in the world; and the principal would have opportunity to test the truth of the knowledge offered by his curriculum. The school would naturally increase into a rural elementary and high school, but the curriculum of the latter would be conspicuous by the absence of most that now masquerades as secondary education. Its mission would be to help young people to understand, to appreciate, and to work efficiently in the world to-day, especially the rural community with its world-wide connections. Some of the subjects which would help to make up the life of the school above the elementary grades (probably shortened to six years) would be: agriculture, domestic science, rural hygiene, botany and horticulture, farm economics and law, farm carpentry, literature, geography, history (taught in such a way as to illumine the present-day problems), English, rural recreation, elementary sociology (a study of social relationships, including civics, social improvement, and a general knowledge of the leading social problems of the home, business, the church, politics and government, the school)—in general, subject matter and activities which help children and young people to live and to prepare to live in the actual world of to-day.

But the school would not be all on this public farm. Here would be the public library, the grange or town hall perhaps, the center for parcels post and mail delivery to the community, the public moving picture show and other recreational features. Here would be the place for a play center, baseball, field sports, and field days. Here also could be held the community fair once a year. The possibilities are unlimited.

These are not dreams impossible of realization. Consolidation of schools is, and has for a long time been, rapidly taking place. One community in the State of Washington has the only church of the community on the school property. Very few localities have as yet gone forward enough to provide the school home farm, but it is coming. Where a valley is too large for one community center there must be more,

and where a valley like the Mississippi covers several States we have the problem a practically universal one. LOUIS W. RAPEER.

Training School for Teachers, New York City.

THE MARKETING OF FOOD PRODUCTS

If Carlyle were alive to-day, and were still trying to impress upon the population of fools for which he wrote—to use his own words—the absurdity of that system of *laissez faire* which he so cordially detested, he could scarcely hit upon a more illuminating example of it than the method of distributing food in this great and enlightened land. In this business every man has looked out for himself in the most approved fashion, and now the devil is getting not merely the hindmost, but very nearly every one concerned. So acute, indeed, has the situation become that it comes near to occupying all our thoughts. The cost of living was one war cry in the Presidential campaign, and one party had the sense to put into its platform (in New York State) the words, "We favor a better supervision of the marketing of food products." The first Food Investigating Commission in the country was appointed at the beginning of the present year by New York State, to be followed by Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Chicago, as well as by New York City with its Market Commission. The Federal Government has also taken the matter up, and various unofficial bodies are studying it.

As a result of all this investigation there has been revealed an almost unbelievable state of chaos and confusion in our marketing facilities. Whatever share in the cost of living may be due to trusts and tariffs, it has been clearly shown that in New York City—and the situation is said to be much the same in other Eastern cities—about half of the consumer's dollar is eaten up by unnecessary handling and transportation. It was a member of the Housewives' League who discovered that the retailer from whom she bought her vegetables and the farmer who produced them were in the habit of taking the same boat to Manhattan, where one bought the produce of the other, took it back to Staten Island, and sold it to the observer and others at prices sufficient to cover its traveling expenses, together with his own and those of the farmer. Long Island housewives discovered that the vegetables and fruits which cost them so dear were taken past their very doors to Brooklyn and then brought back to them; and the Food Investigating Commission, in its first report, issued a few weeks ago, shows that such methods of handling the means whereby this great city of five million inhabitants and all the adjacent regions live are all but universal. In the case of green vegetables it takes seventy cents of the consumer's dollar to bring produce from the farm to his table. The farmer, finding that the remaining thirty cents doesn't pay him for his trouble, has ceased to produce, and a hungry and thoughtless public is reviling him for not practicing intensive agriculture.

It seems natural to blame the farmer for the high cost of food supplies. It also seems natural to those who think a little further to blame the middlemen. But neither the farmer nor the middleman in the singular is to blame, it seems. Even the much-abused railways get only eight cents of the dollar above referred to. The remaining sixty-two is divided among so many middlemen that there seems to be no room for any considerable rake-off by any one of them. As the report puts it, stuff is carted from the railway and steamboat terminals to the various and numerous places of the commission men, then sold to wholesalers, jobbers, speculators, and storage men and carted to their respective places. It is often sold to other jobbers and speculators and storage men and again carted. Finally, it is sold to the consumer and delivered. All these dealers make profits or charges against the stuff, which aggregate from forty to seventy per cent of the amount finally paid by the consumer. The cost of the last handling, it has been found, is the greatest of all, amounting to nearly half of the retailer's operating expenses, and in the case of perishable products the quality deteriorates as the price climbs.

No completely comprehensive plan for remedying the present conditions has been presented by any of the bodies that have had them under consideration. The proposal of the Market Commission to establish a wholesale market in lower Manhattan has been bitterly opposed by large bodies of citizens. The wisdom of the Investigating Commission's recommendation that a State Department of Markets be created cannot be questioned. This is the first step, and ought to be taken at once. As to details, the most radical plan is the one submitted by Ezra A. Tuttle in a minority report of the Investigating Commission, and further elaborated in an address before the New York State Agricultural Society. Mr. Tuttle would have the State, by the power of eminent domain, acquire property for a series of district markets covering the whole city, and also for two or three large receiving terminal warehouses and at least one manufacturing establishment to pickle and preserve products that would otherwise go to waste. This system of markets he would have operated, under the supervision of the State Department of Markets, by a Consumers' and Producers' Company, with a capital of $5,000,000, divided into shares of $5 each. This reform, Mr. Tuttle estimates, would soon save the city between fifty and a hundred millions a year and give the producers of the State half as much more.

MARY DUDDERIDGE.

New York City.

BY THE WAY

The shades of Crœsus, Lucullus, et al., might be interested in the announcement of a New York City furrier that he will make coats to order from Russian sable for $12,000, $26,000, and $68,000 each, according to the grade of skin selected. The $68,000 garment is composed of "110 skins of rarest quality." The Russian Government, the advertisement states, will after December 31 prohibit the killing of sables or the exporting of their skins.

The Library of Congress is growing at the rate of 88,000 volumes a year. During the last twelve years its accessions have exceeded the total number of volumes accumulated during the entire preceding century.

The heroism of Billy Rugh, the newsboy who gave his life, through a hospital operation, to save that of a young woman who had been severely burned, is to be commemorated by a fountain to be erected on the site of his news-stand in Gary, Indiana. The portrait of Billy which accompanies an appeal of the Memorial Fund Committee shows such a fine face that one wishes that it might appear in some way on the memorial.

Few indeed of the Major-Generals of the Civil War are left. Major-General Julius Stahel, who recently passed away, was almost the last surviving officer with that title. He fought with Kossuth for Hungarian independence in 1848, and, like many other of the revolutionists of that period, came to America and won lasting fame in 1861–5. He was, with his "German Brigade," complimented by President Lincoln for his bravery at the battle of Bull Run.

Cincinnati, Ohio, owns a real railway—not a municipal subway or trolley line, but a steam railway running to Chattanooga. The building of the road was authorized by a referendum as far back as the eighties. The railway is at present operated under a lease by a privately owned company.

A new life-saving apparatus consists of a buoyant mattress. It is so constructed that it can be used either singly or joined to other mattresses to form a raft. It has the advantage over the ordinary life-preserver that it will support a person above the water, not in it.

One of the rarest books in the United States, there being only five or six known copies, is William Cullen Bryant's "Embargo, or Sketches of the Times: A Satire, by a Youth of Thirteen." A copy recently sold for $3,000. It was printed in 1808. Two years after its publication, the poet further signalized his precocity by entering Williams College.

Milk cans in Russia must be larger than in America, for a Siberian exile, Liotte Dunin, who has just come to America, is said to have made his escape from captivity by hiding in a milk can. Dunin was serving a life sentence for revolutionary activities.

The well-kept lawns of a public square in Detroit, Michigan, are said to be preserved from injury by placards bearing the single word "Please!" This is doubtless fully as effective as the stern prohibition to be seen in another city—"Keep off the Grass—$10 Fine."

The Assouan Dam in Egypt, with its associated irrigation works, has cost the large sum of $53,000,000; but it is estimated that, as a result of the expenditure, the value of adjacent land has increased more than a billion dollars. Philæ has been submerged, it is true; but this loss to the archæological world will to most people seem more than offset by the gain to present-day Egypt.

The eternal feminine of the juvenile variety still concentrates its affections on dolls as gifts, with the result that no other toy is sold so largely at holiday times. Boys, say the dealers, scatter their affections on various military toys, tin soldiers, trumpets, and bugles being their favorites. The boy's voice, it seems, is still for war, while few little girls have become so "advanced" as to despise the make-believe baby.

The Washington Irving, a mammoth steamer intended for passenger traffic on the Hudson River, was launched at Camden a few days ago. A novelty attending the launching was that the christening was done with a bottle of water from the Sunnyside well on the old estate of Washington Irving. The steamer will accommodate more than 6,000 passengers.

According to a recent statement of the United States Geological Survey, 3,062,022,020,000 tons of coal still remain to be mined in the United States—about 99.5 per cent of the original supply. At the present rate of consumption, the supply would last for 4,000 years. The consumption, however, is rapidly increasing, and if the ratio of increase continues, the 4,000 might be reduced to 400.

Chinese women, says a Russian writer, have the most beautiful hands in the world; next come those of the Spanish woman, then those of the Russians, French, and Italians; while the American woman has hands that are fine in appearance but hard in texture. One would like to read an essay on this fascinating subject by, say, Pierre Loti or Maurice Hewlett.

New York City's subway carried 302,973,858 passengers this year—twenty-six millions more than in 1911. And last year New Yorkers thought they were crowded to suffocation!

Seven books sold for a total of $227,200 at the recent Hoe Library sale. Two of these books were Bibles, one of which, a Gutenberg Bible printed on vellum, brought the highest price ever paid for a book—$50,000.

A New York City department store appeals to women to take advantage of its offer of a "seven-course dinner, from noon to 2:30, for seventy-five cents," on Thursdays, that being "the maid's day out," in order to have "a full day's freedom from housekeeping cares." If mistress as well as maid is to desert the house on Thursday for "a full day's freedom," who will prepare for the goodman's return?

Captain Ruser, one of the best-known sea captains of the transatlantic service, states that not long ago he saw a genuine reptilian object, twenty feet in length, close alongside his ship, the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria. This sea serpent was, as usual, a-lashing of its tail. Notwithstanding his statement, it is announced that Captain Ruser will be promoted to the command of the giant steamship Imperator next year.

The Outlook

DECEMBER 28, 1912

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A Sane New Year's Celebration

The country has heard much during the last two or three years of the need for a "safe and sane" celebration of the Fourth of July. Last summer public opinion heartily supported the Mayor of the city of New York in his successful plan for directing Fourth of July enthusiasm into better and more enjoyable channels. The same sort of practical reform is needed in the public and incoherent treatment of New Year's Eve. Many of the large American cities appear to be growing tired of the reproach that has come upon New Year's Eve through the revelry and rough-housing to which it has been given over for years. The spirit of the crowds in the streets—largely a spirit of thoughtlessness, we think—was well expressed by the slogan that was so often heard last year, "To hell with the Old Year; hooray for the New!" Chicago, San Francisco, and Boston are endeavoring to supply public festivities of a different type during holiday week. New York has now actively joined this admirable movement by forming a committee of a dozen well-known citizens who propose to mass brass bands and great choruses in some of the public squares along Broadway in the last hour of the Old Year and sing it out, and the New Year in, with such songs as Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic," "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," "Auld Lang Syne," and "America," when the clock strikes twelve. The man who saw this vision, who got the committee together, and who by personal enthusiasm started the movement which has now grown into a practical organization, believes that all outdoor New York will join in the chorus and that a new pace will be set for New Year's Eve in the future. He knows the spirit and temper of New York, high and low, perhaps as no other one single citizen knows them, and if he has confidence in this plan every one else may too. His name is Jacob A. Riis.

A Christmas Greeting from Henry Street

Mr. Riis is interested in a sane and joyous celebration of the holiday season not merely for Broadway and Fifth Avenue but for the lower East Side. One of the most useful of the so-called "settlements" in New York is the Jacob Riis Neighborhood House, which was named in honor of Mr. Riis and of which he is the President. This is appropriate, for perhaps no other one individual in New York City represents as distinctively as he the spirit of helpful comradeship which finds in Chicago its embodiment in Jane Addams. Those who are reading Mr. Riis's "Life Stories of the Other Half" as they appear in The Outlook will be glad, we believe, to read also the following note from him about Henry Street:

> We also keep Christmas in Henry Street. Gifts we have none to send, but we give you good will and neighborly greeting. It is a fair return for your money, for without these the money helps us little, and you not at all. If any one were to put a nice summer home in our stocking this year, he would hit us just right, for we shall soon lose our grip on Twin Island. The city will want it back. If you haven't that, our treasurer will be glad for your checks, lean or fat, with your holiday wishes. Just make them out to Lilian House Brooks, Treasurer, 48 Henry Street, New York City. She can use them.

The Peace Centenary

The end of a hundred years of unbroken peace between Great Britain and the United States is an international event of immense significance. It is to be observed on both sides of the water impressively and in several ways. Elsewhere in this issue of The Outlook will be found the first of two articles by Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, in which are discussed in brilliant and incisive fashion

the disagreements which have arisen during the past century between the two countries. The obvious lesson to be drawn is that, the more trying these differences have been, the more creditable and honorable it is to both countries that a peaceful way out has invariably been found. Last week a notable meeting was held at the historic Mansion House in London under the auspices of the British Committee which was organized a year ago. The Lord Mayor of London presided and urged that the centenary be celebrated "in an imperial, imposing, and impressive manner, worthy of the great occasion, in the United States, Canada, Great Britain, and all English-speaking lands." Earl Grey, who is President of the British Committee, read a letter written by the late Whitelaw Reid only a few days before his death, in which he expressed the most ardent interest in the movement and declared that failure to give it worthy celebration would be a crime. Letters from members of the American Committee were read, giving the assurance of appropriate action on this side the water. Earl Grey stated that one method of celebration which had been submitted to the American Committee was that commemorative monuments of a suitable character should be erected in England, the United States, and Canada. Specifically it has been proposed that a monument should be erected in Westminster Abbey to George Washington. This proposal was heartily approved by the British Committee, as well as the proposal that the ancestral home of the Washington family, Sulgrave Manor in Northamptonshire, should be purchased and maintained as a place of pilgrimage for Americans and all interested in the history of English-speaking peoples. This ancient building has over its doorway the Washington coat of arms, which was the origin of our Stars and Stripes. The British Committee showed eagerness to honor George Washington in recognition of the influence for good exerted on successive generations of both peoples by his splendid qualities. Another proposal which has been commended by both British and American Committees is for promoting in various ways educational plans which should mark the essential union of the two peoples, such as peace centenary prizes for essays on Anglo-American relations, international lectureships, and other means for promoting through educational channels the growth and increase not only of the mutual respect and good will between the two peoples, but also fuller knowledge by each of the other. The American Committee, which originated this movement, gave a farewell dinner to the retiring British Ambassador, Mr. Bryce, about two weeks ago, at which the proposed celebration was eloquently approved by the guest of the evening, by ex-Ambassador Joseph H. Choate, and by the Hon. Alton B. Parker, who presided. An international conference of delegates from the British, the Canadian, and the American Committees is to be held in New York next spring, at which definite plans will be formulated. Among the proposals of the American Committee are the erection of a statue of Queen Victoria at Washington, the placing of statues of the Earl of Chatham and Edmund Burke in appropriate localities, the erection of a free International Bridge at Niagara Falls, and the historical study of the Century of Peace by the children of the public schools during the autumn of 1914.

The London Peace Conference

The sessions of the Conference at London between representatives of the Balkan allies and Turkey opened last week. The personnel of the Conference recalls that of the similar Conference at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1905 between the Russian and Japanese representatives which closed the Russo-Japanese War. As a counterpart to the calmness and conviction of Count Komura, Japan's chief ambassador, there is the attitude at London of the Greek Prime Minister, Venezelos. As a counterpart to the shrewdness of Count Witte, Russia's chief ambassador at Portsmouth, there is the attitude of that astute Turk, Rechad Pasha. There are other interesting personalities—the Bulgarian Danef, who has much of the "hustle and bustle" of an American; the Servian Novakovich, ex-Premier, and an experienced statesman; finally, the Montenegrin, Miyuskovich, who has been called as keen a diplomatist as any of the delegates. The sessions of the Conference quickly developed the fact that the contests over other points were subsidiary to that over the possession of Adrianople. The Turks, it seems, will not give up that fortress except after a strenuous struggle, which is natural, for their attachment to Adrianople is threefold. First of all, it is historically the most notable city in Europe to them; it was the first Moham-

medan capital of Turkey-in-Europe; indeed, it was the capital of the Ottoman Empire, 1361–1453. Its former large population has now shrunk to about seventy thousand. Nevertheless, its material importance is enormous, and affords the second reason for Turkish attachment. Situated at the junction of three rivers coming from Bulgaria, it commands eastern Bulgaria. Moreover, situated on the only railway connecting eastern Bulgaria with the Ægean Sea, it commands any territorial gains to the south which, as a result of the war, might be assured to Bulgaria. In the third place, Adrianople is the greatest of Turkish fortresses; it has resisted a two months' close investment by the Bulgarians, and gives little sign of any immediate fall. With regard to Adrianople, as with regard to the other conditions of peace, the Turkish delegates at London seem doing everything for delay. They thus hope, through the possible interposition of the Powers, to obtain better terms. But, if they must cede territory, they hope to do it on pressure from those Powers rather than at the command of the Balkan allies whom they have hitherto more or less despised.

The Balkan War: The Greek Advance

At the London Conference the Turks refused to treat with the Greeks, who, alone of the Balkan allies, had not signed the armistice. The position of the Turks was logical, but when they were reminded that they themselves had negotiated peace with Italy even though still at war with her in Tripoli, they agreed to meet with the Greek delegates. Thus Turkish and Greek delegates are treating for peace while the war between Turkey and Greece continues apparently as vigorously as ever. In it the most important event of the week was a naval battle in the Ægean at the entrance of the Dardanelles. Though the Turkish fleet included four battle-ships and they fought practically under the protection of the guns of the Dardanelles forts, the Turks were forced to beat a retreat and retire in disorder into the Straits. During the engagement the commanders of the Greek and Turkish fleets exchanged pleasantries by wireless telegraphy. For instance, the Greek admiral telegraphed: "We have occupied the island of Tenedos and await your orders," to which the Turkish admiral replied: "Your shells are falling wide. I would recommend you to take better aim." On land the principal event was an increase of the Greek pressure upon the Turkish fortress of Janina, the principal place in Epirus and not far from the Grecian frontier. The population is estimated at about twenty-five thousand, more than one-half being Greeks, in whose hands is most of the trade and industry of the place. Though the Greeks are daily pouring a larger number of shells over the crumbling walls, the Turks continue to return the fire with much show of spirit, as they have many siege guns distributed among the four forts which defend the city; the strength of the garrison there ranges from twenty thousand to thirty thousand men. The continued cessation of fighting between Turkey and the three Slav Balkan allies, despite the completion of the period at first set for the armistice, indicates that the armistice was to continue until the peace negotiations at London were settled.

Whitelaw Reid

Whitelaw Reid, American Ambassador to Great Britain, died in London, after a short illness of a bronchial and asthmatic nature, on Sunday of last week. His death removes another of the personalities that were both developed in character and brought into public prominence by the Civil War. The country also loses a journalist of distinguished ability and accomplishments who believed that journalism is not a mere trade for money-making but is a profession imposing upon its members high intellectual and ethical standards. Mr. Reid was born in Xenia, Ohio, in 1837, and was graduated from Miami University, in the same State, with honors both in science and in the classics. On graduating from college he became a teacher, teaching Latin, French, and mathematics. He then turned to journalism and became the editor of a local paper in his native town. Next he took up the work of legislative correspondent and later of war correspondent for several important American newspapers, finally finding a responsible position as Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati "Gazette," of which newspaper he was later one of the proprietors and editor-in-chief. In 1869 he joined the staff of the New York "Tribune," and during the campaign of 1872 succeeded Horace Greeley as its editor. In this capacity he was the associate and friend of some of the best-known literary men of the country. Under his direction

the "Tribune" was not only a newspaper, but a literary journal. He never had the slightest sympathy with that form of journalistic "enterprise" which has developed into what is known to-day as "yellow journalism." A few years ago a New York editor, at that time President of the New York Press Club, described New York journalism as a mere manufacturing process in which the proprietor bought white paper (his raw material) at two cents a pound, ran it through a machine called a printing-press, supplying it with something called printers' ink, and sold his finished product (or newspaper) at ten cents a pound. This manufacturing view of journalism was entirely foreign to Mr. Reid's taste, attainments, and practice. If he were remembered for nothing else, he should be remembered because he exercised a fine and thoughtful influence upon American journalism. He doubtless, however, will be chiefly remembered because of his political career. Twice, in 1877 at the invitation of President Hayes and in 1881 at the invitation of President Garfield, he refused an appointment to the post of Minister to Germany. In 1889, however, President Harrison appointed him Minister to France, and he accepted and served three years with success. In 1892 he was nominated as the Republican candidate for Vice-President of the United States, but was, together with ex-President Harrison, defeated by the election of Mr. Cleveland to a second term. Returning to his editorial desk in the "Tribune" office, he was during the next few years sent on several important special ambassadorial missions, serving, for example, as special ambassador to the coronation of King Edward VII of Great Britain during the administration of Mr. Roosevelt, who finally in 1905 appointed him Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, which distinguished office he held to the day of his death. With great wealth at his command, he lived in princely fashion in London, taking Dorchester House, one of the famous and palatial houses of that capital, as his residence. Although his position and his money enabled him to assume a social position in English life that can hardly be called democratic, he did not lose his efficiency in protecting American interests. His addresses in England at various public functions were often admirable expositions of American statesmen or American political philosophy, one of the best of these addresses being a review of the life and character of Abraham Lincoln, delivered two years ago, which was marked not only by felicity of language, but by a patriotic spirit and critical judgment of a high order. He received many academic honors in this country, and the University of Oxford conferred upon him in 1907 the degree of D.C.L., which is given only to men of first rank in the intellectual world. Mr. Reid was a man of refined, modest, and agreeable personality, and no one can review the almost romantic development of his career, from the day when he was a teacher to the day when he reached the highest diplomatic post that an American can obtain, without feeling that he was a man of more than ordinary gifts of mind which he put to excellent and useful service in behalf of his profession, his time, and his country.

Governor Wilson's Recent Speech

Those who regard public office as a perquisite will criticise Governor Wilson for remaining in the Governor's chair after he has been elected President of the United States. Those who regard public office as an opportunity for public service will be glad to see him continue the fight against the "invisible government" in New Jersey as long as he can do so without neglecting his larger duties to the Nation. Those official duties do not begin until the 4th of next March, but there will be not a little to do meanwhile in preparation for them. His speech last week before the Southern Society in New York City has the true ring. It is, as was appropriate for an after-dinner speech, the expression of a spirit rather than the definition of a policy; and that spirit we can better interpret to our readers by two or three single sentences than by an attempted abstract. For example:

"The important thing now is what you, and men like you, think. The Nation is made up of its thoughts and purposes."

"What we ought to think to-night is not that the Democratic party won a great victory, but that there is a vast deal to do with the United States, and that it can best be done by forgetting that we are partisans, and forgetting everything except the work for the prosperity and integrity of the Nation."

"Some men had the idea that they had been appointed trustees to do the thinking of mankind, and the building up of wealth in conformity with their own plans and purposes. That sort of intolerance no longer characterizes audiences like this, as it once did."

"The amount of wealth is less important than

its accessibility. The more accessible we make this wealth to the people, the more energy you set free, and a nation rises up under your wand greater than the world has ever seen."

This last sentence recalls Mr. Beveridge's "Pass prosperity around," and Professor Sidgwick's "The problem of the political economy of the future is not the accumulation of wealth but its distribution." Mr. Wilson has earned the reputation of being a good fighter. If in the Presidency he attempts to carry out these sentiments in practical measures of social justice and political reform, he will have on his hands quite as bitter a fight with the bosses of the Democratic party as Mr. Roosevelt has had with the bosses of the Republican party. And in such a fight he should have the moral support of all men who believe in a democracy of education, opportunity, and wealth, and something more than a nominal democracy of political power.

Some Current Railway Questions

No other American industry affects so intimately the lives, welfare, and fortune of so many people as the railway industry. Merchants are interested in the transportation of their goods; investors in the dividends and interest they receive; wives and mothers in the safety of their families; travelers in the comfort and speed with which they reach their destination; school-girls who are going home for their Christmas vacation in the prompt delivery of their baggage; lovers in the safe carrying of their letters; scores of thousands of employees in their wages; railway presidents and superintendents in the enormous and sometimes heartbreaking load of responsibility which rests upon their shoulders. There is not an individual in the United States whose daily life is not affected in a very important way by the railways of the country. Every individual, therefore, young or old, ought to take pains to be informed about some of the railway questions which are at the present time topics of public discussion in the newspapers and periodicals, in State Legislatures and in Congress. Shall the wages of railway employees be raised? Shall freight and passenger rates be increased? Are the holders of railway stocks and bonds being paid too high a rate of interest because of over-capitalization? Are the evils of private ownership of railways so great that we shall be compelled to adopt Government ownership as the only adequate remedy? The public press is constantly reporting news which is of the most distinct human interest when it is read in the light of some of these questions. One of the unions of locomotive firemen has just made a demand for an increase of wages of the firemen, as a result perhaps of the increase in engineers' wages, based upon the decision of the semi-official Board of Arbitration which was fully reported in The Outlook of December 7. But, in their turn, the railway managers ask how they are to obtain the money for these increases of wages in view of the fact that the Inter-State Commerce Commission has recently denied their application for permission to increase freight rates. It is replied by some students of railway conditions that too large a share of railway earnings is paid out to stock and bond holders, and that a general physical valuation of railway properties in the United States will show that the railways are over-capitalized. Touching upon this aspect of the problem, the "Wall Street Journal" recently reported that the Lehigh Valley Railroad, one of the great coal-carrying railways of the country, has just finished a physical valuation of its property, which has been carried on for many months by experts not officially connected with the road. Their report estimates that the road is actually worth to-day $300,000,000. If this valuation is at all correct, the "Wall Street Journal" points out that the Lehigh Valley Railroad is earning less than five per cent upon the actual value of its property—not, of course, an excessive figure. We do not say that we accept these figures, but they certainly are of interest as throwing light upon the general railway problem. They cannot, however, be taken as a basis for legislation. Whenever physical valuation is made the basis of laws regulating the railways, the appraisers should be officers of the Government and should carry on their work under the closest public scrutiny.

Government Ownership of Railways

The problems presented by such questions as those raised in the foregoing paragraphs are so complicated and so confusing to the average layman that it is not surprising to find men turning to the possibility of Government ownership of railways as a kind of refuge in a time of economic and intellectual distress. The "Atlantic Monthly" for December contains an

article on Government ownership of unusual significance, not merely because of its intrinsic ability, but because it is written by a railway expert. The author, Mr. B. L. Winchell, has been a practical railway man for nearly forty years, and is one of the executive heads at the present time of a great railway system in the Far West. He begins by saying that "there is an unmistakable drift towards Government ownership of railways in the United States," and he concludes by asserting that the best way by which we may solve the railway problems of tremendous import which we are facing in this country, and avoid the manifest dangers of Government ownership and operation, is to adopt "a conservative, wise, just policy of regulation." Perhaps one reason why Mr. Winchell's article appeals to us is that we have taken exactly the position he now takes and have maintained it for many years. Mr. Winchell gives many striking statistics regarding the management of government-owned railways in Europe. He admits that railways in France and Germany are in some respects well conducted, but even in Germany the figures show, according to Mr. Winchell, that the German Government receives a smaller net income from its State-owned railways than the Government in the United States receives from the privately owned railways in the form of taxation. The French and Italian State railways do not make as good a showing as the German railways, and in Australia the State-owned railways paid during the last six years a yearly average of $244 per mile to the Government in net earnings, while during the same period the privately owned railways in the United States paid $386 per mile to the Government in taxation. While we are in accord with Mr. Winchell's main contention, on one point we disagree with him. He believes that Germany and France are much more competent to run State-directed industrial enterprises than America, because a "democratic government is a very bad form for managing large industrial concerns." We ask if the Post-Office Department is not a large industrial concern, and whether it is conceivable that a private corporation could possibly carry the mails as efficiently and with a service as satisfactory to a hundred million consumers as the post-office, with all its defects, actually does carry them. The comparative history of the post-office and the private express companies, the only actual competitors of the post-office, does not, we think, sustain Mr. Winchell's contention that efficient administration is incompatible with a highly democratic form of government.

The Parcels Post At Last

Next week in every post-office in the country the new parcels post law will go into operation. It is not the purpose of this paragraph to argue once again the desirability or undesirability of such a law. The matter has been settled by Congress, and while the present law ought to be amended and improved, it is safe to predict that the parcels post (or, as the law calls it, parcel post) has come to stay. Neither is it our intention here to point out the undesirable features of the law. The point of interest now is: What will the average citizen next week find it possible to do in the way of sending parcels through the post-office, and how is this to be done? As to the weight and character of the matter that may be sent, the law permits anything to go as fourth-class mail matter which does not exceed eleven pounds in weight, is not greater in size than seventy-two inches in length and girth combined, and is not of a perishable nature or of such a character as to be likely to be injurious to those who handle it or to the other mail matter. Eleven pounds in weight is of course a great advance over what it was permissible to send under the old law, namely, four pounds, but is less than the weight that may be sent under the laws of several of the countries abroad which have long enjoyed the privileges of the parcels post system. It may be added that any attempt to abolish that system in any of those countries would meet with a protest which would quickly end the agitation, and travelers abroad who have had the comfort sometimes of even sending their steamer trunks by mail will look forward to the time when our limit as to weight will be extended. The question of distance and prevailing rates for the varying distances will seem at first very complicated. It is not so intricate as it may at first seem. The zones in which the rates vary are not established once and for all for the whole United States, but are supposed to be drawn round about each individual unit as a center. An immense number of small squares, each of which is thirty geographical minutes every way, are established as the units of area. In the whole United States there are many hundreds of these units, and to

facilitate the work of ascertaining distance and rates it has been necessary to print a map for each and every one of these units with the zone circles drawn around it as the center. Every post-office will be supplied with such a map, and every user of the mails can readily obtain one, and with it a parcels post guide which renders the use of the map easy. All the rates are based partly on distance under the zone system and partly on weight. Thus, a parcel weighing one pound can be sent for five cents, locally (to the limit of any rural delivery route starting from the post-office), and also to the fifty-mile limit of the first zone; for six cents to the limit of the second zone, which means to a distance of a hundred and fifty miles; for seven cents to the limit of the third zone, which extends to three hundred miles; and so on up to the limit of the last or eighth zone, which includes all distances over eighteen hundred miles and requires a rate of twelve cents for the first pound. A package of two pounds does not require double the postage of the parcel containing one pound, although the increase varies systematically with the distance; while for packages from two to eleven pounds the rates increase successively, though not on a fixed mathematical ratio. Practically, what will happen with most of us is that we shall go to the post-office with our parcels and ask the postmaster to tell us what the weight of the parcel is and what its rate will be to the point to which we wish to send it. Large shipping houses, however, will have the maps and guides which will render it practicable for them to make their own calculations, and a little practice in this will make the work simple although not altogether without some burden of labor. The extent of the preparations which have been made by the Post-Office Department is shown by the facts that it had to print at the outset an issue of one hundred and twenty-five thousand maps and that it had to purchase over thirty thousand new scales for use in weighing, as the old scales in the post-offices were not constructed to weigh much above four pounds. An immense amount of work will be entailed for the rural delivery department, but that service can easily extend its facilities for the purpose, and it is through the work of the rural service that much of the benefit of the law is to be derived. Special postage stamps, twelve in number, have been provided for use on the postal parcels; these stamps very fitly through their designs illustrate all phases of the work itself and of the American industries which are to be helped by the system.

Twenty Thousand Navy-Yard Men Under the Merit System

President Taft has placed more than twenty thousand skilled workers in the navy-yards throughout the United States under the protection of the civil service. The executive order was issued with the approval of the Civil Service Commission and with that of the recent conference of navy-yard commandants. The classification should have a salutary effect on the employees, who will feel secure in their positions and emancipated from political coercion. The order must become effective not later than June 30 next. It affects all navy-yard employees except common laborers. First of all, the present occupants of positions are to be classified on their efficiency being certified by the various commandants, or by being examined and found qualified by the Labor Board, and being recommended by the commanding officer under whom they are employed. Second, there is to be a competitive examination for all applicants. The navy-yards as well as the post-offices should be filled only by the rule of merit, and the President's latest action in extending the merit system will be applauded as much as was his action some weeks ago in extending the merit system to apply to the fourth-class postmasters, which The Outlook has already heartily commended. It is a long step towards the establishment of a merit system to cover all postmasters. This should mean promotion as well as appointment for merit. As the late Whitelaw Reid worked his way up from the editorship of a little paper in a little town—Xenia, Ohio—to the editorship of a great paper in the metropolis, why should not the postmaster at Xenia be promoted, for like merit, step by step, until he becomes postmaster of our largest city—indeed, Director of Posts?—a permanent position in a department the head of which may remain politically appointed. So far, so good. But, as the recent executive orders have occurred near the close of the President's term, they are resented by some Democrats hungry for office and devoted to the old "spoils system" rather than to the newer merit system. Later action by the President in connection with the postmasters has also called forth adverse criticism, this time from Progressives, not from Democrats.

We refer to the removal of certain postmasters because of their alleged "pernicious political activity" during the recent campaign in opposing the President. Mr. Taft's critics say that if he could not have been nominated except by his own office-holders' activity he should not now make removals for what he required of others.

The Watts Gallery

No living portrait-painters and allegorical painters are more distinguished for spiritual power than was the late George Frederick Watts. He died in 1904, full of years and honors. He had accomplished a great work. He had painted very many portraits and figure pieces which, with time, seem to grow only more worth while. It is not generally known in this country, we believe—and hence the reason for this paragraph—that a new Watts Gallery has been opened. It is the expression of Mrs. Watts's devotion to her illustrious husband's memory. The gallery is doubly notable. In the first place, it is happily located. It is situated at Compton in Surrey, close to the artist's country house. For many years Watts divided his time between Little Holland House, his London home, and his country house. Here, close to that ancient highway made famous centuries ago by the pilgrims journeying to the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury, is a high ridge called the Hog's Back. On the sunny slope of this ridge Mr. Watts built a house now overgrown with clematis and Virginia creeper, passion-flower and jessamine vines. Its interior expresses all that an artistic temperament could design. The site is only twenty miles from the metropolis, yet is as rural as anything in England. The surroundings are in entire harmony with the loveliness of Watts's work and the simplicity of his character—a simplicity shown in his repeated refusal of a baronetcy. It is thus fitting that his works should be shown in quiet Compton instead of in noisy London, where we see a number of his masterpieces at the Tate Gallery. The Compton building is of red brick and is Romanesque in style. Over the portal one reads Watts's motto: "The Utmost for the Highest." The second reason why this gallery is notable is because it comprises examples of every period of Watts's career. Consequently lovers of art visit Compton with pleasure and profit as an adequate shrine. In the center of the principal gallery hangs "Paolo and Francesca," that wonderful representation of the two souls beheld by Dante in his vision of the second circle of the Inferno. Near this is the equally impressive "Court of Death"—Death as the sovereign power holding in her lap an infant form as a symbol that the beginning and end of life lie there. Increasing numbers of visitors are resorting to Compton to see these and the other evidences of a great career. Just outside the gallery another long-cherished hope of the artist and his wife now finds form in a hostel where young artists and craftsmen are housed. The hostel is a home for the disciples of Watts and for the artists who wish to spend some time in studying the paintings in the gallery, and it serves the craftsmen who are learning to do clay work in the pottery close by. These craftsmen have organized themselves into a "Potters' Art Guild." Their aim is to use, in Watts's words, "to the best purpose the very noble material provided by English clay."

The Dreibund's Renewal

Last week it was officially announced that the Dreibund, or Triple Alliance, had been renewed. Occurring some months before its period of existence should expire, the event is significant. Thirty years ago, moved by Prince Bismarck, Germany, Austria, and Italy entered into an agreement to help themselves, to check France and Russia, and to preserve the peace of Europe. It seemed entirely natural that Germany and Austria should make such an agreement; it did not seem so natural that Italy should be a partner to it. But, despite Italian racial leanings to France, the Dreibund has benefited Italy, and last week the Marquis di San Giuliano, the Italian Foreign Minister, replied in the Chamber of Deputies at Rome to those who questioned the necessity for its renewal. The Triple Alliance has been the strongest guarantee of the peace of the whole of Europe, said the Minister, for the agreement is essentially pacific and defensive in character, and its spirit obliges each Power to do its utmost not to involve the others unnecessarily in complications. As to Italy in particular, the Dreibund has contributed to the achievement of wonderful progress despite great external difficulties. There is, then, the Marquis claimed, no reason on Italy's part to modify the terms of the Alliance, and no one of the parties has asked to have them modified. The speech was doubtless made with reference to the interests in the Balkans of the three na-

tions composing the Alliance. The Dreibund was eminently able, declared the speaker, to guarantee the interests of those nations in the Balkan Peninsula; it gave assurance to them of mutual support, not only now but in the future. With special reference to the Albanian question, the Foreign Minister added that Italy and Austria are the two Powers most interested in preserving the situation on a footing of equality and liberty in the Adriatic Sea, and that they have agreed on the fundamental outlines of the solution of the Albanian problem, both in conformity with the principle of nationality and with due consideration for their own equal interests; namely, that Albania, neutralized with the guarantee of the Great Powers, shall become an independent State, presenting an open field to the world's free commerce, and at the same time being a factor of political equilibrium both in the Balkan Peninsula and in the Adriatic. Thus the Italian Premier's speech may mark an important turning-point in history.

CHRISTMAS—1912

There are turning-points in the life of men. Something done, something experienced, determines the future course of their life and the very structure of their character. Such a turning-point in the life of Luther was the day when he affixed his theses to the doors of Wittenberg Cathedral and aroused a tempest wholly unanticipated by him. Such a turning-point in the lives of Hampden and Cromwell was the day when, by the order of a fatuous government, they were arrested on the eve of their departure for New England and compelled to remain and lead the Puritan revolution in the mother country. Such a turning-point in the life of Lincoln was the day when, despite the protestations of his friends, he left in the first speech of his debate with Douglas the declaration that this country could not permanently remain half slave and half free.

There are similar turning-points in the history of nations, when, by some heroic choice or the receipt of some great message, the nation is new-born and begins a new life. Such a turning-point was the wresting of the Magna Charta from King John, when feudalism received its death wound. Such a turning-point in the history of France was the calling of the States General which signed the death warrant of Bourbonism for all eastern Europe. Such a turning-point in the history of America was the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

There has been such an event in the history of the world. It was the birth of Jesus of Nazareth at Bethlehem. Then was the world new-born.

Liberty was not first born on the Fourth of July, 1776, but it received a new impulse and a new significance. The spirit of faith and hope and love did not first appear with the appearance of Jesus; but in his message and his life it received a new endowment of power.

It was seven years after the Declaration of Independence before the Colonies were really free and independent. It was more than half a century after the summoning of the States General before the hand of the last Bourbon was loosened from the throat of throttled Europe. It was centuries after the Magna Charta before feudal England became democratic England. And now, nineteen centuries after the first Christmas, the spirit of paganism lingers in the Christian Church and obscures its message. Nevertheless Christ gave to the world a new conception of God, a new ideal of humanity, and the vision of a new social order. Because of him we this day:

Conceive of God not as a King to be feared, but as a Father to be trusted.

Of religion, not as a reverence of fear which drives us from God, but as a reverence of love which attracts us to him.

Of fellowship with God, not through temple sacrifice to appease his wrath, but through life-service rendered to his children.

Of punishment, whether human or divine, not to deter the wrong-doer through fear, but to cure the wrong-doer through discipline.

Of the divine government, not for the glory of the Sovereign, but for the benefit of the governed.

Of human governments, not as a rule exercised by the few over the many, but as a service rendered to the many by the few.

Of education, not to create an aristocracy of special culture, but to create a democracy of general intelligence.

And we have added a new beauty to painting, a new meaning to music, a new chapter to literature. To painting as a decorative art we have added painting as an interpreter of life; to music as a dirge and a dance, an expression of the sorrows and the gayeties of humanity, we have added music as a psalm

of divine thanksgiving; and to literature as an expression of the joy and the tragedy of human love we have added literature as a voice of the spiritual life..

Christmas is the birthday of a new world; the advent of a new life of the spirit; a turning-point in the history of humanity.

A BLOW AT AN OLD EVIL

Three hundred and sixty convicts pardoned by Governor Donaghey at one time—that was the startling announcement sent out, early last week, to the rest of the country from Arkansas. Coming at a time when the President's pardon of the financier Morse, Governor Dix's pardon of the convicted murderer Patrick, Governor Blease's numerous pardons, including the pardon of the assailant of a woman, and the pardons issued by Governor Comer and Governor Patterson, had been inclining many to believe that the pardoning power ought not to be lodged in any one man's hands, this wholesale pardoning of convicts by Governor Donaghey, of Arkansas, seemed like a challenge to public sentiment, if not an irresponsible use of authority. It was, however, something besides a mere releasing of prisoners, a mere manifestation of pity, a mere exercise of executive clemency; it was a resounding blow that landed squarely on what is a gigantic evil. Whether Governor Donaghey was justified in striking the blow in just this way is a matter on which decent men can hold two opinions; but there is no question that the hostility which Governor Donaghey expressed against this monstrous evil is to his credit as a man and as a representative of the people.

The enemy at which Governor Donaghey aimed his blow was the convict lease system, or the system of contracting out convict labor for the profit of individuals and private concerns. Undoubtedly Governor Donaghey was convinced that in each of the cases he was securing justice for an individual prisoner; but what he had primarily in mind was the whole evil system by which the State's machinery for correction and punishment is turned into a machine for money-making and for creating special privileges. Under this system, which exists in various forms in, we believe, over twenty States, offenders against the law are farmed out to contractors—sometimes to work in quarries, or mines, or lumber camps, or elsewhere outside of actual prisons, sometimes within the prisons at some form of manufacturing, so that the prisons are turned into privately conducted factories. Of course the labor is not the best labor, because it is not the labor of contented and willing workmen. It is more like slave labor than that which keeps modern industry going, though that is not always, in practice, free; but this contract prison labor is cheap labor, very cheap.

We have in our possession what we are assured is a true copy of a circular sent out by one of these contracting companies. It is an advertisement of the sale of its stocks, and it puts forth, therefore, the financial advantages which the company secures by its use of prisoners as laborers. "Its factories," says this circular of the company, "are located inside prison walls. . . . There are no strikes or labor troubles in prisons. . . . This company pays for its labor 52 cents per man per day; its competitors who employ free labor pay an average wage of about $2 per day. This company is supplied free of rent with factory buildings, storage warehouses and grounds inside the prison walls, and with free heat, light, and power. To acquire similar facilities as this company has obtained free with its contracts would necessitate an additional investment of approximately $1,000,000. Having to make no investment for factory buildings, storage warehouses, heat, light, or power, the company's funds are kept actively engaged in liquid assets such as raw materials, finished goods, and accounts receivable. These are ideal conditions for profitable manufacturing."

Of course they are ideal conditions from the point of view of the contractor. What manufacturer would not be glad to have turned over to him free of charge a million-dollar plant? What manufacturer would not like to get labor at forty to sixty cents a head without any responsibility for keeping the laborers contented with the conditions of work or the wage? With ordinary laborers there is a limit to which the employer can drive his employees. With contract prison labor, on the other hand, the more the contractor can force out of the prisoners the greater his profits. This is slavery, without the personal responsibility of the master for the servant which every slave system at least theoretically recognized. It preserves all the evils of slavery and none of its mitigations. Such a system, whether carried on in quarry,

lumber camp, mine, or prison-factory, is devised for the purpose of profit to the contractor, not for the purpose of either the reform of the prisoner or the protection of the State. Against this evil system there has been repeated and constant protest. In this The Outlook has borne its part. Some of the States have abolished the system, but in many others it still exists, and where it exists it is the cause of misery, injustice, and peril to the public welfare. Sometimes Americans seem to wait before attacking an evil until they are aroused by some dramatic event. In this case the dramatic event has been supplied by the Governor of Arkansas.

Of course Governor Donaghey's method of attacking this evil of farming out prisoners will not cure it. Those particular prisoners whom the Governor of Arkansas has released may no longer have to bear not only the legitimate consequences of their wrong-doing, but also the intolerable burdens laid upon them by those who have bought the power to oppress them. Yet even these may not escape. Contractors who can get their labor cheap are as a rule glad to promote anything that increases its supply; and in this case that means that these contractors are interested financially in the supply of criminals. It is not to be doubted that in some cases when prison labor has seemed to be falling short it has been renewed by the simple process of making arrests on trumped-up charges; and it is perfectly certain that in some cases—probably in an innumerable host of cases—offenses which would otherwise have been punished by comparatively slight penalties have led to long terms of years, for long sentences tend to make the labor supply stable. Among these specific cases which Governor Donaghey cites, one is the case of two Negroes who were sentenced to serve thirty-six and eighteen years respectively for forging orders for eighteen quarts of whisky! There can be little doubt that such excessive sentences are induced by the convict lease system; and it is certain that the sort of unmitigated slavery which is undergone as the result of such sentences is defensible only from the point of view of those who measure the value of the system by the money that they receive from it. It is an ancient retort of those who defend the convict lease system that its critics are arguing for the maintenance of prisoners in idleness and luxury. That retort presupposes a lack of intelligence on the part of those whom it is supposed to influence.

Prison labor is not only permissible, it is essential, in any proper prison system. It provides occupation and is therefore a measure of mercy; it should provide education and be therefore a measure of reform; it should provide support for the dependent families of the prisoners and be therefore a measure of justice; and it should bring some benefit to the State and be therefore a measure of economy. But when prison labor is made a matter of personal profit for private concerns it scarcely has the advantage that is supposed to accompany providing occupation for the prisoner, for in almost every case it brings in its trail disease and fatigue which may be as maddening as idleness.

To catalogue all the evils of the prison contract labor system in brief space is impossible. It not only injures the prisoners, but it also brings injury upon outside industries, for it introduces a feature of unfair and ruinous competition. It is a means for spreading contagious diseases. It, moreover, turns out upon the community men untrained for self-supporting work, strange as that may seem; for the industries controlled by contract prison labor are for the most part either monopolized by the prison contractors or are the sort in which the underpaid labor of women and children outside is employed. There is no reason why the prisoners of a State may not be employed, as those in New York are, in manufacturing goods for the use of State institutions. In New York the convict lease system has been abolished; but, as with other States that have done away with this bad system, that State has become the dumping-ground of the convict-made goods of its neighbors that still retain the evil. The only way to end this wrong without waiting for every last State to pass the necessary law is by the enactment of a Federal statute. There is a bill now before Congress designed to protect the free labor States from the convict labor States. This is known as the Booher Bill. We described this measure in an editorial last May and shall doubtless have occasion to refer to it again. It has already passed the House of Representatives. It now awaits action in the Senate.

If the people of the United States object to the kind of thing to which Governor Donaghey has called attention, they should insist on National legislation to drive it out of the land.

THE HEAD-HUNTERS; AND HULL HOUSE

EDITORIAL BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

WHILE in Chicago recently I visited the Field Museum on one afternoon, and on one evening I went to see the Hull House Players in Galsworthy's "Justice."

Everything was interesting at the Field Museum—the zoölogical collections, the ethnological exhibits concerning our own Indians, the exhibits concerning the Philippines, the material accumulated from China and Tibet. In one hall there was a tablet to the memory of a martyr to science, a young naturalist and ethnologist named Jones, who on behalf of the Field Museum had been sent to the Philippines and there had been killed by savages. His story, as told me, doubtless with substantial though not with minute accuracy, was a story of what could have happened only in our own age, with its extraordinary juxtaposition of the highest civilization and of savagery, and the no less extraordinary suddenness with which some small part of a race of immemorial savagery in its growth becomes deflected into a part of the current of advance of an old civilized race.

Jones, who was of mixed blood, white and Indian, had studied at Hampton Institute. He then went to some New England school, I think Andover, and finally to Harvard. When he graduated from Harvard he had become a scientific man. The Field Museum sent him to the Philippines, where he penetrated into the interior of one of the wilder islands and joined a tribe of head-hunting savages, with whom he soon came to be on the most intimate and friendly terms. Head-hunting was merely one of their conventions, and was compatible with great gentleness and simplicity of life in many other matters.

Jones speedily became thoroughly identified with them. They told him all the intimate circumstances of their strange psychic and mental life, and for a year he lived with them collecting invaluable material in his note-books. Then he told them that he must leave them.

They were greatly grieved; they hated to have him depart. Some of their number who were especially friendly accompanied him to the confines of the tribal domain. Then their feelings overcame them (at this point of the narrative readers of Frank R. Stockton will be startlingly reminded of the possible attitude of the griffin toward the minor canon). They felt that they really could not bear to part with Jones, so they killed him and took back his head to their village. My informant, a profound student of wild ethnology, told me that he was convinced that their main feeling was friendship, that they had become devoted to Jones, that they liked him and liked to talk with him, and hated to have him go away; and so they felt at the end that, as they would otherwise lose him entirely, it would be far better to take his head back and have that permanently with them, because no doubt they would somehow or other get counsel and inspiration and friendship from it.

Wide as the poles apart from the phase of life of which I thus got a glimpse was that phase of life shown in the play produced by the Hull House Players. It was played in a delightful little theater, which I am sorry to say on the evening I was there was not as full as it ought to have been. The play was Galsworthy's "Justice," which he had given the Hull House Players special permission to play without a royalty.

The play itself is a most powerful indictment of that cruel legalism which not merely is divorced from justice but which may do the most frightful injustice. Any man or woman seeing it cannot but be intensely interested and at the same time roused to generous indignation against the forcing of the forms of law into the service of injustice—this forcing, mind you, being done, not by men who are scoundrels, but by men who have no idea that they are doing anything wrong, who, on the contrary, feel that they are upholding the cause of civilization, but who lack vision, sympathy, understanding.

The players were all men and girls from among the frequenters of Hull House. Their names showed them to be of Jewish, German, Irish, and native American origin. They played astonishingly well. How well they played is testified to, in the first place, by the fact that they appealed so much to Mr. Galsworthy that he gave them the right to play "Justice" free, and, in the second place, by the fact that they have been asked to come to Ireland by the remarkable group of men and women who within the

last few years have done so much for a national Irish stage. The "star" was a young Jew engaged in the manufacture of tobacco at $17 or $18 a week. What the Hull House Players were doing and the way in which it was being done showed the immense possibilities for enjoyment and usefulness open to all our people if they only have the right initiative, and the right guidance to enable them to take advantage of the opportunities.

These players one and all were hard-working young men and young women, but they had in them the quality that enabled them to take advantage of the chance that offered itself, and fortunately there were those prepared to offer the chance. In consequence, they now represent one of the appreciably valuable assets of American life. They are rendering service and giving enjoyment to others, and as an incident doing service and getting enjoyment for themselves. A window has been opened for them into the larger life of the Nation, and they are not merely lookers-on at this life; they are doing their full part in making this life larger and better and more beautiful.

THE PRESIDENTIAL TERM

A POLL OF THE PRESS

WHEN SHALL THE TERM BEGIN?

REPRESENTATIVE HENRY announces his intention of pressing the proposed Constitutional amendment to change the date of the President's inauguration. The Henry resolution, as reintroduced at last winter's session of Congress, would make a number of important innovations. The term of President and Vice-President would be extended to the last Thursday of April, 1917; that date thereafter would be the beginning and termination of their term and the date of subsequent inaugurations; Congress would meet annually on the second Tuesday in January, and the second Tuesday in January would be the beginning and termination of the official term of Senators and Representatives; finally, the short session of Congress would be eliminated.

Thus Mr. Henry has not confined his attention to the simple problem of giving the inauguration pageant a more attractive open-air setting. But that alone, says the New York "Tribune," would be a decided gain, for the inauguration of a President is an important National ceremony. The paper continues:

> It draws hundreds of thousands of people to Washington, some in the line of official or military duty and the rest as spectators. Since the present date is unsuitable and a far better date can be provided without any special embarrassment, it is only sensible to try to make the occasion one of greater comfort and added impressiveness.

In the same spirit Mr. Frederic J. Haskin, a well-known daily contributor to many newspapers, writes:

> In addition to the important political considerations involved in the Henry resolution, there is the matter of better weather for the inaugural day. Thousands of people have been stricken, some of them fatally, as a result of bad inauguration weather. The death of at least one President is attributed to such weather, and many prominent men have succumbed to attacks of pneumonia caused by it. The Henry resolution is by no means a partisan measure. The ideas incorporated in it have been advocated by the leaders of both parties. The provision for Presidential succession is identical with that passed by a Republican Senate upon two occasions. The provision for the change of the inaugural date has been widely indorsed by men of all political faiths. The provision for changing the meeting day of Congress seems to be in accord with the intentions of the framers of the Constitution.

The opinion of most newspapers seems favorable to a change in the time of inauguration. But many would not defer it. They would advance it. They are convinced that the President and Congress should enter upon their duties as soon as possible after they have received their mandates from the people. After his election in 1860 Mr. Lincoln remarked to Judge Gillespie:

> I would willingly take out of my life a period in years equal to the two months which intervene between now and my inauguration, to take the office now. . . . I, who have been called upon to meet this awful responsibility, am compelled to remain here, doing nothing to avert it or lessen its force when it comes to me.

Hence the suggestion, not to defer but to advance the date, say to January 1. It has much more to commend it, claim its advocates, than has the suggestion to defer the date. As to the pageant that accompanies the induction of a President into office, the Tacoma "Tribune" says:

> The inauguration ceremonies and festivities are of the side-show brand, and could be elim-

inated without fracturing anything but precedent and the financial hopes of the hotel-keepers in Washington.

HOW LONG SHALL THE TERM LAST?

President Taft suggests that the Presidential tenure of office be limited to one term and that term extended to six years. His chief argument is that if a man knew he were to have but one term, he would confine his attention to the duties of his office and not to campaigning for re-election. His second argument is that four years is too short a period in which to work out the administrative plan desired by a President. Mr. Taft's position seems about the same as that of the Democratic party in the platform adopted at the Baltimore Convention last June. That platform declared for a single term, but made no recommendation as to length.

"Only twice in the history of the Nation since Washington first refused a third term," says the Aberdeen, Washington, "World," "has the question of extended tenure of the Executive office arisen." That may be, so far as widespread popular discussion is concerned, but, in speaking of Mr. Bryan's espousal of the single-term idea, the South Bend "Tribune" thus refers to three notable opinions:

Andrew Jackson suggested a similar limitation in his first inaugural address.

Rutherford B. Hayes, in his letter accepting the Republican Presidential nomination in 1876, as Mr. Bryan shows, virtually added a plank to the platform of his party. Hayes held that while he did not assume to add to the declaration of principles, he could not help noting that nothing was said in favor of a single term, and added that the restoration of the civil service system could best be accomplished only by a President under no temptation to use the patronage of his office to promote his own re-election. . . .

Mr. Cleveland, in his letter of acceptance following his first nomination for President, assumed a position similar to that taken by Hayes, except that he omitted to declare he would not be a candidate for a second term. Cleveland, however, did urge an amendment to the Constitution disqualifying a President for re-election.

In its financial editorial columns the New York "Sun" thus endeavors to report the opinion of what we call "Wall Street:"

It is a matter of great and almost supreme satisfaction that the desire of the Democratic majority in Congress seems strong to take the first steps toward such an amendment of the Constitution as will make the President of the United States ineligible to succeed himself. It is not going too far to state that a measure of this sort is considered by the great mass of people in the business and financial world as the greatest reform in our government system that could possibly be adopted. The circumstance that the Democratic party pledged itself to this end won it very many conservative votes at the last election; and that this proposition is now being taken up in Congress as a party measure in itself refutes the idea . . . that with the Democratic party in power in the National Legislature nothing but disorder and assaults upon the future can be expected.

The Aberdeen, Washington, "World" thus voices what it thinks the general view of the voters:

There appears no doubt but that the opinion of the majority of the people of the country is against more than one term and probably inclines toward one term of six years.

The sharpest criticism from those who oppose the single-term idea comes from the Florida "Times-Union:"

A proof of Mr. Taft's inability to interpret properly the meaning of prevailing tendencies is seen in his selection of the present time to propose . . . that the Presidential term be lengthened to six years. Has it not been appreciated that a President elected for four years is already too far removed from the consequences of popular displeasure? Had a recall been provided, it is more than probable that Mr. Taft would have lost office before the end of four years—why should we risk an unacceptable official for a longer term? Is it not to be supposed that a proposition to shorten the term would meet with better favor than the agitation for an extension?

In general, those who oppose the single term quote Thomas Jefferson as an advocate of frequent elections, say short terms are better for the people and for the President, and arrive at the conclusion that a four-year term is not long enough for a good President and too long for a bad one.

Another point of view on the part of the opposers is put forth by the Louisville "Post:"

The President is the only officer in the United States elected by all of the people. He represents no constituents for whom he would feel inclined to labor to the detriment of other sections of the country. He alone is designated as the leader of the Nation. His constituency is the Nation as a whole.

Now it is suggested that he should be debarred because he has attained the very experience which, above all others, would fit him for the Presidency. Because he has been a President, he should never be President again.

The choice of the people should not be limited in matters in which they have shown again and again that they are perfectly able to deal. In the past those Presidents who have been elected to a second term have been the men most worthy of respect and of a continuance in the office which they have filled with ability: Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Monroe, Madison, Lincoln, Cleveland, McKinley, and Roosevelt. This array of names shows that when the people

have found a man of power they have put him in the position where he could exert his power for the best interests of all.

Those Presidents who have been inefficient, who have been negligent, who have been weak, have been denied a second term. The examination of the record shows that the American people have uniformly proven themselves capable of deciding correctly whether or not a President should be elected a second time.

Certainly if the people are able to choose a President for a first term they are able to decide whether or not he is capable of serving them again.

THE COAL MONOPOLY AND THE SUPREME COURT DECISION

THE case of the Government against the anthracite monopoly came to an end last week in a decision by the United States Supreme Court. But the case of the people against the anthracite monopoly is only just begun. The immediate effect of the decision has been to arouse public interest in the right and wrong underlying the legal aspects of the case. If it is true, as is asserted, that the ton of coal which costs the New York householder seven dollars or more costs two dollars at the mouth of the mine, then that householder has a live personal interest in knowing whether all of the five dollars added to the cost between mine and house is a just charge. There are many things that may be said about the decision just rendered. It is not by any means clear that the result is altogether a victory for the companies, and still less clear that even under the present laws there does not exist a way to deal with monopoly. But, before these points are considered, let us, as a matter of far more fundamental importance, look at the broad question of industrial monopoly as exemplified in the anthracite business.

And this particular business is perhaps the best existing example of monopoly, because nature, aided by law, has made close restriction possible. Perhaps its only equal in this respect is the monopoly which has gathered about the oil business. The superiority of anthracite for domestic and some manufacturing purposes is incontestable. People will have it if they can get it at a decent price. Certainly, within a reasonable distance of the anthracite mines, people should be able to get it at a price which would make competition by soft coal brought from a greater distance impossible. A conservative journal has stated since the Supreme Court's decision that, if excessive and unnecessary items were eliminated, anthracite could be sold on the Atlantic coast at between $2.75 and $3.50 per ton. Just now indignation at the high cost of coal is centered upon recent advances. Naturally, the man who has to pay bigger coal bills this year than last is angry about it. There is ground for this anger, because the excuse made by the Coal Trust for the advance of the prices—namely, that it now has to pay higher wages—is inadequate. It is alleged that known statistics show that the added expense to the Trust was about six and a half million dollars, while the increase in price must already have given some fifteen million dollars of increased revenue. That leaves a net gain to the Trust of some eight and a half millions. But all this is the temporary aspect of the coal question. Beneath it, as in the oil combination, there are much larger and broader problems.

Most fundamental of all is the question whether the idea of unrestricted, private ownership, such as a man has in a horse, should be applied to the gifts of nature which all men must use and in which all have an interest. Such things are land, mines, water, and oil: one such universal gift of nature, and one alone, has escaped the hand of monopoly—the air we breathe. If we were to imagine that a new, unoccupied territory as large as New Zealand were to be freshly taken possession of at one time by a large body of intelligent people well versed in modern ideas as to industry and economics, it is probable that they would adopt such common ownership in land, minerals, and oil as would prevent monopoly in the use of their products or unrestricted transfer of title from one person to another. The principle we now apply to patents and literary copyrights, through which absolute ownership forever is debarred, might find a similar application in the use of forests, mines, and water-rights. It is said that such a method would now be impossible because of the existence of vested rights. It may be so;

but assuredly such drastic and merciless use of legal possession as we have seen in the anthracite monopoly prompts one wide inquiry. This is whether in the future National legislation and economic development will not step in in behalf of the rights and needs of the people. For centuries now the absolute right of a man to control the ownership of his land after his death has been limited; yet the dead hand and the right of entail were not more absolute in themselves than is the claim of unlimited power over that which nature has intended for all.

Meanwhile, and for immediate advance, the lesson of the Supreme Court's decision is obvious: control is better than lawsuits. One of three things must exist as regards monopoly—absolute private ownership, public ownership such as the Socialists want, or powerful, effective regulation by Government. What we have done in a measure with the railways through the Inter-State Commerce Commission should be done through a similar body which should have similar power and control over great corporations existing or newly planned, if they are of the nature of monopolies or in restraint of trade or oppressive to the consumer. It may be added that this decision, like the decisions dealing with the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trusts, contains new evidence that the power of government to exercise such control is recognized by the Supreme Court; and that the so-called "rule of reason" idea does not mean to raise the question whether restraint of trade as forbidden by the law is reasonable, but whether it is reasonable to suppose that the action complained of is actually in restraint of trade.

What, then, is the decision of the Court in the anthracite case? Judge Lurton, who delivered the opinion of the Court (which, by the way, is of enormous length), prefaced it by a summary which we here quote in full. The Court, according to this summary, finds:

First—That the general combination alleged by the Government to exist between the defendant roads for an apportionment for total tonnage to the seaboard by an agreement in the nature of a pooling arrangement has not been established, and therefore the relief sought by the Government upon the assumption of such combination is denied.

Second—The Court finds, however, that the principal defendants did combine, for the purpose of shutting out from the anthracite coal field a projected independent line of railroad, the New York, Wyoming, and Western Railroad, and to accomplish that purpose it is found that the stock of the Temple Iron Company and of the Simpson and Watkins Collieries was acquired for the purpose of and with the intent, not of normally and lawfully developing trade, but for restraining inter-State commerce and competition in transportation, which would have presumably come about through the construction and operation of the proposed competing line of railroad between the mines and tide-water.

Third—The Court holds that certain contracts made with purchasers covering between twenty and twenty-five per cent of the total annual supply of coal, known as the sixty-five per cent contracts, by which such independent producers bound themselves to deliver the output of their mines, or any other mine which they might acquire, to the railroad companies for sixty-five per cent of the average market price at tide-water, were also void because in violation of the Anti-Trust Act as abnormal and illegal restraints upon inter-State commerce.

Fourth—The Court reiterates the declaration in the Standard Oil case, that an act of Congress does not "forbid or restrain the power to make normal and usual contracts to further trade by resorting to all normal methods, whether by agreement or otherwise, to accomplish such purpose." Nevertheless, it holds that the acts which it finds in this case to be illegal, the Temple Iron and sixty-five per cent contracts, were not within such class, but on the contrary were abnormal in their character and directly tended to and were intended to illegally restrain trade and commerce, and therefore came within the statute as illustrated by the rulings in St. Louis Terminal Association and Swift & Co. vs. United States.

Three things, roughly and broadly speaking, were at issue (besides smaller matters), which may be here enumerated: One was whether there existed between six railways which carry coal, and their subsidiary companies engaged in coal-mining, such a combination as is forbidden by the Sherman Law as in the nature of a monopoly, and whether their combined action was in illegal restraint of trade. On this first question the defendants won a victory. But it should be pointed out that the decision does not mean that such a combination does not exist, but that it has not been proved to exist. It does not mean that under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law it might not be possible in another case to prove the existence of mutual relations and combinations which were not laid before the Court in the recent suit. The points passed upon were largely questions of fact, and we doubt very much whether the principles of law propounded essentially change the view of the Sherman Law already propounded in former decisions of the Court. It has been said (we quote the New York "Sun") that "each case for construction under the Anti-

Trust Law will be considered under the separate and peculiar circumstances pertaining to it, and that very many existing trade combinations and agreements are not in restraint of trade at all." But this is nothing more or less than what was known before. The Sherman Law is not perfect; but it is not helpless; it is not aimed at every combination of capital; and it ought not to be. Whether or not the Supreme Court had evidence enough before it to bring the anthracite combination under the law is important enough, but its belief that the evidence was lacking or that the Government's method of procedure was imperfect does not give a license to this or any other monopoly in the future.

The second important point involved relates to the right of railways to own coal mines. The "commodities clause" of the Hepburn Law forbids this. The men who control the coal railways are not, however, so simple and unresourceful as to be stopped by such a prohibition. What has happened has been that practically the same men own the railways and the mines, but through different companies with separate organization. This has been passed upon as allowable by the Supreme Court in the famous Commodities Case, which even went so far as to say that while the railway company may not transport a commodity which it owns or in which it has a legal interest at the time of the transportation, the railway may own the stock of a mining corporation. Under this decision the coal railways have found it easy to keep down the price of coal at the mine (and thus make out a case against increased wages because the mines are not making money) and put up the price of railway carriage for coal to a point alleged to be necessary in order to pay dividends on railway stock regardless of the actual investment represented by that railway stock. The present decision does not, so far as we can judge, change the attitude of the Supreme Court. On this point it simply says that, as to some of the acts, they were committed before the Hepburn Law was passed, and that it does not, therefore, apply; and that, as to other acts, the prohibitions of the Hepburn Law do not apply at all.

The third main issue resulted in a victory for the Government. Independent coal-miners, under pressure from the Trust, had entered into an agreement to pay to the Trust thirty-five per cent of the value of their coal at tide-water in addition to the regular railway charge for carrying. It was practically a special tax put on the business of the independents; a sort of paid license or permission to do business. The Supreme Court is strong in its condemnation of the contracts, and abrogates them as illegal; while it also orders the dissolution of the Temple Iron Company, the organization through which the railway companies have in the past fought off genuine competition. The Attorney-General, in commenting upon this part of the decision, has said: "The annulment of the sixty-five per cent contracts was a very important victory for the Government. It opens the way for competition in the coal trade. It is also important because the Court declares that, although a contract may be innocent in itself, a bundle of contracts may constitute a violation of the law." It is said, on the other hand, by some of the coal magnates, as evidence that they have not been hard hit by the decision, and also by some of those who take a gloomy view of the effect of the decision on the people's interest, that the sixty-five per cent agreements and the Temple Iron Company are now practically devices of the past, no longer of practical value; and that in large part opposition from independent mining companies has ceased by the simple process of absorption.

Whatever view may be taken of this decision and its effects, there is universal agreement, among those who wish to get the coal from the mines to the household furnace and to the manufacturer at a reasonable and a living price, that the ultimate problems involved will not be allowed to drop. We may quote as to this the comment of that sound and conservative paper, the New York "Journal of Commerce:"

> A monopoly once established and "going" is hard to get rid of so long as there is a common interest in keeping it up. This coal "combine" is so close and so confident of its cohesion that it seems to be invulnerable. What is the Government going to do about it? The supply of anthracite is contained within a limited area, and these seven railroads afford the only means of getting it to its chief market. The only real competition with it is that of soft coal from other districts, and so long as the railroads are allowed to hold together in carrying it, with a common understanding for the apportionment of traffic and maintenance of rates, a virtual monopoly will survive and the consumers will have to pay the price. *Is there no help for it?*

It certainly does not seem as if any prompt or real help were going to come from a succession of lawsuits.

THE CURSE OF BEAUTY

A SERMON IN COLORS BY

PAUL BRANSOM

FOUR WATER COLORS
OF BIRDS THAT GIVE
THEIR LIVES IN ORDER
THAT WOMEN MAY BE
BEAUTIFULLY ADORNED

GREATER BIRD OF PARADISE

AMERICAN EGRET

GOLDEN PHEASANT

COMMON TERN

Tales Out of Court

A SERIAL OF THE LAW BY

FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

Author of "The Web

WITH DRAWINGS BY GORDON GRAN

FIRST TALE

The Resurrectionist

AS a matter of record, the Circuit Court adjourns twice a day during its stay at Belo. As a matter of fact, it never adjourns at all, for when the judge leaves the bench the proceedings are merely transferred from the floor of the court-house to the lobby of the Reeve House, where lawyers, witnesses, litigants, and jurors fraternize in continuous session until the reopening of the official tribunal. Indeed, that antiquated, if not ancient, hostelry, the Reeve House, is quite generally regarded by Fraser County in the light of an annex to the Court, and some even profess to believe that it is the more important forum of the two. Certainly the village cynic is not alone in championing it upon the ground that cases are really settled there, whereas in the Court they are merely kicked up the stairway of appeal. But public opinion in Belo rather frowns on remarks of that character, as Dick Poinder learned to his cost when he announced, after one of his exasperating experiences in Gedney's case, that the lobby dispensed justice and the Court dispensed with it. In fact, that travel-stained witticism was in some danger of being taken too seriously until the Bar laughed it away by subjecting its perpetrator to a mock trial for plagiarism during the hilarious wind-up of the Christmas term.

On the evening that the Resurrectionist first appeared upon the scene the lobby was sitting as a sort of Court of Appeal, reviewing the day's work just completed at the rival tribunal on the opposite side of the road. Every chair in the circle that ringed the huge stove was occupied; half a dozen unclaimed trunks had been dragged from a corner to serve as settees; the writing-table had been utilized as a gallery; even the proprietor's sanctum had been invaded and robbed of its solitary high stool, and Old Man Reeve, thus deprived of his favorite throne, had perched himself on the office desk, with his feet dangling over the front, from which post of vantage he seemed to be presiding over the assemblage with all the commanding calmness of a judge upon the bench.

Old Man Reeve had undoubtedly once been young, but his youth probably antedated the period of the yellow, cracked, and fly-blown lithograph of the Bar of Fraser County which had served as the sole ornament of the lobby since the early seventies. At all events, those who knew him in that distant day asserted that he was an old man then. But if he had aged prematurely, time had dealt kindly with him on the whole, for his round, clean-shaven face had suffered no change for many a season, and no one thought any more of his years than of the fact that he always wore low black shoes and white socks, and never condescended to a collar. His neighbors in Belo, it is true, reported that his vitality often seemed to wane during vacations, when the county seat relapsed into its normal

rôle of a retired inland village; but each advent of the Court apparently gave him a new lease of life, and he invariably welcomed the returning Bench and Bar with all the vigor and heartiness of a man in the prime of life.

Certainly there was no keener observer in Fraser County than Peter Reeve as he sat on his improvised rostrum, pipe in hand, beaming a benediction on his assembled guests. He knew every man in the place and just what had brought him there; he could name every juror who had sat on any case of importance during the past thirty years, and give the inside history of his verdict; he was generally familiar with the claims of the litigants long before they reached the court-room; and there were not many lawyers who could tell him anything he did not already know concerning the private affairs of their clients.

For instance, as he peered through the gathering haze of tobacco smoke, he knew exactly what was troubling the frail little man who, note-book in hand, was hovering on the outskirts of the wide circle surrounding the stove. David Gedney and he had been friends since the day when the firm of Gedney & Son first started in business just across the State line, and he had seen that business expand and prosper until it began to threaten the gigantic Farm Supply Company with a competition as unwelcome as it was unprecedented. It was not surprising, therefore, that he was familiar with every detail of the bitter trade war that had followed, the upshot of which was a litigation which had crippled his friend's resources and was now menacing the very existence of his firm. For five terms—more than a year—he had witnessed Gedney's struggle to bring his enemies to bay in the court-room, but thus far the Supply Company had managed to postpone the day of reckoning by all the shifts and evasions known to its attorney, Mr. Artemus Peck, one of Fraser County's most expert defeaters of the law.

Gedney had long since reached that dangerous period in the pursuit of justice when clients are neither laymen nor lawyers. In fact, Dick Poinder, his counsel, had been obliged to protest against his over-anxious interference time and again, reminding him that his business demanded his whole attention and that by neglecting it he was positively imperiling his cause. But Gedney, with his property all tied up and his credit exhausted, was beyond advice, and term after term he had haunted the lobby, note-book in hand, interviewing lawyers, buttonholing court clerks, imploring other litigants to concede him the right of way on the jury calendar, and generally working himself into a nervous condition bordering on insanity. Indeed, on this particular evening there was a really dangerous gleam in his tired eyes as he completed his tour of the lobby, and, sinking down on one of the crowded trunks, whispered to his nearest neighbor that he held the top of the calendar at last and that hell itself couldn't prevent his case from being heard in the morning.

The young farmer to whom this incomprehensible remark was addressed glanced apprehensively at the speaker and promptly vacated his seat on pretense of seeking a light for his cigar.

"Who's the crazy old guy with the note-book, Pete?" he inquired as he reached the desk.

Old Man Reeve, listening to the tag end of a story from his side of the circle, disregarded the question for a moment, and then, striking a match on his trousers and shading the flame with his hands, proceeded to relight his pipe.

"Reckon your Paw'd feel kinder set up, Eph, if he believed you'd ever be as crazy as Dave Gedney," he replied, between puffs.

The youth laughed uneasily and shot a swift glance at his recent neighbor.

"Gosh! Is that Gedney of Gedney & Son?" he exclaimed. "No wonder I didn't recognize him. He's changed something terrible, and as for talk—"

"You can't always tell about a man by his talk, Eph," interrupted Reeve. "For instance, if I sized you up by what you've just let on as to Gedney, I'd kinder suspect *you* weren't all intellect. But maybe you're a better judge of outsides, my boy," he continued, "and if so, you can tell me what's coming in at the door right now. Blamed if I ever saw the like of it afore in Fraser County."

The individual to whom the old man thus called attention was certainly an unfamiliar type to the denizens of the Reeve House, for all conversation had instantly ceased as he crossed the threshold, and every eye was centered upon him as he closed the door and stood looking inquiringly about him. Perhaps his huge stature, pompous bearing,

GENERALLY WORKING HIMSELF INTO A NERVOUS CONDITION BORDERING ON INSANITY

massive head, and strong, hard face would have attracted more than a passing notice in any company, but it was not his face or his physique at which the habitués of the lobby stared in fascination. It was his high silk hat, his fur-lined, broadcloth overcoat, his chamois gloves, patent leather shoes, and mouse-gray spats that held them spellbound. But if the stranger was aware of the sensation he was creating he did not betray it as he leisurely unbuttoned his greatcoat, and, shaking the powder of snow from its broad folds, glanced superciliously over the room. Then he strode directly to the desk and paused before its occupant.

Old Man Reeve did not stir from his perch as the visitor approached, but nodded a greeting and glanced through his big-rimmed spectacles at the card which was offered him. Then he looked up with a comical, question-

ing expression and, cocking his head, apparently invited explanation. The lobby strained its ears to catch some echo of the conversation that followed, but the newcomer spoke in low tones and the proprietor confined himself to monosyllables, accompanied with a wide-eyed stare of amused astonishment and punctuated by an occasional nod or shake of the head. As the dialogue continued, however, it was apparent that the visitor was becoming irritated, and finally, when he turned away with a muttered exclamation of disgust, and, striding across the room, banged the door behind him, a chorus of inquiry broke forth.

"What's the matter, Pete? . . . Didn't his nibs like our looks? . . . Who's his Royal Highness, old man? . . . Say, Pete, do you charge extra for shows like that? . . . Why didn't you tell us you knew the Prince of Monte Cristo, Grandpa? . . . That wasn't any common Prince, Mr. Reeve. That was a New York chauffeur! . . . No, it wasn't! It was a soap advertisement. What's his brand, Pete?"

Old Man Reeve glanced at the card in his hand and smilingly shook his head at the storm of questions.

"You kin search me, boys," he answered. "He didn't tell me what he was, but only what he wanted. Bet you'd never guess what it was, though. A suit of rooms *and* a bath!"

A roar of laughter greeted this announcement, in which the host of the Reeve House joined so heartily that he was obliged to remove his spectacles and wipe the moisture from his eyes.

"He allowed," he continued, chuckling, "that he telegraphed for that suit day afore yesterday, and was madder than hops when I told him we didn't have anything but lawsuits ready for him. I'm going to have that telegram framed ef Bill Watson ever gits time to send it over from the depot. Reckon it'd kinder give a stylish tone to the House, eh, boys?"

"Where's he gone, Pete?" inquired Brundage, the State's attorney.

"I sent him down to Miss Prescott's. She turned one of her bay windows into a bathroom last summer, and maybe she kin fix him up. He'll be in hot water, though, if he puts on any airs with Ellen. O Lordy, yes!"

"What alias is the Great Mogul using just at present?" drawled Poinder, tipping back his chair against one of the columns supporting the lobby ceiling.

"This bit of pasteboard is labeled 'Wallace Dunham,'" responded the old man.

Poinder's chair bumped the floor as he leaned eagerly toward the speaker.

"Wallace Dunham!" he exclaimed. "Not Wallace Dunham, the Resurrectionist? Yes, by George, it is! I knew I'd seen his face before."

"What did you say the gentleman was, Dick?" inquired Brundage. "An Insurrectionist?"

"No, the 'Resurrectionist.' At least that's what they used to call him in the city fifteen or twenty years ago."

"Is he a minister?"

"No," whispered Hixon, the *enfant terrible* of the Bar. "He's the undertaker that's going to bury Gedney after the trial to-morrow. Eh, Poinder?"

The lawyer frowned and cast an anxious glance at his client's careworn face.

"Shut up, Hixon," muttered Brundage. "That's a rotten kind of joking. Did you say your friend was a minister, Dick?"

"No, indeed," returned Poinder, smilingly. "He's a lawyer with a practice as big as a Trust. What the dickens is he doing in Belo, I wonder."

"Why do you call him the Resurrectionist?"

"Oh, that's just a nickname. His specialty is reviving cases that are generally considered dead and done for. At least that's what he made his reputation on, and it was well earned, too, for I once knew him to bring a dead man back to life."

"Oh, come now! That's too much, even for the Munchausen of the lobby," protested a voice from the other side of the circle, and Poinder, glancing in that direction, observed that his opponent Artemus Peck had risen.

"Well, it may be too much for you, Baron," he drawled. "But truth is stranger than even your fictions, as I can show you if you'll wait a minute."

"Sorry I can't stay, but I've never had any reason to doubt the strangeness of your truths, Poinder. Come on, Bob, if you're coming."

Hixon rose as Peck passed out of the front door, and for some moments after he had followed his friend the lobby was uncomfortably quiet. There was always too much bitterness in Poinder's and Peck's repartee for the Bar of Fraser County. It invariably

smacked of a family quarrel disagreeably embarrassing to all within earshot, but Old Man Reeve usually came to the rescue, as he did on this occasion.

"Go on and tell us about your Revivalist, Mr. Poinder," he suggested.

"Resurrectionist, Pete," corrected the lawyer. "Revivalist is much too mild a term. Well, maybe some of you remember that I served my legal apprenticeship in the office of the State's Attorney in the big city more years ago than I like to confess. Anyway, it was there I first met Wallace Dunham. He wasn't so fat and prosperous as he is now, and he didn't despise criminal business when it knocked at his door. But he never was the kind of fellow that practices for love or fame, so I was astonished when he appeared as the counsel for Buck Denslow, who had neither money nor friends. Buck was just a common ruffian who had betrayed one of his gang to the police and then shot another pal who discovered his treachery and threatened to expose it. He was caught red-handed, and I suppose it was because the case was absolutely indefensible that its prosecution was intrusted to me, for I was nothing but a novice at the time. Well, I venture to say that no tyro at the Bar ever received as rough an initiation into the ways of the law as came to me out of the case of the *People vs. Denslow* from the moment Wallace Dunham appeared upon the scene.

"He began proceedings by moving to set aside the indictment on the ground that it did not state that Denslow's victim, Ben Limond, was a human being, and that no one could be indicted for murder unless he had killed a human being. As a matter of fact, Limond was more of a brute than a man, and at first I regarded Dunham's point as a joke. Anyhow, I never dreamed that the courts would listen to it. Did you say they wouldn't, Corning? All right, my boy! I'll give you verse and chapter for that case and you can follow it as I did, all the way up to the highest tribunal in the State. You'll do it quicker than I did, however, for by the time the last court disposed of his arguments Dunham had consumed the best part of a year, and all this time his client had been enjoying the hospitality of one of our most comfortable jails—a fact which was beginning to attract the attention of the press. Of course I wasn't to blame for that, but I had no desire to be criticised, and I pressed the case to trial with the utmost vigor. Indeed, I rushed it so furiously into court that Dunham nearly broke my heart when he tripped me with a dictionary."

"Tripped you with a dictionary!" interrupted Corning. "That's a joke, isn't it?"

"Indeed it was no joke. The day before the case was set for trial Dunham called at my office to advise me—out of professional courtesy, he said—that there was an error in that part of the indictment which described Limond's wound as being in his breast. 'Well, it *was* in his breast,' I asserted. No mistake about that. 'But not in his b-r-e-s-t,' he persisted, showing me the mistake in typewriting the word. I laughed, but he retorted by pulling down one of the law reports from my shelves and pointing to a decision that declared that such misspelling in an indictment rendered it fatally defective. Maybe you think there is no such case, Corning. Oh! You *have* seen that one, have you? Well, I didn't thank Dunham for showing it to me. The old fox merely wanted to save himself the trouble of drawing up papers, and knew this pretended courtesy would serve him equally well. And it did. I consulted with my chief, of course, but he decided it was not safe to proceed in the face of that decision, and we began our proceedings all over again.

"By this time you can readily believe that I had grown somewhat wary, and I tell you every *t* was crossed and every *i* dotted before my new papers were filed. Indeed, they must have been pretty strongly drawn, for Dunham was plainly worried, and he fairly deluged me with motions to inspect the minutes of the grand jury, to change the place of trial, to determine the sanity of the prisoner, to stay the trial pending the arrival of missing witnesses, to do anything and everything that would delay the proceedings or free his man by hook or crook. I've got the documents that were printed at the State's expense in the various appeals before a jury was even as much as summoned in Denslow's case, and I give you my word they fill two volumes, each as big as an unabridged dictionary.

"But we got to trial at last, and though the case was simplicity itself, I prepared it with the utmost care. Not too carefully, however, for Dunham poured exceptions into the record in a steady stream, and strung out the testimony day after day until he'd accumulated such a mass of stuff that two assist-

THE LOBBY STRAINED ITS EARS TO CATCH SOME

ECHO OF THE CONVERSATION THAT FOLLOWED

ants of mine had to work nearly a month with the stenographers' notes when it became necessary to print the papers on appeal. . . . Oh, yes, of course I convicted Denslow. But that isn't the point of my yarn. You don't suppose I'd bore you fellows if I'd nothing more to offer than the old, old story of the law's delays. As a matter of fact, I convicted Buck four times.

"I don't know that the details of that long game of 'last tag' would interest you, but some of them were a bit out of the ordinary. After the first verdict the appellate court ordered a new trial because of a technical objection which Dunham had interposed to the method of drawing jurors. It was a perfectly absurd quibble, but there was no help for it, so I put him on trial again, and, avoiding the previous pitfall, obtained another conviction. Did it stand? It did not. The jury had agreed late at night, and the judge had ordered them to render a sealed verdict which the foreman had recorded in due form, except that he had written that the prisoner was guilty of murder in the first *decree* instead of the first *degree*. That was Dunham's chance, and, with the aid of his old reliable dictionary and the learned reviewing court, his client received a new lease of life and another new trial.

"New trials for old was the order of the day with me now, so I was rather surprised to get through two appeals after the next conviction without mishap. But the court of last resort came to Denslow's rescue just in the nick of time with an opinion declaring that the judge who sentenced the prisoner had erred in failing to ask him the formal question as to whether or not he knew of any reason why sentence should not be pronounced against him. . . . I'll show you that masterpiece of judicial erudition some day, if you haven't already come across it in the books.

"Well, practice makes perfect, and the next time I brought my man before a jury I sustained his conviction through all the courts, and the day set for his execution was just five years after the commission of his crime, which up to that date had cost the State nearly twenty thousand dollars."

"I know another case that took even longer than that," observed one of the audience, as Poinder paused.

"Of course you do," he admitted. "The law books of this country are filled with them. But you won't find the climax of *this* case in the records, my friend. . . . Perhaps I needn't tell you that long before I convicted his client for the fourth time Dunham and I had become pretty bitter enemies. I don't believe I'd spoken a word to him outside the court-room for three years, and my office associates, who had begun by joking me about the case, had ended by sympathizing with me and sharing my feeling toward the Resurrectionist. The final decision of our highest courts was accordingly welcomed as an office triumph, and I was congratulated accordingly. But the congratulations were premature.

"It was about this time that electrocution was substituted for hanging in our State, and Dunham appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States on the ground that the new law violated the Constitution. No one supposed that that tribunal would interfere, and, as a matter of fact, it made such short work of the contention that Denslow merely gained a few months' respite. There was then only one move left for his counsel, and of course he took it by petitioning the Governor for clemency on behalf of his client. But I knew that if the Executive interfered to save that cold-blooded murderer he might as well sign a commutation in blank for all assassins, and I had no fear of the result. Nevertheless, it was not until I filed away his brief memorandum denying the petition that I regarded the case of *People vs. Denslow* as officially closed, and felt justified in dismissing it from my mind."

"I should think you'd have nicknamed Dunham the Obstructionist instead of the Resurrectionist," observed Foster.

"Well, we might," resumed Poinder, "if he'd displayed nothing more than commonplace jugglery with the law. But though Denslow was, figuratively speaking, at the end of his rope, his lawyer wasn't, and a few days before the date set for Buck's execution this was impressed on my mind in a really startling fashion.

"I had arrived at my office somewhat earlier in the morning than usual, and was surprised to find a visitor already waiting for me in the anteroom, who introduced himself as Dr. Emile Atwood. He's dead now—God rest his soul!—but I'll say right now that that wasn't his right name, and I'm not going to tell you what it really was. Naturally, the name he used suggested nothing to me, but he appeared to be a highly intelligent, cultured gentleman, and I begged him to state

"NO LESS THAN THREE JURIES HAVE CONVICTED THE MAN OF THAT CRIME. WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY SAYING THAT YOU ARE GUILTY OF IT?"

his business, which he did by remarking that he had called to talk about the case of Buck Denslow.

"'Good Lord!' I exclaimed. 'I thought I was through with that case. Well, what about it?'

"'I want to ask you,' he inquired, 'if there is still any chance of a reprieve or commutation of Denslow's sentence?'

"'Certainly not,' I replied. 'He ought to have paid the penalty of his crime five years ago. He and his lawyer have cost the State nearly twenty thousand dollars already, and I think it's about time they stopped cheating the law at the public's expense.'

"'The defense has been quite as costly,' he observed, reflectively.

"'Nonsense!' I retorted. 'Denslow hasn't a cent and Dunham has spent comparatively little.'

"'He spent nothing,' he replied. 'But still, if it is any satisfaction to the State to know it, the defense has been costly. I know it, because I supplied the funds myself.'

"There was a time in my professional career when that reply would have astonished me, but I had long since schooled myself against surprise.

"'I see,' I responded, quietly. 'You thought Buck innocent?'

"'On the contrary,' he replied with equal calmness, 'I knew he was guilty. A more contemptible murderer never lived.'

"'Then why, in the name of common sense, my dear sir, did you spend money to defend him?' I demanded.

"'Merely to appease my conscience,' he replied. 'I killed Ben Limond myself.'

"All my years of training were not proof against the exclamation of incredulity that escaped me. And yet there was something

in the doctor's hard, matter-of-fact tone—something in the way he looked at me as he removed his glasses and calmly polished the lenses in his handkerchief—which convinced me that he believed he was speaking the truth.

"'You must be out of your mind!' I asserted. 'Denslow and nobody but Denslow killed Limond. There were two eye-witnesses of the murder. No less than four juries have convicted the man of that crime. What in the world do you mean by saying you are guilty of it?'

"The doctor readjusted his glasses and settled back in his chair.

"'I have no wish to be melodramatic,' he observed, dispassionately. 'I hate all posing of that sort, and the facts are very simple.'

"I did not trust myself to speak, but merely nodded approvingly.

"'Limond was brought to the Emergency Hospital where I was the visiting surgeon immediately after Denslow shot him,' he explained, in the cold professional tone of statement. 'He was not dead, but I saw at a glance that his wound was probably fatal. However, the proper thing to do was to attempt an operation, and he was put under ether at once. It seemed a hopeless task, but as I worked the thought crossed my mind that here was a magnificent opportunity for an experiment I had long desired to make in an operation of this kind but had never quite dared risk. There was no time to debate the question of professional ethics or legal responsibility—the temptation was overwhelming, and I simply could not resist it. All I wanted to do I could effect very quickly. Moreover, Denslow was virtually moribund, and my greatest fear was that he would die before I could make my experiment. . . . Well, he must have been even nearer death than I supposed, for his life went out under my instrument like a candle under one's thumb and finger.'

"The doctor paused and snapped his fingers together.

"'Just like that,' he commented, musingly.

"I stared at the speaker with unfeigned amazement, wondering whether I had to deal with a lunatic or a sane man. He speedily resolved my doubts, however.

"'At the time I felt no compunction whatsoever for my act,' he continued. 'Limond might have lived anywhere from an hour to a day had I not interfered, but no longer. I did not, in any real sense, feel guilty of his death. Indeed, what I did was such a slight matter that the coroner entirely overlooked it, and it was not until a few weeks later, when an operation successfully performed on a similar case showed me just where I had made my mistake, that I gave the matter any further thought. Then, of course, I began to be disturbed by the situation. Perhaps I would have done better had I sought the advice of some lawyer. But I did not. I thought the whole thing out for myself. If I confessed exactly what had happened at the hospital, I fancied that I might be indicted as a criminal and I knew my reputation would be ruined, and I was just on the threshold of a highly successful career. Had there been the slightest doubt of Denslow's guilt I would not have hesitated a moment to sacrifice myself. But, as you know, the man was a cowardly murderer, richly deserving his fate. It was madness to think of blighting all my prospects in his behalf. Nevertheless, the matter preyed upon me, and I finally compromised with my conscience by secretly furnishing Denslow with the means of retaining Dunham and indirectly supplying him with funds to keep up the fight in the hope that he would find some way of at least saving his client's neck. That was all I wanted. But I now see that he has merely succeeded in making a mockery of the law, and money out of me.'

"You may imagine with what feelings I listened to this extraordinary statement, but despite my exasperation and disgust I could not but feel some sympathy for the fellow. When I spoke, however, my tone was brutally harsh and forbidding.

"'Well, why do you consult me, Doctor?' I demanded.

"'To ascertain if there is anything I can do, short of confession, to save Denslow's life,' he answered, suavely. 'You are the public prosecutor in this case. Perhaps if you made the proper representations to the Governor he would commute the sentence.'

"'I shall do nothing of the sort, sir,' I retorted, sternly. 'You'd better get your full money's worth out of your friend Dunham and go to him for advice.'

"'That will not be necessary,' he asserted, complacently. 'I have laid the facts before the public authorities. If they do not choose to act upon them, that proves that they think the law should be allowed to take its course

and shows me that I have given myself a vast deal of unnecessary anxiety and expense for nothing. In any event, I wash my hands of all further responsibility in the matter, and wish you good-morning, sir.'"

"Well, that fellow was certainly a cool proposition," commented Brundage. "What the dickens did you do, Poinder?"

"What could I do, Tom? As a prosecuting official, you know I couldn't suppress the facts; and as a man and a lawyer, you know that they didn't really affect the question of Denslow's guilt at all. He and not the doctor really killed Limond. . . . Oh, of course I know there *are* decisions freeing murderers because the surgeons who sought to save their victims were careless or incompetent, and I was equally well aware that all that bad law would be grist to Dunham's mill, for what has fooled judges can be used to fool juries. . . . However, there was no escape, and I actually had to supply the fellow with the ammunition for demanding another trial on the ground of this newly discovered evidence. Indeed, I've always thought it must have been this humiliating duty that precipitated the nervous breakdown which incapacitated me for the next twelvemonth. Anyway, when I recovered and returned to the office the *People vs. Denslow* gave me no further concern. In my absence it had been turned over to one of the most hopeless blunderers on our office staff, who permitted one of his eye-witnesses to be smuggled out of the State under his very nose, and got his whole case so sidetracked that before it was reached the other eye-witness died. You can fancy what kind of a showing he made on the trial against Dunham and his corps of surgical experts. No wonder the jury acquitted the innocent Buck!"

"Gee whiz!" ejaculated Eph Bisland. "Got off scot free after all! Eh?"

"Yes, as far as *the law* was concerned," drawled Poinder. "But one of Limond's friends shot him the day he left the jail, and the police never caught his executioner."

"And this is a government of law!" muttered Gedney.

"No, sir—of lawyers," laughed Brundage.

The little man rose to his full height and glared angrily at the speaker.

"You laugh, sir!" he burst forth, fairly trembling with rage. "You dare to laugh at such mockeries of justice! It is infamous, sir! infamous that a public officer of the law should treat such scandalous outrages as a joke, and consent to giggle at evils that are undermining our government, debauching our consciences, and shaming us before our neighbors and the world. Sir, your imbecile laugh will sound the doom of this country—if—"

"Come, come, Mr. Gedney," interrupted Poinder, soothingly. "You mustn't get excited. We've got a hard day before us to-morrow, and you and I must go upstairs to prepare for it. Brundage and I will discuss the whole subject with you dispassionately some other day, won't we, Tom?"

The Prosecutor nodded understandingly.

"Certainly," he responded; "and I sympathize with your views more than you suspect, Mr. Gedney," he added, soberly. "Good-night, sir."

"Good-night."

The little man was already on his way toward his room as Brundage spoke, and his response was uttered without turning his head, as, accompanied by his counsel, he mounted the creaking stairs.

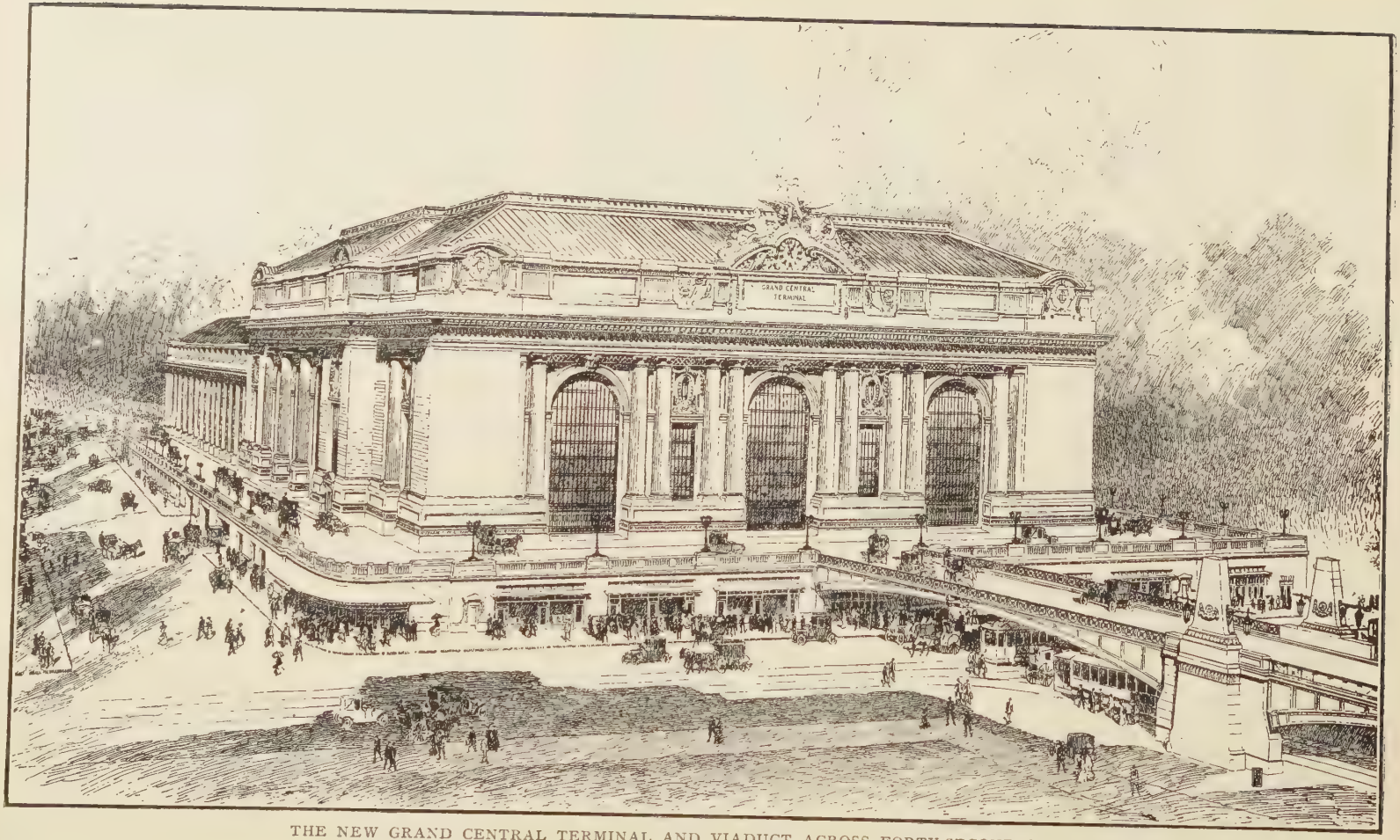
For a moment there was a dead silence in the lobby, its occupants apparently listening to the sound of the retreating footsteps. Then the front door opened and young Hixon, knocking the snow off his shoes, resumed his seat in the circle.

"Where's Poinder and Gedney?" he inquired, glancing about him.

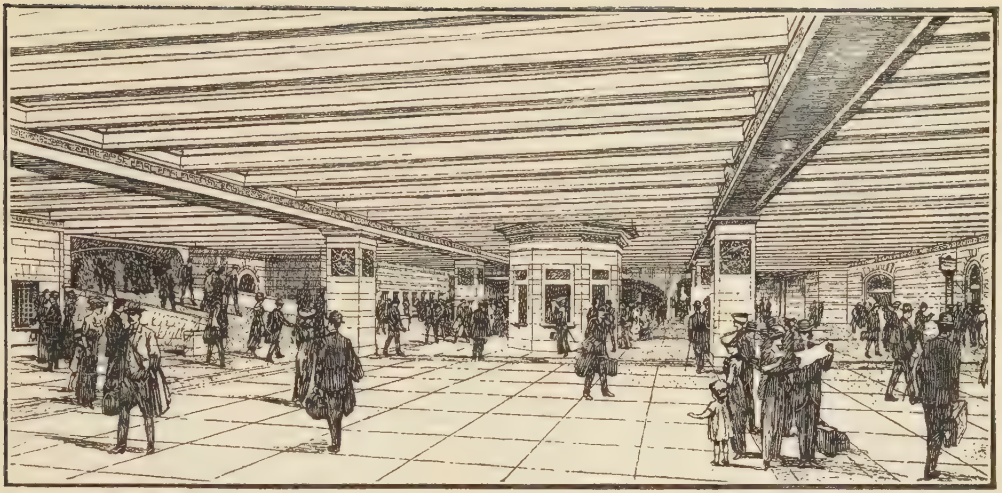
"They've gone upstairs," answered Brundage. "Their case goes on to-morrow, you know."

"I bet it doesn't," asserted Hixon. "Witnesses-in-the-case-of-the-Supply-Company-vs.-Gedney will return to-the-court-this-year—next year—sometime—never!" he chanted. "The Supply people have retained Poinder's friend the Resurrectionist. That's what he's in Belo for. Wow! What a pleasant little surprise for Poinder! And, say, Pete, I guess you'd better get a padded cell ready for Gedney! . . . Shut up yourself, Brundage! I'll talk just as much as I like!"

The second Tale, entitled "The Top of the Calendar," will appear in The Outlook of January 25, 1913



THE NEW GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL AND VIADUCT ACROSS FORTY-SECOND STREET



THE SUBURBAN CONCOURSE

The Greatest Railway Terminal in the World

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD

A FAR-SEEING New Englander who comes down to New York each autumn to buy his Christmas stock looked out of the sleeping-car window one early morning, some six or seven years ago, as the night train from his town came to a slow, grinding halt, and said:

"Jiminy whiz! What are they doing here to the New York Central's old Grand Central? It looks like a mining camp."

The railroader who sat on the leather-cushioned seat of the smoking-compartment hardly took the cigar out from between his lips as he replied:

"They are building the greatest railway station in the world."

The New Englander laughed. You might tell that to the country folks, but not to him. He traveled. He had been in Europe long enough to laugh inwardly at the boasting ways of his own land. We had everything "the greatest in the world"—bridges, public buildings, department stores, hotels, even railway terminals. No wonder Europe smiled at us when our backs were turned! The greatest railway station in the world. Well, he had been to Boston a good many times, and they had told him that about the South Station. And he had been to the last of the big World's Fairs, and they had boasted in self-same fashion about the wide-spreading train-shed vault of the Union Station in St. Louis. And here America was at it again. As if it could dream of the mighty London terminals—of Waterloo, of Liverpool Street, of London Bridge! Why, a real traveler from the Far East had told him of the wide-spreading train-shed of the station at Calcutta, the most modern thing seemingly in that dank and steaming land of long agos. The greatest railway terminal in the world! America could boast.

But as season after season passed, and as the tremendous hole in the rock foundations of Manhattan grew a little larger each season, the New Englander was forced to admit that the renaissance of the Grand Central was "some job." Men laid tracks only to rip them up again; they built great brick and iron structures only to tear down and throw into the scrap-heap; they shifted passengers and baggage and express here and there and everywhere; and all the while the cheery song of the compressed-air drill echoed answering choruses to the rat-a-tap of the riveters and the toilings of the steam-shovels.

Meanwhile the New Englander came and went with little or no delay to himself or his belongings. Out of seeming confusion there was underlying system, the sort of system which moves unseen and accomplishes much.

This last autumn he came to New York again. The great rock-cut excavation, extending some sixteen city blocks, was almost hidden. Above its center had risen one of the typical modern creations of the inspired type of American architect—a superb and symmetrical thing in enduring marble. The man from New England found his way through the myriad hallways of the building in a straight and simple path, just as the designers of the building had intended he should find it. But he caught glimpses of the vast reaches of the structure, the really wonderful proportions of its waiting-rooms and its concourse. It was all simple, and it was settled, and it seemed as if the new Grand Central had been bending to its great work for long years. Yet the man knew that the songs of the air-drill and the riveters and the steam-shovels had hardly ceased within the twelvemonth.

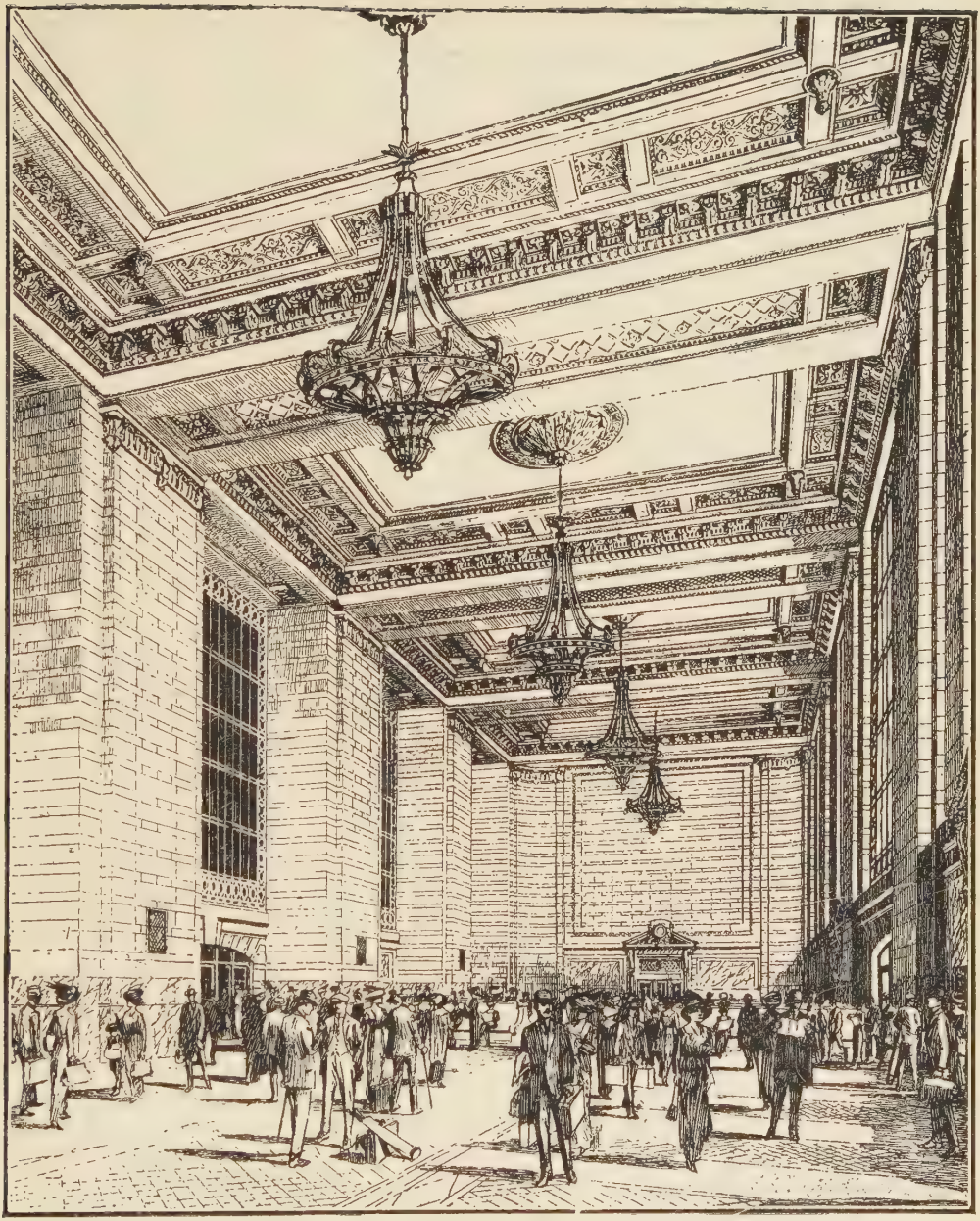
He went out of the station and straight to a near-by hotel. In the lobby of that modern and glorified tavern he met a chance acquaintance. Politics, business, a myriad things, hung pendent and unseen within the very atmosphere, but the man from New England had but one comment to make to his acquaintance.

"I have just arrived in New York through the greatest railway station in the world," he said.

To understand first the immensity of the problem that faced the builders of the new Grand Central one must go back to the very beginnings of the terminal station problem in the city of New York. The New York and Harlem was the first line to place its rails upon the island of Manhattan—away back in the year 1834. Its station, if one might call it such, first stood at the corner of Chambers and Centre Streets, within a stone's throw of the City Hall. As the town grew, reaching all the while farther north, and the railway also grew, the road retreated from its original terminal. In a little while it was starting its trains from White Street; a little later from Broome Street and the Bowery; then came the day when the railway to New Haven was also completed, and it began sharing with the Harlem road a brand new station at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street, the site of the present Madison Square Garden. That was a three-story affair of brick, inclosing an open yard into which the cars came and from which they went, some to go even as far as Albany and Boston. But after a little while the town was growing closely around about Twenty-sixth Street, and citizens were demanding that the locomotives be barred from Fourth Avenue, through which the trains reached the station. Commodore Vanderbilt was beginning to dominate the New York railway situation, and he finally built an engine-house in a vacant lot alongside a cross-road which was to become Forty-second Street. After that the locomotives did not often venture below Forty-second Street. Horses, four and six and eight to each dusty yellow railway coach, took the cars from Twenty-sixth Street up through the long tunnel to the engine-house and the waiting locomotive. It was a sight to see the morning express start for Boston, a regular cavalcade rolling up through Fourth Avenue.

Meanwhile the Hudson River Railroad had been completed, and its stations were on the west side of the town—the down-town station at Chambers Street, and the up-town or outer station at Thirtieth Street and Tenth Avenue. About war time a horse communication was established between the inner and outer stations of the Hudson River road, a practice which was common among the larger cities along the Atlantic seaboard, and which in the case of the Harlem road from Twenty-sixth Street down to the City Hall gave birth to the first distinctive railway in the world.

War time, with its brave and martial show of regiments coming and going through New York, first demonstrated the inefficiency of the early passenger terminals of the town. New York was growing. So was the country. Commodore Vanderbilt, whose strategy had begun with the acquisition of the Harlem road, had in turn taken over the Hudson River line and the chain of prosperous little railways from Albany to Buffalo—all as the nucleus of the first great railway system that America was to know. He first planned a railway freight station, on the site of what had been for many years St. John's Park, in Varick Street. You can still see St. John's Park, as the railroaders have known that freight station for almost half a century, down in the lower west side of New York, the bronze effigy of Commodore Vanderbilt



THE MAIN WAITING-ROOM

rising from a remarkable bas-relief of steamboats and railway trains on its dusty façade.

But that settled only half the problem. The passenger business of the railways of the land was beginning to be a considerable thing. Americans were getting the travel habit. Even the genus of the commuter had been born. And the so-called railway terminals of New York City were dirty and inadequate arks. The first of the railway Vanderbilts saw all these things. He decided to solve them all at a single stroke, to bring all the three roads entering Manhattan Island into a single terminal, and to abolish the hauling by horses of a multiplying number of heavier railway coaches through the streets of the biggest town of the land.

And so a little later he was driving his

friends down the back street that was called Forty-second, stopping beside the engine-houses there and telling them that he was going to build the greatest railway station in the world upon that site. His friends laughed at him. It was still well outside the city. On one side of Forty-second Street the engine-houses sent up their pall of smoke; on the other gangs of horses worked in treadmills cutting wood for hungry fire-boxes. People would never come up to Forty-second Street to take the cars for Boston or for Albany or Buffalo, and they all told Commodore Vanderbilt that.

But they did not know Vanderbilt. They did not know the prophetic vision of a keen-headed Dutchman who had purchased a chain of railways from the Atlantic to the Lakes, at reasonably high prices for those days, because he had foreseen that the time was coming when business economics would demand but one line from New York to Buffalo, one line from New York to Chicago. Analyzed, there was not so much prophecy about that vision as cool-headed reasoning power. New York had been coming steadily north on Manhattan island for three-quarters of a century. The City Hall was completed a century ago, and its builders, with a thrifty economy, fashioned its rear wall of sandstone because they felt that the town would never get north of that old structure. Vanderbilt's judgment was different. He put himself in touch with the engineers and architects, and in the fall of 1871 a giant structure had arisen at Forty-second Street and Fourth Avenue, and boastful New York was talking of its Grand Central Depot. New York was in ecstasy about the building. It was the finest thing in town. Its ornate and graceful train-shed spanned thirteen tracks, and even if our fathers did wonder where the cars could come from to fill so spacious an apartment, they had to marvel at its beauty. And Commodore Vanderbilt was sure that it would serve his fine and growing railway for a full century.

In forty years the last vestige of the Grand Central Depot, a building which to a considerable portion of this land was second in fame only to the Capitol at Washington, was gone. Workmen had torn it stone from stone and brick from brick and carted it off as waste to scrap-yards. The majesty of that lovely vaulted train-shed had been reduced to a pile of rusty and useless iron. It had been outgrown and discarded.

In fact, within a dozen years the wonderful depot was overtaxed. Even Vanderbilt's prophetic vision could not grasp the growth that was coming, not only to New York, but to the great territory he served, and in a dozen years workmen were clearing a broad space to the east of the main structure for an annex train-shed of a half-dozen tracks to relieve the pressure upon the original station. Another twelve years and the laborers were again upon the Grand Central, this time adding stories to the original structure and trying to simplify its operation by new baggage and waiting rooms. Within the third dozen years the workmen were busy with air-drill and steam-shovel digging the great hole in the rock that was the first notice to the Grand Central that its short lease of busy life was ending. And in the fortieth year of its age they were tearing down the old station—grown old within the span of two generations, old because it had been outgrown. To such proportions can the traffic of the north gate of a real city come.

The problem of the new Grand Central was both engineering and architectural. As in the case of all railway terminals of any real size, it was first necessary to solve the engineering problem. That meant first that the passenger traffic into New York from the north and east for another fifty or a hundred years must be discounted—not an easy matter, when in the case of a single famous trunk-line railway it has been found that the passenger travel has doubled each ten years for the past three decades. When the statisticians put down their pencils, the engineers whistled. To fashion a station for the traffic of 1960, even for that of 1935, meant such a passenger station as no railway head, no engineer, no architect, had ever before dreamed of building. At a low estimate, it meant that there would have to be some forty or fifty stub-tracks in the train-shed. In the great train-shed of the Union Station at St. Louis there are thirty-two of these stub-tracks, and the span of that shed is 606 feet. That would have meant in the case of the new Grand Central a train-house with a width of nearly a thousand feet. The engineers shook their heads. They knew their limitations. The Grand Central was hedged in by the most expensive real estate in New York. On the open lot where Commodore Vanderbilt had seen the horse-treads cutting the wood for his locomotive stood a modern

hotel twenty stories in height, while Forty-second Street had come into its own—one of the greatest thoroughfares in a city of great streets. To buy any large quantity of adjoining land for the new Grand Central was out of the question.

Fortunately there was a way out. There generally is. The electric locomotive had come into its own. For the operation of the congested four-track tunnel under Park Avenue from the very throat of the Grand Central's station yard up to Harlem it represented an almost ideal form of traction, largely because of its cleanliness and freedom from smoke. For the engineers who were giving their wits to the planning of a new terminal it was the solution of their hardest problem.

They would cut their train-shed of fifty tracks about in half—and then place one of these halves directly above the other. That would make a fairly logical division between the through and the suburban traffic of the terminal. In that way the new Grand Central has been planned. That one thing represents its first great demarcation from the other great passenger stations of the land. It also is the thing that pointed the way to the most wonderful development of New York's most wonderful terminal, the thing that is infinitely greater than the station itself.

If you remember the old Grand Central, you will remember the spreading railway yard at its portals—that broad, black-breasted thing which had its throat at the narrow entrance of the Park Avenue approach tunnels and widened fanlike both to the nineteen train-shed tracks of the old station and the various service sidings that led to the one side or the other. It was always an impressive place; by night, with its flashing signals of red and green and yellow, its glare of dominant headlights and the constant unspoken orders of swinging lamps; by day, a seeming chaos of locomotives and of cars, turning this way or that, slipping into the dark, cool train-shed under grinding brakes, or else starting from that giant cavern with gathering speed, to roll half-way across the continent before the final halt. To the layman it was doubly fascinating, because he knew that the chaos was really order on a scientific and tremendous scale, that the alert little man who stood at the levers of the inconspicuous tower amid-yard was the clear-minded human who was directing the working of a great terminal by the working of his brain. But to the thinking railroader that railway yard, like every other railway yard in the heart of a great city, was a waste that was hardly less than criminal.

The coming of the electric locomotive has ended that waste in the hearts of our American cities. Concretely, in the case of the new Grand Central, it has made a splendid solution of a single growth problem in the largest city of our continent. For while the new Grand Central service and approach yards will be on a single level, considerably larger than the old—some sixty acres, all told—they will apparently have disappeared. In that thing alone a great obstacle to the constant uptown growth of New York has been removed. Sixteen precious city blocks have been given back to the city for development. And right here the new Grand Central reaches its apotheosis of terminal importance.

If it was easy to operate clean tunnels by electricity as a tractive force and to place one train-shed upon another, it is equally easy to create and operate a roofed-over yard—and that is precisely what has been done in the case of the new terminal. Both its main approach yard and the slightly smaller network of tracks that serve the low-level suburban platforms now lie well below the established street surfaces of Manhattan. Streets that have been closed for half a century have been given back to the city, while upon them has already begun to rise the most important single building development that New York has ever known—important because it represents a single main "up and down" avenue of Manhattan on which great new buildings for eight blocks are being brought to even height and harmonious construction under the direction of one firm of architects. What that may represent as an inspiration to the city's growth and development only future generations may really know. It is already certain that it has made the new Grand Central more than a mere railway station or wide-spreading passenger terminal. And incidentally it has made it the most practical railway station from the point of view of its owners that America has yet seen.

Mr. W. G. McAdoo, the creator of the rapid transit tunnels under the Hudson River, blazed the way when he found a terminal for his tubes in the enormously high-priced real estate of the extreme southern tip of Manhattan Island. To have set aside a great tract exclusively for such a terminal would

have been a real burden upon not only his company but every one of its patrons. Mr. McAdoo builded twin sky-scrapers over his underground terminal, and from them brought a revenue that not only met his carrying and operating charges for the station, but brought his company something of a profit in addition. On a larger scale, the New York Central will reap the benefits of the same sort of far-sightedness. The greatest railway station in the world will be, in the long run, the least expensive to operate. And the city of New York gets at a fell swoop a civic center such as is the aim and hope of every progressive American town of to-day. There are some pretty big indirect benefits to be charged to the coming of electricity.

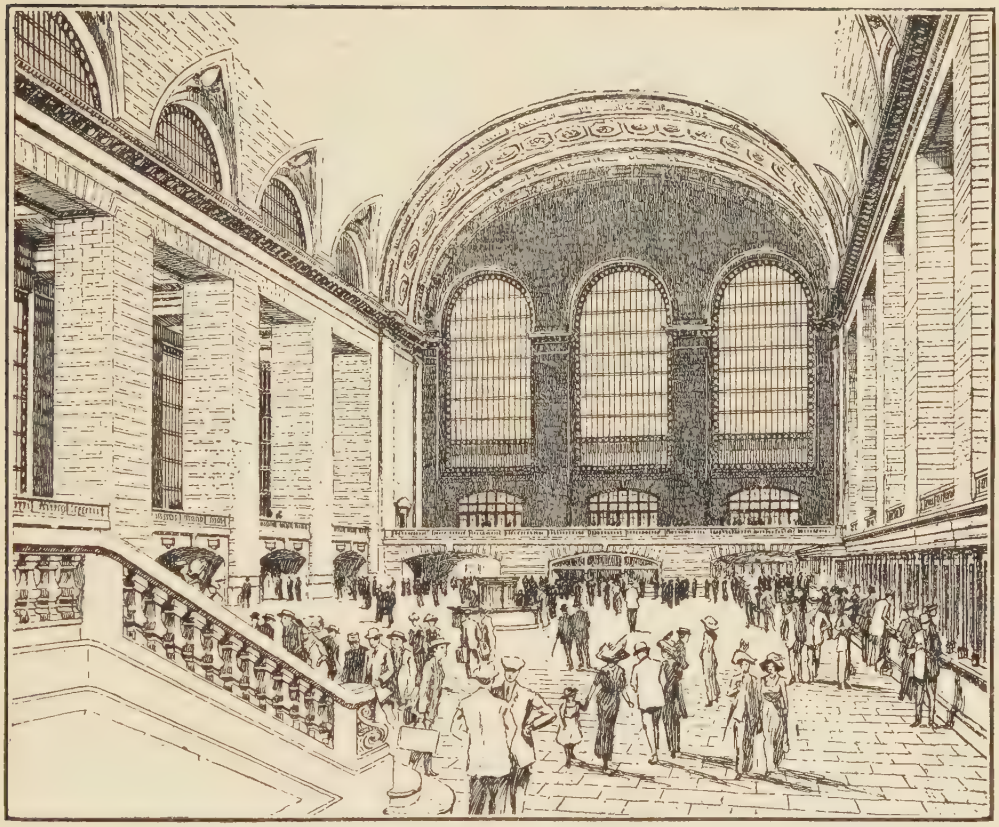
With the main scheme for the new terminal settled, there arose before its builders the larger problem. It was one thing to have planned a station with forty-nine main tracks and a capacity for handling more than one hundred thousand persons a day at the outset, and to have done it on something like half the site ordinarily required for such a terminal. But when that site was already occupied by the railway station doing the second largest volume of business in the country and showing a steady increase of traffic each year—a business that could not be moved and must be accommodated at all times—that was the larger problem. The solving of it became as exquisite a bit of engineering work as has yet been accomplished in this country.

It was decided that the work could be accomplished only by successive steps—the engineers called them "bites"—and that there could be mighty few missteps. There were mighty few of these. American engineering has come to be a thoroughly developed science. In the first place, the railway agents quietly acquired some little necessary surrounding real estate for the development of future storage tracks at the northeast corner of the yard, and then, as they began demolishing houses on this tract along Lexington Avenue, they began building a substantial brick and steel building on the small city square at Madison Avenue, Forty-third and Forty-fourth Streets. That building cost a quarter of a million dollars, was built fireproof, thoroughly equipped with elevators and other modern building conveniences, and yet its builders knew that it would serve only a temporary purpose, for less than a decade.

Its temporary purpose was important. Among the other property along the west side of Lexington Avenue that the New York Central—the owner road of the new terminal—purchased was the so-called Grand Central Palace, an ancient ark, given to the holding of public balls, mass-meetings, and expositions of a smaller sort. It had helped house the important post-office sub-station at the north railway gate of New York—a function that had to be accommodated continuously along with other features of the terminal. To move the post-office and a group of railway offices into the temporary building on Madison Avenue, at the far west of the tract, was but a matter of detail. After that the old "Palace" was made into an auxiliary railway station, and the Annex on Forty-second Street, which had been serving incoming trains since 1884, was torn down.

It has all been like a mighty puzzle—moving here, replacing there, moving again there—but the men who have been making the moves have looked keenly ahead into the future. No step has been meaningless. The Annex razed, the steam-shovels that had begun boring into the east edge of the tract in August of 1903 were brought to its site and began their great task of making the excavation below the level of the lowest of the suburban tracks, some fifty feet below the sidewalk of Forty-second Street. More than three million cubic yards of earth and rock, mostly rock, have been taken out of that great hole that has disappeared under the structure of the new Grand Central. If three million cubic yards of rock makes no great impression upon your mind, know then that it would fill a solid train reaching from New York to Omaha—some fifteen hundred miles. And it has taken nearly a million pounds of dynamite—an almost incomparable force—to loosen the rock.

The job was a titanic one, albeit it was worked in delicate precision of detail. It was necessary at all times to give the operation of the terminal the right of way. That operation meant an average daily use of the station by four hundred regular trains, with nearly as many more empty. An army of seventy thousand persons—about equal to the population of Utica, New York—passed through its portals each working day of the year. Not for a single hour, day or night, during the ten years of construction was that great machine of operation halted. Passengers sometimes had to go in roundabout



THE MAIN OUTBOUND CONCOURSE

fashion and through strange places to reach their trains, but their trains were there, and were being despatched according to schedule.

And all the while the work of preparing for the new terminal progressed. Engineers made cool calculations upon their blue-prints and reported so much per cent excavation, so much per cent construction, accomplished, and each week those percentages increased in decimals. The work moved steadily forward from the east edge of the tract toward the west. Between the completed levels that the chattering air-drill and the protesting steam-shovels left behind them and the ragged edge of the familiar old yard there was for six years a strip from 150 to 200 feet in width that the terminal engineers called the "construction zone." In that long, narrow strip were the drills and shovels. In the deep hole the casual travelers peering down from the long runways that were held stilt-fashion over them could see the workers making a little progress—not much—all the while.

But their progress was certain all the time. Finally they were at the east edge of the great train-shed that had been the pride of Commodore Vanderbilt and the builders of the old station. To take down that construction, weighing almost two thousand tons, without endangering or obstructing the constant traffic underneath was no easy problem. But by this time the engineers of the terminal were used to "stickers," and they welcomed this new one.

They solved it, of course. The engineer emulates the bright lexicon of youth in having blue-penciled "failure" from his vocabulary. They built a timber structure as high as a theater and two hundred feet in width, and mounted it upon wheels and rails. They called it a "traveler," and as it slowly moved south toward the head-house and the famous waiting-room of the old station, the workmen who swarmed upon it tore away the heavy train-shed piece by piece. When it was gone, the traveler was dismounted and the old Grand Central was without its most distinctive feature. And a very little while later the rock-drills and the steam-shovels were eating

at the rock beneath the site of that famous shed.

The zone of construction moved steadily westward. Slowly the operation retreated from the old high level, to gain new tracks at the completed levels at the temporary station under the old "Palace" in Lexington Avenue. Sometimes the workers took but one track, rarely more than two. And all the while they adjusted themselves to the situation. Now it was the summer rush coming to a vast ebb tide on the 3d of July, to flow back in a mighty rush on the day after Labor Day; this time it was some special occasion—thirty special trains to take the boys and girls up to the Princeton game at New Haven, a Christmas rush of traffic, perhaps. At all times the situation was met and the terminal in chaos of reconstruction accommodated the demands that were made upon it. The engineers found the way—patiently, for patience is a consummate virtue in the developed science of engineering. Slowly they gained upon the tracks of the old train-shed until but six, then four, then three, then two were left.

After that the last of the officers of the railways had to move from the pretentious and high-ceilinged rooms of the old Grand Central to the first of the new group of terminal structures which the builders had just finished at the Lexington Avenue rim of the tract, just north of the Grand Central Palace. Then the wreckers fell upon what remained of Commodore Vanderbilt's masterpiece and tore it to the ground and out from below the ground. The steam-shovels moved west again, and again and again, until the temporary structure on Madison Avenue had to go—the post-office having been moved to its fine permanent quarters on Lexington Avenue. When they had satiated their hunger with the last mouthful of those three million cubic yards of mother earth—remember that gravel express stretching all the way from New York to Omaha—the foundation men came in upon their heels. Above the subterranean recesses for storage tracks they began building the footholds for a twenty-story hotel; for the new terminal is going to follow a foreign fashion and have a great hostelry as one of its many functions.

So, in brief, was the work accomplished. Now come for an instant and see it as accomplished, bending for the first months to the work for which it was builded. If we approach it from Forty-second Street, we shall see it as a dominating influence from afar, and that despite its low-set dignity among a group of sky-scrapers. But the influence of a mighty railway terminal, the north gate of a mighty city, stretches for blocks; to seeing folk, in the nature of the traffic within the streets, in the very character of the shops, big and little, that line them. Let us make ourselves part of that traffic for the moment. We might pretend that our very wealthy great-aunt had just died, and so we can afford the luxury of a New York taxicab just once and ride to the new terminal across the low-swung bridge that spans Fourth Avenue, Forty-second Street, and their mass of traffic from the high levels of Murray Hill, and drive along the terraced front of the new station to its stately carriage doors. But perhaps we are thankful that "Auntie" is very much alive, and so perhaps we come to the station doors in a plebeian green Fourth Avenue car, or the equally plebeian red chariot that traverses Forty-second Street. Those doors will open just as wide for us as the ones on the carriage level above, and we can be very thankful that we do not have to press forward through a maze of automobile traffic. They open as wide for the man bound for Harlem or the Bronx as for the man who is bound for San Francisco and does not care who knows it. And for the transcontinental traveler, his path from the street is as easy as that of a barrel rolling down hill. His train is straight ahead of him.

"Downstairs," you correct. You remember what we said about all the tracks being now below the street levels of Manhattan.

You are wrong. Stairs have been eliminated from the new Grand Central, at least where passengers are concerned. In their place are what the engineers call "ramps"—long, easy inclines that take a man up and down without his ever having a chance to realize it. The new station is going to be a boon to invalids, a paradise to a tired man with arms filled with packages or baggage. And in this single feature it has proclaimed itself one of the great as well as one of the distinctive railway stations of the world.

The path from the street level leads straight to the floor of the concourse, the chief architectural feature of the head-house, and situated at the level of the subway mezzanine, from which it is expected that the station will draw eighty per cent of its traffic. That concourse is the very heart of the new Grand

Central, and you are silenced at first sight of it.

"This room is 272 feet long, 120 feet wide, 125 feet high to its vaulted ceiling," mumbles your guide. "It is lined with Botticino marble—"

But you do not hear him. You are remembering. A man who helped to build this station told you something about this very room. You have seen the New York City Hall, that most treasured building within the metropolis. It is a sizable structure, even if it has come to the dignity of old age, with its two high stories, its basement, and its attic, all surmounted by a lovely dome. The man told you that you could set the New York City Hall within this concourse, tower and all, and have a comfortable margin of room to spare.

But the concourse is something more than the architect's expression of the heart of the terminal. Around it are ranged facilities for travelers: ticket windows, parcel-checking stands, baggage wickets, waiting-room, information bureaus—all the paraphernalia that go to make travel easy. Even size may be bended to convenience, and that very thing seems to have been accomplished within the new Grand Central.

You want to go to the train-shed, and say so. Your guide smiles at you.

"There is no train-shed," says he, and forthwith leads you with a magic password past one of the vigilant ticket examiners at a train door. He is right. You are within a low apartment, much pillared and with ceilings low-vaulted—seemingly much lower after the vaulted magnificence of the concourse. In the long barrels of this place are the trains, silently moving into place or slipping out upon their work.

In the first instant a vague sense of disappointment creeps over you. A railway passenger terminal without a lofty and smoke-filled train-shed seems like a Sunday-school without a Christmas tree. You used to like to stand in the open concourse of older great stations of this land and gaze into the fascinations of the train-shed; long trains departing with a mighty effort as their locomotives caught the rail, panting and shouting through the echoes of the girded roof, equally long trains slowing to a stop beside stretching platforms—platforms clean swept the one instant and the next black with in-bound humans. To look up into the front of the steam locomotive—a far more beautiful thing than the electrical engineer has yet devised—and then to see the folk detrain, all the little human comedies and tragedies upon that concourse—

"By the way, are the incoming people here?" You ask that of your guide.

"Oh, they have a considerable station to themselves," he tells you. Then he explains more fully how traffic at the new Grand Central is thoroughly divided; first the through from the suburban by the two levels, then the incoming from the outgoing, finally the passengers from the baggage. It comes to you that you have not had to dodge a single baggage truck since you first entered this station.

Now you are getting the fullness of the terminal. You are seeing the economic wisdom of the passing of the train-shed. Up overhead, in what would have been the vaulted arch of an old-fashioned train-shed—smoke-filled, poisonous-aired, and a tremendous waste of space—are plenty of necessary adjuncts to the terminal: a baggage-room with a floor capacity nearly equal to Madison Square Garden, a cab-stand, and some hundreds of valuable offices. And your guide will tell you that the foundations are so built that these offices can be eventually carried to twenty-five or thirty stories in height without ever disturbing the work of the terminal.

Here, then, is size, economy, efficiency, beauty—the result in steel and stone and concrete of years of hard thinking by competent engineers and architects. All together have gone toward making the first of the passenger terminals of a new sort, the structure which, when taken from every point of view, can easily be called the greatest railway station in the world.

"Isn't there a train-shed down there under this?" you venture to inquire.

Bless your heart, of course there is. We retrace our steps across the vast expanse of the main concourse and toward the subway ticket offices. A branch ramp shows itself. We follow that easy incline, merging ourselves with an ebb tide of commuters, for the day is already drawing to its close. We follow them past waiting-rooms, which on both levels have been set apart distinct from the concourses, and a very comfortable restaurant, into a concourse which save for height might almost be called a replica of the great hall on the upper floor. Within it the single stream of commuters divides itself into many lesser streams—folk going home

to Yonkers or Ossining, to Bronxville and to Goldenbridge, to New Rochelle and Coscob. These folk represent the bulk of the traffic that goes to making an incoming crest tide in the morning, an outgoing one at night. But their comfort has been as carefully considered as that of the through passengers on the upper level. And they are relieved of the necessity of stairs.

And now you may wish to go "behind the scenes." It is quickly enough arranged. You express a desire to see how those many, many trains are sent in and out of their long waiting tracks beside the loading and unloading passengers. Easily enough. Here is one center of activity—Tower B, the largest switch-tower in the world, and located more than thirty feet below the level of the streets of New York. Perhaps you were fortunate enough to have entered at some time the switch-tower of the old Grand Central, in its own generation the largest ever built. If so, the memories of that long, sun-filled, high-set room, with its row of switch levers gleaming like gun-barrels, have never gone from you. You can easily recall the towermen in their shirt-sleeves watching the trains pull out from the shadows of the big shed or the long bores of the Park Avenue tunnels, and how they measured the course of thousand-ton trains across the switch complications of the yard by thrusting the levers in and out—all at the word of another shirt-sleeved man who took the operation of the yard from his commanding point of observation as a part of a day's work.

The shirt-sleeved man in command is in Tower B, but there is no observation from his towers. Its windows merely look out into a shadowy forest of pillars and of indistinct lights. Sunshine does not penetrate here, and still the boss towerman knows the movement of every train that comes fearlessly through that thirty-acre basement.

"There's the five-ten Croton local," he tells you, and then calls "Eleven—thirty-nine—four," just as if he were giving signals on a football field. Instead he is giving signals on a railway field for the nine men who stand at the signal-box, very much like the box of an old-fashioned square piano, only much elongated. They turn their levers, pulling them out or driving them in with a quick thrust of the fingers. Modern science has already done away with the long-arm levers. It took some muscle to pull one of the old-time levers and set a switch a quarter of a mile distant; nor was that labor lessened under the stress of hard winter weather, when all the working parts of switch and signal mechanism had a constant tendency to clog and freeze. Here in Tower B a five-year-old boy could operate the levers half a day without fatigue.

"Eleven—thirty-nine—four." It is all as simple as A B C to the men facing those four hundred levers. That means that the train leaving platform track eleven in the suburban station will take route thirty-nine through to track four of the Park Avenue tunnel. The towermen must know the proper half-dozen or dozen of the levers to adjust. That is the trick of their trade, and they turn it remarkably well.

"That five-ten will draw past here in just thirteen seconds," says the boss towerman. You fix your eyes upon the punctilious little regulator-clock that stands upon his desk and time the accuracy of that remark. He is accurate even to the minute fraction of a precious second. At the beginning of the thirteenth second the nose of a big electric locomotive is opposite Tower B, and before the fifteenth has lapsed off into eternity you are glancing down at the monitor windows of the solid steel cars and seeing the commuters at their cards and evening papers.

That precision of the thirteenth second is the precision of the greatest railway station in the world. It is the thing that keeps its operation through the nightly strain of the evening rush hour from being an unmannerly chaos that would be a tangle of hours.

"We keep our minds on our knitting," says the boss towerman afterwards. "There's thirty thousand commuters come out of here each night, and if these three towers weren't up to the job—well, if we were to tie up these business men getting home at night or getting in to work in the morning for even fifteen minutes, it would cost them nearly ten thousand dollars in valuable time."

The boss at Tower B does some fine mathematical calculating in his busiest minutes.

The Grand Central Station, even the roomy new terminal, has not yet quite touched the business of Liverpool Street, London, the busiest railway station in the world. Liverpool Street, with a far smaller trackage, still handles the astonishing total of 990 trains, some 176,000 passengers, every twenty-four hours. But New York is not yet London, either in size or in congestion, although she

progresses. The Grand Central has been built to meet a considerable degree of progression. Which brings to our minds the question of ultimate capacity. When you ask from the guide of the railway, the man who has taken you through all those glowing public rooms and even "behind the scenes" to the mysteries of Tower B, as to those things, he shakes his head.

"You'll have to see Mr. Harwood," he says.

We do see Mr. Harwood. He is the engineer in charge of the rearing of the terminal, and, in touch with the architects and the consulting engineers, he has followed the weaving of its details with infinite care.

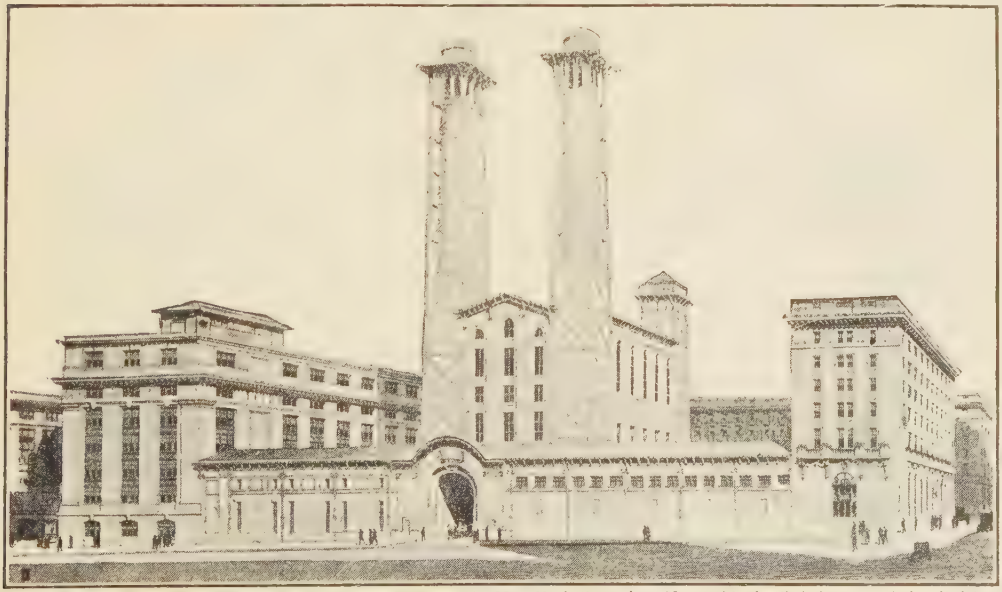
"We have figured at the beginning," he says, "at doing something better than taking care of the maximum business of the station as we feel it at high-tide times, the great outbound summer rush just before the Fourth of July, the home-bound wave at Labor Day. That means that not only can we take care of 500 regular trains, in addition to empty train movements, in the course of a day, handling, let us say, some 80,000 persons, but that we can store, clean, and restock the cars needed for handling them.

"When the Grand Central comes to the pinch, it can do far better. It can return to the plan it followed for some recent years, since we first felt the hard pressure upon the old station, and take care of these storage and service facilities somewhere uptown. With that done and the loops at the south end of the terminal brought into full service, the capacity of the new Grand Central becomes overwhelming. It would be about equal to the capacity of a six-track railway. In other words, with trains spaced in the Park Avenue tunnel as they are spaced on the viaduct a little farther north, we could handle about a train a minute. With ten-car trains I have figured that the station could then handle up to two million passengers in twenty-four hours, if ever such a traffic should come to its doors."

But even as experienced a terminal engineer as Mr. Harwood can hardly dare to predict the future passing through the north gate of a city like New York. He dare not laugh at possibilities. He can only see the town creep up Manhattan, span the rivers that sought to encompass her, remember that the old Grand Central, builded for a century, came to ashes in less than half that time, and, with all the resources that stand behind him, build at least for this generation and the few that are to follow a passenger terminal that can truthfully be called the greatest railway station in the world.

"And when this one becomes inadequate?" you dare to venture.

"Then there will come engineers competent to meet the problem," he says, with the confidence that is inborn in his profession.



THE REAR OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL TERMINAL

Nature Month By Month

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL

January: Nature's Resting Hour

INTER, in the old simile, is likened to the sleep of the year, and January is its midnight. Nature is resting, well blanketed from outer cold. The crust of frost closes the pores of the soil, preventing the escape of its interior heat and moisture, a roof of ice is laid across the ponds, and over all is spread a warm coverlet of snow—not a "winding-sheet," as the poets say—for the earth is not dead. Summer sleeps beneath winter's shelter. Now and then there comes a warm spell, when the snow, which has held down the fallen leaves and sere herbage, melts and gives the ground a drink of the nourishment their dissolving affords. The roots of the trees take none of this nourishment now, for their tiny pumps are out of gear. Each plant has been through a season of tremendous exertion. Its myriad leaves, its flowers and fruit, the building cells that have laid new wood beneath the bark or pushed out countless rootlets, the cells that have

assimilated and adapted the materials of life and increase, have been ceaselessly active for many months. They cannot keep up the pace forever. Repairs must be made, waste products got rid of. The winter is their opportunity.

Among these quiet roots lurk innumerable little sleepers, as inert but as vital as they. Children often ask what becomes of the summer insects. Where do all the butterflies and mosquitoes and creeping things go in winter? Almost all are dead long ago, we tell them, and January seems to affirm our words completely. Yet it is certain that insects will throng about us next summer, amusing and annoying us, as is their wont. How is this? The soil beneath the snow, the mud and water under the ice, the crumbling shreds of rotten logs, could tell us. There lie the young of the insects, placed in a safe-deposit by careful parents, themselves about to die, and often with a store of food ready for them when they awake in the spring.

Nothing in the realm of nature is more astonishing than the instincts concerned in this act. Some of these young are merely eggs, as those of the grasshoppers and crickets, thrust deeply into the soil before it froze; but you may find insect eggs now in all sorts of places—even within the bodies of the dormant larvæ of other insects, destined to be eaten when they hatch. More are half-formed young. Beetle grubs inhabit holes in the soil below the frost-line, whither also the earthworms have sunk out of harm's way, or are curled up within chambers gnawed in logs and tree-trunks. The tiger-beetle's young tenants the pitfall where its parents lay in wait for prey; and in the warm silken nest of the trap-door spider a large family of spiderlings are clinging to their mother.

Among these wintering eggs and grubs little change takes place, but for the higher insects the cold season gives a chance for the slow and gentle development of the chrysalis into the perfect adult. Many moths and butterflies undergo this metamorphosis within clayey cases underground, or at least beneath the carpet of leaves and snow; but others lie in warm cocoons fastened to bark, or in crevices of rock, or swinging like cradles from the leafless twigs. Everywhere birds and shrews and field-mice find insect food, even in January.

Life, too, is going happily on within every pond and quiet stream, roofed over with its glassy canopy like a natural hothouse. Peer down through the clear ice, and you will see that the plants are green, though small, and fishes are gliding about, but the rings on their scales show that they grow very little now; there is enough to eat, but the appetite is weak. The land-snails spin storm doors athwart the opening of the shell, and, creeping into some secure crevice, become dormant; but the pond-snails move about as usual, yet build no new shell. The small aquatic creatures still creep lazily over the fermenting mud or ensconce themselves in its depths. The water-spider is wrapped in a glistening bubble of the air he took down with him.

All these small people of nature's underworld are at ease. There is no call now for activity, little need for hunting or fleeing. Hunger is stilled, no energy need be expended in producing eggs, or in the distress of molting; and so, like the plants, the animals lie still, recuperate from the waste of one summer and gather strength for the next.

Life Stories of the Other Half

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "How the Other Half Lives"

THE SECOND INSTALLMENT

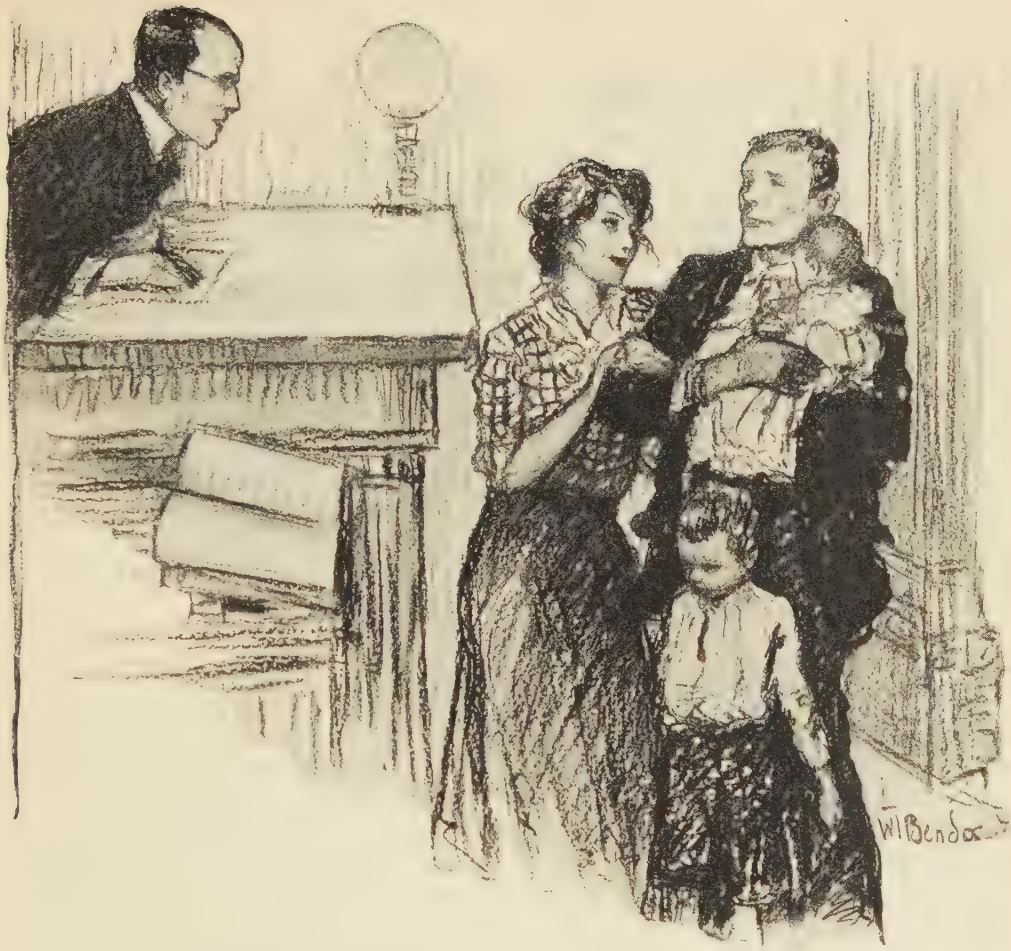
WITH DRAWINGS BY WLADYSLAW BENDA

The Wars of the Rileys

IT was the night before Washington's Birthday that Mr. Riley broke loose. They will speak of it long in the Windy City as "the night of the big storm," and with good right—it was "that suddint and fierce," just like Mr. Riley himself in his berserker moods. Mr. Riley was one of the enlivening problems of "the Bureau" in the region back of the stock-yards that kept it from being dulled by the routine of looking after the poor. He was more: he rose to the dignity of a "cause" at uncertain intervals when the cost of living, underpay and overtime, sickness and death, overpopulation, and all the other well-worn props of poverty retired to the wings and left the stage to Mr. Riley rampant, sufficient for the time and as informing as a whole course at the School of Philanthropy. In between, Mr. Riley was a capable meat-cutter earning good wages, who wouldn't have done a neighbor out of a cent that was his due, a robust citizen with more than his share of good looks, a devoted husband and a doting father, inseparable when at home from little Mike, whose baby trick of squaring off and offering to "bust his father's face" was the pride of the block.

"Will yez look at de kid? Ain't he a foine one?" shouted Mr. Riley, with peals of laughter; and the men smoking their pipes at the fence set the youngster on with admiring taunts. Mike was just turned three. His great stunt, when his father was not at hand, was to fall off everything in sight. Daily alarms brought from the relief party of hurrying mothers the unvarying cry, "Who's got hurted? Is it Mike?" But only Mike's feelings were hurt. Doleful howls, as he hove in sight, convoyed and comforted by Kate, aged seven, gave abundant proof that in wind and limb he was all that could be desired.

This was Mr. Riley in his hours of ease and domesticity. Mr. Riley rampant was a very different person. His arrival was invariably heralded by the smashing of the top of the kitchen stove, followed by the summary ejection of the once beloved family, helter-skelter, from the tenement. Three times the Bureau had been at the expense of having the stove top mended to keep the little Rileys from starving and freezing at once, and it was looking forward with concern to the meat-cutter's next encounter with his grievance. For there was a psychological reason for the manner of his outbreaks. The Rileys had once had a boarder, when Kate was a baby. He happened to be Mrs. Riley's brother, and he left, presuming on the kinship, without paying his board. As long as the meat-cutter was sober he remembered only the pleasant comradeship with his brother-in-law, and extended the hospitality of a neighborly fireside to his wife's relations. But no sooner had he taken a drink or two than the old grievance loomed large, and grew, as he went on, into a capital injury, to be avenged upon all and everything that in any way recalled the monstrous wrong of his life. That the cooking-stove should come first was natural, from his point of view. Upon it had been prepared the felonious meals, by it he had smoked the pipe of peace with the false friend. The crash in the kitchen had become the unvarying signal for the hasty exit of the rest of the family and the organizing of Kate into a scouting party



"SHE TURNED A PROUDLY HOPEFUL LOOK UPON HER HUSBAND"

to keep Mrs. Riley and the Bureau informed about the progress of events in the house where the meat-cutter raged alone.

Mrs. Riley was a loyal, if not always a patient, woman—who can blame her?—and accepted the situation as part of the marital compact, clearly comprehended, perhaps foreshadowed, in her vow to cling to her husband "for better for worse," and therefore not to be questioned. In times of peace she remembered not the days of storm and stress. Once indeed, when her best gingham had been sacrificed to the furies of war, she had considered whether the indefinite multiplication of the tribe of Riley were in the long run desirable, and had put it to the young woman from the Bureau, who was superintending the repair of the stove top, this way: "I am thinking, Miss Kane, if I will live with Mr. Riley any longer; would you?"—to the blushing confusion of that representative of the social order. However, that crisis passed. Mr. Riley took the pledge for the fourth or fifth time, and the next day appeared at the office, volunteering to assign himself and his earnings to the Bureau for the benefit of his wife and his creditors, reserving only enough for luncheons and tobacco, but nothing for drinks. The Bureau took an hour off to recover from the shock. If it had misgivings, it refused to listen to them. The world had turned a corner in the city by the lake and was on the home-stretch: Mr. Riley had reformed.

And, in truth, so it seemed. For once he was as good as his word. Christmas passed, and the manifold temptations of New Year, with Mike and his father still chums. Kate was improving the chance to profit by the school-learning so fatally interrupted in other days. Seventeen weeks went by with Mr. Riley's wages paid in at the Bureau every

Saturday ; the grocer smiled a fat welcome to the Riley children, the clock man and the spring man and the other installment collectors had ceased to be importunate. Mrs. Riley was having blissful visions of a new spring hat. Life back of the stock-yards was in a way of becoming ordinary and slow, when the fatal twenty-second of February hove in sight.

The night before, Mr. Riley, quitting work, met a friend at the gate, who, pitying his penniless state, informed him that "there was the price of a drink at the corner" for him, meaning at Quinlan's saloon. Now this was prodding the meat-cutter in a tender spot. He hated waste as much as his employers, who proverbially exploited all of the pig but the squeal. He didn't want the drink, but to have it waiting there with no one to come for it was wicked waste. It was his clear duty to save it, and he did. Among those drinking at the bar were some of his fellow-workmen, who stood treat. That called for a return, and Riley's credit was good. It was late before the party broke up ; it was 3 A.M. when the meat-cutter burst into the tenement, roaring drunk, clamoring for the lives of brothers-in-law in general and that of his own in particular, and smashed the stove lids with crash after crash that aroused the slumbering household with a jerk.

For once it was caught napping. The long peace had bred a fatal sense of security. Kate was off scouting duty and Mrs. Riley had her hands full with Pat, Bridget, and the baby all having measles at once—too full to take warning from her husband's suspicious absence at bedtime. Roused in the middle of the night to the defense of her brood, she fought gallantly, but without hope. The battle was bloody and brief. Beaten and bruised, she gathered up her young and fled into the blinding storm to the house of a pitying neighbor, who took them in, measles and all, to snuggle up with his own while he mounted guard on the doorstep against any pursuing enemy. But the meat-cutter merely slammed the door upon his evicted family. He spent the rest of the night smashing the reminders of his brother-in-law's hated kin. Kate, reconnoitering at daybreak, brought back word that he was raging around the house with three other drunken men. The opening of the Bureau found her encamped on the doorstep with a demand that help come quickly—the worst had happened. "Has little Mike broken his neck?" they asked in breathless chorus. "Worse nor that," she panted; "do be comin', Miss Kane!"

"Oh, what is it? Are any of the children dead?"

"Worse nor that; Mr. Riley has broke loose!" Kate always spoke of her father in his tantrums as Mister, as if he were a doubtful acquaintance. Her story of the night's doings was so lurid that the intimacy of many a *post-bellum* remorse felt unequal to the strain, and Miss Kane commandeered a policeman on the way to the house. The meat-cutter received her with elaborate inebriate courtesy, loftily ignoring the officer.

"Who is he?" he asked, aside.

She tried evasion. "A friend of mine I met." She was sorry immediately.

"Is he that? Then he is no friend of mine. Oh, Miss Kane," he grieved, "why did you go for to get him? You know I'd have protected you!" This with an indignant scowl at his fellow-marauders, who were furtively edging toward the door. An inquest of the house showed the devastation of war. The kitchen was a wreck; the bedroom furniture smashed; the Morris chair in which the family of young Rileys had reveled in the measles lay in splinters. "It was so hot here last night," suggested the meat-cutter, gravely, "it must have fell to pieces." In the course of the inspection Mrs. Riley appeared, keeping close to the policeman, wrathful and fearful at once, with a wondrous black eye. Her husband regarded it with expert interest and ventured the reflection that it was a shame, and she the fine-looking woman that she was! At that Mrs. Riley edged away toward her husband and eyed the bluecoat with hostile looks.

Between crying and laughing, "the Bureau lady" dismissed the policeman and officiated at the reunion of the family on condition that the meat-cutter appear at the office and get the dressing down which he so richly deserved, which he did. But his dignity had been offended by the brass buttons, and he insisted upon its being administered by one of his own sex.

"I like her," he explained, indicating Miss Kane with reproving forefinger, "but she's gone back on me." Another grievance had been added to that of the unpaid board.

The peace that was made lasted just ten days, when Mr. Riley broke loose once more, and this time he was brought into court. The whole Bureau went along to tell the story of

the compact and the manner of its breaking. Mr. Riley listened attentively to the recital of the black record.

"What have you to say to this?" scowled the Judge. The prisoner nodded.

"It is all true what the lady says, your Honor; she put it fair."

"I have a good mind to send you to Bridewell to break stone."

"Don't do that, Judge, and lose me job. I want to be wid me family." Mrs. Riley looked imploringly at the bench. His Honor's glance took in her face with the family group.

"Looks like it," he mused; but in the end he agreed to hand him over to the Bureau for one more trial, first administering the pledge in open court. Mr. Riley took the oath with great solemnity and entire good faith, kissed the Bible with a smack, reached up a large red fist for the Judge to shake, and the clerk. Then he pledged lasting friendship to the whole Bureau, including Miss Kane, whom he generously forgave the wrong she had done him, presented little Mike to the Court as "de foinest kid in de ward," took the gurgling baby from Mrs. Riley and gallantly gave her his arm. Leaning fondly upon it, a little lame and sore yet from the fight and with one eye in deep mourning, she turned a proudly hopeful look upon her husband, like a rainbow spanning a black departing cloud. And thus, with fleet-footed Kate in the van proclaiming the peace, and three prattling children clinging to their hands and clothes, they passed out into life to begin it anew. And bench and Bureau, with sudden emotion, hopelessly irrational and altogether hopeful and good, cheered them on their way.

The Answer of Ludlow Street

"YOU get the money, or out you go! I ain't in the business for me health," and the bang of the door and the angry clatter of the landlord's boots on the stairs, as he went down, bore witness that he meant what he said.

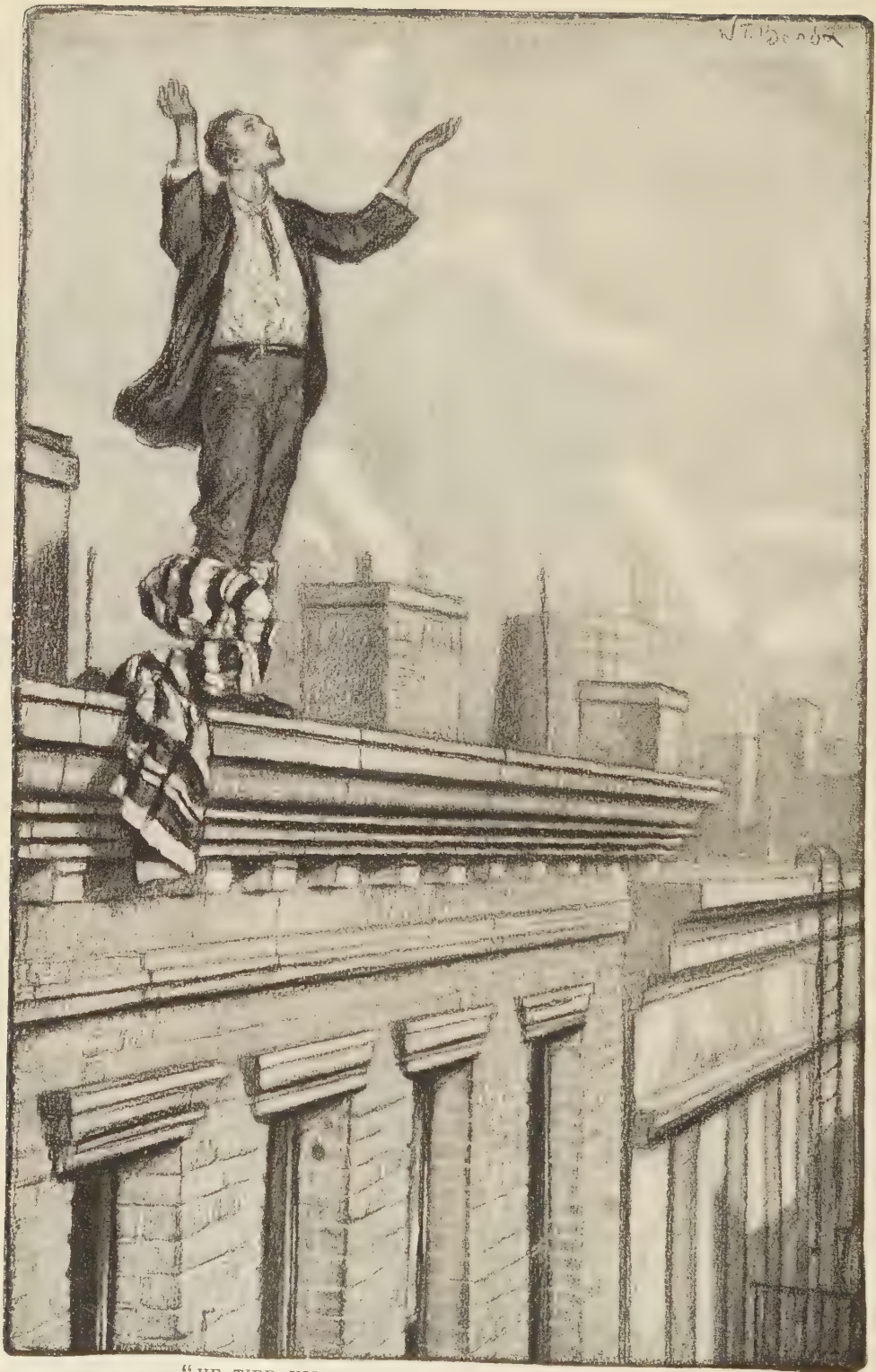
Judah Kapelowitz and his wife sat and looked silently at the little dark room when the last note of his voice had died away in the hall. They knew it well enough—it was their last day of grace. They were two months behind with the rent, and where it was to come from neither of them knew. Six years of struggling in the Promised Land, and this was what it had brought them.

A hungry little cry roused the woman from her apathy. She went over and took the baby and put it mechanically to her poor breast. Holding it so, she sat by the window and looked out upon the gray November day. Her husband had not stirred. Each avoided the question in the other's eyes, for neither had an answer.

They were young people as men reckon age in happy days, Judah scarce past thirty; but it is not always the years that count in Ludlow Street. Behind that and the tenement stretched the endless days of suffering in their Galician home, where the Jew was hated and despised as the one thrifty trader of the country, tortured alike by drunken peasant and cruel noble when they were not plotting murder against one another. With all their little savings they had paid Judah's passage to the land where men were free to labor, free to worship as their fathers did—a twice-blessed country, surely—and he had gone, leaving Sarah, his wife, and their child to wait for word that Judah was rich and expected them.

The wealth he found in Ludlow Street was all piled on his push-cart, and his persecutors would have scorned it. A handful of carrots, a few cabbages and beets, is not much to plan transatlantic voyages on; but what with Sarah's eager letters and Judah's starving himself daily to save every penny, he managed in two long years to scrape together the money for the steamship ticket that set all the tongues wagging in his home village when it came: Judah Kapelowitz had made his fortune in the far land, it was plain to be seen. Sarah and the boy, now grown big enough to speak his father's name with an altogether cunning little catch, bade a joyous good-by to their friends and set their faces hopefully toward the West. Once they were together, all their troubles would be at an end.

In the poor tenement the peddler lay awake till far into the night, hearkening to the noises of the street. He had gone hungry to bed, and he was too tired to sleep. Over and over he counted the many miles of stormy ocean



"HE TIED HIS FEET TOGETHER WITH THE PRAYER SHAWL, AND LOOKED ONCE UPON THE RISING SUN"

and the days to their coming, Sarah and the little Judah. Once they were together, he would work, work, work—and should they not make a living in the great, wealthy city?

With the dawn lighting up the eastern sky he slept the sleep of exhaustion, his question unanswered.

That was six years ago—six hard, weary years. They had worked together, he at his push-cart, Sarah for the sweater, earning a few cents finishing "pants" when she could. Little Judah did his share, pulling thread, until his sister came and he had to mind her. Together they had kept a roof overhead, and less and less to eat, till Judah had to give up his cart. Between the fierce competition and the police blackmail it would no longer keep body and soul together for its owner. A painter in the next house was in need of a hand, and Judah apprenticed himself to him for a dollar a day. If he could hold out a year or two, he might earn journeyman's wages and have steady work. The boss saw that he had an eye for the business. But, though Judah's eye was good, he lacked the "strong stomach" which is even more important to a painter. He had starved so long that the smell of the paint made him sick and he could not work fast enough. So the boss discharged him. "The sheeny was no good," was all the character he gave him.

It was then the twins came. There was not a penny in the house, and the rent money was long in arrears. Judah went out and asked for work. He sought no alms; he begged merely for a chance to earn a living at any price, any wages. Nobody wanted him, as was right and proper, no doubt. To underbid the living wage is even a worse sin against society than to "debase its standard of living," we are told by those who should know. Judah Kapelowitz was only an ignorant Jew, pleading for work that he might earn bread for his starving babies. He knew nothing of standards, but he would have sold his soul for a loaf of bread that day. He found no one to pay the price, and he came home hungry as he had gone out. In the afternoon the landlord called for the rent.

Another tiny wail came from the old baby-carriage in which the twins slept, and the mother turned her head from the twilight street where the lights were beginning to come out. Judah rose heavily from his seat.

"I go get money," he said, slowly. "I work for Mr. Springer two days. He will give me money." And he went out.

Mr. Springer was the boss painter. He did not give Judah his wages. He had not earned them, he said, and showed him the door. The man pleaded hotly, despairingly. They were hungry, the little kids and his wife. Only fifty cents of the two dollars—fifty cents! The painter put him out, and when he would not go, kicked him.

"Look out for that Jew, John," he said, putting up the shutters. "We shall have him setting off a bomb on us next. They turn Anarchist when they get desperate."

Mr. Springer was, it will be perceived, a man of discernment.

Judah Kapelowitz lay down beside his wife at night without a word of complaint. "To-morrow," he said, "I do it."

He arose early and washed himself with care. He bound the praying-band upon his forehead, and upon his wrist the tefillin with the Holy Name; then he covered his head with the tallith and prayed to the God of his fathers who brought them out of bondage, and blessed his house and his children, little Judah and Miriam his sister, and the twins in the cradle. As he kissed his wife good-by, he said that he had found work and wages, and would bring back money. She saw him go down in his working clothes; she did not know that he had hidden the tallith under his apron.

He did not leave the house, but, when the door was closed, went up to the roof. Standing upon the edge of it, he tied his feet together with the prayer shawl, looked once upon the rising sun, and threw himself into the street, seventy feet below.

"It is Judah Kapelowitz, the painter," said the awed neighbors, who ran up and looked in his dead face. The police came and took him to the station-house, for Judah, who living had kept the law of God and man, had broken both in his dying. They laid the body on the floor in front of the prison cells and covered it with the tallith as with a shroud. Sarah, his wife, sat by, white and tearless, with the twins at her breast. Little Miriam hid her head in her lap, frightened at the silence about them. At the tenement around the corner men were carrying her poor belongings out and stacking them in the street. They were homeless and fatherless.

Ludlow Street had given its answer.

The next installment of these "Life Stories" will appear in The Outlook for January 25, 1913

Peace of Ghent 1814

Minerva represents the wisdom of the United States Mercury their commerce Hercules their force. Minerva dictates the resolutions of peace which Mercury presents to Britannia and Hercules fears lest he accept on the shield of Minerva are the names of those who signed the Treaty on the Orbits these of the leaders

UNDER
THE PRESIDENCE
OF MADISSON
MONROE SECRETARY
OF STATE

and Triumph of America

on the other side, America, passes in Triumph through the Arche, wit her way to the temples of peace. She is attended by Victory and followed by a numerous train several Trophies are seen and on the back ground are the ruins of the Capital

Published by I Price Jr Philada.

THE PEACE OF GHENT

One Hundred Years of Peace[1]

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

PART ONE

THE last war between Great Britain and the United States began in June, 1812. There has been no war between the two countries since the Treaty of Ghent was signed on Christmas Eve in 1814. Strictly speaking, the absence of war constitutes peace, and therefore we may describe these hundred years just passed as a century of peace between the United States and Great Britain. But in the larger and better sense of the word it must be confessed that the relations between the two countries during that period have been at times anything but peaceful, and often far from friendly. Indeed, there have been some perilous moments when war has seemed very imminent. To describe this period, therefore, as one of unbroken good will merely because there was no actual fighting would be wholly misleading. If a review, however brief, of the relations between Great Britain and the United States since 1812 is to possess any value, it can only be through showing how, by slow steps, with many interruptions and much bitterness on both sides, we have nevertheless finally attained to the genuine friendship in which all sensible men of both countries rejoice to-day. This fortunate condition has been reached only after many years of storm and stress, which it seems to posterity, always blessed with that unerring wisdom which comes after the event, might have been easily avoided.

To understand the present situation aright, to comprehend the meaning and effects of the War of 1812 and of the ninety-eight years of peace which have followed its conclusion, it is necessary to begin with the separation of the two countries, by the peace of 1782, when the connection between England and the United States ceased to be that of mother country and colonies and became the more distant relation which exists between two independent nations. Just now there appears to be a tendency among Englishmen to regard that separation of the eighteenth century as a small matter, especially so far as their own country is concerned, a view which, however comfortable, is hardly sustained by history; and we may well pause a moment at the outset to consider just what the war resulting in the treaties of Paris meant, for on that decisive event rests ultimately all that has since come to pass.

As an illustration of the attitude of mind to which I have referred, let me take the recent case of a well-known writer and very popular novelist. Some years ago Mr. H. G. Wells came to this country, and on his return to England, like many of his countrymen, he wrote a book about the United States. Unlike many of his countrymen, however, he wrote a very pleasant and friendly book, enlivened by some characteristic remarks in favor of Socialism and of converting the Niagara Falls into horse-power. He made, however, one comment which struck me at the time, and which, I think, has been made since by others of his countrymen. This comment was in connection

[1] Copyright, 1912, by the Outlook Company.

with his visit to Boston, as I remember, and criticised us good-naturedly for the extreme care with which we marked all spots connected with the Revolution, and for the apparent importance which we attached to that event. Mr. Wells, unlike Sir George Trevelyan, the most brilliant of living English historians, seemed to think that this American feeling about the Revolution which resulted in the independence of the United States was provincial, if not parochial. In view of the sound system of British education, which has a great deal to say about English victories great and small, and is curiously reticent as to English defeats, it is perhaps not surprising that the importance attached to the incidents of the American Revolution in this country should surprise the average traveler from Great Britain. But, putting aside the partiality which Americans feel toward the Revolution, owing to the fact that they were victorious, and the lack of interest with which the British regard it, because they were defeated, it is perhaps not amiss to point out that the war for American independence really was an event of high importance, and was so considered then, as it has been ever since, by dispassionate persons.

The revolt of the American Colonies in 1776 agitated the world of that day far beyond the parish limits of the United States. That Revolution divided parties and overthrew Ministries in England. It involved France and Spain in war with Great Britain, and created the armed neutrality of the northern Powers, events which are rarely caused by trifling or provincial struggles. But the American Revolution was something much more even than this. It broke the British Empire for the first, and, so far, for the only time. It took from England her greatest and most valuable possession. With the American Colonies she lost a population equal to about a fifth of the inhabitants of Great Britain at that period, as well as the ownership of the best part of a great continent. The independence of the Colonies was the foundation of the United States, and, whether one approves of the United States or not, there can be no question, I think, that they constitute to-day a large and important fact in the existing world. It was an Englishman, I believe, who said that, after all, England's most considerable achievement was the United States. Finally, and this is something which I feel it would hardly be possible to describe as parochial, modern democracy began with the American Revolution. When Emerson, with the insight of the poet, declared that the shot which the embattled farmers fired at Concord Bridge was heard "round the world," he told the exact truth. At that bridge, in that little New England village, the first drum-beat of democracy broke upon the troubled air, and there the march began. That same drum-beat was heard a little later in France, when several things happened which Mr. Wells would not, probably, regard as provincial, and which caused some stir at the time. Looking over the world to-day, it may be fairly said that no greater event could be commemorated than the first uprising of democracy which swept over the Governments of the nineteenth century, and which is still pressing onward, crossing even now into the confines of Asia.

Yet, very characteristically, this American Revolution, which Mr. Wells smiles at gently as a little provincial incident, but which seems not to have been without its effect on the history of civilized man, turned on a question of law. That two great branches of the same people, speaking the same language, holding the same beliefs, and cherishing the same institutions, should go to war about a question of legal right in the imposition of taxes is indeed very typical of the race and breed. It is also one reason why the War of the Revolution, as a whole, was sullied by few acts of cruelty or ferocity, for, as Macaulay pointed out long ago, the character of a civil war is very largely determined by the amount of oppression which one side has suffered at the hands of the other. The government of the English colonies in America had been, on the whole, easy and liberal. Sir Robert Walpole, with his wise indifference which allowed the dust to gather upon American despatches, and the elder Pitt, who had the faculty of arousing the enthusiasm of the colonists by appealing to their patriotic impulses and by treating them as friends and equals, had made the bonds between the mother country and her children very strong. But a very dull and narrow-minded King, served by Ministers of slight capacity or of judiciously pliant natures, soon undid the work of the two great Ministers and forced on the war which had in it at that moment nothing of the inevitable. The Revolution thus generated was fought out through seven long years, and the Colonies won. There was, of course, bitterness of feeling on both sides, but none which could not have been quickly and easily overcome

if right methods had been pursued. The Americans, it is true, did not carry out the treaty properly in regard to the Loyalists, and the British, on their side, failed to observe it in regard to the relinquishment of the Western posts which were an absolute threat not only to the expansion but to the very existence of the United States. One of the greatest achievements of Washington's Administration was the Jay Treaty, and to make this settlement with England he sacrificed the French alliance, but he removed forever the Western menace and cleared the frontier of the United States from a danger which in time of war might have proved fatal. The French Revolution, which destroyed the American alliance, divided public opinion in the United States, as it did in England, and the immediate result was virtual, although not declared, war with France, a situation that gave England an opportunity to bind her former colonies closely to her, which unfortunately did not seem to English statesmen a thing worth doing. Then came the great struggle with Napoleon, and again England might easily have made her former colonies her close friends and allies. This policy, indeed, was so obvious that it is hard to understand why even English Ministers failed to adopt it. Jefferson, with all his eulogy of France and denunciation of England for political purposes, was more than ready to unite with England against Napoleon if she would only have allowed him to do so, but after the death of the younger Pitt and the dissolution of the Ministry of "All the Talents," the English Government fell once more into the hands of some very inferior men. Ministers of the caliber of Perceval, Castlereagh, and Lord Liverpool, united with extreme Tories like Lord Eldon, whose ability was crippled by their blind prejudices, were utterly unable to see the value of friendship with the United States, and preferred to treat their former colonists with a comfortable contempt. The one very clever man not in opposition in those days was Canning, and he did more than any one else, perhaps, by his unfortunate attitude, to drive the United States away from England. It was he who said that the navy of the United States consisted of "a few fir frigates with a bit of bunting at the top." For the sake of this not very humorous alliteration he paid rather heavily in the loss of a good many English frigates at a later day.

It is not pleasant to Americans to recall the years which preceded our second war with England. There was no indignity, no humiliation, no outrage, that England on the one side and Napoleon on the other did not inflict upon the United States. Our Government submitted and yielded and made sacrifices which it is now difficult to contemplate with calmness, until at last a party arose composed of young men who were profoundly convinced that anything was better than such conditions, and that if we were to have a national existence worthy of the name we must fight. They did not care very much with whom we fought, but they were determined to fight some one in order to vindicate the right of the United States to live as a nation without dishonor. The unscrupulous dexterity of Napoleon and the marvelous stupidity of England resulted in our fighting England instead of France, and thus we came to the War of 1812.

We had no army and a very small navy. The political group which had forced war upon us, although right in their reasons for going to war, were utterly wrong in the ignorant boasts with which they proclaimed our readiness for battle. Wholly unprepared, we suffered many defeats on the Canadian frontier, which were redeemed only by the two battles of Lundy's Lane and Chippewa. On the seas and lakes we had almost unbroken victory, and finally, at New Orleans, after peace had really been made but before it was known, Jackson defeated the veterans of Wellington's Peninsula campaigns with a thoroughness and a severity which were so marked that the battle is hardly alluded to in British histories, and must therefore be relegated to the provincial class of historical events. So the war came to an end before it had lasted three years, and when the Treaty of Ghent was signed that instrument did not contain the settlement of a single one of the questions which had made the war unavoidable and for which the United States had fought. Yet, none the less, the war had settled all those questions. Never again did England attempt to stop an American man-of-war or an American merchantman and take seamen, whom she claimed as deserters, from their decks. Never again did she attempt to interfere with American commerce. Whatever losses the United States might have suffered in the war, however much her pride might have been wounded by the destruction of the Capitol at Washington, the real victory was with the Americans. They

had fought, and they had gained what they fought for. They sacrificed nothing—not an inch of territory—by so doing. The only losses suffered by the United States were in men and money, and by those losses we had put an end forever to the humiliating treatment which had been meted out to us during the first decade of the century. As the years passed by all this became apparent, and it is now perfectly plain that the War of 1812 achieved the result for which it was fought, by establishing the position of the United States as an independent nation and restoring the national self-respect. Although the Treaty of Ghent did not show it, we have but to look behind the curtain which the hand of time has drawn aside in order to learn that the men of that day in England recognized what had happened, although they might not admit it to themselves, much less to the public. They confessed the truth in many ways, none the less clearly because the confession was indirect.

Take, for example, this letter from Mr. James, the naval historian, to Mr. Canning:

MR. W. JAMES TO MR. CANNING

"Perry Vale, near Sydenham, Kent: Jany. 9, 1827

"The menacing tone of the American President's message is now the prevailing topic of conversation, more especially among the mercantile men in whose company I daily travel to and from town. One says 'We had better cede a point or two rather than go to War with the United States.' 'Yes,' says another, 'for we shall get nothing but hard knocks there.' 'True,' adds a third, 'and what is worse than all, our seamen are half afraid to meet the Americans at sea.' Unfortunately this depression of feeling, this cowed spirit, prevails very generally over the community, even among persons well informed on other subjects, and who, were a British seaman to be named with a Frenchman or Spaniard, would scoff at the comparison."[1]

The words of Mr. James show the effect upon the public mind in England of the American naval victories, which so profoundly interested Napoleon. They penetrated so deeply that they actually reached the intelligence of the Liverpools and the Castlereaghs. Even they felt the meaning to England's prestige as a naval power of losing eleven out of thirteen single-ship actions and two flotilla engagements on the Great Lakes. Their alarm can be measured by the honors they conferred on Captain Broke, who commanded the Shannon when she defeated the Chesapeake—higher honors than Nelson received for his brilliant service in the battle of Cape St. Vincent. Nor was this all. Despite their contempt for the Americans and their loud assertions of satisfaction with their successes, as the war drew to its close the Ministers became so frightened that they proposed to send Wellington to America to command their armies on the very scene of the victories which they so loudly proclaimed. The Duke's letters in regard to this proposal are most instructive, and reveal the real results of the war, for Wellington was never the victim of illusions. He had the great faculty of looking facts in the face.

On the 9th of November, 1814, he wrote from Paris to Lord Liverpool as follows:

"I have already told you and Lord Bathurst that I feel no objection to going to America, though I don't promise to myself much success there. I believe there are troops enough there for the defense of Canada forever, and even for the accomplishment of any reasonable offensive plan that could be formed from the Canadian frontier. I am quite sure that all the American armies of which I have ever read would not beat out of a field of battle the troops that went from Bordeaux last summer, if common precautions and care were taken of them.

"That which appears to me to be wanting in America is not a General, or General officers and troops, but a naval superiority on the Lakes. Till that superiority is acquired, it is impossible, according to my notion, to maintain an army in such a situation as to keep the enemy out of the whole frontier, much less to make any conquest from the enemy, which, with those superior means, might, with reasonable hopes of success, be undertaken. I may be wrong in this opinion, but I think the whole history of the war proves its truth; and I suspect that you will find that Prevost will justify his misfortunes, which, by the by, I am quite certain are not what the Americans represented them to be, by stating that the navy were defeated, and even if he had taken Fort Mason he must have retired. The question is, whether we can acquire this naval superiority on the

[1] "Canning Correspondence." Edited by E. J. Stapleton. Vol. II, p. 340.

Lakes. If we can't, I shall do you but little good in America; and I shall go there only to prove the truth of Prevost's defence, and to sign a peace which might as well be signed now. There will always, however, remain this advantage, that the confidence which I have acquired will reconcile both the army and people in England to terms of which they would not now approve.

"In regard to your present negotiations, I confess that I think you have no right from the state of the war to demand any concession of territory from America. Considering everything, it is my opinion that the war has been a most successful one, and highly honorable to the British arms; but from particular circumstances, such as the want of the naval superiority on the Lakes, you have not been able to carry it into the enemy's territory, notwithstanding your military success, and now undoubted military superiority, and have not even cleared your own territory of the enemy on the point of attack. You cannot then, on any principle of equality in negotiation, claim a cession of territory excepting in exchange for other advantages which you have in your power.

"I put out of the question the possession taken by Sir John Sherbrooke between the Penobscot and Passamaquoddy Bay. It is evidently only temporary, and till a larger force will drive away the few companies he has left there; and an officer might as well claim the sovereignty of the ground on which his piquets stand, or over which his patrols pass.

"Then if this reasoning be true, why stipulate for the *uti possidetis?* You can get no territory; indeed the state of your military operations, however creditable, does not entitle you to demand any; and you only afford the Americans a popular and creditable ground which, I believe, their Government are looking for, not to break off the negotiations, but to avoid to make peace. If you had territory, as I hope you soon will have New Orleans, I should prefer to insist upon the cession of that province as a separate article than upon the *uti possidetis* as a principle of negotiation."

And again, on November 18, 1814, he wrote to the Earl of Liverpool:

"I have already told you that I have no objection to going to America, and I will go whenever I may be ordered. But does it not occur to your Lordship that, by appointing me to go to America at this moment, you give ground for belief all over Europe that your affairs there are in a much worse situation than they really are? And will not my nomination at this moment be a triumph to the Americans and their friends here and elsewhere? It will give satisfaction, and that only momentary, in England; and it may have the effect of raising hopes and expectations there which, we know, cannot be realized."

Despite the "military successes," Wellington did not think that England could make any demand for territory or compensation, which shows that the "successes" had been as barren as they were trivial. The invincible troops from Bordeaux were badly beaten by Jackson, and Pakenham, one of Wellington's favorite generals, was killed, so that he did not capture New Orleans, as the Duke expected.

The result was a treaty of peace that on its face only brought peace, which the Duke evidently thought was all England could expect. There need not have been any war between England and the United States in 1812 if England had only seen fit to make the United States a friend instead of a foe. But England did not so will, and the war taught her that the United States could no longer be bullied and outraged with impunity. Thus the War of 1812 brought, after all, a peace worth having, and laid the foundations for that larger peace which has lasted for a hundred years. During that time, through many vicissitudes, the relations of the two countries have so improved that we are now warranted in believing, what all reflecting men earnestly hope, that another war between England and the United States has become an impossibility.

These larger results of the war, so plainly to be seen now, were not of course immediately apparent. The old attitude was still too fixed, the old habits still too strong, to be abandoned in a moment. We made a brief treaty of commerce and navigation with England in June, 1815, six months after the conclusion of the Treaty of Ghent, but this treaty disposed of none of the outstanding questions as to which the Treaty of Ghent had been silent, and some of these thus passed over were of a nature which imperatively required settlement. A British officer, unconscious apparently that a war had been fought, undertook to search some of our vessels upon the Great Lakes, a little eccentricity which was not repeated. Despite

the agreement of the Ghent Treaty, England held on to Astoria and the posts in the extreme Northwest, and, what was still worse, she also attempted to take the ground that our fishing rights, determined by the Treaty of 1783, had been extinguished by the war. Acting on this opinion, British cruisers seized American fishing vessels, and the condition of affairs on the coasts of Nova Scotia, Canada, and Newfoundland became serious in the extreme. Mr. Adams, then Minister of the United States in London, brought these questions to the attention of Lord Castlereagh, urging upon him the necessity of further treaties to settle these disputes, to extend the commercial convention of 1815, and to make some agreement in regard to the slaves who had been carried off after the conclusion of the war, as well as with reference to the disputed northwestern boundary. His discussions with Lord Castlereagh, which are detailed at length in his diary, were fruitless, and the British Cabinet declined at that time to enter upon further negotiations. It may be inferred that they did not think it worth while to take any steps toward improving their relations with the American people. Soon after these conferences with Lord Castlereagh Mr. Adams returned to the United States in order to take his place in President Monroe's Cabinet on the 4th of March, 1817, and Mr. Rush succeeded him as Minister at London. Once more an effort to come to a further agreement on some, at least, of the outstanding questions was made, and Mr. Rush was instructed that, if England would assent, Mr. Gallatin, who was our Minister at Paris, would be joined with him in the negotiations. Then it was that the effects of the war began to be really apparent. The exasperation caused by the seizure of our fishing vessels and by the refusal to carry out the provisions of the Treaty of Ghent on the northwest coast made it evident that if something was not done the two countries would again be involved in hostilities. This danger, which would have made no impression upon the minds of the British Ministers ten years earlier, was now effective, and England's action showed that she was no longer ready to go to extremes. The Ministry changed its attitude and assented to a new negotiation. The result was the Treaty of 1818, by which England admitted in principle the American contention that the fishing rights conceded in 1783 were final in their nature and could not be abrogated by war. Mr. Rush and Mr. Gallatin, moreover, succeeded in obtaining larger concessions in this respect than their instructions called for, and the American fishing rights within the three-mile limit, and also the right to dry and cure on the coast, were recognized as to certain portions of Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and Canada. The treaty also disposed of the boundary from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains, and from there westward to the ocean the country was left open to the occupation of the subjects and citizens of both Powers for a term of ten years. The commercial convention was extended, and provision was made for the settlement of American claims on account of the slaves who had been carried away by referring the whole matter to the decision of some friendly sovereign. Nothing was said about the subject of seamen's rights, which had been so largely the cause of the war. The Treaty of 1818 was as silent on this topic as the Treaty of Ghent, but this question had in reality been settled by the war itself, for England, having found that the theme was one upon which the United States was ready to fight, quietly allowed her claims in this direction to die away.

Four years after the Treaty of 1818, and in accordance with the fifth article, the question of compensation for slaves or other property carried away after the war was referred to the Emperor of Russia as arbitrator, and the Emperor's award decided that the United States was entitled to just indemnification for all such private property taken by the British forces, and more especially for all such slaves as were carried away from the places and territories for the restitution of which the treaty stipulated. The adoption of the Treaty of 1818 was also the signal for the restoration to the United States of Astoria and the other points on the coast of the extreme northwest. In this way the Treaty of 1818, and the award of the Emperor of Russia which grew out of it, brought the relations of the two countries into a better condition than they had enjoyed since the close of the American Revolution; and these treaties may be said to have constituted the first step toward the improvement of those relations which were destined to grow better, although with many checks and hindrances, for one hundred years to come.

The two countries were also drawn nearer together by holding the same attitude in regard to the revolting colonies of Spain in

South America, and by their common dislike and distrust of the principles of the Holy Alliance. When Canning broke away from the somewhat musty Toryism which thought everything was to go on just as of old, and as if the French Revolution had never happened, he not only powerfully aided the South American republics, but he greatly strengthened the position of the United States. Canning did not at all approve of the extended form which his policy took on in the Monroe Doctrine, but his work could not be undone, and a common sympathy and a common policy in the South American struggle for freedom drew Great Britain and the United States closely together in the eyes of the world, and also, although to a less degree, in their own estimation.

After the award of the Emperor in regard to indemnity for the slaves carried off by the British forces in the War of 1812, there was, with the exception of the conventions of 1827, renewing and extending the Treaty of 1818 and providing for an arbitration of the disputed northeastern boundary, no international transaction involving serious differences, and no treaty between the two Governments of Great Britain and the United States, for twenty years. The marked effect which the War of 1812, as I have pointed out, had produced upon the attitude of England toward the United States was, however, very largely confined to the intercourse of the two Governments. That intercourse had become what in diplomatic parlance is termed "correct," and the old tone, so familiar in British despatches before the War of 1812, when the Ministry treated the United States as if it were a collection of African tribes, and therefore not entitled to the ordinary good manners of international relations, wholly disappeared. Officially we had forced our way into the family of nations, and had secured the customary courtesies which international intercourse demands. Yet this improvement, which was of the first importance, did not go very far toward altering the feeling which existed among the peoples of the two countries toward each other. Our intercourse with Great Britain after the Treaty of 1818 entered upon another phase quite outside the scope of governmental action, which in its result did more lasting harm to the cause of genuine friendship between the two countries than all the best efforts of diplomatists or public men on either side could remedy or undo. Prior to the War of 1812 many books and much writing in reviews and newspapers appeared in England which treated of the United States in the most unfavorable manner, and in a spirit which at times might fairly be called malignant. This systematic defamation was carried on so generally and so persistently that it gave rise to a fixed belief in the United States not only that it was part of a deliberate plan, but that some of the writers, like Moore, Ashe, and Parkinson, were actually in the pay of the British Government, and that they wrote for the purpose of inflaming English hostility toward everything American, and of preventing emigration to England's former colonies. During those early years of the century the people of the United States seem to have had the good sense to treat these criticisms with indifference; and when the controversy between the countries culminated in war, in the presence of real fighting attacks made in print fell unnoticed from the press. After the war, however, and after the settlement of the commercial relations of the two countries by the Treaty of 1818, the habit of depreciating and libeling the United States, either in books or in more ephemeral publications, entered upon a new phase. Any one who will take the trouble to examine what was written in England about the United States during the period from 1820 to 1850 will find it difficult to avoid the belief that the assaults upon the American people were systematic in their nature.

Those who are curious in such matters can find an admirable summary in Mr. McMaster's history, in which the English comments upon the United States from 1820 to 1840 are vividly described. It seems almost incredible that such things could have been said and written by one ostensibly friendly people about another people who spoke the same language and inherited the same political traditions. There were, without doubt, many things in the United States of that day which were open to just criticism. No successful defense, for example, could be entered before the tribunal of the civilized world in behalf of Negro slavery. But the English critics did not confine themselves to that which was deserving of criticism. Everything in the United States was to them anathema. The great reviews gave many pages to depicting what the United States was as they beheld and interpreted it. Robert Southey in the "Quarterly" and Sydney

Smith in the "Edinburgh" were only two of the most distinguished among the many writers great and small who devoted themselves not merely to criticising but to slandering the United States. They were not ashamed to effect their purpose by telling the most absolute falsehoods, and the lengths to which they went seem now well-nigh incredible. The men of America were said to be "turbulent citizens, abandoned Christians, inconstant husbands, unnatural fathers, and treacherous friends." The men who had whipped English vessels in eleven single ship fights out of thirteen were accused of having run away shamefully when they could not fight to advantage. As they generally fought to advantage at sea, they had not often run away. "In the Southern parts of the Union," says another calm thinker and judicious critic, "the rights of our holy faith are almost never practiced; one-third of the people have no church at all. The religious principle is gaining ground in the northern parts of the Union. It is becoming fashionable among the better orders of society to go to church." It is interesting to consider this picture of church-going becoming fashionable among the descendants of the Puritans, but the writers had forgotten, probably, that New England was settled when it was a wilderness by people who went there, as Carlyle puts it, because they wanted to hear a sermon preached in their own way. "The supreme felicity of a true-born American is inaction of body and inanity of mind," is another description of the people of the United States, and the reproach of inactivity is one of the most comic ever addressed to Americans even at that time. Then, of course, the British critics had a great deal to say about our total lack of literature and the entire absence among us of any men of distinction.

Franklin, we were informed, had elicited some useful discoveries, but that was because he had lived in England for some time. It might be suggested that there were many other persons dwelling in England whose residence in that favored island had failed to make them capable of eliciting Franklin's useful discoveries. It was also predicted that he would not be remembered for fifty years. Prophecies of fame are always perilous, and it is to be feared that Franklin is a good deal better remembered to-day than Sydney Smith or Southey—the most considerable of our critics in those days—and more read, too, if we may judge from the fact that every civilized nation not long since sent eminent representatives to Philadelphia to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of his birth, a ceremony which seems to have been omitted in the case of Southey and Sydney Smith when a century had elapsed after their coming into the world. Robert Fulton, it was asserted, stole his invention from seeing the sailing ships which ran on the Clyde with steam power in 1787, although no mention is made elsewhere of the persons who performed that feat, which does not seem to have traveled beyond the Clyde, and which is just as veracious as the statement, also made at that time, that Fulton was born in Paisley in Scotland, when in reality he had the misfortune to be born in Pennsylvania.

These instances give a very faint impression of English criticism upon America at that time, although such stuff is hardly to be dignified by the name of criticism. It was in reality childish and rather ignorant abuse. But now, contrary to what had happened in the earlier years, the Americans, unfortunately, were roused into taking it up and making elaborate replies. They had not much difficulty in controverting the false statements and misrepresentations so freely made, but they did not stop there. They naturally availed themselves of the *tu quoque* argument, and it was not at all difficult in the history of England to find facts which, with appropriate twists and bendings, made the English people appear in a very unenviable light.

This warfare of books and magazine articles continued and was much emphasized and embittered when it was taken up on a large scale by popular writers like Mrs. Trollope and Captain Hall; but everything else sank into insignificance compared to the effect of one book, much more temperate than any of the others, but written by a great genius who saw fit later to sharpen what he had said in a book of travels by carrying his animosity into the realms of fiction. Charles Dickens came to the United States in 1841. He was received with an outburst of affectionate and admiring enthusiasm which has rarely been seen anywhere in the case of a man of letters. He went home and wrote a book about us called "American Notes," and then he immortalized certain types of American character in "Martin Chuzzlewit." He said a great deal that was very true and entirely deserved. The characters of the novel were unfortu-

nately in many respects only too real, and, deeply angered as we were at the time, it may be safely said that Elijah Pogram and Jefferson Brick and Hannibal Chollop, General Choke and Mrs. Hominy, have an immortality more assured among the American people than anywhere else, for the anger has long since died away, while the truth of the satire and the comicality of these beings created by the magic touch of genius still remain. But at the time the resentment was intense. Whether what was said was just or unjust, true or untrue, there was a widespread feeling in the United States that, whoever else might find fault with and ridicule us, Charles Dickens, after the reception which had been given him, was debarred by every rule of loyalty and good manners from doing so. That this feeling was natural and that the rule was one which could be both accepted and observed was made visible to all men not long after the visit of Dickens.

A few years later another great English novelist came to the United States; came twice, in fact, and delivered lectures. No doubt, with his keen and penetrating observation, he perceived many things which lent themselves to criticism, to ridicule, and to satire, of which no living writer was more capable than he. He was by temperament very sensitive to just those shortcomings which are common and repellent in a crude and unformed society. He was urged in every way and tempted with the promise of great profits to write a book about America, but he declined. He had been cordially received in the United States; he had lived in our houses; he had accepted our hospitality; only kindness had been shown him. Others might write what they pleased about America, but he would not. Let me recall what he himself said in a "Roundabout" paper:

"Yonder drawing was made in a country where there was such hospitality, friendship, kindness, shown to the humble designer that his eyes do not care to look for faults or his pen to note them. . . . How hospitable they were, those Southern men! In the North itself the welcome was not kinder, as I, who had eaten Northern and Southern salt, can testify!"

How kind and generous it all is, and how pleasant it is now, to every one who loves the memory of the genius that created Becky Sharp and drew the character of Colonel Newcome, to know that he was, above all things, loyal and true. We had on our own side, too, a distinguished man of letters whose conception of his duty toward the two nations who read his books was to cherish friendship and kindliness and not to seek for faults and embitter feelings. Let me describe him in Thackeray's words, for they both thought alike in this great matter which involves nothing less than good will among men:

"Two men, famous, admired, beloved, have just left us, the Goldsmith and Gibbon of our time. . . . One was the first Ambassador whom the New World of Letters sent to the Old. He was born almost with the republic; the *pater patriæ* had laid his hand on the child's head. He bore Washington's name; he came amongst us bringing the kindest sympathy, the most artless, smiling good will. His new country (which some people here might be disposed to regard rather superciliously) could send us, as he showed in his own person, a gentleman who, though himself born in no very high sphere, was most finished, polished, easy, witty, quiet; and, socially, the equal of the most refined Europeans. If Irving's welcome in England was a kind one, was it not also gratefully remembered? If he ate our salt, did he not pay us with a thankful heart? Who can calculate the amount of friendliness and good feeling for our country which this writer's generous and untiring regard for us disseminated in his own? His books are read by millions of his countrymen, whom he has taught to love England, and why to love her. It would have been easy to speak otherwise than he did; to inflame national rancors, which, at the time when he first became known as a public writer, war had just renewed; to cry down the old civilization at the expense of the new; to point out our faults, arrogance, shortcomings, and give the republic to infer how much she was the parent state's superior. There are writers enough in the United States, honest and otherwise, to preach that kind of doctrine. But the good Irving, the peaceful, the friendly, had no place for bitterness in his heart, and no scheme but kindness."

Unfortunately, the example of Irving and Thackeray had but few imitators. Everything which these two said and wrote or omitted to say and write was forgotten in the clash of men who took a precisely opposite course, to the great detriment of all concerned; and the bitterness was concentrated

around the "American Notes" and their author, whom the American people had loved and honored and taken to their hearts. It was this feeling that the man whom they had admired and cheered and feasted had proved disloyal which made Dickens's criticism and ridicule rankle more than that of all others. But if we leave the personal equation aside, Dickens was only the culmination of the general commentary which England then made and apparently thought it well to make upon the United States. Both people spoke and read the same language. In those days they were still closely akin. We read English books, copied English fashions, and looked up to English standards in society and in literature, and therefore all that was said in England of the kind which has just been indicated went home and made Americans very angry and very sore. We were a new people, or rather we were the offspring of an old people settled in a new country, and we were young, very self-conscious, very sensitive, and we felt attacks which would be no more noticed to-day than the rattle of a dead autumn leaf fluttering before the wind. We replied to the criticisms in a savage and intemperate manner. Sometimes we wounded; generally we produced no effect. What we felt most was the injustice of painting everything black.

As I have already said, there was a great deal in America to be criticised. Dickens's wrath about copyright was wholly justifiable. Our own literary possessions were still meager, and so we stood like highwaymen along the roadside of literature and robbed the passers-by, the very men who "helped us to enjoy life or taught us to endure it." It was utterly indefensible and wholly dishonest. The default on the State bonds, especially upon those of Pennsylvania, which edged the blade of Sydney Smith, who was a personal loser, was not only indefensible, but most discreditable. To the great reproach of slavery there was, of course, no reply, no excuse to be made. But those dark spots were not the whole picture, and yet, by gross misrepresentation and even by actual falsehood, the effort was made to prove that everything was black. For instance, in "Martin Chuzzlewit" the impression is sedulously and strongly given that the entire United States west of the Alleghanies is one huge swamp breathing forth fever and ague. No doubt such spots existed then, and exist now, but as a description of so large a country as the United States it was not strictly accurate. Yet such was the prevailing tone. Everything was bad—land, people, institutions. The result naturally was that the just criticism had no effect and was merely lost in the cloud of invective and abuse. Many of the deficiencies were those which time alone could supply, but this was not stated, any more than it was admitted that there was also in America much that was good and not a little that was great. In the days when we were still colonies Edmund Burke and the elder Pitt pictured the people of America and what they had achieved in language to which Parliament listened then, and which the world has heeded ever since. In the first half of the nineteenth century the American people were engaged in the conquest of a continent; they were bringing a wilderness within the grasp of civilized man, and at the same time they were making a great experiment in government, and had established religious freedom and individual liberty on a scale never known before. Their political example had affected the entire Western world, and this was really the underlying reason for the attacks upon them, because their success alarmed the ruling classes of England and of Europe, which were likewise the vocal classes, in command of the press and the platform. None the less, these were things quite as worthy of note as our crude manners, our rough ways on the Western frontier, our lack of the luxuries of wealth, and of the many other lesser things in which we fell short of the European standards. But the good was never noticed and the bad was exaggerated beyond the bounds of truth. With the exception of what Dickens wrote, everything then said and written in regard to the United States and its people is quite forgotten, except by the historian, and is as dead to the world as the nun who has taken the black veil.

But looking back over that time, the period of the English commentators on America, one can see very plainly now the infinite mischief which was done. In point of taste and good feeling there is little to choose between the English attacks upon the United States and those of Americans upon England, although we had the great disadvantage of feeling much more keenly about it than our adversaries. Yet England herself was sensitive enough when Emerson and Hawthorne, two really great writers, ventured, in the most perfectly proper and temperate

way, to point out that in certain respects the English people were, after all, merely human. Emerson and Hawthorne, of course, are still read and remembered, quite as much as Dickens, but they do not come within the class that I have been trying to describe. They were later, and their tone was larger and more modern, their criticism more subtle, their praise ample, and their temper fair. During the time which I have attempted to portray the harm done was very great. Englishmen gave comparatively little attention to us or to what we thought or said, but the attacks of her writers upon the United States, running through a long period of years, bred a bitter hatred of England among the American people, which has gradually and fortunately turned into a cold indifference, and this, in turn, it is to be hoped, will become something more and better than occasional friendship between individual members of the two nations. The regret which one feels as one looks back over the writings of that period brimming over with bitterness and anger is enhanced by considering the good which might have been done by more serious works conceived in a different spirit. We have two conspicuous examples of such books ready to our hands and possessed of an enduring reputation denied to those who wrote of the United States only to decry and wound. De Tocqueville is of the same period. His famous book is by no means filled with undiluted praise. He both warned and criticised, but he took America seriously and he was studied and admired. In our own time a distinguished English statesman has written a book upon our body politic and our methods of government. He has seen what was good as well as what was evil in our politics and our political system. He is a severe but just judge. Far from resenting his strictures, Americans regard his book with admiration and as high authority. It may be truly said that no Englishman has ever been more popular in the United States than James Bryce, the author of the "American Commonwealth."

Part Two will appear in The Outlook for January 4, 1913

A Crisis in the Woman Suffrage Party

THE annual Convention of the National Woman Suffrage Association in Philadelphia last month was naturally the most important and stirring of all such conventions. In the first place, there was to be celebrated the substantial political victory which the cause of the Association had won at the polls in November through the votes of men who believe in that cause. Four States have been added to the six where women already vote. These were Michigan, Kansas, Oregon, and Arizona—although even on the 1st of December there seems to be still some uncertainty as regards Michigan. A map of the United States showing in black the ten woman suffrage States gives to the eye a picture of what would be, were it not for Nevada, a solid block of far Western States, with Wyoming and Colorado stretching eastward in a smaller block ; Kansas, like a vanguard, stretching still farther eastward ; and Michigan, like a solitary advance sentinel, far to the northeast. It is estimated that through the November election the number of women voters has been just about doubled, and that it is now not far from three millions. Great interest was expressed at the Convention in the question as to what direction the future campaign should take. It seems certain that Pennsylvania will be the Eastern anti-suffrage citadel now to be stormed with the utmost vigor, and Mrs. Ida Husted Harper, one of the Eastern leaders, declares that the principal object in bringing the annual Convention to Philadelphia was to inaugurate a big campaign at the capital of the State, and to urge the Legislature at Harrisburg to submit the question to a popular referendum through a proposed Constitutional amendment. In the Middle West Iowa seems to

MISS JANE ADDAMS
Vice-President of the National Woman Suffrage Association

DR. ANNA SHAW
President of the National Woman Suffrage Association

be the most promising field for new activity, while North Dakota and Montana are also considered probable converts.

But the real center of interest at the Convention was not the victories gained or the plans for the future. For the first time in American political history a great National party has made woman suffrage one of its fighting issues. The ranks of the suffragists were, as a matter of course, divided as to their liking and trust in political parties. There was a strong difference of opinion as to the right of the officers of the National Woman Suffrage Association to act with any party. There was also a division of feeling between the Eastern and Western sections of the suffrage movement. As we understand it, the position of the Association in the past has been that, while individual members have a perfect right to work with either of the old parties (having always in mind the ultimate object of equal suffrage), the officers of the Association must not by their actions as officials commit the Association to anything like affiliation with a political party.

Concretely and personally this crisis revolved around the action of Miss Jane Addams in going to Chicago as a delegate to the Progressive party's Convention and her splendid work in aid of the Progressive cause during the campaign. It was really to stamp Jane Addams's course with disapproval that an amendment was proposed by Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont which would make the constitution of the organization positively forbid the officers of the Association to affiliate with any political party. The result was an overwhelming victory for Jane Addams and a personal indorsement of her motives and actions such as few leaders, men or women, have ever received. The President of the Association, Dr. Anna B. Shaw, who controlled and guided the debate with fairness and moderation, is quoted as describing the result of the vote in these words: "The Association has simply gone on record for Progressiveness, and that is all there is to it. We were always that, only some were not quite sure of it." Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch, daughter of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, said: "How wrong it would be for any party

MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT

MRS. JOSEPH T. BOWEN

MRS. HARRIET STANTON BLATCH

of women to bind themselves by a constitution that would prevent us from accepting assistance from any political party. There will be deviation from the will of the majority of the Convention. Honest differences of opinion will always creep up in an organization of this sort, and we will always be able to settle them safely and with fairness to the minority as well as to the majority of the Association." There was some fear that a split in the ranks of the Association might result, but apparently the decision was accepted loyally by all.

The personal triumph of Jane Addams—and every delegate knew that Miss Addams cared nothing for personal triumph, but everything for the opportunity to aid the broad cause of social justice and equal opportunity—was emphasized by the vote through which she was re-elected Vice-President. Out of four hundred and twenty-four votes cast she received all but ten. Dr. Anna Howard Shaw was again chosen President without serious opposition, and thereby recognition was given to her ability, tact, and power of leadership. Other officers whose work has been appreciated by the members of the Association the country over and who were re-elected to the offices they had already held were Mrs. Mary Ware Dennett, of New York, the Corresponding Secretary, and Mrs. Susan W. Fitzgerald, of Boston, Recording Secretary. Officers now newly chosen were Mrs. Katherine Dexter McCormick, of Chicago, as Treasurer, and Mrs. Charlotte A. Whitney, of California, as Second Vice-President; while the Auditors elected are Mrs. James L. Laidlaw, of New York, and Mrs. Joseph T. Bowen, of Chicago.

The whole result of the discussion was thus described by a man observer quoted in one newspaper report: "In the present temper of women, and the country at large, any line of cleavage that puts Miss Jane Addams on one side is going to put a great many other people on that side. 'Get on Miss Addams's side first, and find out what it's all about next, is my way of looking at the matter.'"

Another matter of some consequence,

MRS. KATHERINE D. McCORMICK

although by no means so exciting as the discussion already described, had to do with the unit rule. Heretofore the delegation sent by a State to the National Convention voted as a unit, no matter how many members of the delegation there were. Hereafter the delegates will follow the "one-woman-one-vote" rule just adopted. The trouble has been that while the States could send delegations proportionate in number to the size of the State (forty-nine for New York, for instance), they did not always actually send the full number permissible, and sometimes a few delegates actually present cast, it was thought, too large a vote—thus ten women from New York might cast the whole forty-nine votes.

One of the most interesting features of the Convention was the addresses of Baroness von Suttner, of Germany, a foremost advocate of world-wide peace, winner of the Nobel peace prize of 1905. She urged the women to take it as their first task, when they have obtained the ballot, to wipe out war, which, she declared, was being kept up by the reactionary element in all nations as a means of maintaining the power of wealth and the enslavement of the races. She added: "There is a tie between the suffragist and the pacificist. Both are working for more justice, more liberty, and more happiness in this world. We have the same friends and the same enemies. All those who are for progress are for us, and those who are calling themselves conservatives or retrogrades are against us. They look to the past. We look to the future, and we demand what the future has in it for us."

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, International President of the Woman Suffrage Movement, just returned from a two years' trip around the globe, urged the women of America to a realization of the need of a fight to death against traffic in human life, which, she said, threatened the very foundations of civilization the world over.

MISS ALICE CARPENTER
One of the foremost Progressive leaders

To those who have read the debates at the Philadelphia conference and who have noticed the lines of cleavage and the personal make-up of the two opposing divisions, it is evident that behind the questions immediately discussed there lies a fundamental difference in the motive and purpose for which woman suffrage is sought. The number is growing less of those women who are fighting for suffrage in an angry and injured attempt to get something for themselves. But there are still those whose tone and temperament are indicated by one woman who once said, "We don't want to vote, but we want to get the right to vote." The theory of a natural right withheld is a wrong theory; the desire to offer service is the right theory. No one has exemplified this last so finely as Miss Addams. She believes that suffrage is coming for women and will continue to come just precisely as every other extension of democracy has come—because those already exercising all the privileges of citizens are coming to feel that the common good can best be reached through a common effort not limited by the line of sex distinction. All Miss Addams's efforts in the recent Progressive campaign show that this is what is uppermost in her mind, and in all her speeches the sentiment of striving for definite, positive, concrete reforms completely outweighed any note of agitation to obtain privilege. One passage may be quoted: "Women know now that government is not a sublime and awful and mysterious thing outside themselves, so deep and profound they may not understand it. It is not for war and diplomacy alone. It is an intimate thing impossible to separate from individuals. It is like unto the kingdom of God—it is within you and not without. Government is in the air we breathe, the water we drink, the food we eat, the diseases that enter into our homes. It has to do with the education of our children and the living conditions of our men and women."

A FORESTER'S CABIN IN OREGON

Shall the States Own the Forests?

BY HENRY S. GRAVES

THE FORESTER OF THE UNITED STATES

DURING the last three years the proposal to turn over the National Forests to the States has been urged with increasing insistence. It has been advocated at frequent gatherings in the West, by a portion of the press, and by various members of Congress. Legislative measures proposing such a transfer have been framed. Debate on one of these measures clearly showed an astonishing amount of support to the idea that transfer to the States would be the ultimate disposition of the remaining public lands, the National Forests included.

Whether the State or Nation should own and administer these public resources is a question thus definitely presented to the American people. A more fundamental question underlies it: Shall the National Forests be broken up and parceled out to individuals and corporations, and Forest Conservation, as a public policy, be abandoned?

The National Forests contain 187,000,000 acres of land adapted primarily to the production of timber and protection of water. They are mainly rugged, mountainous areas in the Rocky Mountains, the Cascade and Sierra Nevada ranges, and portions of the Coast ranges. They include the head-waters of every important stream in the western two-thirds of the United States. Their standing timber aggregates 600,000,000,000 feet, easily one-fifth of the country's total supply. Their undeveloped water power approximates 12,000,000 horse-power. The waters which they maintain are vital to present and future irrigation development in the West, and to the navigability of all its larger streams. An exact valuation of these resources is impossi-

ble. As tangible assets they are worth not less than $2,000,000,000. A greater value, which cannot be measured by dollars and cents, is the stability which they insure, by continuous production of timber and water, to the industrial life of the Nation.

The National Forests have been repeatedly charged with blocking the development of the West. Nothing could be further from the facts. Lands chiefly valuable for agriculture are available for settlement. Approximately 1,250,000 acres of such lands have been classified and listed for entry by the Forest Service, to the benefit of 12,000 settlers. Prospecting and bona-fide mining on the National Forests are unrestricted. Sales of mature timber are encouraged by every possible means consistent with businesslike administration. Over fifty-six hundred timber sales are made yearly, ninety-five per cent of them of small amounts for local use. Free timber is granted annually to over forty thousand settlers and prospectors for developing homes or mines. Water power development is encouraged as far as practicable under the present inadequate laws. Some two hundred power companies are now using or developing sites within the National Forests. The only restrictions imposed upon this widespread use of the National Forests are those required to maintain the permanency and value of the resources and to prevent monopoly.

The National Forests are the most significant and concrete expression of the principle of Conservation. That principle has been very commonly misrepresented as a policy of present non-use for the sake of future generations. Its true purpose is twofold—to prevent monopoly of public resources, and to secure their greatest use, both present and future, by scientific development. The stewardship of the Forest Service seeks, as to the National Forests, first, use of present resources; second, permanency of such resources; and, third, greater and more valuable resources for the future.

The creation of the Forests was at first opposed by almost all those who had profited by the use or acquisition of public resources on a large scale. The large timber operator, the water power company, and the large live stock company found the extension of their hold upon the public domain blocked by the new principle of public control. Some of these interests have now come to advocate National Forests, because they have seen that public control, combined with intelligent regulation of use, enhances productiveness and works to the advantage of their industry as well as of the general public. Others have consistently opposed the National Forest policy. The opposition first sought to abolish the Forests. It has repeatedly attempted to cripple their administration by reductions in appropriations. It has restricted the authority and discretion of the Executive in adding to the Forest areas. It has sought to break up the Forests by indiscriminate land eliminations. Failing in direct attacks upon public control, the same interests now seek the same end by transferring ownership to the States.

For the vast forest-bearing, mountainous areas embraced in the National Forests public control is essential to obtaining the maximum return in public benefits. Lumbering in the United States to-day is the exploitation of timber, not its production. Its result is steady diminution both in actual supply and in the productiveness of timberlands. The country is now consuming or losing through fire every year over three times the amount produced annually by growth on its entire forested area. The problem of timber production has not been solved by private ownership in foreign countries. It will not be in the United States.

The first great National interest in these public forests is that of a future timber supply. Our present economic structure has totally eliminated the localized production of staple commodities. This is as true of timber as it is of wheat, corn, cotton, or mutton. For many years the National center of lumber production was in the Lake States. It has now moved to the pine-producing States of the South. The present generation will see it cross the Continental Divide to the coniferous forests of the Northwest. If the same methods of exploitation are permitted in the West, it will be but a question of years before there are no more centers to draw upon.

The production of timber, however, is not the only function of the National Forests. The forest cover on these mountainous areas protects, and in large measure even creates, the sources of water indispensable to the industrial life of the Nation. The irrigator, the developer of hydro-electric power, and the municipality seeking an adequate supply of water for its citizens have one interest; the manufacturer of lumber and the lumber consumer, a different interest. To despoil

one resource in utilizing the other would be the height of National waste.

The National Forests contain vast quantities of forage. On lands adapted to timber production grazing interferes to a greater or less extent with the renewal of the forest, and must be adjusted or restricted so that this primary function will not be impaired. Elsewhere range use must be strictly regulated in the interest of water protection. Large areas covered with brush or scattered trees have been put in the Forests at the request of the Reclamation Service or of local irrigation interests, not to grow commercial timber, but to grow anything that will check erosion. Many small areas through the National Forests are of great value for power sites. Sites for manufacturing plants in connection with lumbering, for reduction or milling plants in connection with mining, for irrigation reservoirs, and for hotels and sanitaria, are already in demand; such uses will grow. Many areas will undoubtedly serve their highest function as camping and recreation grounds for the public. These possible forms of use often conflict. Power or irrigation works on a large stream may block the utilization of billions of feet of standing timber on its head-waters. Each acre of ground must be put to its highest use in the light of scientific knowledge of all its possibilities. To such an adjustment public control is a fundamental necessity.

Many of the uses to which specific areas are best adapted can be attained only by an initial outlay which no individual or private owner could afford. Seven and one-half million acres of burned and denuded land in the National Forests capable of producing timber are idle, and will remain so until reforested by artificial means. In private hands this would never be done. The ultimate productiveness of many of the stock ranges can similarly be improved.

Further, there are broad public interests to be safeguarded. Protection of the navigability of the larger streams and the control of floods which are often more than Statewide in their extent and injury are matters of National concern. With the seriousness of the flood problem in many parts of the United States, with the financial burden now imposed upon the country for artificial control of floods and the artificial deepening of navigable rivers, with the acute problem of cheap interior transportation—with all of these vital questions of National welfare demanding action, it is inconceivable that the surrender of public control of these great storage reservoirs, which feed and regulate the river systems of the West, should be seriously considered by the public at large.

Once public ownership is surrendered, the three great resources of the Forests—timber, water, and forage—are readily monopolized for private advantage.

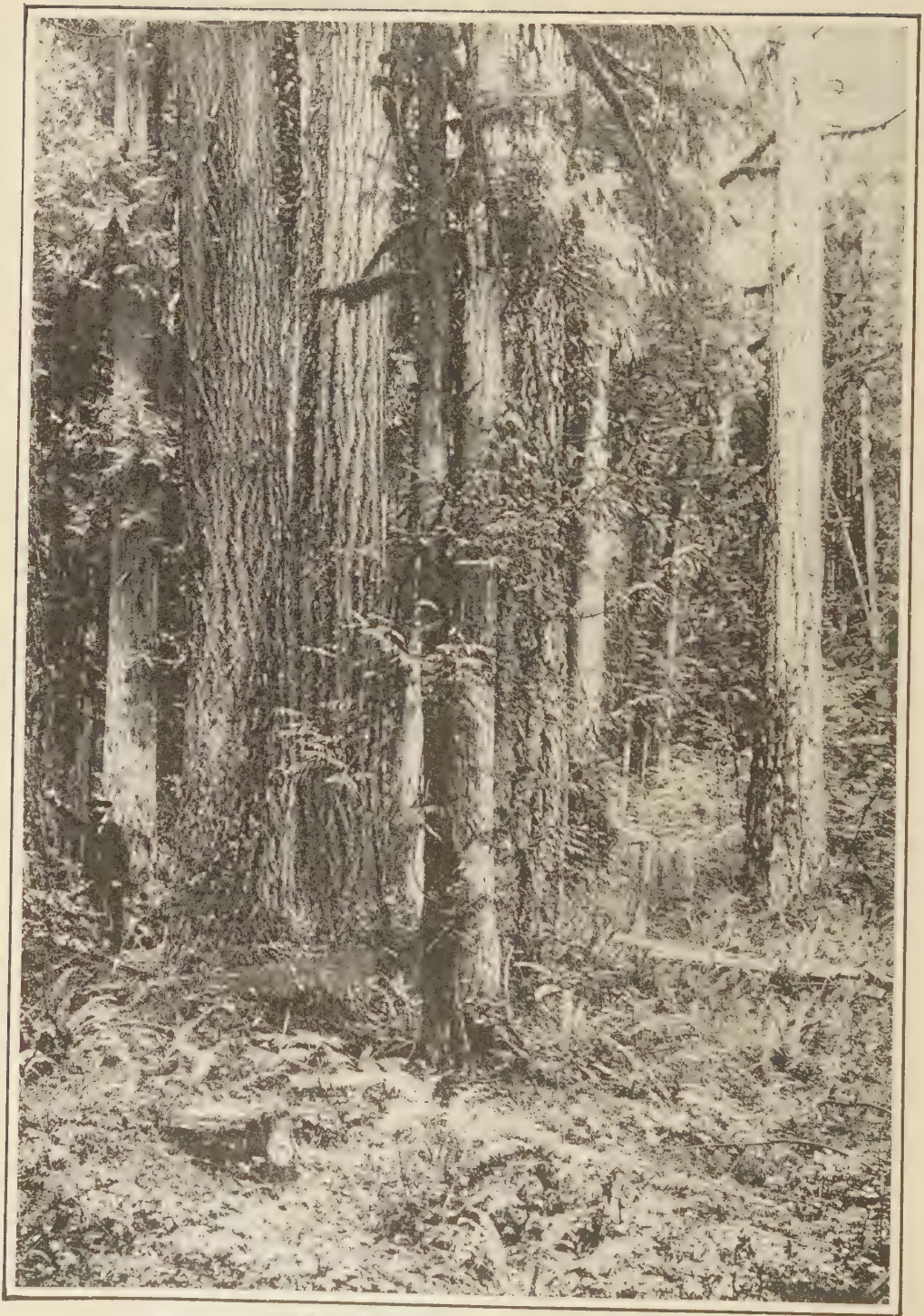
The Commissioner of Corporations has shown[1] in a recent report on the standing timber of the country that there is a concentration of ownership in a relatively few large holdings, and that there has been a vast speculative purchase and holding of timberland far in advance of its use.

The concentration of uncut forests in a few hands is most marked in the Pacific Northwest. This region contains five-elevenths of the privately owned timber of the country. During the last forty years three corporations have acquired nearly a quarter of this amount, eight corporations a third of it, and thirty-seven corporations or other owners one-half of it. This identical region contains over two-thirds of the timber in the National Forests. The result of relinquishing public ownership of these areas is written in the history of what has already occurred.

In 1901 705,000 acres of heavily timbered land was eliminated from the Olympic National Forest, Washington. Members of Congress and local interests had claimed persistently that this area was chiefly valuable for agriculture, and that its inclusion in the Forest was blocking development. When eliminated, it was of course obtainable from the Government only in small holdings. Ten years later 523,720 acres had passed into the hands of owners who were holding it for its timber. Three companies and two individuals held 178,000 acres. One owner held 81,630 acres. Of the area originally timbered only about 600 acres were under cultivation.

While outside the National Forests the timber of the West is passing into a few hands, within the Forests thousands of independent operators, large and small, are now obtaining public stumpage. Their number is increasing yearly. Not only is opportunity thus afforded the independent manufacturer to establish himself in the lumber trade; competition in the manufacture and sale of lumber is assured.

[1] Summary of Report of the Commissioner of Corporations on the Lumber Industry, Part I, Standing Timber, February 13, 1911.



THE RED FIR AND RED CEDAR TREES, WITH TYPICAL MOSS, FERN,

VINES, AND MAPLE GROUND COVER, IN THE STATE OF WASHINGTON

In the report of the Commissioner of Corporations on Water Power Development in the United States[1] ten corporations are shown to control 1,821,000 horse-power of developed water power, about sixty per cent of all the commercial power in the United States. The same interests control 1,449,000 horse-power of undeveloped electric energy. There are clear indications of relationship between certain of these corporations. The ramifications of the power monopoly are shown by the fact that the water power or allied companies own or control and operate street railways in 111 towns, electric lighting plants in 669, and gas plants in 113. Twenty officers and directors of the General Electric Company and its three subsidiaries control twenty-four corporations which operate hydro-electric plants, over fifty public service corporations, a number of railways and factories, and over fifty banks and financial houses. Local concentration of water power control is still more marked. Eighty-six per cent of the developed water power of California is owned by six corporations. Seventy per cent of the developed power of Washington is owned by two corporations. Similar conditions exist in Colorado and Montana.

A large part of the undeveloped water power in the Western States is within the National Forests. It is now being developed and utilized under lease. It is available to the independent operator. The terms of the lease forbid its transfer or assignment to any other company or corporation. It cannot be monopolized. Many attempts have been made by the power interests to acquire these sites—by mineral locations, entries under the Forest Homestead Act, wholesale eliminations from the Forests, and special grants from Congress. To the extent to which these powers are allowed, through ownership of the land, to pass from public control, private monopoly of water power will be strengthened. The ability of the public to regulate or control such monopolies will be correspondingly reduced.

It would be as shortsighted to surrender public ownership of resources which, like water power, have a natural monopoly value, as it would be to repeat the mistakes made when public service corporations were given franchises of great value for nothing and for all time.

Monopoly of the Western stock ranges, should public control of the Forests be relaxed, is possibly less menacing than that of timber or water power. Yet unregulated grazing of the public lands produced, in most parts of the West, large sheep and cattle companies which, through ownership of water, or shrewd location of claims, or pure force, controlled enormous areas of range.

On the National Forests there is a wide distribution of grazing privileges. To make room for the new settler, the larger herds of old users have been cut down. In no more concrete or practical way has the doctrine of equal opportunity, the antithesis of monopoly, been applied.

The second great National interest in the Forests is their protection of navigable rivers and inter-State streams. Fully seventy per cent of their total area is on watersheds of these two classes. Federal control of navigation has long been an established principle of this Government. Its most significant application in recent years is the protection of head-waters of navigable streams through direct purchase by the United States. The Weeks Act, passed March 1, 1911, appropriated $11,000,000 for the purchase of forested lands on the head-waters of navigable rivers. Every Eastern State within which the establishment of National holdings for this purpose was proposed has asked the General Government to enter its borders for this object. For the Government to part with title to mountainous, forest-bearing land on the watersheds of a navigable stream in the West, while drawing upon the Federal Treasury to buy similar land in the East, would not only be the extreme of inconsistency, but would reject the results of prolonged and costly experience in the parts of the country where private ownership of such areas has had the longest and best opportunity to demonstrate its results upon navigation.

The simple fact that a great majority of the important navigable streams cross several States or have head-waters in different States precludes the States from discharging the function of adequate protection. The Rio Grande River has its sources in Colorado. It traverses New Mexico, and later becomes the boundary between Texas and old Mexico. During much of its course it supports, or will support, extensive irrigation and power development. The protection of the sources of that stream is a question of the most vital importance to three States and one foreign nation. No single State can perform this duty. It belongs to the Nation. The same

[1] March 14, 1912.

is true of the Colorado River, which affects six States; the Snake River, which affects four; and the Missouri, which affects seven States before its confluence with the Mississippi. The whole problem of protecting inter-State streams for the prevention of floods and the benefit of all industries and uses dependent upon them is as distinctly National as the reclamation of arid lands, the construction of inland waterways, or the digging of the Panama Canal.

The States have many legitimate interests in the National Forests. The administration of the National Forests recognizes fully all of these interests. As a matter of fact, the greatest direct benefits of public control are received by the communities nearest to them. The Forest Service is committed to the settlement of lands in the Forests chiefly valuable for agriculture. The timber needs of local residents, communities, and industries are amply provided for by free use privileges and local sales. No timber is sold for shipment to the general markets of the country unless there is more than enough to supply both present and future local needs. A similar policy governs the distribution of grazing privileges and the use of Forest lands for water development. Charges for any of these resources are made only when the use is distinctly commercial in character.

As rapidly as it can the Forest Service is opening up the inaccessible mountainous regions which make up the bulk of the National Forests. Many settlements have been helped to secure an outlet to town, railway, or market by trails, roads, bridges, and ferries built by the Forest Service. Much of this work has been done in co-operation with counties or communities of settlers. The appropriation act this year made available ten per cent of the gross receipts from the National Forests for building roads and trails needed for the development of the country. This is aside from the regular appropriation for permanent improvements needed primarily for the protection and administration of the Forests. Under the new clause, $200,000 is available for the current year.

The Forest Service recognized at the start that its local personnel must not only be familiar with the regions in which they worked, but must also be in sympathy with the problems and interests of the people. An early provision of law required the selection of supervisors for the respective forests from residents of the States concerned as far as practicable. This has been scrupulously followed. Furthermore, the regulations governing the National Forests provide for the adaptation of administrative measures to the varying needs in different localities.

Loss of local taxes to State and county has been met by legislation giving the county road and school funds twenty-five per cent of the National Forest gross receipts. This is entirely distinct from the ten per cent already mentioned. On the more inaccessible and undeveloped Forests the returns to the State under this provision are not yet great. From other Forests the amounts now received by the counties form no inconsiderable part of their revenue. During the year ending June 30, 1911, the Bitter Root National Forest, Montana, paid $15,000 into the county treasury; the Deer Lodge National Forest, in the same State, $19,400; and the Coconino National Forest, Arizona, $12,800. The revenue derived from the Deer Lodge by Montana is greater than if the entire area were taxable and assessed as timberland of the first class under the Montana laws—a class which, in fact, would include less than a third of the area. The returns in these instances indicate what is approaching on all of the Forests as the demand for their resources becomes more general.

Of still greater moment to the National Forest communities, however, is the development and maintenance of stable industries. The National Forests are capable of producing indefinitely over six billion feet of timber each year. This may be increased to eight or ten billion. Every thousand feet of such timber which is cut pays to the community at least $8 in wages and $2 or more for merchandise. When market conditions make it possible to utilize the full annual yield of these areas, the industries which it will support will distribute at least sixty million dollars every year for labor and supplies in the communities in and near the National Forests. Furthermore, this industrial development will be permanent.

Oftentimes local communities are practically the sole beneficiaries of this policy. The sparsely timbered Forests of southern California are maintained almost exclusively for the protection of streams used for local irrigation and power development. This protection is known to the people of that region to be vital to the maintenance of the water upon which practically their entire agriculture

and horticulture depend. Many areas are held in the National Forests, at the request of local communities, primarily to protect municipal water supplies. On some of them the sparse forest growth is being extended by artificial planting. The broad principle of public control of resources to accomplish objects which could not be accomplished under private control is being applied.

It would seem, therefore, that all of the legitimate needs of the Western communities are provided for, and that the transfer of ownership of the Forests from the Government to the several States cannot be justified on the ground of discrimination against the latter or injury to their interests.

The various grants of public land to the States total nearly 185,000,000 acres. The largest grants have been made to promote education, as vital to the maintenance of democratic government and free institutions. Other grants have been made for public buildings and penitentiaries, still others to promote military training and the construction of post roads. The eleven States west of the one hundredth meridian, which contain most of the National Forests, have received nearly 77,000,000 acres. The average grant to the National Forest States is therefore 6,985,000 acres, against 2,920,000 acres to each of the other States. The western-most States have received sixty per cent of the land granted for education, maintenance of public institutions, and other special purposes, and all of the land granted under the Carey Act for the promotion of irrigation. Aside from the swamp land grants, which benefited particularly the Southern States, the National Forest States have received, State for State, nearly six times as much public land as their Eastern sisters.

Without begrudging this liberal use of public resources to aid the development of the Western States, it must be emphasized that the aim of every grant has been to promote the public welfare, judged not only from a local but also from a National standpoint. The transfer of the National Forests would be a further gift of 187,000,000 acres, chiefly to the same States.

The protection, administration, and development of the National Forests involve financial burdens which the individual States cannot carry. The regular expenditures on the Forests during the fiscal year 1911 were over $3,400,000. The receipts for the same year were about $2,000,000. Few, if any, of the National Forest States would have been willing to appropriate the amounts necessary to cover the regular expenditures. To meet the additional burden of emergency fire protection would have been impossible. In Montana the emergency expenditure was over $400,000, in Idaho $350,000, and in Oregon over $100,000. If the amounts needed had not been available at the time of critical danger, a vast part of the public wealth in the Forests would have been lost.

The foregoing does not include any overhead charges. The National Forest States are grouped in six districts, each with a supervising and inspecting staff. The splitting of the six administrative units into twenty would double, if not treble, the overhead charge. In the same way there would be waste and ineffectiveness in the conduct of scientific work. Good forestry, like good farming, must apply scientific knowledge. This knowledge the Government is now gathering in connection with National Forest administration. In developing American forestry it has built up a strong technical staff and instituted far-reaching studies and experiments. That the States would sufficiently provide for the cost of such work is improbable. If they did, the cost would be greater, the results smaller, and poorer forestry would result.

Moreover, the Forests are still largely undeveloped wilderness. Although nearly 10,000 miles of trail, 7,000 miles of telephone lines, and over 1,000 cabins and other structures have been built, 80,000 miles of trail and 40,000 miles of telephone line are still needed to complete the primary fire protective system. These improvements will cost not less than $8,000,000.

These expenditures are not excessive for an area equivalent to the New England States, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Virginia, West Virginia, and Ohio, in the most rugged and inaccessible parts of the West. The present cost of administering and protecting the Forests, supervision included, amounts to little more than two cents an acre annually; or, as insurance on the property protected, two mills on the dollar. It is less than a number of lumber companies are now expending solely for protecting their lands from fire. It is less than one-third the cost of the public forests of British India, which are administered far more cheaply than those of any other foreign nation. But the States are not ready to assume such financial burdens. If they

attempted it, the Forests would either be inadequately protected and administered or they would be managed with a view to greater immediate money returns. Destruction of the Forests by fire or trespass or unrestricted and unscientific methods of cutting, rapid depletion of their timber by overcutting, and private exploitation of their resources at much less than their actual value would be the inevitable results. Few of the States have as yet met their responsibilities in the protection of forest lands now owned by them or their citizens.

Administration by the Federal Government means greater stability of policy. Stability in the policies governing the use of the National Forests is a necessity of axiomatic character. Their water powers can be developed only under plans made for long periods. Much of their timber can be utilized only under contracts for cutting and removal extending over fifteen or twenty years. Sudden shifts or changes in the policy or methods of administration would be fatal. In the administration of the National Forests a clear-cut, uniform policy has been developed and applied by the Nation Its results are known. It has been in force for years. Transfer the Forests to the States, and twenty separate and distinct policies must be developed, tested, and tried out.

It must be conceded, furthermore, that the Federal Government has higher and more stable standards of civil service. The management of the National Forests under its direction has been free from political consideration. Every position on the rolls is under the Civil Service Law. It is fair to raise the question whether similar standards of civil service and similar freedom from political considerations could be expected under twenty different State Governments. The people of one of the great Eastern States have so distrusted its governmental machinery and have been so fearful of political manipulations that fifteen years ago they forbade the cutting of any timber in the State forests. The more far-sighted citizens and officials of many Western States have been sorely handicapped in their efforts to bring about conservative, businesslike handling of the lands which those States now own. Political considerations are openly of controlling weight in the organization of the land and forestry departments of a number of the States. Few of them have stable

A FOREST OF WHITE PINE, PITCH PINE, AND GRAY BIRCH IN HAMPDEN COUNTY, MASSACHUSETTS

civil service regulations governing their employees. The temptation to use patronage for political purposes is the dead weight to-day on the administration of the game laws in very many of the States. With its broader responsiblity, its more stable civil service regulations, and its openness to more searching public scrutiny, the Federal Government is a far safer custodian of the public interests involved than would be provided by a large number of individual States.

The States cannot resist the influence of great business interests, either in making or executing laws, as effectively as the Central Government. The difficulty of even the strongest States in withstanding the constant pressure of such interests through long periods of years has been demonstrated over and over again. Many States have been absolutely dominated by them. Monopolies of National scope have been developed or are in the making through the opportunities which such interests formerly had to acquire public resources. Each additional foothold obtained by them in the National Forests of a single State would strengthen such monopolies. But its effect upon the prosperity and happiness of the people would not be confined to the State immediately concerned.

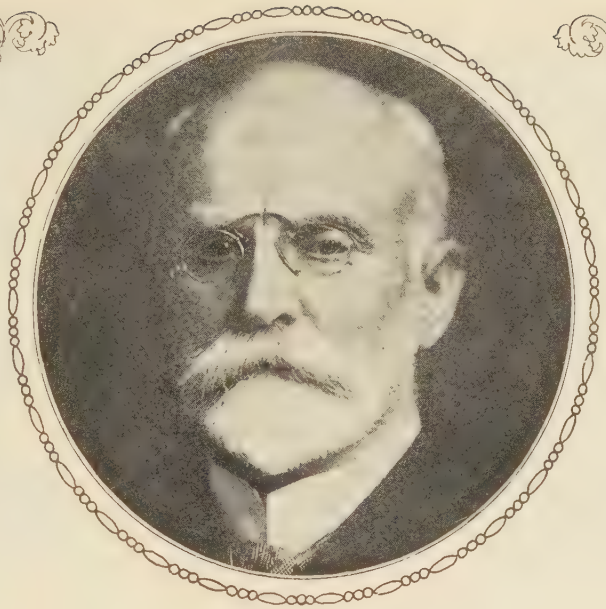
After everything else has been said, the fundamental fact remains that public control of the resources contained in the National Forests can be assured only under Federal ownership. The transfer to State ownership is now, in purpose, and would prove in effect, the breaking up of public control of any kind.

The amendment offered to the last Agricultural Appropriation Bill provided that, after the National Forests are acquired by the States, "thereafter the lands so conveyed shall be the property of such State, and shall be held, administered, settled, and disposed of by such State in accordance with the laws of such State." And, further, "that after the transfer of such lands to the State, they shall be opened to settlement and sale under the laws of said State." In plain terms, the abandonment of public control altogether and opening the Forests to acquisition by individuals is proposed. And the significant fact is that this disposition of the Forests appeared to have the support of a majority of the Senators who discussed the bill.

The history of the movement for State ownership supports this belief. Its most earnest advocates are the very interests whose unrestrained exploitation of public resources was stopped by the creation of the Forests. The water power corporations have been its foremost champions. Their acknowledged representative spoke in its behalf at the Conservation Congress at St. Paul in 1910. The Public Lands Convention, which met at Denver in October, 1911, composed of the elements in the West which have always fought the reservation of these areas from private acquisition, went on record in support of State control. The forces which opposed the National Forests at their inception now attack by this means, not any given agency of administration or any theoretical usurpation of local rights by the Central Government, but the fundamental principle of public control in any form.

A number of the Western States themselves, by official acts, have shown the same purpose toward the resources contained in the National Forests. The Legislature of the State of Washingtion passed a resolution in 1903 requesting that 58,240 acres of very heavily timbered land, set aside for forest reservation purposes, be thrown open to entry. In February, 1911, the Legislature of that State, by joint resolution, requested Congress and the President to open to entry 114,000 acres in the Columbia National Forest unfit for agriculture. On February 15, 1911, the Legislature of Idaho requested the President to eliminate 46,000 acres from the Cœur d'Alene National Forest in that State, which contained scarcely one hundred acres of agricultural land. The same State requested on March 3, 1911, the elimination of portions of three townships containing similar land in the Pend Oreille National Forest.

The movement for State ownership is thus largely, if not wholly, a movement for the abandonment of public control. It is a thinly disguised attack upon the integrity of the Forests, and, through them, upon the whole Conservation policy. Whether private acquisition of these resources is proposed by all advocates of State ownership or not, such would be its practical effect. It is believed that the people have not changed their conviction that public control is necessary. The question becomes, then, simply, What governmental agency is best equipped to exercise this control for them? There can be but one answer to this question. For the strongest, most stable, and most effective administration of these resources for their own good the people must continue to look to the Federal Government.



BRONSON HOWARD

American Plays Old and New

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

BRONSON HOWARD once said that in every country there is one theme that interests a great company of playgoers. "In France," he declared, "this perennial topic is marital infelicity; in England it is caste; in the United States it is business." The moment that dictum is read the exceptions come crowding in; and, if one studies the drama produced in this country, he sees that, while what is called "business" is a theme of universal interest, the word gets a wider meaning the moment the thing or things it connotes rise into the region of art. More than this: he sees that business is, in a true sense, the real thing with which art must deal in this country if it is to justify itself; and that business is, in fact, the one thing from which art has least to fear. For the most dangerous foe of art is convention that has hardened into formalism with its blighting influence on invention, individuality, passion—the elemental qualities and forces. It is rigid convention—literary, artistic, academic, social—which is the mother of imitation, of the conformity that shapes an expression, not to a man's thought, but to another man's way of saying things; of that spirit of repetition which uses the old tools without the old skill, and repeats the old truths without the old conviction. When the process of conventionalizing an art, a society, a religion, has gone far enough, there comes, not a reaction, but a revolution; not a voice crying in the wilderness, but a volcanic eruption. No one can understand Ibsen until he gets back of the dramatist into the chemist's shop in Grimstad and into the Scandinavian world in which Ibsen was born, where the old heroes, blind and impotent, were grinding at the mills and turning out pretty or formal patterns in religion, in poetry, in social life. The drama came to life again on the Continent when Ibsen—a great surgeon rather than a great observer, a great interpreter of life, or a great poet—put his broad shoulders to the old imitation temple and pulled it down amid clouds of dust and a mighty chorus of imprecations.

Art has everything to fear from the creeping death of convention—that is to say, from forms and facts and interpretations that have

become purely historic and traditional—and nothing to fear from life. Life is often crude and impatient, sometimes violent; it tries to take the kingdom of art by storm; but it always means the opening of another spring of vitality; it brings fresh feeling, contact with reality, the courage which made Euripides, Marlowe, Calderon, Molière, Schiller, Hugo, Ibsen—despite his narrow intensity, perhaps because of it—such powerful agents of liberation. If we are going to do real things in art in this country, we must lose our timidity in the presence of business; we must look through it and behind it and prophesy for it as Emerson did. For it is not a preconcerted absorption in practical affairs, a national agreement that our function is to make money; it is an instinctive, inevitable, and tremendous outpouring of human energy, a great and vital expression of the human spirit; before we condemn it—we who are afflicted with the special kind of blindness which infects libraries, colleges, and skilled professions, and is so insidious that it destroys the faculty of sight before the victim is aware of it—let us try to understand it.

Business is *not* mere shopkeeping or trading. It is not only a commerce of things but of ideas and forces. "*It came to them business, it left them poetry.*" This is what happened in Pittsburgh when Mr. John Alexander painted the walls of the Carnegie Institute. Instead of giving us nymphs and goddesses, he challenged the business of Pittsburgh to yield its human significance, and he got, what the creative man always gets, the human relationship, the human quality, the tremendous human force at play; he caught the thrilling vision of the elemental struggle which it is the business of art to present and represent and interpret. This is what they cared for—those thousands who thronged the marble benches to hear the story of Agamemnon as Æschylus told it; not then a classical tradition shaped by a classical model, but a first-hand study of a living view of fate in the world, in a form which had grown stem by stem and flower by flower out of the common earth under their feet. This was what they sought—the noisy, turbulent throng that stood in the Globe Theater to hear what Shakespeare had to say in his own vivid, stirring, sometimes devil-may-care way about the fortunes of men with the light of nineteen additional centuries' full glow upon them.

This seems like a digression; but so far the American drama has been a digression save when it has dealt with the particular and special work of the American spirit, and the relations, tragedies, spiritual impoverishments and spiritual prosperities that grow out of it. When we run away from what we call "business" and try to hide ourselves in earlier ages, as Mrs. Edith Wharton did in "The Valley of Decision" and Powers did in "The Greek Slave" (on the propriety of which a committee of Cincinnati clergymen was called upon to pass, as if the pretty, graceful, lifeless thing could harm anybody), we have produced refined and charming books, pictures, statues; when we have faced and challenged it and made it give us its life, we have set a column of living men marching, as we did in the Shaw memorial, or we have clothed a great, awkward, appealing figure with immortality, as we have done in Lincoln Park, Chicago. When Fenimore Cooper wrote his first novel, provincial that he was in a provincial age, he turned timidly to England and gave the world a second-hand picture of English manners; when he opened his eyes and looked about him, he stayed in Westchester County and wrote our first real story. Curiously enough, this was the theme of the first American play produced by a professional company—"The Contrast," written by Royall Tyler and presented in New York on April 16, 1787; the contrast was between those who imitated foreign manners and those whose manners were home-made. It was a poor affair, but it had the saving grace of reality; and because the breath of life was in its meager, misshapen body, one of its characters, Jonathan, has not only survived but has become typical. There were other earlier plays politely described by the literary historians as reading-plays—though it is doubtful if they achieved even that degree of attention. William Dunlap wrote a "History of the American Theater" so far back as 1832, and was the reputed father of some sixty plays, none of which need detain us. Of the plays of the long interval between the time when Edgar Allan Poe's mother was winning friends in Boston by the sweetness and charm of her personality and the later dramatic movement there is little to be said from the point of view of dramatic art. A few plays were lifted into prominence by the genius of the individual actor. John T. Raymond made Colonel Sellers in "The Almighty Dollar" a type of the American dreamer in finance, and Joseph Jefferson,

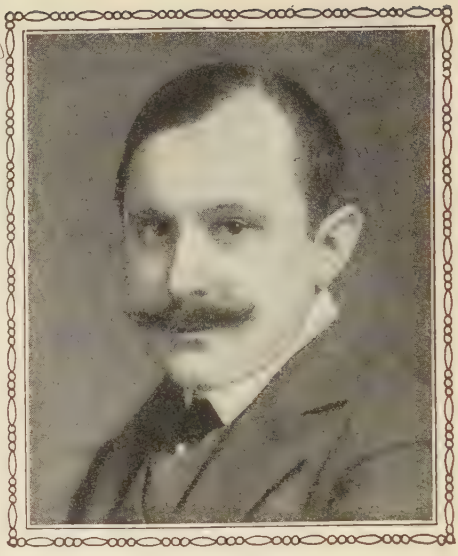
AUGUSTUS THOMAS

EDWARD SHELDON

of fragrant and lovable memory, lifted a mediocre play into the region of art by the appeal of humor and pathos—a striking illustration of the touch of vitality which brings the dead to life. "Hazel Kirke," "The Old Homestead," and "Shore Acres" were dependent for success on fine acting. One name stands out in the lost list of mechanical playwrights—George H. Boker, a Philadelphian, and a man of fine literary feeling and training, whose "Francesca da Rimini" is still played to interested audiences; a genuinely poetic play, of which Stedman said that it waited twenty-five years for an actor and manager who could divine its possibilities, and which has recently found in Mr. Otis Skinner an intelligent and accomplished interpreter. Boker's friend, Bayard Taylor, out of the abundance of his vitality, wrote dramas of ambitious scope and not lacking in eloquence, but his gift, like that of the other American poets of his time and earlier, was lyrical rather than dramatic.

Our stage has never been without the witness of American courage, but the plays that have had a flitting or even a prolonged life have been mainly prophetic. The vital movement in American drama may be said to have begun with that expert playwright and charming man, Bronson Howard, whose failures were few and whose successes were many. If Irving was our earliest man of letters by profession, Mr. Howard was our earliest professional playwright, who put all his fortunes into the making of acting dramas. He came to his life-work through the newspaper office, the laboratory in which dramatic incident and action are studied at first hand. His plays were American to the core. This does not mean that they were provincial; it does mean that he portrayed the society and personated the people he knew best. This element of reality gave his plays sincerity and value in an age of adaptations from the French which were forgotten as soon as they were withdrawn from the stage. There was an absence of the flamboyant and a presence of quiet authority in Mr. Howard's dramas which evidenced their authenticity as real plays and not mere pieces of stage dexterity. The spirit of comedy—elusive, playful, clear-eyed—pervaded his work from "Saratoga" to "Kate." He was well equipped for the writing of comedy, for he had inventiveness, vivacity, humor, keen insight, and knowledge of contemporary society. He knew the stage intimately, as did Shakespeare and all the writers of acting dramas. This is the stone of stumbling in the path of the so-called literary dramatist—he does not understand the difference between the literature that is to be read and the literature that is to be acted; so radical and deep-going is this difference that a play that is first and last a play to be acted cannot be fully understood off the stage. Sir Henry Irving's exposition of Shakespeare's expert stagecraft, read at Princeton several years ago, is perhaps the most illuminating contribution to our knowl-

JAMES A. HERNE



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CLYDE FITCH

edge of the great playwright in a generation of learned and many unlearned treatises. In James A. Herne's rural play, "Shore Acres," in which he acted the chief part, the most effective touch was not in the text, but in the actor—the winding of the clock by the old man after everybody had gone to bed, and the sense of loneliness that came, charged with pathos, over the footlights as he lingered solitary on the stage. Mr. Brander Matthews has called attention to the poetry in action in the funeral scene in "Shenandoah," "where the soldier father, all unknowing, walks reverently behind the body of his erring son, who has been redeemed by a heroic death."

A play is not a piece of writing: it is the transfer of the play-maker's thought, not to the reader but to the spectator, by words, by painting, by the modulation of the voice, by the expression of the face, by gesture, and by action. Does not the irony of the Greek play, which lies largely in the spectator's knowledge and the actor's ignorance of the swift approach of doom, penetrate our imaginations more powerfully in the pauses of the action than in its progress?

Of that indefatigable play-writer Clyde Fitch it may be said that, although he had put more than forty plays on the stage, he died at forty-four, and there was in him the promise of stronger and more enduring work. Success met him early and stayed with him to the end. His reputation was wider and his financial returns were greater than those of any other American play-writer. He was a man of brains and of education, but he was more than anything else a stage-manager; he was a master of stage effects, and he caught his audiences by the concrete and definite realities he put before them. Everybody remembers the disturbing vividness of the rolling deck of the ocean liner in "The Stubbornness of Geraldine." He put the department store and the automobile on the stage so effectively as to give his audiences the sense of hot air and fatigue from the one, and of rush and hideous masks from the other. He became so enamored of the power of the external facts of life that he lost interest in the inner forces in which resides the real and finest spell. The stage of a modern up-to-date theater is a wonderful congeries of mechanisms, complicated beyond the comprehension of the layman. On this vast and delicate machinery Fitch played with a cunning hand. It was like playing a game with the public. He knew all the devices and could command all the illusions. That knowledge was a short cut to popularity and fortune; but it was not a highway to work of lasting power or to fame, which is often at the other end of the world from popularity. He fell a victim to ingenuity, to technical skill; exquisite machinery sang its siren song to him as it sings to the rest of us in religion, in art, in education, in politics.

Mr. Fitch had immense cleverness, but he lacked genius. His work was often shrewd in its character study, but it was not penetrating. He knew the minor facts of life, but

BOOTH TARKINGTON

GEORGE ADE

he seemed never to come to close quarters with the major facts, and it is in dealing with the major facts that the drama finds its great opportunities. Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton says somewhere that when one breaks the little laws the big laws begin to operate. Fitch never broke through the minor facts. The moral situation is rarely faced in his plays, and when it arises one rarely feels the compelling, irresistible, unescapable pressure of the moral energy of life; a life in which, as Mr. John Morley has said, morality is not *in* the nature of things—it *is* the nature of things. The author of "Beau Brummel" and "The Climbers" was a fresh and keen observer of surface details; his range was wide and his characters were brought together as clever men often collect their materials, not by the working of an inward and vital power of selection, but arbitrarily and casually. He was an immensely clever note-taker rather than a profound observer; his women are truer to life than his men, but they often have some inconsistent weakness of character; and a shrewd critic has said that the people in Mr. Fitch's plays are little people.

He had, however, a genuine dramatic instinct and he had the comic spirit; he was almost always interesting and entertaining. He worked with almost incredible rapidity, as did Mr. Marion Crawford, and the charge of writing for money was often made against them both. In neither case was that charge true; both were possessed by a fury of work and a kind of automatic creativeness. Mr. Fitch had a mind of lightning-like rapidity, and slow-witted people always think that a sure sign of mental or moral disease. Crawford, like Balzac, lived in an imaginary community, the members of which were born, grew up, married, begot children, quarreled, intrigued, died, without the conscious aid and beyond the control of the man who, in spite of his great productiveness, could never keep up with the growth of the children of his brain. Clyde Fitch loved his work, lived in and for it, and could not do otherwise. For him life was a spectacle of inexhaustible interest; but it was not a tremendous moral process in which character was the word of fate and fortune, and the sum and substance of the drama.

The charming rococo play of Mr. Booth Tarkington, "Monsieur Beaucaire," is one of those achievements of skill which register the interest of American novelists in the play as a literary form and the dexterity of technique which the quickest of them acquire after a very brief apprenticeship. Work of this immensely clever sort is significant of tendency, and is to be taken seriously, not for what it accomplishes, but for what it predicts. The comedies of Mr. George Ade, on the other hand, are not only amusing, but touch with a light hand phases and aspects of our society and manners and interests of the moment; they play on the surface of things like fugitive summer lightning, but they reveal real things. On one hand, we have this light and witty handling of the

dramatic form; on the other, we have a presentation of realities held too close to our eyes. In the first group of plays the emphasis is on technique; in the second it is on material. In the second class belong such plays as "The Fourth Estate," by Joseph Medill Patterson and Harriet Ford, in which the editorial machinery, the clang and clatter of the composing-room, are so directly brought to bear on us that we are stunned rather than illumined. In plays of this order life is presented, but not represented; the raw material is given us, but the art which would arrange, interpret, and dramatize it is lacking. Hence we have melodrama rather than tragedy. Such plays as Mr. Edward Sheldon's "The Nigger" and "Salvation Nell," by a young graduate of Mr. George P. Baker's courses at Harvard, share the same defects; they bring things so close to us that there is no perspective; we come away with the feeling of having seen things, but not of having seen through them. There is far more promise, however, in pieces of this sort than in the most finished pieces of the academic quality; here at least is life, and life holds the fullest potentialities of art.

The interval between the acting play—the play, that is, that can be successfully presented to the eye and ear in the theater—and the so-called literary play has been successfully bridged by Mr. Augustus Thomas, a skillful playwright who knows the theater by heart, so to speak, who has definite ideas and charming literary skill. "The Witching Hour" and "The Harvest Moon" are delightful examples of the drama of happily combined elements of success: a real motive, skillful construction, entertaining dialogue, and that touch of poetry to which even the sluggish imagination responds. There are, too, a kindliness in Mr. Thomas's wit, a sympathy in his work, which take it out of the hard and unhuman atmosphere which envelops so many plays of the day. A little autobiography will throw light on the tone of Mr. Thomas's plays—the spirit that radiates from them:

After Farragut ran the New Orleans blockade my father took direction of the St. Charles Theater in New Orleans, then owned by Ben DeBar. When he returned to St. Louis in 1865 I was in my seventh year, and my earliest recollections are tinged with his stories of Matilda Herron, John Wilkes Booth, and others who played in that theater. Father was an orator of considerable ability, and I remember him, for the amusement of my mother, reciting long speeches from Kotzebue, Schiller, and Shakespeare. In his association with the theater he took me very early to plays, and I have always been an attendant; consequently dialogue seemed the most natural literary vehicle. I found later that this impression was justified when I discovered that the most telling things in Homer and later Greek poets and philosophy were in dialogue—that this was true of Confucius and of Christ.

I began writing plays when I was about fourteen years of age. When I was sixteen and seventeen, an amateur company that I organized played in certain railway centers on the old North Missouri Railway for the benefit of local unions of the workingmen. In 1882 I made a dramatization of Mrs. Burnett's "Editha's Burglar." With this as a curtain-raiser and a rather slapstick farce called "Combustion," I made a tour of the country with a company that I organized, and with which I ran in debt several thousand dollars. In 1889 a four-act version of "The Burglar," arranged by me, was played in New York and was successful, and since that time my royalties have enabled me to give my attention on the business side exclusively to play-writing.

You ask why everybody who knows me is my friend? I might answer laconically that it was because they didn't know me thoroughly, but, dismissing that defensive assumption of modesty and making such self-inquiry as I can, I think I have a capacity for companionship from the fact that I was painfully poor as a kid. My consecutive schooling stopped when I was ten. I gave up all attempt to attend school, even irregularly, when I was thirteen. Between that age and my twenty-second year I worked in various sections of the freight departments of railways. Most of the midday meals of that time I took from a tin bucket. This meal was in the company of freight-handlers on the platform, men recruited almost exclusively from the Irish at that time in the Middle West; or the meal was with the brakemen in the switch shanties, these brakemen generally Americans rather near the soil; or was with the engineers and firemen in their cabs, or on the running-boards of box cars with trainmen. Without knowing it I acquired the ability of getting the other fellow's point of view, and when I got old enough not to be overwrought by sympathy that was inclined to be too partisan, I found an immense intellectual enjoyment in watching the interplay between temperament and environment. I think this answers your question. I have retained a gossip's ability to be interested in most anybody else's affairs.

If I might add one other factor that I think has had some weight, it would be this: So many years ago that I forget its source I read somebody's statement that the surest cure for the blues was to promptly and actively do something, not for one's self, but for some other; and I believe that I have occasionally won the good will of people in a rather selfish application of this panacea.

Mr. Thomas's plays have their cohesive principle in the working out of significant and interesting ideas rather than in the evolution of character. It is evidence of the

PERCY MACKAYE

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

keen sense of the greatness of the forces that play through life in our time that the contemporary novel of real power and the contemporary play of vital quality are concerned with general conditions and powerful tendencies rather than with the unfolding of character. Our most vital writers are dealing with the time (for the time is always the concurrence of certain ideas and forces) rather than with manners—the way we carry ourselves in relation to one another. Behind "The Harvest Moon" there is a formative idea of the deepest interest, and again and again in the play there are those spurts of poetry which are as welcome on the stage as oases in a desert, and as refreshing.

Mr. Boker's poetic plays waited long for worthy successors, but have at last found them, and in numbers so large as to constitute a kind of fulfillment of ancient prophecy. For it is a curious and interesting fact that, while many of our old-time critics at home and abroad gave us the most positive assurances that idealism and art would find their grave on this continent, and, above all, that the dramatic instinct would perish under the prosaic conditions of our life, there have always been those who have steadfastly announced a notable revival of the drama in America and have discerned in our tidal activities the specific elements out of which the play is compounded.

The drama is clearly, one might almost say irresistibly, laying its spell on men and women of sensitive imagination. It is reported by professional readers that a stream of plays in poetic form flows by them with increasing volume and rapidity—a stream, for the most part, of wasted but not insignificant effort. For what the sensitive respond to with inadequate power the strong feel and express. The poetic plays that get into print to-day form a literature of such magnitude that it can be represented in an article of this kind only by selection and chiefly by quotation.

Of the drama in England a well-known critic has said:

> The truth is, our dramatists have long since forgotten that the English language is still the medium of the English drama, and that no branch of literary art is worth a word of praise that wantonly divorces itself from literature. The foolish dramatist who was once loquacious concerning what he was pleased to call "the literary drama" condemned his own craft in a single phrase. No doubt, prosperity being essential, the audience of our theaters must share the blame with their favorites. Too idle to listen to exquisite prose or splendid verse, they prefer the quick antics of comedians, and in their ear, as in Mr. Pinero's, "theatrical" has a far more splendid sound than "dramatic." To sum the matter up, that poets have failed upon the stage is no compliment to the professional playwrights, who believe themselves the vessels of an esoteric inspiration. It merely means that literature and the drama travel by different roads, and they will continue to travel by those roads so long as the actor is master of the dramatist, so long as the merits of a drama are judged by the standard of material prosperity. After all, to get your puppets on and off the stage is not the sole end of drama, and modesty might suggest that it is better to fail with Tennyson than to succeed with the gifted author

who is at this moment engaged in whitewashing Julia.

While there is truth in this statement, there is also a misleading inference; for the play must be primarily a play, and not a piece of beautiful writing. Its literature, in other words, must reside not solely in diction, as does d'Annunzio's, but in structural quality and character, in power of moral interpretation, in vitality of motive, in force of imaginative reproduction. The literature in Shakespeare is not in eloquent speeches and beautiful phrases chiefly; it is in the central conception which shapes and irradiates the drama and makes it living tissue instead of a tissue of eloquent language like some passages in "Modern Painters." That a play is a fine piece of composition is no evidence that it *is* to be a classic; that it moves a mass of people to tumultuous applause is no evidence that it is *not* to be a classic. The essential thing is that it shall live; and live not in detached passages, but from the heart outward to the stage directions.

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

The new school of playwrights in this country who are inspired by the dramatic feeling rather than by the fascination of stagecraft, and the emphasis of whose work is therefore rather on the literary than on the acting side, naturally draws its practitioners from the ranks of the younger men and women. If you want to know what is coming, go to the young; only make sure that you go to those who have youth of imagination and feeling, and not simply impressionable inexperience. Many of these young dramatists come to the drama by way of the lyric.

This is the artistic history of Mr. William Vaughn Moody, whose early work gave promise of lyrical power, not without suggestions of the blight of the academic influence. There was a moment of life in the "Ode in a Time of Hesitation" which brought joy to the heart of people who are eager—especially eager just now—for the living voice of poetry, and not for cultivated references to the Muses. There came later the impressive dramas which dealt, not imitatively, but with a certain degree of freedom, with the myth of Prometheus; dramas which rose now and again to such dignity of phrase that one felt the Miltonic influence. These pieces, like others of their kind, are dramatic poems, and are likely to have their place in our literature; but they are not plays. Mr. Moody's plays are "The Healer" and "The Great Divide," both at the farthest possible remove from the academic exercise or the writing that flows with a pleasant musical sound from a generous culture. These are real flesh and blood plays, which respond daringly to American conditions, open great horizons, bring characters of elemental energy and audacity on the stage, and by their breath and freedom make us feel that they are very possibly the giants that go before the gods and announce their coming. "The Great Divide" is, at bottom, as elemental as if its action had taken place in the stone age. That is what makes it significant and hopeful. It evokes the passions that sleep under our conventions like the earthquake forces under the gardens of Sicily. It is the old struggle of the man and the woman, the sources of which are found in the deepest recesses of nature, and will always issue thence wherever there are great natures; subdued and directed but not extinguished by the intelligence of the woman outraged and sinned against, and yet big enough and with enough of the elemental surviving in her to understand whence flow the poetry, the creative energy, the romance, of life. One can put his hand on a dozen faults in this play; but they are more than atoned for by its vitality. The breath of life is in it:

I know what you're saying there to yourself, and I guess you're right. Wrong is wrong, from the moment it happens till the crack of doom, and all the angels in heaven, working overtime, can't make it less or different by a hair. That seems to be the law. I've learned it hard, but I guess I've learned it. I've seen it

written in mountain letters across the continent of this life. . . . Done is done, and lost is lost, and smashed to hell is smashed to hell. We fuss and potter and patch up. You might as well try to batter down the Rocky Mountains with a rabbit's heart-beat!

(*He goes to the door, where he turns.*)

You've fought hard for me; God bless you for it! . . . But it's been a losing game with you from the first! . . . You belong here and I belong out yonder . . . beyond the Rockies, beyond . . . the Great Divide!

But she goes with him!

Half a dozen plays stand to the credit of Mr. Percy MacKaye, and he is still a young man. From the beginning he has revealed an imagination of epical grasp—the power of seeing things on a large scale—and the command of the lyrical note; much of his verse, despite a certain roughness of diction, has a fine poetic quality. His robust humor, breadth of manner, and easy rise into the region of pure song were disclosed in "The Canterbury Pilgrims," one of his earliest plays, in which the springtime mood and atmosphere of Chaucer invest the very free treatment of the material with an inspiriting sense of poetry:

Chaucer:

Boy, let me hug thee!

Squire:

Noble sir!

Chaucer (embracing him):

A hug!
Spring makes us youths together. On such a day
Old age is fuddled and time's weights run down.
Hark!

(*A cuckoo sounds; they listen*)

The meadow is the cuckoo's clock, and strikes
The hour at every minute; larks run up
And ring its golden chimes against the sun.

Squire:

Sir, only lovers count the time in heaven.
Are you in love, too?

Chaucer:

Over head and heart.

Squire:

Since long?

Chaucer:

These forty years.

Squire:

Nay, is your mistress
So old?

Chaucer:

She's still kind.

Squire:

Kind, yet old! Nay, what's
Her name?

Chaucer:

Hush, she will hear thee.

Squire:

Hear me?

Chaucer (mysteriously):

Hush!
Mine own true mistress is sweet Out-of-doors.
No Whitsun lassie wears so green a kirtle,
Nor sings so clear, nor smiles with such blue eyes
As bonny April, winking tears away.
Not flowers o' silk upon an empress' sleeve
Can match the broidery of an English field.
No lap of amorous lady in the land
Welcomes her gallant as sweet Mistress Earth
Her lover. Let Eneas have his Dido!
Daffydowndilly is the dame for me.

It is in "Mater," however, one of the latest of Mr. MacKaye's plays, that one recognizes his capacity for invention, his courage of insight, the potentialities of original work in him. Here is a bold and confident grappling with American conditions and the play of a perfectly fresh and untainted temperament through them, the opening of a spring of pure joy in the monotonous grayness to which a less vigorous nature would succumb. How like a ray of sunshine "Mater" plays through that overwrought home—as indifferent apparently to moral issues as nature on a spring day when there is a riot of joy in the woods and fields. How her temperament sets the contrast between its spontaneity and the feverish strain of overheated, self-conscious righteousness when she breaks into the rigidity and rigor of it:

Michael. "Something doing." It's the quack showman's motto of the age! Under that banner, we harvest a million acres of wheat to fill a hundred millions of mouths, and we rear up the mouths to be filled with the wheat. Under that banner, we move a continent of freight cars to consume steel rails, and we disembowel the continent for steel to move the freight cars. Under that banner, we fell mountains of forest to feed a myriad presses with Sunday editions, and we set up a myriad presses to devour the wood pulp. "Something doing!" Motion, my friend. *Motion* is the God of such as you, and, so far as you can, you make yourselves in his image.

He's a glorious Titan—your *Motion!* His brow is of gold and his bowels of brass; his biceps of iron and his thighs of silver. His beard is black smoke. His heart is pure steel. Within his head he has a billion wheels, and when he opens his mouth to speak through his beard, the clang of his voice is the noise thereof.

Look in the morning above the cities, and you shall see his hair obscuring the day, and his eyes like arc lights. In the palm of one hand he holds the great god Pan—no taller than a pygmy; and in the other fist he clutches a worm called Man. "Behold me!" he cries to the heavens; "even from this worm have I arisen, and even to this stature have I grown beyond this pygmy. Behold me, you sun and moon! Am I not Busy? Am I not Big? I am the Lord of Hosts—I am Prosperity! I am—"

Mater (*entering*). Button! Button! Who's got the button?

Michael. (*glaring desperately as she approaches with his coat*). Mater, Mater, how you do interrupt!

Mater. Boy, you carried off the button in your pocket. (*Feels in his pockets and finds it.*)

Michael. Damn the button!

Mater. Shh! Remember this afternoon! You can't address the Reform Club with a whole heart—and one button missing.

The whole play is, in a phrase,

"The best of love is laughter;"

but what a liberating phrase in our tumult of work, our clanging of machinery, our violent endeavor everywhere to bring everything out of its hiding in our natures and make it articulate and rational! In our desperate attempt to force everything to explain itself, to abolish mystery, to believe only in the little superficial part of life we can understand, there is no criticism so stinging, so pungent, so penetrating as laughter. It *is* the best of love—the soul of which is not in what it can give us, but in its power to set us free; for love is not the musician who makes a harmony *for* us, but the musician who makes a harmony *in* us.

The poetic play is helped by a background which the past age alone can furnish, and we find Mrs. Olive Tilford Dargan's very interesting "Lords and Lovers," with a single exception, laid in a remote past in which the materials that most readily yield romantic effects are found. Here are plots which Shakespeare might have handled largely developed in the Shakespearean manner, and often, in paragraphs and sentences, suggesting the master's construction and diction. The plays abound, however, in flights of fancy, in figures and images, in turns of phrase, which are not only modern but feminine, if one may venture to suggest a difference not in degree but in kind, which it is becoming ungallant if not dangerous to recognize. So Kent says:

"It was not you, my heart. But say it were,
Should I pull down my heaven because a bird
Makes flying blot against it? 'Tis the doubts
That darkly flitting show love's constant sky
Forever radiant.

. . . . . .

Dearer than life, good-night.
I leave my prayers like candles set about you,
And as they fail think of me on my knees
Renewing them from heaven."

Shakespeare himself would not have scorned lines so finely compounded of the stuff of imagination and the magic that hides in words such as these:

"Her princess feet like well the solid earth.
She is a flower that sips of sun and dew,
But feedeth most from root-cups firm in ground;
While you are made of music, love, and air,—
A being of the sky—a lover's star,
Although he be a king. The grace of heaven
About your beauty plays, and drops as soft
Upon my eyes as light from the lark's wing."

One hears the Shakespearean tone in such lines as these:

"Methinks were I the King,
Or Pembroke with his power in my mouth,
Each English road should be ablaze to-night
With swift flint-striking hoofs.

. . . . . .

Yet England sleeps, with one lone heart at watch."

Mrs. Dargan has dramatic feeling, and at times dramatic fire; her plays are eloquent, which means that she is still in the lyrical mood; but such a drama as "The Shepherd," a Russian drama of seven years ago, opens into a fresh field and perhaps indicates the road that will lead her into the heart of her own time.

There is much to be hoped from Mrs. Marks, whom we know better as Josephine Preston Peabody, whose "Marlowe," published several years ago, was an ambitious and interesting, if not wholly successful, drama. Her later play, "The Piper," attempts less and accomplishes more. It has action, passion, atmosphere, poetry; and the old legend of Hamelin town—dear to childhood these centuries—takes on the dignity of a real character study and a dramatic collision of the free spirit with the dull stupidity of a conventionalized life. Hamelin is not the city of destruction, but it is the city of the dead; only the children and two or three of their elders are alive. Frugality has become avarice, order has become rigid conformity, love is a mere habit of association. Burgomeister and syndic and sacristan, cobbler and butcher and smith, are mere shadows of living men, and the city is a gray, monotonous prison. Out of such a joyless place children are bound to flee when the first note of freedom rings in their ears, and the Piper is the restless spirit from beyond the mountains whose alluring call we all hear at times. Barbara, the Burgomeister's daughter, hears it because the spirit of adventure, the spell of the immortal romance, is stirring within her; and they all go to their several fates as men and women will go to the end of the story, and for that reason we call it a

story. Beside the old well—Barbara and he alone—the Piper puts the soul of the legend in a few phrases:

Piper:
Weep not, I say. First, loose you, heart and shoes,
From Hamelin. Put off now, the dust, the mold,
The cobble-stones, the little prying windows;
The streets that dream o' *What the Neighbors Say*.
Think you were never born there. Think some Breath
Wakened you early—early on one morning,
Deep in a Garden (but you knew not whose),
Where voices of wild waters bubbling ran,
Shaking down music from glad mountain-tops,—
Where the still peaks were burning in the dawn,
Like fiery snow,—down into greenest valleys,
That do off their blue mist only to show
Some deeper blue, some haunt of violets.
No voice you heard, nothing you felt or saw,
Save in your heart, the tumult of young birds,
A nestful of wet wings and morning-cries,
Throbbing for flight! . . .
Then—for your Soul, new wakened, felt athirst—
You turned to where that call of water led,
Laughing for truth,—all truth and star-like laughter!
Beautiful water, that will never stay,
But runs and laughs and sparkles in the heart,
And sends live laughter trickling everywhere,
And knows the thousand longings of the Earth!
And as you drank it then, so now, drink here.

From this rapid survey of a few representative plays out of many that are worthy of extended comment these facts and tendencies in recent American play-writing reveal themselves:

A rapidly widening interest and activity in the field of dramatic writing;

A copious production of acting plays dealing with American society and with the situations which arise out of our National life;

The existence of an increasing number of plays in poetic form and of poetic charm, bearing witness to the endeavor of the imagination to gain command of dramatic expression;

A deepening of that sense of life which is the moving impulse of art;

A sanity of interest and attitude which evokes from art its ancient service of joy and reconciliation;

That restraint of speech which evidences neither cowardice in the presence of the facts of life nor the prudishness which betrays the knowledge of corruption, but the endeavor to deal with dirt not as dirt but as the soil out of which the spiritual climbs and grows and makes the perishing earth significant and explicable.

A new sense of liberation from artificial conventions and deadening routine, and from the sterility of energy divorced from love and human sympathy;

The birth of a larger and more inspiring idea of life, rising above toil and wealth and resting in a full and free development of the human spirit.

THE RIDERLESS HORSE

BY HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

Close ranks and ride on!
Though his saddle be bare,
The bullet is sped,
Now the dead
Cannot care.
Close ranks and ride on!
Let the pitiless stride
Of the host that he led,
Though his saddle be red,
Sweep on like the tide.
Close ranks and ride on!
The banner he bore
For God and the right
Never faltered before.
Quick, up with it, then!
For the right! For the Light!
Lest legions of men
Be lost in the night!

BY THE WAY

"There are houses on Cape Cod that have the actual slant and curve of the ship's cabin," says Miss Anne Hathaway in the "Country Gentleman," writing of these products of the retired ship captain's fancy. The remodeling of such a house into a most attractive modern cottage, while yet retaining its quaint touches, was done at a cost of less than $1,000.

A new North Atlantic service is to be inaugurated early next year by the Norwegian-American Line, two fine steamships having been built especially to ply between Bergen, Christiania, and New York. Bergen is only about the same distance from New York as Liverpool, and a State railway has been built which will connect the seaport with the interior of Norway and with Sweden. Both tourists and emigrants are expected to patronize the new line.

A new method of securing pure drinking-water for schools, factories, and domestic use has been introduced in France. It consists of a device for sterilizing water by the electric current. A commercial college of Paris is reported to purify in this simple way the drinking-water for 200 students; and the North Railway Station has also installed the apparatus in its waiting-room.

The fickle nature of popular crazes is shown in the almost total cessation of bicycle-riding as a pastime in this country—and the renewed interest in bicycle-riding as a professional sport. A week or so ago Madison Square Garden in New York City was jammed to its capacity almost every night during a six-day professional bicycle race. It looks as if an increasing number of Americans were willing to take some of their exercise by proxy, especially when this is accompanied by the excitement of strenuous competition.

A few years ago the enterprising advertising manager of a Pittsburgh newspaper offered a free box in a theater to every advertiser who took a page in his paper. This practice grew until almost every advertiser demanded a free theater ticket. Now the Pittsburgh papers have got together and abolished this form of premium. They also declare that henceforth they will not accept free passes from the theaters.

This is certainly the age of the specialist. The daily papers announce that an artist who makes a specialty of painting the portraits of dogs has just come from Europe to make pictures of the bird-dogs belonging to the owner of a great estate in North Carolina.

"The will to live" kept Charles Wolcott, aeronaut, alive for seventeen years after falling 3,000 feet from a balloon and receiving terrible injuries. In 1895 he jumped from his balloon, and his parachute refused to open till he was within 200 feet of the ground. His feet, pelvis, left arm, and many of his ribs were fractured, his knees and hips were dislocated, and his spine was injured; but he refused to die, and eventually recovered and resumed his profession! His case is said to be without parallel.

The widow of one of the Titanic's victims is setting an example that other grief-stricken women might well follow. She is devoting herself to helping crippled children, 250 of whom were her delighted guests lately at a performance of "Cinderella." "Sometimes," this lady, Mrs. H. B. Harris, is reported as saying, "I think that my own trouble is more than I can bear. But when I look at those poor little creatures I find something outside of myself and my memories to think of."

Among hobbies which are on the decline is that of the collecting of manuscripts of famous books, for the reason that almost all books are now printed from typewritten copy. To fill the gap thus left, however, another field offers interesting possibilities; namely, the collecting of photographs of historical personages. This might be combined with the collection of autographs, which avocation now fills the leisure of many persons with the joy of pursuit and of possession.

Ninety per cent of the patrons of the Trans-Siberian Railway, according to a writer in the "National Geographic Magazine," are English-speaking; but very few of the railway men speak English, and the station signboards are in Russian only. In this latter respect China and Japan are less insular; the railways there placard the stations' names both in English and in the native language.

The aviators are trying to equal the record of the balloonists in reaching high altitudes. Roland Garros recently drove a monoplane to a height of 19,032 feet near Tunis. The balloon record is 34,500 feet, but in this case the balloonists became unconscious when that great height was attained.

Theodore Watts, says Charles Rowley in his book "Fifty Years of Work Without Wages," tells a good story against himself. A nature enthusiast, he was climbing Snowdon, and overtook an old Gypsy woman. He began to dilate upon the sublimity of the scenery, in somewhat gushing phrases. The woman paid no attention to him. Provoked by her irresponsiveness, he said, "You don't seem to care for this magnificent scenery?" She took the pipe from her mouth and delivered this settler: "I enjies it; I don't jabber."

An ideal spot for a newspaper man's vacation, if a writer in "Travel" is correct, is the tiny republic of San Marino. No newspaper is published within that little country's limits! It is probably the only republic in the world (except the other tiny republic of Andorra) which can lay claim to such a distinction.

The Great White Way of New York City sees nightly during the height of the season, according to an estimate in the New York "Evening Post," $50,000,000 worth of limousines. This assumes that there are 10,000 such cars, each costing $5,000, engaged in transporting their users to theaters, operas, etc. The estimate as to both number and cost of the cars is liberal, but the parade of these limousines certainly constitutes one of the sights of the metropolis.

Mrs. Belva Lockwood, once candidate for President on the suffrage ticket, recently celebrated her eighty-first birthday. She is still actively engaged in the practice of the law. She is certainly one of the oldest practicing lawyers in the world.

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